

MAP SHOWING THE WEST AS IT WAS AT THE BEGINNING OF JEFFERSON'S ADMINISTRATION





MAP SHOWING THE WEST AS IT IS IN JOHNSON'S ADMINISTRATION



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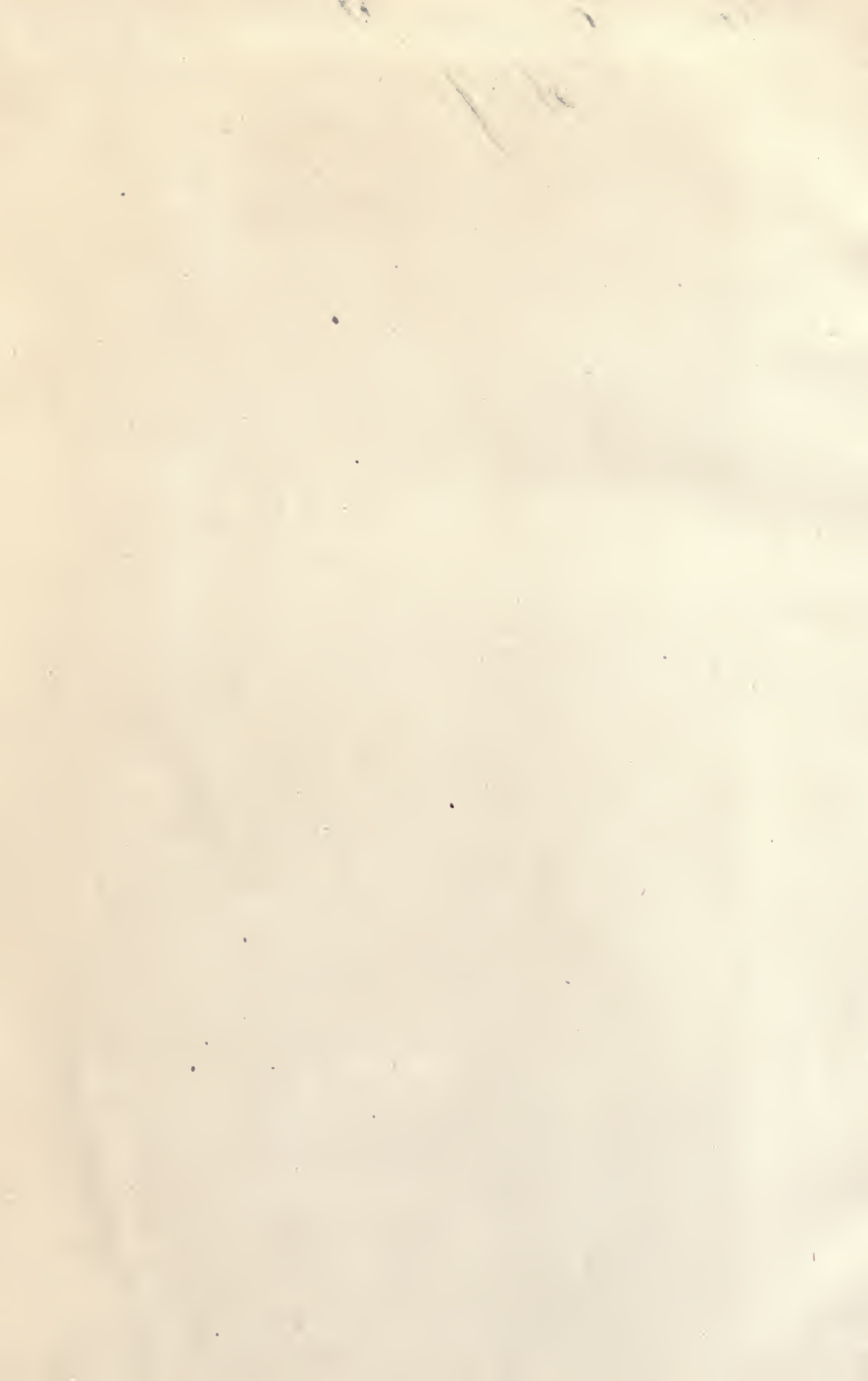


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Surprise and Massacre at Lawrence, at daybreak, August 20th, 1863, by Quantrell's Band. More than two hundred unarmed, unresisting, and helpless persons were murdered in cold blood, and their dwellings given to the flames.

THE LOYAL WEST.



IN THE
TIMES OF THE REBELLION.



"THE WEST! THE WEST! THE WEST!
WITH ROOM FOR NATIONS OLD AND NEW,
WILL FILL WITH STARS OUR FLAG OF BLUE,
THE LOYAL WEST TO FREEDOM TRUE
OF ALL LANDS IS THE BEST
FRESH AS THE MORNING DEW"



THE
LOYAL WEST

IN THE
Times of the Rebellion;

ALSO,

BEFORE AND SINCE:

BEING AN

ENCYCLOPEDIA AND PANORAMA

OF THE

WESTERN STATES, PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES

OF

THE UNION.

HISTORICAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, AND PICTORIAL.

ILLUSTRATED BY MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,
PRESENTING VIEWS OF ALL THE CITIES AND PRINCIPAL TOWNS—PUBLIC BUILDINGS
AND MONUMENTS—BATTLE-FIELDS—HISTORIC LOCALITIES—NATURAL
CURIOSITIES, AND SCENES ILLUSTRATING THE TIMES OF THE
REBELLION, ETC., PRINCIPALLY FROM DRAWINGS TAKEN
ON THE SPOT BY THE AUTHORS.

~~~~~  
BY

JOHN W. BARBER,

AUTHOR OF HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF CONNECTICUT, MASSACHUSETTS, ETC.,

—AND—

HENRY HOWE,

AUTHOR OF HIST. COLL. OF VIRGINIA, OHIO, THE GREAT WEST, ETC.  
~~~~~

CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY F. A. HOWE, 111 MAIN STREET,
SUCCESSOR OF HENRY HOWE.

1865.

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By F. A. HOWE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of Ohio.

INTRODUCTORY



DURING the sad, tragic years of the Rebellion, a large two-volume work, by the authors of this, was published under the title of "**Our Whole Country.**" It was modeled on the same general plan with the Historical Collections of Massachusetts and of Connecticut, by John W. Barber; and the Historical Collections of Virginia and of Ohio, by Henry Howe. That work was issued at great expense, consequent upon years of labor, extensive travel, and the drawing and engraving of many hundred original views of objects of interest in all parts of our country.

Coming out at a most gloomy period, its title alone had the effect to draw unkind comments from the unpatriotic; for, in their opinions, as in their hopes, the little child, who in those days, in its innocence, misspelled the title of the Nation's Map, terming it the "Un-tied States," committed no error in the fact. The knot, as resulted, instead of being cut, was tautened by the sword; and the just principle, the greatest good to all, established on a lasting foundation.

Yet, at what a terrible cost of agony and of suffering! The very flower of the land, North and South, slain!—and in such multitudes, that a double row of coffins, extending in unbroken lines from Richmond to Washington, would be sufficient to contain only the lesser number of the dead. Such the result, so little anticipated, that the mistaken leaders boasted to their deluded people, that they would agree to hold and to quaff all the blood that would be shed, from the hollow of their joined hands.

The changed condition of a part of our country, united to the increased expense of book publishing, has prevented the issue of successive editions of the larger and more expensive work; but, instead, there will be given much of the original material of that in separate books, embodying in them more or less of the grand historical events of the past few years, in which history has been piled upon history to monumental heights, and by which this whole people have been lifted into clearer skies, and to happier visions.

A companion book to "**The Loyal West**" will soon be found in "**The Loyal East**;" while "**Our Whole Country**," in its completeness, is suggested by their union with a third upon that unhappy section, the valor and endurance of which, though in error, have been extraordinary.

Words are the physiognomy of ideas; more than this, they have voices, and are ill-looking, or good-looking, sound harshly, or sound sweetly, according "to the spirit of which they are of." Words, too, grow into our affections, as the ideas they express become endeared to us. Not one in the English language ever so suddenly grew beautiful, in form and in sound, as the word **Loyal** to us Americans. Originally used to signify fealty to government, when government was intrusted to one man, a single sovereign, it now means faithfulness to government, when an entire people are sovereigns, and is as much stronger in its meaning, more majestic in its impression, as the millions are more powerful and more majestic than the one. At any rate, the "plain people" so believe—the "plain people," whose countenances are daily brightening with increasing intelligence, and growing more and more joyous with expanding hopes.

An old man with whom the "red" fires of patriotism so burned under the "white" locks of age as to compel him to become one of the boys in "blue"—a member of the famous Iowa Gray-beard Regiment—on hearing the proposed title of this work, exclaimed, with fervor, "Yes! the West IS Loyal!" This was definite; but the word West is not. We here apply the title to those States of our Country's West which in the Rebellion were faithful to

the Union. Can you think of any other word that so completely expresses the geography embodied?

"The LOYAL West to FREEDOM true!"

Many years must elapse before another book will be issued upon the West, involving so much of labor and expense as this. More of both were given before the first sheet was printed than to most volumes of the same size and price completed for the market. We design this as a standard work upon the West, and in successive editions, to enhance its value by such modifications and additions as may seem desirable. We trust it will become a **Household** book for the Western people; and not only this, but to add to the evidence, if it were necessary, what a mighty empire, under the influence of our good government, has grown up here on the sunset side of the Alleghanies, since many among us first looked upon the beautiful things of life in the simple, trusting faith of childhood.

H. H.

CINCINNATI, 111 Main Street.

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

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

W E S T .

TWENTY years after the great event occurred, which has immortalized the name of Christopher Columbus, Florida was discovered by Juan Ponce de Leon, ex-governor of Porto Rico. Sailing from that island in March, 1512, he discovered an unknown country, which he named Florida, from the abundance of its flowers, the trees being covered with blossoms, and its first being seen on Easter Sunday, a day called by the Spaniards *Pascua Florida*; the name imports the country of flowers. Other explorers soon visited the same coast. In May, 1539, Ferdinand de Soto, the Governor of Cuba, landed at Tampa Bay, with six hundred followers. He marched into the interior; and on the 1st of May, 1541, discovered the Mississippi; being the first European who had ever beheld that mighty river.

Spain for many years claimed the whole of the country—bounded by the Atlantic to the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north, all of which bore the name of Florida. About twenty years after the discovery of the Mississippi, some Catholic missionaries attempted to form settlements at St. Augustine, and its vicinity; and a few years later a colony of French Calvinists had been established on the St. Mary's, near the coast. In 1565, this settlement was annihilated by an expedition from Spain, under Pedro Melendez de Aviles; and about nine hundred French, men, women and children, cruelly massacred. The bodies of many of the slain were hung from trees, with the inscription, "*Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics.*" Having accomplished his bloody errand, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town by half a century of any now in the Union. Four years after, Dominic de Gourges, burning to avenge his countrymen, fitted out an expedition at his own expense, and surprised the Spanish colonists on the St. Mary's; destroying the ports, burning the houses, and ravaging the settlements with fire and sword; finishing the work by also suspending some of the corpses of his enemies from trees, with the inscription,

"Not as Spaniards, but as murderers." Unable to hold possession of the country, de Gourges retired to his fleet. Florida, excepting for a few years, remained under the Spanish crown, suffering much in its early history, from the vicissitudes of war and piratical incursions, until 1819, when, vastly diminished from its original boundaries, it was ceded to the United States, and in 1845 became a State.

In 1535, James Cartier, a distinguished French mariner, sailed with an exploring expedition up the St. Lawrence, and taking possession of the country in the name of his king, called it "New France." In 1608, the energetic Champlain created a nucleus for the settlement of Canada, by founding Quebec. This was the same year with the settlement of Jamestown, Virginia, and twelve years previous to that on which the Puritans first stepped upon the rocks of Plymouth.

To strengthen the establishment of French dominion, the genius of Champlain saw that it was essential to establish missions among the Indians. Up to this period "the far west" had been untrod by the foot of the white man. In 1616, a French Franciscan, named Le Caron, passed through the Iroquois and Wyandot nations—to streams running into Lake Huron; and in 1634, two Jesuits founded the first mission in that region. But just a century elapsed from the discovery of the Mississippi, ere the first Canadian envoys met the savage nations of the northwest at the falls of St. Mary's, below the outlet of Lake Superior. It was not until 1659 that any of the adventurous fur-traders wintered on the shores of this vast lake, nor until 1660 that Rene Mesnard founded the first missionary station upon its rocky and inhospitable coast. Perishing soon after in the forest, it was left to Father Claude Allouez, five years subsequent, to build the first permanent habitation of white men among the Northwestern Indians. In 1668, the mission was founded at the falls of St. Mary's, by Dablon and Marquette; in 1670, Nicholas Perrot, agent for the intendant of Canada, explored Lake Michigan to near its southern termination. Formal possession was taken of the northwest by the French in 1671, and Marquette established a missionary station at Point St. Ignace, on the mainland north of Mackinac, which was the first settlement in Michigan.

Until late in this century, owing to the enmity of the Indians bordering the Lakes Ontario and Erie, the adventurous missionaries, on their route west, on pain of death, were compelled to pass far to the north, through "a region horrible with forests," by the Ottawa and French Rivers of Canada.

As yet no Frenchman had advanced beyond Fox River, of Winnebago Lake, in Wisconsin; but in May, 1673, the missionary Marquette, with a few companions, left Mackinac in canoes; passed up Green Bay, entered Fox River, crossed the country to the Wisconsin, and, following its current, passed into and discovered the Mississippi; down which they sailed several hundred

miles, and returned in the Autumn. The discovery of this great river gave great joy to New France, it being "a pet idea" of that age that some of its western tributaries would afford a direct route to the South Sea, and thence to China. Monsieur La Salle, a man of indefatigable enterprise, having been several years engaged in the preparation, in 1682, explored the Mississippi to the sea, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the King of France, in honor of whom he called it Louisiana. In 1685, he also took formal possession of Texas, and founded a colony on the Colorado; but La Salle was assassinated, and the colony dispersed.

The descriptions of the beauty and magnificence of the Valley of the Mississippi, given by these explorers, led many adventurers from the cold climate of Canada to follow the same route, and commence settlements. About the year 1680, Kaskaskia and Cahokia, the oldest towns in the Mississippi Valley, were founded. Kaskaskia became the capital of the Illinois country, and in 1721, a Jesuit college and monastery were founded there.

A peace with the Iroquois, Hurons and Ottawas, in 1700, gave the French facilities for settling the western part of Canada. In June, 1701, De la Motte Cadillac, with a Jesuit missionary and a hundred men, laid the foundation of Detroit. All of the extensive region south of the lakes was now claimed by the French, under the name of Canada, or New France. This excited the jealousy of the English, and the New York legislature passed a law for hanging every Popish priest that should come voluntarily into the province. The French, chiefly through the mild and conciliating course of their missionaries, had gained so much influence over the western Indians, that, when a war broke out with England, in 1711, the most powerful of the tribes became their allies; and the latter unsuccessfully attempted to restrict their claims to the country south of the lakes. The Fox nation, allies of the English, in 1713, made an attack upon Detroit; but were defeated by the French and their Indian allies. The treaty of Utrecht, this year, ended this war.

By the year 1720, a profitable trade had arisen in furs and agricultural products — between the French of Louisiana and those of Illinois; and settlements had been made on the Mississippi, below the junction of the Illinois. To confine the English to the Atlantic coast, the French adopted the plan of forming a line of military posts, to extend from the great northern lakes to the Mexican Gulf, and as one of the links of the chain, Fort Chartres was built on the Mississippi, near Kaskaskia; and in its vicinity soon flourished the villages of Cahokia and Prairie du Rocher.

The Ohio at this time was but little known to the French, and on their early maps was but an insignificant stream. Early in this century their missionaries had penetrated to the sources of the Alleghany. In 1721, Joncaire, a French agent and trader, established himself among the Senecas at Lewistown, and Fort Niagara was erected, near the falls, five years subsequent. In 1735, accord-

ing to some authorities, Post St. Vincent was erected on the Wabash. Almost coeval with this, was the military post of Presque Isle, on the site of Erie, Pennsylvania, and from thence a cordon of posts extended on the Alleghany to Pittsburgh; and from thence down the Ohio to the Wabash.

A map, published at London in 1755, gives the following list of French posts, as then existing in the west: Two on French Creek, in the vicinity of Erie, Pennsylvania; Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburgh; Miamis, on the Maumee, near the site of Toledo; Sandusky, on Sandusky Bay; St. Joseph's, on St. Joseph's River, Michigan; Ponchartrain, site of Detroit; Massillimacinae; one on Fox River, Green Bay; Crevecoeur, on the Illinois; Rockfort, or Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois; Vincennes; Cahokia; Kaskaskia, and one at each of the mouths of the Wabash, Ohio, and Missouri. Other posts, not named, were built about that time. On the Ohio, just below Portsmouth, are ruins, supposed to be those of a French fort; as they had a post there during Braddock's war.

In 1749, the French regularly explored the Ohio, and formed alliances with the Indians in Western New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The English, who claimed the whole west to the Pacific, but whose settlements were confined to the comparatively narrow strip east of the mountains, were jealous of the rapidly increasing power of the French in the west. Not content with exciting the savages to hostilities against them, they stimulated private enterprise by granting six hundred thousand acres of choice land on the Ohio, to the "Ohio Company."

By the year 1751, there were in the Illinois country, the settlements of Cahokia, five miles below the site of St. Louis; St. Philip's, forty-five miles farther down the river; St. Genevieve, a little lower still, and on the east side of the Mississippi, Fort Chartres, Kaskaskia and Prairie du Rocher. The largest of these was Kaskaskia, which at one time contained nearly three thousand souls.

In 1748, the Ohio Company, composed mainly of wealthy Virginians, dispatched Christopher Gist to explore the country, gain the good-will of the Indians, and ascertain the plans of the French. Crossing overland to the Ohio, he proceeded down it to the Great Miami, up which he passed to the towns of the Miamies, about fifty miles north of the site of Dayton. The next year the company established a trading post in that vicinity, on Loramies Creek, the first point of English settlement in the western country; it was soon after broken up by the French.

In the year 1753, Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, sent George Washington, then twenty-one years of age, as commissioner, to remonstrate with the French commandant who was at Fort le Boeuf, near the site of Erie, Pennsylvania, against encroachments of the French. The English claimed the country by virtue of her first royal charters; the French by the stronger title of discovery and possession. The result of the mission proving unsatisfactory, the English, although it was a time of peace, raised a force to

expel the invaders from the Ohio and its tributaries. A detachment under Lieut. Ward erected a fort on the site of Pittsburgh; but it was surrendered shortly after, in April, 1754, to a superior force of French and Indians under Contrecoeur, and its garrison peaceably permitted to retire to the frontier post of Cumberland. Contrecoeur then erected a strong fortification at "the fork," under the name of Fort Duquesne.

Measures were now taken by both nations for the struggle that was to ensue. On the 28th of May, a strong detachment of Virginia troops, under Washington, surprised a small body of French from Fort Duquesne, killed its commander, M. Jumonville, and ten men, and took nearly all the rest prisoners. He then fell back and erected Fort Necessity, near the site of Uniontown. In July he was attacked by a large body of French and Indians, commanded by M. Villiers, and after a gallant resistance, compelled to capitulate with permission to retire unmolested, and under the express stipulation that farther settlements or forts should not be founded by the English, west of the mountains, for one year.

On the 9th of July, 1755, Gen. Braddock was defeated within ten miles of Fort Duquesne. His army, composed mainly of veteran English troops, passed into an ambuscade formed by a far inferior body of French and Indians, who, lying concealed in two deep ravines, each side of his line of march, poured in upon the compact body of their enemy volleys of musketry, with almost perfect safety to themselves. The Virginia provincials, under Washington, by their knowledge of border warfare and cool bravery, alone saved the army from complete ruin. Braddock was himself mortally wounded by a provincial named Faussett. A brother of the latter had disobeyed the silly orders of the general, that the troops should not take positions behind the trees, when Braddock rode up and struck him down. Faussett, who saw the whole transaction, immediately drew up his rifle and shot him through the lungs; partly from revenge, and partly as a measure of salvation to the army which was being sacrificed to his headstrong obstinacy and inexperience.

The result of this battle gave the French and Indians a complete ascendancy on the Ohio, and put a check to the operations of the English, west of the mountains, for two or three years. In July, 1758, Gen. Forbes, with seven thousand men, left Carlisle, Penn., for the west. A corps in advance, principally of Highland Scotch, under Major Grant, were on the 13th of September defeated in the vicinity of Fort Duquesne, on the site of Pittsburgh. A short time after, the French and Indians, under Col. Boquet, made an unsuccessful attack upon the advanced guard.

In November, the commandant of Fort Duquesne, unable to cope with the superior force approaching under Forbes, abandoned the fortress, and descended to New Orleans. On his route, he erected Fort Massac, so called in honor of M. Massac, who superintended its construction. It was upon the Ohio, within forty

miles of its mouth—and within the limits of Illinois. Forbes repaired Fort Duquesne, and changed its name to Fort Pitt, in honor of the English Prime Minister.

The English were now for the first time in possession of the upper Ohio. In the spring, they established several posts in that region, prominent among which was Fort Burd, or Redstone Old Fort, on the site of Brownsville.

Owing to the treachery of Gov. Lyttleton, in 1760, by which, twenty-two Cherokee chiefs on an embassy of peace were made prisoners at Fort George, on the Savannah, that nation flew to arms, and for a while desolated the frontiers of Virginia and the Carolinas. Fort Loudon, in East Tennessee, having been besieged by the Indians, the garrison capitulated on the 7th of August, and on the day afterward, while on the route to Fort George, were attacked, and the greater part massacred. In the summer of 1761, Col. Grant invaded their country, and compelled them to sue for peace. On the north the most brilliant success had attended the British arms. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Fort Niagara, and Quebec were taken in 1759, and the next year Montreal fell, and with it all of Canada.

By the treaty of Paris, in 1763, France gave up her claim to New France and Canada; embracing all the country east of the Mississippi, from its source to the Bayou Iberville. The remainder of her Mississippi possessions, embracing Louisiana west of the Mississippi, and the Island of Orleans, she soon after secretly ceded to Spain, which terminated the dominion of France on this continent, and her vast plans for empire.

At this period Lower Louisiana had become of considerable importance. The explorations of La Salle in the Lower Mississippi country, were renewed in 1697, by Lemoine D'Iberville, a brave French naval officer. Sailing with two vessels, he entered the Mississippi in March 1698, by the Bayou Iberville. He built forts on the Bay of Biloxi, and at Mobile, both of which were deserted for the Island of Dauphine, which for years was the headquarters of the colony. He also erected Fort Balise, at the mouth of the river, and fixed on the site of Fort Rosalie; which latter became the scene of a bloody Indian war.

After his death, in 1706, Louisiana was but little more than a wilderness, and a vain search for gold, and trading in furs, rather than the substantial pursuits of agriculture, allured the colonists; and much time was lost in journeys of discovery, and in collecting furs among distant tribes. Of the occupied lands, Biloxi was a barren sand, and the soil of the Isle of Dauphine poor. Bienville, the brother and successor of D'Iberville, was at the fort on the Delta of the Mississippi, where he and his soldiers were liable to inundations, and held joint possession with mosquitoes, frogs, snakes and alligators.

In 1712, Antoine de Crozat, an East India merchant, of vast wealth, purchased a grant of the entire country, with the exclusive

right of commerce for sixteen years. But in 1717, the speculation having resulted in his ruin, and to the injury of the colonists, he surrendered his privileges. Soon after, a number of other adventurers, under the name of the Mississippi Company, obtained from the French government a charter, which gave them all the rights of sovereignty, except the bare title, including a complete monopoly of the trade, and the mines. Their expectations were chiefly from the mines; and on the strength of a former traveler, Nicholas Perrot, having discovered a copper mine in the valley of St. Peters, the directors of the company assigned to the soil of Louisiana, silver and gold; and to the mud of the Mississippi, diamonds and pearls. The notorious Law, who then resided at Paris, was the secret agent of the company. To form its capital, its shares were sold at five hundred livres each; and such was the speculating mania of the times, that in a short time more than a hundred millions were realized. Although this proved ruinous to individuals, yet the colony was greatly benefited by the consequent emigration, and agriculture and commerce flourished.

In 1719, *Renault*, an agent of the Mississippi Company, left France with about two hundred miners and emigrants, to carry out the mining schemes of the company. He bought five hundred slaves at St. Domingo, to work the mines, which he conveyed to Illinois in 1720. He established himself a few miles above Kaskasia, and founded there the village of St. Philips. Extravagant expectations existed in France, of his probable success in obtaining gold and silver. He sent out exploring parties in various sections of Illinois and Missouri. His explorations extended to the banks of the Ohio and Kentucky rivers, and even to the Cumberland valley in Tennessee, where at "French Lick," on the site of Nashville, the French established a trading post. Although Renault was woefully disappointed in not discovering extensive mines of gold or silver, yet he made various discoveries of lead; among which were the mines north of Potosi, and those on the St. Francois. He eventually turned his whole attention to the smelting of lead, of which he made considerable quantities, and shipped to France. He remained in the country until 1744. Nothing of consequence was again done in mining, until after the American Revolution.

In 1718, Bienville laid out the town of New Orleans, on the plan of Rochefort, France. Some four years after, the bankruptcy of Law threw the colony into the greatest confusion, and occasioned wide-spread ruin in France, where speculation had been carried to an extreme unknown before.

The expenditures for Louisiana, were consequently stopped, but the colony had now gained strength to struggle for herself. Louisiana was then divided into nine cantons, of which Arkansas and Illinois formed each one.

About this time, the colony had considerable difficulty with the Indian tribes, and were involved in wars with the Chickasaws and the Natchez. This latter named tribe were finally completely con-

quered. The remnant of them dispersed among other Indians, so that, that once powerful people, as a distinct race, was entirely lost. Their name alone survives, as that of a flourishing city. Tradition related singular stories of the Natchez. It was believed that they emigrated from Mexico, and were kindred to the Incas of Peru. The Natchez alone, of all the Indian tribes, had a consecrated temple, where a perpetual fire was maintained by appointed guardians. Near the temple, on an artificial mound, stood the dwelling of their chief—called the Great Sun; who was supposed to be descended from that luminary, and all around were grouped the dwellings of the tribe. His power was absolute; the dignity was hereditary, and transmitted exclusively through the female line; and the race of nobles was so distinct, that usage had moulded language into the forms of reverence.

In 1732, the Mississippi Company relinquished their charter to the king, after holding possession fourteen years. At this period, Louisiana had five thousand whites, and twenty-five hundred blacks. Agriculture was improving in all the nine cantons, particularly in Illinois, which was considered the granary of the colony. Louisiana continued to advance until the war broke out with England in 1775, which resulted in the overthrow of French dominion.

Immediately after the peace of 1763, all the old French forts in the west, as far as Green Bay, were repaired and garrisoned with British troops. Agents and surveyors too, were making examinations of the finest lands east and northeast of the Ohio. Judging from the past, the Indians were satisfied that the British intended to possess the whole country. The celebrated Ottawa chief, Pontiac, burning with hatred against the English, in that year formed a general league with the western tribes, and by the middle of May all the western posts had fallen—or were closely besieged by the Indians, and the whole frontier, for almost a thousand miles, suffered from the merciless fury of savage warfare. Treaties of peace were made with the different tribes of Indians, in the year following, at Niagara, by Sir William Johnson; at Detroit or vicinity by General Bradstreet, and, in what is now Coshocton county, Ohio, by Col. Boquet; at the German Flats, on the Mohawk, with the Six Nations and their confederates. By these treaties, extensive tracts were ceded by the Indians in New York and Pennsylvania, and south of Lake Erie.

Peace having been concluded, the excitable frontier population began to cross the mountains. Small settlements were formed on the main routes, extending north toward Fort Pitt, and south to the head waters of the Holston and Clinch, in the vicinity of South-western Virginia. In 1766, a town was laid out in the vicinity of Fort Pitt. Military land warrants had been issued in great numbers, and a perfect mania for western land had taken possession of the people of the middle colonies. The treaty made by Sir William Johnson, at Fort Stanwix, on the site of Utica, New York, in

October, 1768, with the Six Nations and their confederates, and those of Hard Labor and Lochaber, made with the Cherokees, afforded a pretext under which the settlements were advanced. It was now falsely claimed that the Indian title was extinguished east and south of the Ohio, to an indefinite extent, and the spirit of emigration and speculation in land greatly increased. Among the land companies formed at this time was the "Mississippi Company," of which George Washington was an active member.

Up to this period very little was known by the English of the country south of the Ohio. In 1754, James M. Bride, with some others, had passed down the Ohio in canoes; and landing at the mouth of the Kentucky River, marked the initials of their names, and the date on the barks of trees. On their return, they were the first to give a particular account of the beauty and richness of the country to the inhabitants of the British settlements. No farther notice seems to have been taken of Kentucky until the year 1767, when John Finlay, an Indian trader, with others, passed through a part of the rich lands of Kentucky—then called by the Indians "*the Dark and Bloody Ground*." Finlay, returning to North Carolina, fired the curiosity of his neighbors by the reports of the discoveries he had made. In consequence of this information, Col. Daniel Boone, in company with Finlay, Stewart, Holden, Monay, and Cool, set out from their residence on the Zadkin, in North Carolina, May 1st, 1769; and after a long and fatiguing march, over a mountainous and pathless wilderness, arrived on the Red River. Here, from the top of an eminence, Boone and his companions first beheld a distant view of the beautiful lands of Kentucky. The plains and forests abounded with wild beasts of every kind; deer and elk were common; the buffalo were seen in herds, and the plains covered with the richest verdure. The glowing descriptions of these adventurers inflamed the imaginations of the borderers, and their own sterile mountains beyond lost their charms, when compared to the fertile plains of this newly-discovered Paradise in the West.

In 1770, Ebenezer Silas and Jonathan Zane settled Wheeling. In 1771, such was the rush of emigration to Western Pennsylvania and Western Virginia, in the region of the Upper Ohio, that every kind of breadstuff became so scarce, that, for several months, a great part of the population were obliged to subsist entirely on meats, roots, vegetables, and milk, to the entire exclusion of all breadstuffs; and hence that period was long after known as "*the starving year*." Settlers, enticed by the beauty of the Cherokee country, emigrated to East Tennessee, and hundreds of families also, moved farther south to the mild climate of West Florida, which at this period extended to the Mississippi. In the summer of 1773, Frankfort and Louisville, Kentucky, were laid out. The next year was signalized by "Dunmore's war," which temporarily checked the settlements.

In the summer of 1774, several other parties of surveyors and

hunters entered Kentucky, and James Harrod erected a dwelling—the first erected by whites in the country—on or near the site of Harrodsburg, around which afterward arose “Harrod Station.” In the year 1775, Col. Richard Henderson, a native of North Carolina, in behalf of himself and his associates, purchased of the Cherokees all the country lying between the Cumberland River and Cumberland Mountains and Kentucky River, and south of the Ohio, which now comprises more than half of the State of Kentucky. The new country he named *Transylvania*. The first legislature sat at Boonsborough, and formed an independent government, on liberal and rational principles. Henderson was very active in granting lands to new settlers. The legislature of Virginia subsequently crushed his schemes; they claimed the sole right to purchase lands from the Indians, and declared his purchase null and void. But as some compensation for the services rendered in opening the wilderness, the legislature granted to the proprietors a tract of land, twelve miles square, on the Ohio, below the mouth of Green River.

In 1775, Daniel Boone, in the employment of Henderson, laid out the town and fort afterward called Boonsborough. From this time Boonsborough and Harrodsburg became the nucleus and support of emigration and settlement in Kentucky. In May, another fort was also built, which was under the command of Col. Benjamin Logan, and named Logan’s Fort. It stood on the site of Stanford, in Lincoln county, and became an important post.

In 1776, the jurisdiction of Virginia was formally extended over the colony of Transylvania, which was organized into a county named Kentucky, and the first court was held at Harrodsburg in the spring of 1787. At this time the war of the Revolution was in full progress, and the early settlers of Kentucky were particularly exposed to the incursions of the Indian allies of Great Britain; a detailed account of which is elsewhere given in this volume. The early French settlements in the Illinois country now being in possession of that power, formed important points around which the British assembled the Indians and instigated them to murderous incursions against the pioneer population.

The year 1779 was marked in Kentucky by the passage of the Virginia Land Laws. At this time there existed claims of various kinds to the western lands. Commissioners were appointed to examine and give judgment upon these various claims, as they might be presented. These having been provided for, the residue of the the rich lands of Kentucky were in the market. As a consequence of the passage of these laws, a vast number of emigrants crossed the mountains into Kentucky to locate land warrants: and in the years 1779–’80 and ’81, the great and absorbing topic in Kentucky was to enter, survey and obtain patents for the richest lands, and this, too, in the face of all the horrors and dangers of an Indian war.

Although the main features of the Virginia land laws were just

and liberal, yet a great defect existed in their not providing for a general survey of the country by the parent State, and its subdivision into sections and parts of sections. Each warrant-holder being required to make his own survey, and having the privilege of locating according to his pleasure, interminable confusion arose from want of precision in the boundaries. In unskillful hands, entries, surveys, and patents were piled upon each other, overlapping and crossing in inextricable confusion; hence, when the country became densely populated, arose vexatious lawsuits and perplexities. Such men as Kenton and Boone, who had done so much for the welfare of Kentucky in its early days of trial, found their indefinite entries declared null and void, and were dispossessed, in their old age, of any claim upon that soil for which they had periled their all.

The close of the revolutionary war, for a time only, suspended Indian hostilities, when the Indian war was again carried on with renewed energy. This arose from the failure of both countries in fully executing the terms of the treaty. By it, England was obligated to surrender the northwestern posts within the boundaries of the Union, and to return slaves taken during the war. The United States, on their part had agreed to offer no legal obstacles to the collection of debts due from her citizens to those of Great Britain. Virginia, indignant at the removal of her slaves by the British fleet, by law prohibited the collection of British debts, while England, in consequence, refused to deliver up the posts, so that they were held by her more than ten years, until Jay's treaty was concluded.

Settlements rapidly advanced. Simon Kenton having, in 1784, erected a blockhouse on the site of Maysville—then called Limestone—that became the point from whence the stream of emigration, from down its way on the Ohio, turned into the interior.

In the spring of 1783, the first court in Kentucky was held at Harrodsburg. At this period, the establishment of a government, independent of Virginia, appeared to be of paramount necessity, in consequence of troubles with the Indians. For this object, the first convention in Kentucky was held at Danville, in December, 1784; but it was not consummated until eight separate conventions had been held, running through a term of six years. The last was assembled in July, 1790; on the 4th of February, 1791, Congress passed the act admitting Kentucky into the Union, and in the April following she adopted a State Constitution.

Prior to this, unfavorable impressions prevailed in Kentucky against the Union, in consequence of the inability of Congress to compel a surrender of the northwest posts, and the apparent disposition of the Northern States to yield to Spain, for twenty years, the sole right to navigate the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, the exclusive right to which was claimed by that power as being within her dominions. Kentucky was suffering under the horrors of Indian warfare, and having no government of her own, she saw

that that beyond the mountains was unable to afford them protection. When, in the year 1786, several States in Congress showed a disposition to yield the right of navigating the Mississippi to Spain for certain commercial advantages, which would inure to their benefit, but not in the least to that of Kentucky, there arose a universal voice of dissatisfaction; and many were in favor of declaring the independence of Kentucky and erecting an independent government west of the mountains.

Spain was then an immense landholder in the West. She claimed all east of the Mississippi lying south of the 31st degree of north latitude, and all west of that river to the ocean.

In May, 1787, a convention was assembled at Danville to remonstrate with Congress against the proposition of ceding the navigation of the Mississippi to Spain; but it having been ascertained that Congress, through the influence of Virginia and the other Southern States, would not permit this, the convention had no occasion to act upon the subject.

In the year 1787, quite a sensation arose in Kentucky in consequence of a profitable trade having been opened with New Orleans by General Wilkinson, who descended thither in June, with a boat load of tobacco and other productions of Kentucky. Previously, all those who ventured down the river within the Spanish settlements, had their property seized. The lure was then held out by the Spanish Minister, that if Kentucky would declare her independence of the United States, the navigation of the Mississippi should be opened to her; but that, never would this privilege be extended while she was a part of the Union, in consequence of existing commercial treaties between Spain and other European powers.

In the winter of 1788-9, the notorious Dr. Connolly, a secret British agent from Canada, arrived in Kentucky. His object appeared to be to sound the temper of her people, and ascertain if they were willing to unite with British troops from Canada, and seize upon and hold New Orleans and the Spanish settlements on the Mississippi. He dwelt upon the advantages which it must be to the people of the West to hold and possess the right of navigating the Mississippi; but his overtures were not accepted.

At this time settlements had been commenced within the present limits of Ohio. Before giving a sketch of these, we glance at the western land claims.

The claim of the English monarch to the Northwestern Territory was ceded to the United States by the treaty of peace signed at Paris, September 3, 1783. During the pendency of this negotiation, Mr. Oswald, the British commissioner, proposed the River Ohio as the western boundary of the United States, and but for the indomitable persevering opposition of John Adams, one of the American commissioners, who insisted upon the Mississippi as the boundary, this proposition would have probably been acceded to.

The States who owned western unappropriated lands under their original charters from British monarchs, with a single exception.

ceded them to the United States. In March, 1784, Virginia ceded the soil and jurisdiction of her lands northwest of the Ohio. In September, 1786, Connecticut ceded her claim to the soil and jurisdiction of her western lands, excepting that part of Ohio known as the "Western Reserve," and to that she ceded her jurisdictional claims in 1800. Massachusetts and New York ceded all their claims. Beside these were the Indian claims asserted by the right of possession. These have been extinguished by various treaties, from time to time, as the inroads of emigration rendered necessary.

The Indian title to a large part of the territory of Ohio having become extinguished, Congress, before settlements were commenced, found it necessary to pass ordinances for the survey and sale of the lands in the Northwest Territory. In October, 1787, Manasseh Cutler and Winthrop Sargeant, agents of the New England Ohio Company, made a large purchase of land, bounded south by the Ohio, and west by the Scioto river. Its settlement was commenced at Marietta in the spring of 1788, which was the first made by the Americans within Ohio. A settlement had been attempted within the limits of Ohio, on the site of Portsmouth, in April, 1785, by four families from Redstone, Pennsylvania; but difficulties with the Indians compelled its abandonment.

About the time of the settlement of Marietta, Congress appointed General Arthur St. Clair, Governor; Winthrop Sargeant, Secretary; and Samuel Holden Parsons, James M. Varnum and John Cleves Symmes, Judges in and over the Territory. They organized its government and passed laws, and the governor erected the county of Washington, embracing nearly the whole of the eastern half of the present limits of Ohio.

In November, 1788, the second settlement within the limits of Ohio was commenced at Columbia, on the Ohio, five miles above the site of Cincinnati, and within the purchase and under the auspices of John Cleves Symmes and associates. Shortly after, settlements were commenced at Cincinnati and at North Bend, sixteen miles below, both within Symmes' purchase. In 1790, another settlement was made at Galliopolis by a colony from France—the name signifying City of the French.

On the 9th of January, 1789, a treaty was concluded at Fort Harmer, at the mouth of the Muskingum, opposite Marietta, by Governor St. Clair, in which the treaty which had been made four years previous at Fort M'Intosh, on the site of Beaver, Pennsylvania, was renewed and confirmed. It did not, however, produce the favorable results anticipated. The Indians, the same year, committed numerous murders, which occasioned the alarmed settlers to erect block-houses in each of the new settlements. In June, Major Doughty, with one hundred and forty men, commenced the erection of Fort Washington, on the site of Cincinnati. In the course of the summer, Gen. Harmer arrived at the fort with three hundred men.

Negotiations with the Indians proving unfavorable, Gen. Harmer

marched, in September, 1790, from Cincinnati with thirteen hundred men, less than one-fourth of whom were regulars, to attack their towns on the Maumee. He succeeded in burning their towns; but in an engagement with the Indians, part of his troops met with a severe loss. The next year a larger army was assembled at Cincinnati, under Gen. St. Clair, composed of about three thousand men. With this force he commenced his march toward the Indian towns on the Maumee. Early in the morning of the 4th of Nov., 1791, his army, while in camp on what is now the line of Darke and Mercer counties, within three miles of the Indiana line, and about seventy north from Cincinnati, were surprised by a large body of Indians, and defeated with terrible slaughter. A third army, under Gen. Anthony Wayne, was organized. On the 20th of August, 1794, they met and completely defeated the Indians, on the Maumee River, about twelve miles south of the site of Toledo. The Indians at length, becoming convinced of their inability to resist the American arms, sued for peace. On the 3d of August, 1795, Gen. Wayne concluded a treaty at Greenville, sixty miles north of Cincinnati, with eleven of the most powerful northwestern tribes in grand council. This gave peace to the West of several years' duration, during which the settlements progressed with great rapidity. Jay's Treaty, concluded November 19th, 1794, was a most important event to the prosperity of the West. It provided for the withdrawal of all the British troops from the northwestern posts. In 1796, the Northwestern Territory was divided into five counties. Marietta was the seat of justice of Hamilton and Washington counties; Vincennes, of Knox county; Kaskaskia, of St. Clair county; and Detroit, of Wayne county. The settlers, out of the limits of Ohio, were Canadian or Creole French. The headquarters of the northwest army were removed to Detroit, at which point a fort had been built, by De la Motte Cadillac, as early as 1701.

Originally Virginia claimed jurisdiction over a large part of Western Pennsylvania as being within her dominions, yet it was not until after the close of the Revolution that the boundary line was permanently established. Then this tract was divided into two counties. The one, Westmoreland, extended from the mountains west of the Alleghany River, including Pittsburgh and all the country between the Kishkeminatas and the Youghiogheny. The other, Washington, comprised all south and west of Pittsburgh, inclusive of all the country east and west of the Monongahela River. At this period Fort Pitt was a frontier post, around which had sprung up the village of Pittsburgh, which was not regularly laid out into a town until 1784. The settlement on the Monongahela at "Redstone Old Fort," or "Fort Burd," as it originally was called, having become an important point of embarkation for western emigrants, was the next year laid off into a town under the name of Brownsville. Regular forwarding houses were soon established here, by whose lines goods were systematically wagoned

over the mountains, thus superseding the slow and tedious mode of transportation by pack-horses, to which the emigrants had previously been obliged to resort.

In July, 1786, "The Pittsburgh Gazette," the first newspaper issued in the west, was published; the second being the "Kentucky Gazette," established at Lexington, in August of the next year. As late as 1791, the Alleghany River was the frontier limit of the settlements of Pennsylvania, the Indians holding possession of the region around its northwestern tributaries, with the exception of a few scattering settlements, which were all simultaneously broken up and exterminated in one night, in February of this year, by a band of one hundred and fifty Indians. During the campaigns of Harmer, St. Clair and Wayne, Pittsburgh was the great depot for the armies.

By this time agriculture and manufactures had begun to flourish in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, and an extensive trade was carried on with the settlements on the Ohio and on the Lower Mississippi, with New Orleans and the rich Spanish settlements in its vicinity. Monongahela whisky, horses, cattle, and agricultural and mechanical implements of iron were the principal articles of export. The Spanish government soon after much embarrassed this trade by imposing heavy duties.

The first settlements in Tennessee were made in the vicinity of Fort Loudon, on the Little Tennessee, in what is now Monroe county, East Tennessee, about the year 1758. Forts Loudon and Chissel were built at that time by Colonel Byrd, who marched into the Cherokee country with a regiment from Virginia. The next year war broke out with the Cherokees. In 1760, the Cherokees besieged Fort Loudon, into which the settlers had gathered their families, numbering nearly three hundred persons. The latter were obliged to surrender for want of provisions, but agreeably to the terms of capitulation were to retreat unmolested beyond the Blue Ridge. When they had proceeded about twenty miles on their route, the savages fell upon them and massacred all but nine, not even sparing the women and children.

The only settlements were thus broken up by this war. The next year the celebrated Daniel Boone made an excursion from North Carolina to the waters of the Holston. In 1766, Colonel James Smith, with five others, traversed a great portion of Middle and West Tennessee. At the mouth of the Tennessee, Smith's companions left him to make farther explorations in Illinois, while he, in company with a negro lad, returned home through the wilderness, after an absence of eleven months, during which he saw "neither bread, money, women, nor spirituous liquors."

Other explorations soon succeeded, and permanent settlements first made in 1768 and '69, by emigrants from Virginia and North Carolina, who were scattered along the branches of the Holston, French Broad and Watauga. The jurisdiction of North Carolina was, in 1777, extended over the Western District, which was

organized as the county of Washington, and extending nominally westward to the Mississippi. Soon after, some of the more daring pioneers made a settlement at Bledsoe's Station, in Middle Tennessee, in the heart of the Chickasaw nation, and separated several hundred miles, by the usual traveled route, from their kinsmen on the Holston. A number of French traders had previously established a trading post and erected a few cabins at the "Bluff" near the site of Nashville. To the same vicinity Colonel James Robertson, in the fall of 1780, emigrated with forty families from North Carolina, who were driven from their homes by the marauding incursions of Tarleton's cavalry, and established "Robertson's Station," which formed the nucleus around which gathered the settlements on the Cumberland. The Cherokees having commenced hostilities upon the frontier inhabitants about the commencement of the year 1781, Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, with seven hundred mounted riflemen, invaded their country and defeated them. At the close of the Revolution, settlers moved in in large numbers from Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. Nashville was laid out in the summer of 1784, and named from General Francis Nash, who fell at Brandywine.

The people of this district, in common with those of Kentucky, and on the upper Ohio, were deeply interested in the navigation of the Mississippi, and under the tempting offers of the Spanish governor of Louisiana, many were lured to emigrate to West Florida and become subjects of the Spanish king.

North Carolina having ceded her claims to her western lands, Congress, in May, 1790, erected this into a territory under the name of the "Southwestern Territory," according to the provisions of the ordinance of 1787, excepting the article prohibiting slavery.

The territorial government was organized with a legislature, a legislative council, with William Blount as their first Governor. Knoxville was made the seat of government. A fort was erected to intimidate the Indians, by the United States, in the Indian country, on the site of Kingston. From this period until the final overthrow of the northwestern Indians by Wayne, this territory suffered from the hostilities of the Creeks and Cherokees, who were secretly supplied with arms and ammunition by the Spanish agents, with the hope that they would exterminate the Cumberland settlements. In 1795 the territory contained a population of seventy-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-two, of whom about ten thousand were slaves. On the first of June, 1796, it was admitted into the Union as the State of Tennessee.

By the treaty of October 27, 1795, with Spain, the old sore, the right of navigating the Mississippi, was closed, that power ceding to the United States the right of free navigation.

The Territory of Mississippi was organized in 1798, and Winthrop Sargeant appointed Governor. By the ordinance of 1787, the people of the Northwest Territory were entitled to elect Repre-

sentatives to a Territorial Legislature whenever it contained 5000 males of full age. Before the close of the year 1798 the Territory had this number, and members to a Territorial Legislature were soon after chosen. In the year 1799, William H. Harrison was chosen the first delegate to Congress from the Northwest Territory. In 1800, the Territory of Indiana was formed, and the next year, William H. Harrison appointed Governor. This Territory comprised the present States of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, which vast country then had less than 6000 whites, and those mainly of French origin. On the 30th of April, 1802, Congress passed an act authorizing a convention to form a constitution for Ohio. This convention met at Chillicothe in the succeeding November, and on the 29th of that month, a constitution of State Government was ratified and signed, by which act Ohio became one of the States of the Federal Union. In October, 1802, the whole western country was thrown into a ferment by the suspension of the American right of depositing goods and produce at New Orleans, guaranteed by the treaty of 1795, with Spain. The whole commerce of the West was struck at in a vital point, and the treaty evidently violated. On the 25th of February, 1803, the port was opened to provisions, on paying a duty, and in April following, by orders of the King of Spain, the right of deposit was restored.

After the treaty of 1763, Louisiana remained in possession of Spain until 1803, when it was again restored to France by the terms of a secret article in the treaty of St. Ildefonso concluded with Spain in 1800. France held but brief possession; on the 30th of April she sold her claim to the United States for the consideration of fifteen millions of dollars. On the 20th of the succeeding December, General Wilkinson and Claiborne took possession of the country for the United States, and entered New Orleans at the head of the American troops.

On the 11th of January, 1805, Congress established the Territory of Michigan, and appointed William Hull, Governor. This same year Detroit was destroyed by fire. The town occupied only about two acres, completely covered with buildings and combustible materials, excepting the narrow intervals of fourteen or fifteen feet used as streets or lanes, and the whole was environed with a very strong and secure defense of tall and solid pickets.

At this period the conspiracy of Aaron Burr began to agitate the western country. In December, 1806, a fleet of boats with arms, provisions, and ammunition, belonging to the confederates of Burr, were seized upon the Muskingum, by agents of the United States, which proved a fatal blow to the project. In 1809, the Territory of Illinois was formed from the western part of the Indiana Territory, and named from the powerful tribe which once had occupied its soil.

The Indians, who, since the treaty of Greenville, had been at peace, about the year 1810, began to commit aggressions upon the inhabitants of the West, under the leadership of Tecumseh. The

next year they were defeated by General Harrison, at the battle of Tippecanoe, in Indiana. This year was also distinguished by the voyage from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, of the steamboat "New Orleans," the first steamer ever launched upon the western waters.

In June, 1812, the United States declared war against Great Britain. Of this war, the West was the principal theater. Its opening scenes were as gloomy and disastrous to the American arms as its close was brilliant and triumphant.

At the close of the war, the population of the Territories of Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan was less than 50,000. But from that time onward, the tide of emigration again went forward with unprecedented rapidity. On the 19th of April, 1816, Indiana was admitted into the Union, and Illinois on the 3d of December, 1818. The remainder of the Northwest Territory, as then organized, was included in the Territory of Michigan, of which that section west of Lake Michigan bore the name of the Huron District. This part of the West increased so slowly that, by the census of 1830, the Territory of Michigan contained, exclusive of the Huron District, but 28,000 souls, while that had only a population of 3,640. Emigration began to set in more strongly to the Territory of Michigan in consequence of steam navigation having been successfully introduced upon the great lakes of the West. The first steamboat upon these immense inland seas was the "Walk-in-the-Water," which, in 1819, went as far as Mackinaw; yet it was not until 1826 that a steamer rode the waters of Lake Michigan, and six years more had elapsed ere one had penetrated as far as Chicago.

The year 1832 was signalized by three important events in the history of the West, viz: the first appearance of the Asiatic Cholera, the Great Flood in the Ohio, and the war with Black Hawk.

The West has suffered serious drawbacks, in its progress, from inefficient systems of banking. One bank frequently was made the basis of another, and that of a third, and so on throughout the country. Some three or four shrewd agents or directors, in establishing a bank, would collect a few thousands in specie, that had been honestly paid in, and then make up the remainder of the capital with the bills or stock from some neighboring bank. Thus so intimate was the connection of each bank with others, that when one or two gave way, they all went down together in one common ruin.

In 1804, the year preceding the purchase of Louisiana, Congress formed, from part of it, the "Territory of Orleans," which was admitted into the Union, in 1812, as the State of Louisiana. In 1805, after the Territory of Orleans was erected, the remaining part of the purchase from the French was formed into the Territory of Louisiana, of which the old French town of St. Louis was the capital. This town, the oldest in the Territory, had been founded in 1764, by M. Laclède, agent for a trading association, to whom had been given, by the French government of Louisiana, a mono-

poly of the commerce in furs and peltries with the Indian tribes of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi. The population of the Territory in 1805 was trifling, and consisted mainly of French Creoles and traders, who were scattered along the banks of the Mississippi and the Arkansas. Upon the admission of Louisiana as a State, the name of the Territory of Louisiana was changed to that of Missouri. From the southern part of this, in 1819, was erected the Territory of Arkansas, which then contained but a few thousand inhabitants, who were mainly in detached settlements on the Mississippi and on the Arkansas, in the vicinity of the "Post of Arkansas." The first settlement in Arkansas was made on the Arkansas River, about the year 1723, upon the grant of the notorious John Law; but, being unsuccessful, was soon after abandoned. In 1820, Missouri was admitted into the Union, and Arkansas in 1836.

Michigan was admitted as a State in 1837. The Huron District was organized as the Wisconsin Territory in 1836, and was admitted into the Union as a State in 1848. The first settlement in Wisconsin was made in 1665, when Father Claude Allouez established a mission at La Pointe, at the western end of Lake Superior. Four years after, a mission was permanently established at Green Bay; and, eventually, the French also established themselves at Prairie du Chien. In 1819, an expedition, under Governor Cass, explored the Territory, and found it to be little more than the abode of a few Indian traders, scattered here and there. About this time, the Government established military posts at Green Bay and Prairie du Chien. About the year 1825, some farmers settled in the vicinity of Galena, which had then become a noted mineral region. Immediately after the war with Black Hawk, emigrants flowed in from New York, Ohio, and Michigan, and the flourishing towns of Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Racine, and Southport were laid out on the borders of Lake Michigan. At the conclusion of the same war, the lands west of the Mississippi were thrown open to emigrants, who commenced settlements in the vicinity of Fort Madison and Burlington in 1833. Dubuque had long before been a trading post, and was the first settlement in Iowa. It derived its name from Julian Dubuque, an enterprising French Canadian, who, in 1788, obtained a grant of one hundred and forty thousand acres from the Indians, upon which he resided until his death in 1810, when he had accumulated immense wealth by lead-mining and trading. In June, 1838, Iowa was erected into a Territory, and in 1846 became a State.

In 1849, Minnesota Territory was organized; it then contained a little less than five thousand souls. The first American establishment in the Territory was Fort Snelling, at the mouth of St. Peter's or Minnesota River, which was founded in 1819. The French, and afterward the English, occupied this country with their fur-trading forts. Pembina, on the northern boundary, is the oldest village, having been established in 1812 by Lord Selkirk, a

Scottish nobleman, under a grant from the Hudson's Bay Company.

There were not until near the close of the war with Mexico, any American settlements on the Pacific side of the continent. At the beginning of the century not a single white man had ever been known to have crossed the continent north of the latitude of St. Louis. The geography of the greater part of the Pacific slope was almost wholly unknown, until the explorations of Fremont, between the years 1842 and 1848. That region had formerly been penetrated only by fur traders and trappers. The Mexican war of 1846-'48, gave to the Union an immense tract of country, the large original provinces of Upper California and New Mexico. The discovery of gold in Upper California in 1848, at once directed emigration to that part of the continent. From that period settlements were rapid and territories formed in quick succession. In 1848, the Mormons, expelled from Missouri, settled in Utah, which was erected into a territory in 1850. In 1848, Oregon became an organized territory, and California, then conquered from Mexico, in 1850, was admitted as a State, and Oregon in 1859. The emigration to California was immense for the first few years: in the years 1852 and 1853, her product in gold reached the enormous value of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars.

In 1854, after the first excitement in regard to California had somewhat subsided, the territories of Kansas and Nebraska were organized. Kansas became for a time a favorite country for emigrants; and at last a bloody arena between the free soil and proslavery parties for mastery. The overwhelming preponderance of the former, resulted in its success, and Kansas was admitted as a free State in 1861.

The formation of territories from the close of the Mexican War to the close of the Southern Rebellion, was rapid without precedent, as the following summary exhibits. This was consequent upon the discovery of vast mineral wealth in the mountain country:

CALIFORNIA, ceded by treaty with Mexico in 1848; admitted as a STATE in 1850.

NEW MEXICO, ceded by treaty with Mexico, and organized as a Territory in 1848.

MINNESOTA, organized as a Territory in 1849; admitted as a STATE in 1858.

UTAH, organized as a Territory in 1850.

ARIZONA, purchased of Mexico in 1854; organized as a Territory in 1863.

OREGON, organized as a Territory in 1848; admitted as a STATE in 1859.

WASHINGTON, organized as a Territory in 1853.

KANSAS, organized as a Territory in 1854; admitted as a STATE in 1861.

NEBRASKA, organized as a Territory in 1854.

NEVADA, organized as a Territory in 1861; admitted as a STATE in 1864.

DACOTAH, organized as a Territory in 1861.

COLORADO, organized as a Territory in 1861.

IDAHO, organized as a Territory in 1863.

MONTANA, organized as a Territory in 1864.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WEST VIRGINIA owes her existence to the Great Rebellion; or rather to the patriotism of her people, who, when the mother State, Virginia,

plunged into the vortex of secession, resolved to stand by the Union. The wisdom of their loyalty has been signally shown by its saving them from the sore desolation that fell upon most parts of the Old Dominion.

The seal of the state is remarkably appropriate. It has the motto, "*Montani semper liberi*"—*mountaineers always free*. In the center is a rock, with ivy, emblematic of stability and continuance; the face of the rock bears the inscription, "June 20, 1863," the date of foundation, as if "graved with a pen of iron in the rock forever." On the right stands a farmer clothed in the traditional hunting-shirt peculiar to



ARMS OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Montani semper liberi—Mountaineers always free.

this region; his right arm resting on the plow handles, and his left supporting a woodman's ax—indicating that while the territory is partially cultivated it is still in process of being cleared of the original forest. At his right is a sheaf of wheat and corn growing. On the left of the rock stands a miner, indicated by a pickax on his shoulder, with barrels and lumps of mineral at his feet. On his left is an anvil partly seen, on which rests a sledge hammer, typical of the mechanic arts—the whole indicating the principal pursuits and resources of the state. In front of the rocks and figures, as if just laid down by the latter, and ready to be resumed at a moment's notice, are two hunter's rifles, crossed and surmounted at the place of contact by the Phrygian cap, or cap of Liberty—indicating that the freedom and independence of the state were won and will be maintained by arms.

In the spring of 1861, when the question of secession was submitted to the people, those of Eastern Virginia voted almost unanimously in its favor, but in the northwestern counties quite as strongly against it. In fact, the desire for a separate state government had for a quarter of a century prevailed in this section, where the slaveholding interest was slight, and the habits of the people diverse. The reasons for this

were, that they were in a measure cut off from intercourse with Eastern Virginia by chains of mountains, and that state legislation had been unfavorable to the development of their resources. The breaking out of the rebellion was a favorable moment to initiate measures for the accomplishment of this long-desired separation. As the movement was one of grave importance, we must give it more than a passing notice, from a pen familiar with the subject.

"It has passed into history, that for many years, while the western counties of Virginia had the preponderance of white population and taxable property, the eastern counties controlled the legislation of the state, by maintaining an iniquitous basis of representation. It is enough to say, that the western counties, with few slaves, were a mere dependency of the eastern, with many slaves; and the many revenues of the state were expended for the benefit mainly of the tide-water region, while the west paid an unjust proportion of the taxes. This was always a cause of dissatisfaction. Besides, there was no homogeneity of population or interest, and the Alleghany Mountains were a natural barrier to commercial and social intercourse. There were much closer relations in these respects with Ohio and Pennsylvania, than with the tide-water region, growing as well out of the substantial similarity of society, as the short-sighted policy of having no great public improvement in the direction of Richmond. The construction of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and its connections, intensified the isolation of the west from the rest of the state.

"When the ordinance of secession was submitted to the people, the western counties, with great unanimity, voted against it. This was on the 23d of May, 1861. The traitors never waited the result of the popular vote, for as soon as the ordinance passed the convention, Virginia was practically hitched on to the Confederacy; and while at Richmond the state authorities were busy in the military seizure of the state, the people of Virginia, who were still loyal, met at Wheeling immediately after the vote on the ordinance and called a convention, the members of which should be duly elected, to assemble at that city on the 11th of June. The loyal people of the whole state were invited to join in this movement. There was nothing in the state constitution against it, on the contrary, it provided for it by just this method. There happened to be, also, a notable precedent for this action, in the history of the state. In 1774, Lord Dunmore, the colonial governor of Virginia, dissolved the house of burgesses; and for the purpose of preventing legislation in any event, retired with his council on board a British man-of-war. The assembly being thus deprived of a government, met together in convention, as private citizens, and assumed the powers of the state. They issued an invitation, without any legislative authority, for the several counties or districts to send delegates to a convention. There was no legal or authorized act calling this convention, or for the choice of delegates; but it was the spontaneous act of the people, who were in favor of a free government. The convention met in 1775, and declared 'the necessity of immediately putting the country in a posture of defense, for the better protection of our lives, liberties and property.' And after enumerating the acts by which the colonial authorities had subverted government, asserted that 'we are driven to the necessity of supplying the present want of

government, by appointing proper guardians of the lives and liberties of our country.' And thereupon they elected state officers and restored the government.

"Mark, these Virginians, when they restored the government thus abandoned, did not proclaim revolution or secession from Great Britain; on the contrary, they said: 'Lest our views be misrepresented or misunderstood, we publicly and solemnly declare before God and the world that we do bear true faith and allegiance to his majesty King George the Third, as our lawful and rightful king.'

"Accordingly, on the 11th of June, 1861, the convention assembled, there being quite a number of delegates from the eastern counties. The first ordinance, after reciting the grievances of the people, solemnly declares: 'That the preservation of their dearest rights and liberties, and their security in person and property, imperatively demand the reorganization of the government; and that all acts of the convention and executive (at Richmond) tending to separate this state from the United States, or to levy and carry on war against them, are without authority and void; and that the offices of all who adhere to the said convention and executive, whether legislative, executive or judicial, *are vacated*.' They then proceeded to elect a governor and other state officers, who should hold their offices until an election could be had; and to mark the era of reorganization, they added the words 'Union and Liberty' to the '*Sic semper tyrannis*' of the state arms.

"This was not revolution, for it was a case within the constitution of the state. It could not be revolution to *support* the constitution and laws, both of which the Richmond traitors had abrogated. *They* could not be the government, for they had destroyed it. That can not be *revolution* which upholds or sustains the supreme law of the land, viz: the constitution of the United States and the laws in pursuance of it.

"But it is said, there was only a fraction of the people who joined in this movement. We answer in the language of another: 'Doubtless, it is *desirable* that a clear majority should always speak in government; but where a state is in insurrection, and the loyal citizens are under duress, the will of the people, who are for the constitution and the laws, is the only lawful will under the constitution; and that will must be collected as far as is practicable under the external force.'

"Immediately upon the election of FRANCIS H. PIERPONT as governor, he notified the president of the United States, that there existed a treasonable combination against the constitution and laws, known as 'The Confederate States of America,' whose design was to subvert the authority of the United States in Virginia; that an army of the insurgents was then advancing upon the loyal people of the state for the purpose of bringing them under the domination of the Confederacy; and that he had not at his command sufficient force to suppress the insurrection, and as *governor of Virginia*, requested national aid. This he had an undoubted right to do, if he were governor of Virginia, for the constitution of the United States provides for the very case. [See article iv, sec. 4.]

"Was he governor of Virginia? Who was to decide between Gov. Pierpont, at Wheeling, and Gov. Letcher, at Richmond? Which was the government of Virginia, the Wheeling or the Richmond?

"Happily, the supreme court of the United States furnished a solu-

tion of the question, and put forever at rest, any doubt about the legitimacy of the Wheeling government. [Luther v. Borden, 7 Howard Rep. p. 1.] This is the case growing out of the celebrated Dorr rebellion in Rhode Island, in 1840, and involves the very question under consideration. It is useless to go into the history of the origin of that conflict. There were two governors and legislatures in that state—the minority, or charter government, with Gov. King at its head, and the majority, or popular government, with Gov. Dorr at its head. John Tyler, a Virginian, then president of the United States, decided in favor of the minority or charter government; and in pursuance of a request of Gov. King for national aid, similar to that made by Gov. Pierpont, the president offered the military and naval force of the United States to Governor King, and the Dorr government thereupon succumbed and was disbanded. The question involved was carried to the supreme court of the United States, and Chief Justice Taney delivered the opinion of the whole court. No lawyer can deny, that if President Tyler had recognized the Dorr government, the supreme court would have guided its judgment accordingly. The supreme court say:

“The power of deciding whether the government of the United States is bound to interfere (in case of domestic violence between conflicting parties in a state), is given to the president of the United States. He is to act upon the application of the legislature or of the executive, *and consequently he must determine what body of men constitute the legislature, and who is the governor*, before he can act. The fact that both parties claim to be the government can not alter the case, for both can not be entitled to it. If there be an armed conflict, it is a case of domestic violence, and one of the parties must be in insurrection against the lawful government; and the president must necessarily decide *which* is the government, and which party is unlawfully arrayed against it, in order to perform his duty. And after the president has acted and called out the militia, *his decision can not be reviewed by any legal tribunal*. It is said this power in the president is dangerous to liberty, and may be abused. All power may be abused if placed in unworthy hands; but it would be difficult to point out any other hands in which this power could be more safe and at the same time equally effective. At all events, it is conferred upon him by the constitution and laws of the United States, *and must, therefore, be respected and enforced by its judicial tribunals.*”

“In one word, the question between two governments in a state, under these circumstances, is not a judicial question at all, but rests solely with the president under the constitution and laws; and his decision is final and binding, and settles all claims between conflicting jurisdictions in a state.

“President Lincoln responded nobly to the call of Gov. Pierpont, and furnished the requisite aid to the restored government. The battles of Phillipi and Rich Mountain followed, and the Confederates were driven out of Western Virginia. Here, then, was a definite and final settlement of the questions as to who was governor of Virginia, by the president, and no tribunal or authority can review that decision or call it in question. The heads of the executive departments have recognized the restored government—the secretary of war by assigning

quotas under calls for volunteers; the treasurer by paying over to the state, upon the order of its legislature, her share of the proceeds of the sales of public lands, and so on.

"On the 20th of August, 1861, the convention at Wheeling, being still in session, provided for the election of congressmen, and they were received into the lower house. They also called the legislature of Virginia together at Wheeling, to consist of such members as had been elected previous to the passage of the ordinance of secession, and provided for filling vacancies if any by election. And on July 9th, the legislature elected John S. Carlile and Waitman T. Willey as senators of the United States, from Virginia, to supply the places of R. M. T. Hunter and James M. Mason. These senators were admitted to seats in the senate of the United States, and were so recognized by both the executive and legislative branches of the federal government, so that any question as to the rightfulness of the legislature at Wheeling as the legislature of Virginia was at an end.

"Thus the State of Virginia, with a governor and legislature, and other state machinery in operation, recognized by all departments of the federal government, was fully adequate to the exercise of all the functions of a state, as well then and now, as at any period of her history.

"Let us now turn to the constitution of the United States, article iv, sec. 3, which reads as follows: 'New states may be admitted by the congress into the Union; but no new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state, nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states, or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned, as well as of the congress.'

"Now it is apparent that to form a new state out of a part of the State of Virginia, the concurrent consent of the legislature of Virginia and of congress is all that is needed under the constitution. We have shown that the government at Wheeling was the government of Virginia, with a duly constituted governor, legislature, etc.; and the way pointed out by the constitution is plain. Let us now see whether the necessary steps were taken as prescribed by the constitution of the United States.

"On August 20, 1861, the convention passed an ordinance providing for the submission of the question of the formation of a new state to the people, and also further the election of delegates to a convention to form a constitution for the new state, if the people decided in favor of it; and also for the various details of the movement. The governor was directed to lay before the general assembly, at its next ensuing meeting, for their consent, the result, if that result should be favorable to a new state, in accordance with the constitution of the United States. The peoples expressed themselves by an overwhelming majority in favor of a new state. The constitutional convention for the new state met and prepared a constitution, which was ratified by the people, and the necessary officers for the state government chosen. At the next session of the legislature of Virginia, on May 13, 1862, that body gave its formal consent to the formation of the State of West Virginia, within the jurisdiction of Virginia, and directed that the act be transmitted to their senators and representatives in congress, and they

were requested to use their endeavors to obtain the consent of congress to the admission of the new state into the Union.

"At the following session of congress, the application was formally made, first to the senate. Pending its consideration, an amendment to the state constitution was proposed, providing for the gradual abolition of slavery, and also for the submission of the amendment to the people of the new state; and if approved by them, the president of the United States was, by proclamation, to announce the fact, and the state should be admitted into the Union. In this shape the bill for admission passed the senate, and afterward the house, and was approved by the president. The constitutional convention for the new state held an immediate session, approved the congressional amendment, and submitted the constitution thus amended, to the people, who also approved it by an overwhelming majority; and so, now, all that was needed in order to its admission into the Union, was the proclamation of the president, which was accordingly issued; and on the 20th of June, 1863, the new member, with its motto, "*Montani semper liberi*," was born into the family of states in the midst of the throes of a mighty revolution, and cradled in storms more terrible and destructive than any that ever swept among its mountains, but clothed in the majesty of constitutional right.

"Until the time fixed by act of congress, West Virginia was not a state, and the movement, therefore, did not interfere with the regular and successful operation of the government of Virginia. As soon, however, as the time for the inauguration of the new state arrived, Gov. Pierpont and the officers of the government of Virginia, in accordance with an act of the legislature, removed to Alexandria, Va., where the seat of government was, and still is located; and A. J. Borman, the first governor of West Virginia, was duly installed, and the seat of government temporarily fixed at Wheeling, until the times become more settled, so that the capital of the new state may be located nearer the geographical center of its territory.

"The area of the new state is 23,000 square miles—twenty times as large as Rhode Island, more than ten times as large as Delaware, five times as large as Connecticut, three times as large as Massachusetts, more than twice as large as New Hampshire, and more than twice as large as Maryland—an area about equal to the aggregate of Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts and Vermont.

"According to the census of 1860, it had a white population of 335,000—a population much greater than any of the new states, at the time of their admission into the Union, and much greater than many of the old states.

"It is among the most loyal of the states, for she has always filled her quotas under all calls without a draft: she furnished more than 20,000 soldiers for the Union, and several thousands in excess of all drafts. The revenue of the whole State of Virginia in 1850 was only \$533,000, while in 1860 the forty-eight counties composing the new state paid over \$600,000 into the state treasury.

"The new state has a rich legacy committed to her keeping, and has all the elements to make a great and prosperous commonwealth. Lumber, coal, iron, petroleum, salt, etc., abound, and the fertility of her soil is equal to that of most states in the Union. And now that

she is freed from the incubus of slavery, and wealth and enterprise are beginning to develop her resources, she will outstrip many of the more favored states and take her place among the foremost commonwealths."

The most noted towns of the state are Wheeling and Parkersburg, both of which are on the Ohio. *Parkersburg* is situated on the river at the mouth of the Little Kanawha, a few miles below Marietta, Ohio, and 100 below Wheeling. It has a connection with the west by the Cincinnati & Marietta railroad, and with the east by the Northwestern railroad, the southernmost fork of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. It is a thriving town of about 7000 inhabitants. The valley of the Little Kanawha is of growing importance from its wealth in petroleum: oil wells of great richness are being worked. Just below Parkersburg is the long celebrated Blannerhasset's Island, so charmingly described by Wirt in his graceful oratory at the trial of Aaron Burr at Richmond, half a century ago. Herman Blannerhasset was of wealthy Irish parentage and born in England. He married Miss Adeline Agnew, a grand-daughter of General Agnew, who was with Wolfe at Quebec. She was a most elegant and accomplished woman and he a refined and scholarly man. In 1798 he began his improvements upon the island. In 1805, Aaron Burr landed on the island, where he was entertained with hospitality by the family.

Wheeling is on the east bank of Ohio River, and on both sides of Wheeling creek, 351 miles from Richmond, 56 miles from Pittsburg, and 365 above Cincinnati. The hills back of the city come near the river, so as to leave but a limited area for building, so that the place is forced to extend along the high alluvial bank for two miles. A fine stone bridge over Wheeling creek connects the upper and lower portions of the city. Wheeling is the most important place on the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. It is surrounded by bold hills containing inexhaustible quantities of bituminous coal, from which the numerous manufacturing establishments are supplied at a small expense. The place contains several iron foundries, cotton mills, and factories of various kinds. A large business is done in the building of steamboats. Population 1860, 14,000.

The National Road, from Cumberland across the Alleghany Mountains to St. Louis, passes through Wheeling, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad terminates here, making this place a great thoroughfare of travel between the east and west. The Ohio River is crossed here by a magnificent wire suspension bridge, erected at a cost of upward of \$200,000. Its span, one of the longest in the world, measures 1,010 feet. The height of the towers is 153 feet above low water mark, and 60 above the abutments. The entire bridge is supported by 12 wire cables, 1,380 feet in length and 4 inches in diameter, each composed of 550 strands. These cables are laid in pairs, 3 pairs on each side of the flooring.

In 1769 Col. Ebenezer Zane, his brothers Silas and Jonathan, with some others from the south branch of the Potomac, visited the Ohio for the purpose of making improvements, and severally proceeded to select positions for their future residence. They chose for their residence the site now occupied by the city of Wheeling, and having made the requisite preparations returned to their former homes, and brought out their families the ensuing

year. The Zanes were men of enterprise, tempered with prudence, and directed by sound judgment. To the bravery and good conduct of these three brothers, the Wheeling settlement was mainly indebted for its security and preservation during the war of the revolution. Soon after the settlement of this place other settlements were made at different points, both above and below Wheeling, in the country on Buffalo, Short and Grave creeks.

The name of Wheeling was originally *Weeling*, which in the Delaware language signifies the *place of a head*. At a very early day, some whites descending the Ohio in a boat, stopped at the mouth of the creek and were murdered by Indians. The savages cut off the head of one of their victims, and placing it on a pole with its face toward the river, called the spot *Weeling*.



Southern View of Wheeling.

The view shows the appearance of Wheeling as it is entered upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The steamboat landing and part of the city are seen in the central part. The suspension bridge crossing over to Wheeling Island on the left. Part of the railroad depot is on the right.

The most important event in the history of Wheeling was the siege of Fort Henry, at the mouth of Wheeling creek, in September, 1777. The fort was originally called Fort Fincastle, and was a place of refuge for the settlers in Dunmore's war. The name was afterward changed to Henry, in honor of Patrick Henry. The Indians who besieged the fort were estimated at from 380 to 500 warriors, led on by the notorious Simon Girty. The garrison numbered only 42 fighting men, under the command of Col. Shepherd. The savages made several attempts to force themselves into the fort; they were driven back by the unerring rifle shots of the brave little garrison. A reinforcement of about 50 men having got into the fort, the Indians raised the siege, having lost from 60 to 100 men. The loss of the garrison was 26 killed, all of whom, excepting three or four, fell in an ambush outside the

walls before the attack on the fort commenced. The heroism of *Elizabeth Zane* during the siege is worthy of record. This heroine had but recently returned from school at Philadelphia, and was totally unused to such scenes as were daily transpiring on the frontier:

"The stock of gunpowder in the fort having been nearly exhausted, it was determined to seize the favorable opportunity offered by the suspension of hostilities to send for a keg of gunpowder which was known to be in the house of Ebenezer Zane, about sixty yards from the gate of the fort. The person executing this service would necessarily expose himself to the danger of being shot down by the Indians, who were yet sufficiently near to observe everything that transpired about the works. The colonel explained the matter to his men, and, unwilling to order one of them to undertake such a desperate enterprise, inquired whether any man would volunteer for the service. Three or four young men promptly stepped forward in obedience to the call. The colonel informed them that the weak state of the garrison would not justify the absence of more than one man, and that it was for themselves to decide who that person should be. The eagerness felt by each volunteer to undertake the honorable mission prevented them from making the arrangement proposed by the commandant; and so much time was consumed in the contention between them that fears began to arise that the Indians would renew the attack before the powder could be procured. At this crisis, a young lady, the sister of Ebenezer and Silas Zane, came forward and desired that she might be permitted to execute the service. This proposition seemed so extravagant that it met with a peremptory refusal; but she instantly renewed her petition in terms of redoubled earnestness, and all the remonstrances of the colonel and her relatives failed to dissuade her from her heroic purpose. It was finally represented to her that either of the young men, on account of his superior fleetness and familiarity with scenes of danger, would be more likely than herself to do the work successfully. She replied that the danger which would attend the enterprise was the identical reason that induced her to offer her services, for, as the garrison was very weak, no soldier's life should be placed in needless jeopardy, and that if she were to fall her loss would not be felt. Her petition was ultimately granted, and the gate opened for her to pass out. The opening of the gate arrested the attention of several Indians who were straggling through the village. It was noticed that their eyes were upon her as she crossed the open space to reach her brother's house; but seized, perhaps, with a sudden freak of clemency, or believing that a woman's life was not worth a load of gunpowder, or influenced by some other unexplained motive, they permitted her to pass without molestation. When she reappeared with the powder in her arms the Indians, suspecting, no doubt, the character of her burden, elevated their firelocks and discharged a volley at her as she swiftly glided toward the gate, but the balls all flew wide of the mark, and the fearless girl reached the fort in safety with her prize. The pages of history may furnish a parallel to the noble exploit of Elizabeth Zane, but an instance of greater self-devotion and moral intrepidity is not to be found anywhere."

Sixteen miles above Wheeling on the river is the thriving business town of *Wellsburg*. Eight miles east of this place in a healthy, beautiful site among the hills, is the flourishing institution known as *Bethany College*. It was founded by Elder Alexander Campbell, and is conducted under the auspices of the Disciples or Christians. Their peculiarity is that they have no creed—just simply a belief in the BIBLE as the sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice; thus leaving its interpretation free to each individual mind.

Below Wheeling eleven miles, at the village of *Moundsville*, on the river flats, is the noted curiosity of this region, the *Mammoth Mound*. It is 69 feet in height, and is in full view of the passing steamers.—An aged oak, cut down on its summit some years since, showed by its concentric circles that it was about 500 years old.

Point Pleasant is a small village at the junction of the Kanawha with the Ohio. It is noted as the site of the most bloody battle ever fought with the Indians in Virginia—the *battle of Point Pleasant*—which took place in Dunmore's war, Oct. 10, 1774. The Virginians, numbering 1,100 men, were under the command of Gen. Andrew Lewis. The Indians were under the celebrated Shawnee chieftain Cornstalk, and comprised the flower of the Shawnee, Wyandot, Delaware, Mingo and Cayuga tribes. The action lasted from sunrise until sunset, and was contested with the most obstinate bravery on both sides. The Virginians at length were victorious, but with a loss of more than 200 of their number in killed and wounded, among whom were some of their most valued officers. This event was made the subject of a rude song, which is still preserved among the mountaineers of western Virginia:

SONG ON THE SHAWNEE BATTLE.

Let us mind the tenth day of October,
Seventy-four, which caused woe,
The Indian savages they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

The battle beginning in the morning,
Throughout the day it lashed sore,
Till the evening shades were returning down
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Judgment precedes to execution,
Let fame throughout all dangers go,
Our heroes fought with resolution
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Seven score lay dead and wounded
Of champions that did face their foe,

By which the heathen were confounded,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Col. Lewis and some noble captains
Did down to death like Uriah go,
Alas! their heads wound up in napkins,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Kings lamented their mighty fallen
Upon the mountains of Gilboa,
And now we mourn for brave Hugh Allen,
Far from the banks of the Ohio.

O bless the mighty King of Heaven
For all his wondrous works below,
Who hath to us the victory given,
Upon the banks of the Ohio.

Ceredo is a new town established by Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, just before the rebellion, and settled by New England emigrants. It is on the Ohio river, about five miles above the line of West Virginia and Kentucky. The settlement was nearly broken up by the rebellion. A few miles above it is Guyandotte, which was mostly burnt in the war.

CHARLESTON is the most important town in West Virginia excepting Wheeling and Parkersburg. It is in the rich valley of the Kanawha, 46 miles east of the Ohio river, and contains several thousand people.

The mineral wealth of this valley is immense in salt and coal. In coal alone, it has been said, this valley could supply the whole world for fifty years, if it could be had from no other source. The Kanawha salt works commence on the river near Charleston and extend on both sides for nearly fifteen miles. Millions of bushels of salt are annually manufactured. The salt water is drawn from wells bored in solid rock from 300 to 500 feet in depth. Bituminous coal, which abounds in the neighborhood, is used in the evaporation of the water.

LEWISBURG is an important town near the southeastern line of the state, on the direct road from Charleston to Richmond, about 100 miles east from the former, and 200 west from the latter; near it and in the same county, are the *Blue Sulphur* and *White Sulphur Springs*: the latter, the most celebrated watering place in the south: long the favorite resort of the wealthy planters and prominent politicians of the south.

The situation of the White Sulphur Springs is charming. It is in a beautiful valley environed by softly curving mountains. Fifty acres or more are occupied with lawns and walks, and the cabins and cottages for the guests, built in rows around the public apartments, the dining-room, the ball-room, etc., which give the place quite a village air. The rows of cottages are variously named, as Alabama row, Louisiana, Paradise, Baltimore, Virginia, Georgia, Wolf and Bachelor rows, Broadway, the Virginia lawn, the Spring, the Colonnade, and other specialities. The cottages are built variously, of brick, wood and logs, one story high. The place is 205 miles west from Richmond, and 242 southwest of Washington City.

In the northern part of the state, in the rich valley of the Monongahela, are some thriving noted towns, as Morgantown, Clarksburg, Weston, etc. At the latter place is the state Asylum for the Insane. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad is doing much for the development of this region of the state. This great work of engineering skill is here given a more than passing notice.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 379 miles in length, extending from the waters of the Chesapeake, at Baltimore, to those of the Ohio, at Wheel-

ing, is one of the greatest works of engineering skill on the continent. This important undertaking owes its origin to the far-reaching sagacity of Philip E. Thomas, a Quaker merchant of Baltimore, who lived to see its completion, although nearly thirty years had elapsed from the time of its commencement. At that period, Baltimore city was worth but \$25,000,000, yet it unhesitatingly embarked in an enterprise which cost 31,000,000. The first stone was laid on the 4th of July, 1828, by the venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who pronounced it, next to signing the declaration of independence, the most important act of his life.



TRAY RUN VIADUCT, B. & O. RAILROAD.

This elegant structure is of cast iron, 600 feet in length, and 150 feet above the level of the stream.

ways; and during the progress of the work, from year to year, old theories were exploded and new principles introduced, increasing in boldness and originality as it advanced. Its annual reports went forth as text books; its workshops were practical lecture rooms, and to have worthily graduated in this school, is an honorable passport to scientific service in any part of the world. In its struggles with unparalleled difficulties—financial, physical, legislative and legal—the gallant little state of Maryland found men equal to each emergency as it arose, and the

“This was at a very early period in the history of rail-

development of so much talent and high character in various departments, should not be esteemed the smallest benefit which the country has derived from this great enterprise."

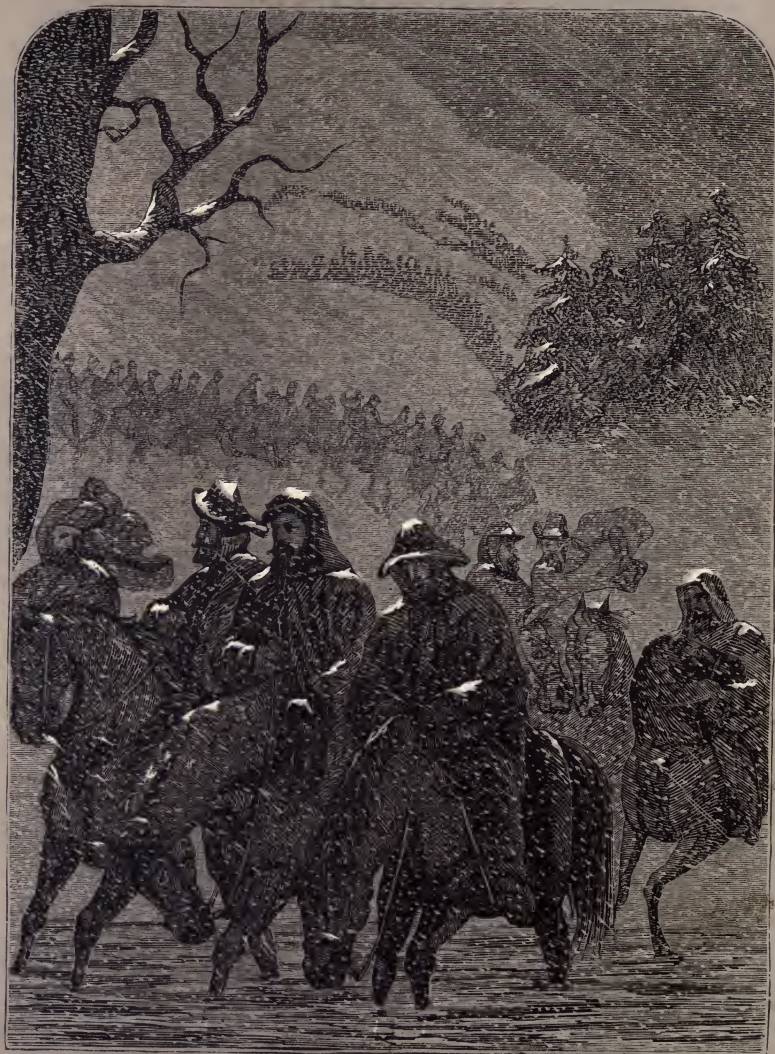
"The line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, traversing the Alleghanies, has already become somewhat classic ground. The vicinity of Harper's Ferry, old Fort Frederick, Cumberland, and other portions along the Potomac River, have long been known to the world for their imposing scenery, as well as for their historical interest. It is beyond Cumberland, however, that the grandest and most effective views on this route are presented. The Piedmont grade; Oakland, with its inviting summer atmosphere; Valley River Falls; the Monongahela, and other attractive points, inspire wonder in all who witness them.

Nor should the grand scientific features of the Baltimore and Ohio Road be overlooked. To say nothing of its unique and most successfully planned grades (by which an elevation of nearly three thousand feet above tide is reached), there are its numerous splendid bridges of iron, and brick, and stone; its massive buildings of all kinds; its solidly arched tunnels, and numerous other features, developing the greatest skill and ingenuity upon the part of the strong minds which wrought them. The longest finished tunnel in America is *Kingwood Tunnel*, 261 miles from Baltimore; it is four fifths of a mile in length, and cost more than a million of dollars!

Our engraving of 'Tray Run Viaduct,' says Leslie's Pictorial, from which this is copied, "is from an accurate and faithful drawing, made upon the spot, by Mr. D. C. Hitchcock, our artist, who has also been engaged in taking numerous views on this attractive route for the London Illustrated News. Appropriate to our notice of the Tray Run Viaduct, we may quote the following paragraphs from the 'Book of the Great Railway Celebration of 1857,' published by the Appletons:

Cheat River is a rapid mountain stream, of a dark coffee colored water, which is supposed to take its hue from the forests of laurel, hemlock and black spruce in which it has its rise. Our road crossed the stream at the foot of Cranberry grade by a viaduct. This is composed of two noble spans of iron, roofed in on abutments, and a pier of solid free-stone taken from a neighboring quarry. Arrived at this point, we fairly entered the 'Cheat River valley,' which presents by far the grandest and most boldly picturesque scenery to be found on the line of this road, if indeed it is not the finest series of railroad views on our continent. The European travelers in our party were as much enraptured by it as were those of us who have never visited the mountains, lakes and glens of Scotia or Switzerland. For several miles, we ran along the steep mountain side, clinging, as it were, to the gigantic cliffs, our cars like great cages suspended—though upon the safest and most solid of beds—midway, as it were, between heaven and earth. At one moment the view was confined to our immediate locality, hemmed in on every side, as we were, by the towering mountain spurs. At the next, a slight curve in the road opened to view fine stretches of the deep valley, with the dark river flowing along its bottom, and glorious views of the forest-covered slopes descending from the peaks to the water's edge. Amazed at the grandeur of the ever-varying scenery of this region, a French gentleman is said to have exclaimed in ecstasy, '*Magnifique! Zere is nossing like zis in France!*' The engineering difficulties, overcome in the part of the road within the first few miles west of Cheat River bridge, must have been appalling, but for us the rough places had been made smooth as the prairie levels. After crossing this river itself, at Rowlesburg, the next point was to ascend along its banks the 'Cheat River hill.' The ravine of Kyer's run, a mile from the bridge, 76 feet deep, was crossed by a solid embankment. Then, after bold cutting along the steep, rocky hill side, we reached Buckeye hollow, which is 108 feet below the road level, and finally came to Tray run, which we crossed at a height of 150 feet above its original bed by a splendid viaduct, 600 feet long, founded on a massive base of masonry piled upon the solid rock below. These viaducts are of iron—designed by Mr. Albert Fink, one of Mr. Latrobe's assistants—and are exceedingly graceful, as well as very substantial structures. When we reached the west end of the great Tray run viaduct, the cars halted, and the company alighted for a better view of the works. A walk of a few feet brought us to the brow of the precipice overlooking the river, nearly 300 feet below. The view from this spot, both of the scenery and the grand structure which so splendidly spanned the immense mountain ravine, was truly inspiring. From our great elevation the stream appeared to be almost beneath our feet, an illusion promptly dispelled when the strongest and longest armed among us failed to throw a stone far enough to drop in its bed. With the entire train full of guests, the band also, alighted here, and taking position near the cliff, struck up the popular air of 'Love Not,' in sweet harmony with the emotions inspired by the scene.





AVERILL'S RAID.

THE TIMES

THE REBELLION

WEST VIRGINIA.

WEST VIRGINIA early became a theater of military operations. These were on a comparatively small scale, owing to the difficulties of providing and sustaining large armies. The country as a whole may be defined as a collection of lofty mountains, with deep narrow valleys that seem to exist merely to define the mountains. Along these valleys are a primitive people, simple in their wants, dressing in homespun, and living a varied life of hunting and agriculture. They are scattered in cabins often miles apart, the mountains so encroaching upon them as to leave but mere threads of arable land. The roads for want of room are much of the way in the beds of the streams, which are swollen by every heavy shower to raging, impassable torrents. Bridges do not exist excepting at a few points. Military operations are very difficult; transportation at times being impossible.

The best part is in the Northwest, along the valley of the Ohio and its tributaries. In this section runs the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which forks at Grafton about 100 miles from the Ohio, one branch terminating at Parkersburg and the other at Wheeling. The secessionists at the beginning made strenuous exertions to hold this country, and suppress its union sentiment: also to possess the fertile valley of the Kanawha, so valuable to them for its abundant crops of grain and inexhaustible supplies of salt.

The first event of the war in West Virginia was the surprise by two union regiments under Cols. Kelly and Lander, on the morning of the 3d of June, 1861, of some 1500 secession troops under Col. Porterfield, at Philippi, a small village on the Monongahela about 20 miles south of Grafton. None of the unionists were killed; and the loss of the secessionists trifling. The surprise occurred at daybreak; but it so happened that the secessionists mostly made good their escape. Their flight is amusingly described by one present. Said he "Did you ever drive a stake into an ant hill, and watch the movements of the panic stricken inhabitants? It was nothing to this flight. They didn't stop to put on their clothes, much less their shoes; grabbing the first thing they could reach, and dressing as they ran, each turned his face toward Beverly. One fellow had laced one leg in his unwhisperables, when the cannister came whizzing about him.—'Delay was death,' and with his shirt streaming behind, and the unfilled leg of his pants flopping and trailing after him, he presented a most comical figure.

Some, half-naked, mounted horses unbridled, and grasping the mane, urged them into a sharp run by their cries and vigorous heel-punches. Many took to the thickets on the hills; and among these unfortunates the Indianians, after the melee was over, ignorant of their presence, discharged their minie rifles, for the purpose of clearing their guns, and with fatal effect."

Gen. McClellan, in command of the department of the Ohio, for political reasons, refrained from crossing into Western Virginia until the 27th of May, after the ordinance of secession had been voted upon in a state election. Then the western troops crossed over and took a position at Grafton. On the 11th of July, occurred the battle of Rich Mountain. At that period the secession forces under Gen. Garnett, numbering several thousand men, occupied near Beverly two intrenched camps—Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill, a few miles apart. Garnett remained at the last named, leaving Rich Mountain under the immediate command of Col. Pegram. Rosecrans was sent with three regiments of Indiana and Ohio troops to make an attack upon Pegram. Passing around the mountain, through miles of almost impenetrable thickets, Rosecrans, assisted by Col. Lander, made a spirited attack upon the upper intrenchment of the enemy, who were routed and fled. McClellan was preparing to attack Garnett, but he fled also. On the 13th Col. Pegram, who had been wandering in the hills for two days without food, surrendered unconditionally. When Pegram advanced to hand his sword to Major Laurence Williams, each instantly recognized the other, and both were moved to tears, and turned away unable to speak for a few moments. They had been classmates at West Point, and had met thus for the first time in many years. The number captured amounted to about 600. Pegram was killed late in the war, at the battle of Hatcher's Run, before Richmond, Feb. 1865.

The same day, Gen. Garnett, with the main body, on his retreat, was overtaken some thirty miles north at Carrick's Ford on Shafer's Fork of Cheat River, by the advance of Gen. Morris. He attempted to make a stand to cover his retreat: his men became panic stricken and fled before half their number. Here Garnett was killed by a sharpshooter. Not a Virginian was at his side when he fell: a young lad from Georgia alone stood by him bravely to the last, and when Garnett fell, he fell too. Garnett was about 40 years of age, a brother-in-law of Gov. Wise, and in the Mexican war aid to Gen. Taylor. He was a roommate at West Point of Major Love, of Gen. Morris' staff.

"But an hour or two before, the major had been talking about his former acquaintance and friendship with Garnett, and had remarked that he would be glad if Garnett could only be taken prisoner, that he might be able to see him again, and talk with him about the government which had educated and honored him. When the major reached the field, a short time after the flight of the rebels, he was led to the bank of the river, where the body of his old roommate lay stretched upon the stones! Who shall blame him for the manly tears he shed kneeling by that traitor corpse? The brave boy who fell by, was taken to the hill above the headquarters and buried by our troops. At his head they placed a board, with the inscription: "Name unknown. A brave fellow who shared his general's fate, and fell fighting by his side, while his companions fled."

The appearance of the battle field is thus described by an eye witness.

Returning from the bank where Garnett lay, I went up to the bluff on which the enemy had been posted. Around was a sickening sight. Along the brink of

that bluff lay the dead, stiffening in their own gore, in every contortion which their death anguish had produced. Others were gasping in the last agonies, and still others were writhing with horrible but not mortal wounds, surrounded by the soldiers whom they really believed to be about to plunge the bayonet to their hearts. Never before had I so ghastly a realization of the horrid nature of this fraternal struggle. These men were all Americans—men whom we had once been proud to claim as countrymen—some of them natives of our own northern states. One poor fellow was shot through the bowels. The ground was soaked with his blood. I stooped and asked him if anything could be done to make him more comfortable; he only whispered, "*I'm so cold!*" He lingered for nearly an hour, in terrible agony. Another—young and just developing into vigorous manhood—had been shot through the head by a large minie ball. The skull was shockingly fractured; his brains were protruding from the bullet hole and lay spread on the grass by his head. And he was still living! I knelt by his side and moistened his lips with water from my canteen, and an officer who came up a moment afterward poured a few drops of brandy from his pocket flask into his mouth. God help us! what more could we do? A surgeon rapidly examined the wound, sadly shook his head, saying it were better for him if he were dead already, and passed on to the next. And there that poor Georgian lay, gasping in the untold and unimaginable agonies of that fearful death, for more than an hour!

Near him lay a Virginian, shot through the mouth, and already stiffening. He appeared to have been stooping when he was shot; the ball struck the tip of his nose, cutting that off, cut his upper lip, knocked out his teeth, passed through the head and came out at the back of the neck. The expression of his ghastly face was awful beyond description. And near him lay another, with a ball through the right eye, which had passed out through the back of the head. The glassy eyes were all open; some seemed still gasping with opened mouths; all were smeared in their own blood, and cold and clammy with the dews of death upon them.

But why dwell on the sickening details? May I never see another field like that! All around the field lay men with wounds in the leg, or arm, or face, groaning with pain, and trembling lest the barbarous foes they expected to find in our troops, should commence mangling and torturing them at once. Words can hardly express their astonishment, when our men gently removed them to a little knoll, laid them all together, and formed a circle of bayonets around them, to keep off the curious crowd, till they could be removed to the hospital, and cared for by our surgeons.

There was a terrible moral in that group on the knoll, the dead, the dying, the wounded, protected by the very men that had been fighting and who were as ready then as they had ever been to defend by their strong arms every right these self-made enemies of theirs had ever enjoyed.

Every attention was shown the enemy's wounded, by our surgeons. Limbs were amputated, wounds were dressed with the same care with which our own brave volunteers were treated. The wound on the battle field removed all differences—in the hospital all were alike, the objects of a common humanity that left none beyond its limits.

Among the enemy's wounded was a young *Massachusetts boy*, who had received a severe wound in the leg. He had been visiting in the South, and had been impressed into the ranks. As soon as the battle began, he broke from the rebel ranks and attempted to run down the hill, and cross over to our side. His own lieutenant saw him in the act, and shot him with a revolver! Listen to such a tale as that, as I did, by the side of the sad young sufferer, and tell me if your blood does not boil warmer than ever before, as you think, not of the poor deluded followers, but of the leaders, who, for personal ambition and personal spite, began this infernal rebellion."

Some amusing anecdotes were related of this battle.

Previous to the fight, before any shells had been thrown, a Georgian, who was behind a tree some distance from one of our men, called out to him, "What troops are you?" One soldier, squinting around his tree, and seeing that there was no chance for a shot at his questioner, replied: "Ohio and Indiana volunteers."

"Volunteers! —," exclaimed the Georgian, "you needn't tell me volunteers stand fire that way!" The day's skirmish presented some instances of extraordinary daring. Perhaps the most astounding was that of a fellow who undertook to furnish the news to the rebels. One of *Milroy's Swamp Devils*, (as the boys of the Ninth Indiana were called,) took a paper and deliberately walked up the road at the foot of the hill, on which the enemy were placed, till he got within convenient talking distance. Then asking them if they wouldn't like to have the news, and they having answered in the affirmative, he unfolded his paper and began, "Great battle at Manassas Gap; rebels completely routed; one thousand killed, ten thousand wounded, and nearly all the rest taken prisoners; all traitors to be hung and their property confiscated!" By this time the bullets began to rain down upon him rather thickly, and he beat a rapid retreat to a convenient tree, carefully folding up his paper as he went, and shouting back that if they would come over to camp, he would give them the balance of the news!"

Another incident worth preserving is as follows:

In one of the Indiana regiments was a Methodist preacher, said to be one of the very best shots in his regiment. During the battle, he was particularly conspicuous for the zeal with which he kept up a constant fire. The 14th Ohio Regiment, in the thick of the fight, fired an average of eleven rounds to every man, but this parson managed to get in a great deal more than that average. He fired carefully, with perfect coolness, and always after a steady aim, and the boys declare that every time, as he took down his gun, after firing he added, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The loss in killed and wounded was slight. In the result, the enemy were for the time being driven from Northwestern Virginia. The whole affair was a mere skirmish compared to an hundred later battles of the war, too inconsequential to be described in history. But it was the first decided union victory, and gave great eclat to Gen. McClellan, who, in the enthusiasm of the time, was in consequence transferred to the command of the army of the Potomac. A second Napoleon was supposed to have been found in the person of an ex-captain of U. S. engineers.

The next engagement of importance was, the battle of Carnifex Ferry, which took place on the 10th of September between the union forces under Gen. Rosecrans and the rebels under Gen. Floyd, ex-secretary of war. Floyd's position was a high intrenched camp on the summit of a mountain in the forest, on Gauley river, opposite the precise point where the Meadow river falls into it. The intrenchments extended about a mile and a half in his front, each end resting on the bank of the river, which here by its curving formed a kind of bow, while the intrenched line answered for the string. In the center of Floyd's line was an extensive earthen mound, supporting his main battery. The rest of his works were of fallen timber exclusively. The position could not well be flanked, and the only resource was to attack him in front. Floyd had six regiments and 16 pieces of artillery.

On the last day of August, Gen. Rosecrans, moved from Clarksburg, to put himself at the head of his army, and resume active operations. His plan was to engage Floyd in the region of the Kanawha line. After much delay, the army moved from Birch river toward Summer-ville on the 9th. On the 10th he marched eighteen miles, to near the intrenched position of the enemy, in front of Carnifex Ferry. At three o'clock in the afternoon he began the strong reconnoissance, termed the battle of Carnifex Ferry. This lasted until night came on, when the troops being exhausted, he drew them out of the woods and

posted them in line of battle, intending to storm the works in the morning. In the night Floyd having become alarmed at the strength of the attack upon him, silently fled, crossed the Gauley and destroyed the bridge after him. Rosecrans took possession of the camp, captured a few prisoners, and some arms and some stores. The union loss was 114; among the killed was the brave Col. Lowe.

At the time Rosecrans was operating against Floyd, Gen. J. J. Reynolds of Indiana, was stationed with his brigade at two fortified camps on Cheat Mountain, one called Cheat Summit, and the other Elkwater, seven miles apart by a bridle path. The rebel General R. E. Lee, desired to get into their rear into Tygart Valley, and once there with a large force he would have advanced against Grafton and Clarksburg, the principal military depots in Northwestern Virginia. On the 12th inst. he marched up the Staunton pike, with about 9000 men and from 8 to 12 pieces of artillery. He made attempts for several successive days to take these works; and was finally repulsed on the 15th. Among the rebels killed was Col. John A. Washington, proprietor of Mt. Vernon. He was shot by a small scouting party while reconnoitering, and at the moment he and his escort had turned to flee, the latter galloping off leaving their commander wounded and dying by the road side.

"The party ran up to the wounded man, and found him partially raised upon one hand, attempting to grasp his pistol. As they approached, the dying man smiled faintly, and said *"How are you boys? give me some water."* One of the party placed his canteen to the soldier's lips, but they were already cold in death. A litter was made, and the body carried to headquarters, when an examination of the person was made. Judge; if you can, of the surprise excited, when upon his clothing was found the name of *John A. Washington!* Four balls had passed through his body, two entering either lung and any one inflicting a mortal wound. A flag of truce was sent the next morning to the rebels, offering to return the body, and all the colonel's effects. It was met by Lieut. Col. Stark, of Louisiana, who was coming to our camp to demand the body. When told that Colonel Washington was dead, Col. Stark was very deeply affected, and for some moments was unable to speak at all. He finally said, "Col. Washington's temerity killed him; he was advised not to go where he did, but was on his first expedition, and extremely anxious to distinguish himself." Col. Washington was attached to the staff of General Lee, as engineer, from which it is judged Gen. Lee in person commands the forces in our front. What a sad commentary Col. Washington's death affords us. His illustrious uncle, the founder of our liberties, the great leader in the war for our independence! The degenerate nephew, taken in arms, fighting against the government his progenitor has called into being; losing his life in attempting to undo what that noble man had done! To be shot in the back was a proper termination to the career of a relative who in selling at an exorbitant price the Mount Vernon estate to a patriotic association of ladies, had speculated upon the bones of George Washington."

Guyandotte a town of about 600 inhabitants, situated on the Virginia bank of the Ohio, at the mouth of the Guyandotte, twelve or fourteen miles above the Kentucky line, was the scene of tragic events on Sunday night and on Monday, November 10th and 11th. The people were nearly all bitter secessionists. Col. Whaley was forming there the Ninth Virginia (union) regiment, and had with him on Sunday about 120 of his own men, and 35 of Zeigler's 5th Virginia Cavalry. A little after sundown this small body was surprised by a force of several hundred cavalry under the notorious guerrilla chief Jenkins. The

attack was entirely unexpected, and Whaley's men were "taking it easy," some at church, some sauntering about, some asleep in their quarters, and only a camp guard out and no pickets. The men rallied and gathered in squads, sheltering themselves behind buildings and making the best fight possible, in which the gathering darkness increased their chances for escape. The rebels pursued the squads, charging upon them around the corners, running down individuals, killing some, wounding others, and taking prisoners. After the fight was over, they hunted many from places of concealment. As our men fought from sheltering positions, and the enemy were in the open streets, the loss was supposed to be nearly equal in killed and wounded, —from 40 to 50 each. The enemy captured some seventy prisoners.

The attack was accompanied by acts of savage barbarity. Some of the fleeing soldiers in attempting to cross the bridge over the Guyandotte, were shot, and those only wounded, while begging for their lives were thrown into the river to be drowned. Others were dragged from their hiding places in the town and murdered. Some poor fellows who had taken to the river were killed as they were swimming, or when they had crawled out on the other bank. One John S. Garnett, who hid on that side was busy at this bloody business. A witness testified that he heard them shout across "John! Ho! John Garnett, shoot them—devils coming out of the water there," and two guns went off. "There is another just behind the tree." "Oh! I have sunk that—Yankee." Soon another shot and a yell, "I've got one of the—dad's scalp and a first rate Enfield rifle."

Early the next morning, the rebels fearing pursuit, left the town, carrying off with them as prisoners some of the union citizens, having first taken and destroyed their goods. When they left, twenty one secession women all with their secession aprons on, paraded and cheered the visitors. Col. Zeigler with a few union troops immediately landed from a steamer, arrested ten of the leading citizens as prisoners. As the people had fired on the troops from their dwellings, the soldiers set fire to the houses of the rebels, which communicating to the others, from one half to two thirds of all the buildings in the place were burnt.

The guerrilla war in West Virginia was marked with many horrible atrocities and thrilling adventures. There was scarcely a county which did not contain more or less secessionists who degenerated into assassins. They shot down in cold blood their neighbors in open day, and at night stealthily burnt their dwellings. Hundreds of these villains were arrested, but for want of positive evidence discharged on taking the oath of allegiance: when they again renewed their acts of savage barbarity. So little was this sacred obligation observed, so venomous did they remain, that it had its proper illustration in the popular anecdote of the time, told of a union soldier who had caught a rattlesnake; and asked his companion "what should he do with him?" "*Swear him and let him go,*" was the instant response. A writer of the time well illustrates the fiend-like spirit that was rife in these paragraphs.

A thrilling incident of the war occurred to-day, within two miles of Parkersburg. There lives in that vicinity a farmer named Smotherton. He is of the *genus* termed "white trash" by the contrabands; a renting farmer, who lives from hand to mouth, ignorant, quarrelsome and reckless. He has quite a family. Smotherton is a secessionist, a very bitter one, and he has imbued the idea and its spirit into all his family, from his wife down to his youngest child. The suc-

cess of the federal arms has only served to embitter and enrage him, and time and again he has threatened to poison the water which supplies the camp at this place, to destroy by fire the property of his union neighbors, kill their cattle and mutilate their horses.

For several months he has done little else than make threats of this character. His wife was as bad with her tongue as he was, and even his children have been taught to hate and curse those who were for the union. Smotherton being informed that he would be driven from the neighborhood if he did not improve his conduct, replied that he would not leave until he had destroyed the property and shed the blood of some of the union men. "They can't hurt me for it," he continued, "kase the war's commenced, an' there haint no law." That seemed to be his firm belief.

To-day two sons of Smotherton, the oldest not yet thirteen years of age, was out in the woods with a rifle. They came across another lad, named King, about the same age, whose family is for the union, and reside in the same neighborhood. The young Smothertons, following the example of their father, immediately called him to account. Young King stood up for the union, which so enraged the other two boys that they threatened to shoot him. Young King then boldly straightened himself up and shouted, "Hurrah for the union." The oldest of the Smotherton boys—not yet thirteen years old, remember—deliberately raised his rifle, fired, and gave young King a mortal wound. To-night it is said he can not survive until morning.

As soon as the affair became known, a file of soldiers were dispatched from town to Smotherton's hut, which they surrounded, and, without resistance, took the old man, his sons, and two or three others prisoners. I need not say that the soldiers were disappointed in not meeting resistance, for they did not want to bring in any prisoners. The party was marched to town surrounded by bayonets, and committed to prison, to await examination before the military authorities to-morrow. An indignant crowd followed them, and many voluntarily stepped forward as witnesses. An intelligent country girl said that she heard the boy Smotherton declare, several days ago, that he would shoot the boy King if he did not stop hurraing for the union, for he (Smotherton) was a secessionist, and he wasn't agoing to stand it.

Just such people you will find all over Western Virginia, and as their cause sinks they become more desperate, and endeavor to support it by blood and crime. Until they are treated and dealt with as traitors, the war in Western Virginia, will not approximate a close. Our troops curse the policy that has heretofore governed the military authorities, and now they take no prisoners whenever they can avoid it.

Retaliation, as above stated, at last became the common rule. The union scouts learned to take no prisoners. One of the best pictures which gives the lights and shadows of this border war, is drawn by a writer in the first year of the struggle, an union soldier from the New England settlement of Ceredo. He says:

In February 1861, nine others and myself were threatened with expulsion from the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion for voting for Lincoln: all residents of Ceredo. In May the war against us raged fiercer, and some of the marked ones left for fear of violence. Some of my neighbors could not leave if they would, and my courageous wife agreed with me that it was better to stay, for we might by that course do more for the good cause than in any other way.

In June and July the excitement was all the time increasing, and by the middle of the latter month it was publicly stated that the "Lincolnites" of Ceredo *must* leave, and notices to that effect were sent to us. We sent back word to them to "come on," we were prepared for them (but we were not though), and defied them.

For several weeks in the middle of Summer we watched every night for the coming of the indignant secessionists. They looked for us to submit and take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, or leave. It was during this time

of fearful peril—for we had sworn to stand by each other and resist to the death if necessary—that everything else was forgotten. All business was abandoned. The farmers who had been influenced by our position and action, left their crops and joined us in consultation and watch. They were made to understand that they were risking all their property and their lives, and perhaps the lives of their families, by joining us. But they pledged themselves willing to make the sacrifice, if need be, for the sake of the union. Our fears were reasonably increased by the treatment of union men in the adjoining counties, and we did not hope for mercy. The enemy outnumbered us who would *fight* more than three to one; yet our bold stand and defiant declarations kept them back. For many nights my wife did not retire to rest with any certainty that she would not be aroused before morning by the torch and bullet of the rebel guerrillas, now organized in three different places in our own county, and in large numbers in the next and nearest county above us. A little band of twenty-five, and sometimes thirty or more, when our country neighbors came in, stood on guard through many summer nights, with such arms as we could pick up, waiting to resist the attack of three hundred or more; but I have no doubt we should have made a desperate resistance. We had become so exasperated by the infamous threats of the rebels, and so incensed at their conduct toward union men up the country, that we all felt that it was our solemn duty to resist.

Then began the organization of a regiment. One of the old residents was urged to take the lead in this; we New Englanders pledged ourselves to sustain him. It was a fearful undertaking, but we had the right kind of a man to lead off, and it was successful. The rebels were of course indignant that we should attempt to have a military force in the "abolition" village of Ceredo.

It has been one continued whirl of bustle, and excitement and panic. It seems as though years ought to embrace the crowded events of the past few months. In fact, it does seem years since last June. I remember a few scenes, a few days, and the balance is one confused jumble of stirring incidents, panics, fearful and energetic struggles to calm the popular feeling, painful and tedious night watchings, long rides for reconnoitering, anxious consultations, and frequent renewal of pledges. It makes me shudder to think of the danger we escaped. I can hardly realize that we did pass through all and are yet safe, and that the dear ones at home were permitted to remain there, when danger passed so near,—and particularly since we have learned what nefarious plots were concocted for our destruction.

While the recruiting was going on we were all the time in danger, and before the regiment was half full we had men out constantly on the scout, either to hunt rebels among the hills, or to guard union men's property away from our camp. While our men were taking prisoners and running the scamps from hill to hiding-place, the union men in Cabell county were rode over rough-shod. Every one who had a shot-gun or rifle, or a grain of powder, was robbed. The robbers also took beef and corn, and the union men in that county said not a word, for fear of faring worse. The few who dared to say anything were driven away or killed. Two others were shot, but recovered, and are now in the union army. One who had always maintained the right of a Virginian, clinging to the old government, was called to his door one morning by some of Jenkins' cowardly crew, and shot dead—four of the assassins shooting at once. In our county, young men, who were out of the reach of our protection were *forced* into the rebel army. I can not describe with what a high hand many outrages were perpetrated—how heartless and cruel, and with how little sense of honor, these "chivalrous southrons" committed numerous wrongs upon loyalists, upon their rights, liberty and property. However, every prominent secessionist in our county has been killed or taken prisoner. This is some consolation, though it does not compensate for the suffering of the loyal men.

I entered the army as a private, determined to be useful. I was put where it was thought I could be of most use, and have been constantly and ceaselessly engaged. My duties have not prevented my making some observations of the character and the moral effect of our enterprise.

How curiously—to me it seems—has this matter operated. The northerner and Virginian, it appeared, never could affiliate. They never did. It was plain that a Yankee never would be respected by the Virginian; from the most ignorant to the most cultivated, there was the same inborn prejudice. If common courtesy and the studied politeness of the educated man (Virginian) led him into sociableness and cordiality of friendly intercourse for a time, he would all at once assume a coldness as though he had forgot himself and done wrong. Among the ignorant it was still more unpleasant; but now all is changed. They now seem to think we are of one nation—we are all brothers—we should all be united—we should help each other—we should not remember that one was from a free state, and another was born in a slave state. This is of the union men. The secessionists hate us more, if possible, and hate their neighbors who have joined us still worse. Nothing else, it appears to me could ever have destroyed this prejudice. And to us, who have seen this inveterate prejudice, this appears strange. Is it love of country, or is it the danger? Who can tell?

I have witnessed many scenes in this brief time which I had never expected to see—altogether a great deal of the worst of the “horrors of war,” and mingled with the soldiers who are roughest and hardest, and heard their talk and their nonsense. Instead of feeling as though I had been hardened, or had become callous to the suffering of men and the cruelties of war, it seems as though the best feelings were sharpened. I know men who never before appeared to have any real and natural love for their families, manifest the best and most encouraging aspects of fraternal affection—the most delicate and tender love for friends and families—since this war commenced. Men, unconscious of the best feelings of *cultivated natures*, manifest that tender and affectionate regard for their wives which we expect to see only among the most enlightened and harmonious families. Many of the natives are rough and uncultivated. *The war does them good!* So it seems to me. This is my question: why is it? How would you explain it? How is it possible that civil war, where there is so much of awful tragedy, and wherein neighbor will shoot neighbor, to say nothing of the lesser wrongs and outrages, will improve men generally? While they talk so glibly of this one and that one of their acquaintance who are rebels, as deserving to be shot, they seem to be *progressing* in other respects. They become less selfish, more confiding, more generous, more considerate, and better *men*, I think, altogether. And this while we have not the best discipline in our regiment, and there is none too little whisky in camp. Is it love for country? Is it that the union is in danger, or that their families are in danger? Would this last produce such an effect? Or is it that the *love for country is such a great and noble virtue that it increases other good qualities in men?* Yes, this is it, it can be nothing else.

The bitter contempt and hate with which the union men were held throughout the south at the outbreak of the rebellion, found full expression in their secession papers: of which the following extract published in the Jeffersonian at Barboursville, West Virginia, in May 1861, is a fair specimen:

Capt. Roger's company of volunteers are making active preparations for service. They are a fine body of men, as true as steel, and fighting in the cause of liberty, *every single man of them is equal to a dozen of the base hirelings with whom they have to contend. In the hour of battle, we doubt not but what each man will prove himself a Spartan.*

Should old Lincoln grow so insane as to send 100,000 of his box-ankled Yankees up through this part of Virginia, our mountain boys will give them a warm reception, and *will be sure to save enough Yankee shin bones to make husking pegs with which to husk all our corn for a hundred years.*

A few months of actual experience dispelled some of those pleasant delusions in regard to the cowardice of union men. As the rebels were soon driven by our brave volunteers from their various camps at Philippi, Laurel Hill, Cheat Mountain, Gauley river and other points, they

left behind in their panic hurry, bushels of private letters. These revelations of the inner life of the rebellion, are important contributions to the history of the times. They illustrate the ideas that prevailed among the poor whites of the South, their ferocity against the people of the free states; and an ignorance so profound as to show how readily they became the willing instruments in the hands of their aristocracy, to perpetuate and increase their own degradation. The most amusing of these were the love letters of which the camps were full. Some of the tender documents could not be exceeded in ferocity of spirit by the cannibals of Fejee. Mingled with good religious advice to husbands by wives to trust in the Lord and offer up continued prayers for his guidance, are blended requests to kill every Yankee they met, and bring the scalps home as trophies of the war. Little children also write to their papa's for union scalps, and tender swains and love stricken maidens all appear to revel in visions of blood. We open with one of this description.

SEWEL MOUNTAIN October 3d 1861.

Dear Maiss Sarah margret Waup I send you my best love and respects to you. I am well at this present time in hoping these few lines will find you in the same helth and in the Same mind as you was when I gote the last letter. My love is round as a ring that has no end and so is my to you. I waunt you not to foregit mea and pick up eny of the Raleigh boys fore I am goun to Sleep in youres arms if I live and the dam yankee devels dont kill mea. I still lives in hopes the devels Cant kill mea, I hope that we will Jine handes again. I waunt you to never have eny thing to Saye to the Raleigh boyes they are all purty mutch unean [union] mean I underStand and that is a poore Cuntry I no. I have got youres likeness yet and kiss hit evry Day hites no ende that howe I lov you. I think of you when I am marced into the battle feal. I waunt you to ware the Seccions war riben a white peas of cloth around your wast; the unean [union] lades wars the black beltes around their wast * *

[The writer indulges in some thorough going profanity in reference to "Linken," and expresses a few uncharitable wishes respecting his future.]

* * mair margret I would like to see you So we Could laff and talk all about old times. My pen bade my ink is no count and I hant have but 8 minets to rite to you and I have to rite hit on my lapt. Pleas exkoose mea I have rote 6 letteres and reserved 3 from you and the hole of them thare was mise rote this you see rember mea if this not except please exkooss mea and burn hitup

Sarah margret Waup

JAMES BOLTON.

From another letter found in Laurel Hill camp we take two lines.

"i sa agen deer Melindy weer fitin for our liburtis to dew gest as we pleas, and we *will* fite fur them so long as GODDLEMITY givs us breth."

Here are two letters from loving maidens. The first according to her own revelations had been some time "on the market."

Mr. ———, DEAR SIR: I take the pleasure in writing you a few lines to-night. And to answer the kind & excepted note. We are all well at present. I think that good health & company is all that one should wish for. I know that I am contented when I am in your good company, that I love to be in so much. But I hope the kind Providence will soon permit us to be to gather soon. I wished that all of *those Yankees' heads was shot off and piled up*. Beck has formed a good opinion of you. But I think that I like you the best. She said that she wished that she was married. She says that she wants me to put the holtar on first. There is no man here I care anything about now. I was once 12 years engaged, but am free now. There was a certain person told me to keep myself free from all engagements for him, but did not answer, and that was the last. I

dreamt about you last night. I thought I heard you talking to papa. I tell you I almost was under John's control, but it may be for the best yet. If things had of went on, I would of been married, some time ago. These are times to try persons faith and feelings. I think every one should be candid. I know that you love me. That love can be returned. I am in for anything that you say, &c., &c.

WYTHS VILL VA August 17th 1861

DEAR SUR—it is with grate plesur for me to ancer yore letter I was glad to think that you thought that much of me amany A time I think of you all and wod like to see you all but I think that it will be A longe time be fore i will see you all but I hoape that it will not be so longe you sade that you had that arboviter that me and sue give you and that likeness that miss sue Pattison had of yores she has got it yet. She sase that she is A goante to kepe it. The times air loancem hear know sence you all lefte hear. Il tell you that campe Jacksom lokes loancem know. I havente norten much to rite to you at this time but I hoape that I will have nore to rite to you. The nexte time that you rite if that ever will be but I hoap that you will not forgit to rite. I woante you to excuse me for not hav ritten sooner but I havent not had the chance but I tride mity harde to ancer it sooner but I cudent. I hearde this morninge that you all was a goanto leave thair and I thaute that I wod ancer it this eaven. I woante you to tell mr yomce to rite to me. Ancer this as soon as you git this. I have norten more to sa at the present time but excuse bad riten and spellinge.

Dearest frende

Miss Mary

D McA

Here is a third maidenly letter found at Carnifex Ferry after Floyd's flight by some of Rosecrans' soldiers. It was in a highly scented white envelope, and was evidently addressed to one of the secession chaplains, that "Genuine itinerant Methodist minister." Miss Becky repels the base charge that she is given to tobacco chewing.

Rev. Wm. H. ——— Dear, in high esteem your very welcom letters arrived in due time, which were pleasant visitant. it was truly gratifying to hear of the abundance of good things you are blessed with in N. Carolina. I recon Egypt will certainly divide with Canaan.

Well Parson I suppose you are in the Dominion state this year among polished characters. I don't know how you can think of the plain people in Fentress Tennessee.

I would just say as it regard my using tobacco it is altogether a false supposition. I protest the use of tobacco in every shape and form, so enough on that subject. Dear ——— I appreciate you as a genuine Itinerant Methodist minister and will take pleasure in any written correspondence with you. There have been revivals on this mission since you left.

We expect Parson ——— at his appointment.

Well Dearest ——— we are many miles apart Oh! the deep between us roll the rough Hills which intervene between you & I yet all things are possible in the sight of the Lord. May the good Lord bless thee my dearest I hope you will find friendes that will treat you kindly. Oh! that this may be a glorious Conference year. You are still remembered by Rebecca.

Things are going on smoothly.

Mary is primping and fixing herself looking for her beaugh. Dear me! Clear the way, move the chairs, & make room. Well Parson, I must now close by soliciting your prayers in my behalf. Respond to this the first opportunity.

Fare-well this time

REBECCA ———

Oh! I remember how you looked
Remember well your silvery Tone
And placid smile of sweetest love
Though Many hours have rapid flown.

Poetical effusions in great quantities were found "to fire the Southern heart." This one is a fair specimen. It was obtained at Camp Gauley, among the official papers of the adjutant of a Virginia regiment:

Come all you brave Virginia boys
 With hearts both stout and true
 Come let us go down to the mason line
 And Whip the Nothern crue

Old lincoln is there president
 That evry body knows
 And he was elected by the Vote
 Of men as black as Crows

A Malgamation is ther theme
 And that will never do
 Come lets go down to the Battle ground
 And Whip the Nothern Crue

Be brave and Bold you Valiant boys
 and keep your Armors Bright
 For Sothern Boys Wonts nothing else
 But Just the things that Right

God made the peopl Black and white
 he made the red man to
 And for to mix up is not Right
 lets Whip the Negro crue

if honor sease your Soards brave boys
 And Muskets not A few
 Come lets go down to the Battle ground
 And Whip the Nothern crue

Fight on Brave Boys with out a doubt
 On til you gain the Field
 The god of Battle he is stout
 He will caus our foas to yeald

Our Wives and sweet hearts
 tell us go and fight Just like A man
 And keep the nothern negro crue
 off of Virginue land

if luckey is our doom Brave Boys
 in old Abe lincoln hall
 On our next Independent day
 We will Take a Sothern Ball

and when we come safe home Again
 Our wives and sweet harts to
 We they will welcom us from Washington
 for they have nothing elce to do
 August the 14 1861.

The war in West Virginia was confined to small battles, skirmishes, and conflicts with guerrillas. One of the most important of the battles, in its consequences, in the latter part of the war, was that of Droop Mountain, in the Greenbrier country, Nov. 6, 1863. In this action, the rebels were attacked in their works on the summit of the mountain by Gen. Averill, and routed with a loss of 400 men.

The guerrilla leaders, Jenkins and Imboden, were, for a time, active and enterprising, and the union troops were kept busy under Cox, Scammon, Crook, Averill, Kelly, and other union officers, whose terror-inspiring raids, and the hardships endured by those who took part in them, will show how noble a part was played in the great drama of the present age by the union-loving sons of West Virginia.

The most noted of all the raids was that of Averill in the winter of 1863-4. The object of the expedition, which was planned by Gen. Kelly, was to cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, and so sever the communication between Lee, in Virginia, and Longstreet, in Tennessee.

Several feigned movements were made in order to mislead the enemy, which were successful. The command of the real expedition was given to General Averill. On the 8th of December, he started from New Creek, near the Maryland border, with four mounted regiments and a battery, marching almost due south, which brought him almost directly between the confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. On the 16th, he struck the line of the railroad at Salem, and begun the work of destruction. The telegraphic wire was cut, three depots, with a large amount of stores, destroyed, and the track torn up, bridges and culverts destroyed for a space of 15 miles; this was the work of a few hours. The enemy in the meantime had learned of his position and operations, and sent out six separate commands, under their ablest generals, to intercept him on his return. They took possession of every road through the mountains which was thought passable. One road, which crossed the tops of the Alleghanies, and was thought impracticable, remained. By this, Averill made his escape, carrying off all his material, with the exception of four caissons, which were burned in order to increase the teams of the pieces. His entire loss in this raid was 6 men drowned in crossing a river, 4 wounded, and about 90 missing. He captured about 200 prisoners, but released all but 84, on account of their inability to walk. In his report, General Averill says, "My march was retarded, occasionally, by the

tempest in the icy mountains, and the icy roads. I was obliged to swim my command, and drag my artillery with ropes, across Crog's creek seven times in twenty-four hours. My horses have subsisted entirely upon a very poor country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue with remarkable fortitude. My command has *marched, climbed, slid, and swam three hundred and fifty-five miles* in fourteen days."

What must have been the sufferings on such a march, from cold, fatigue, and hunger, in the depths of winter, in that dreary, inhospitable, mountain wilderness, surrounded by fierce, deadly enemies, thirsting for blood! Writes one:

The nights were bitter. It rained, snowed, and hailed. Imagine the gathering of clouds, the twilight approaching, the wearied soldier and foot-sore horse climbing and scraping up the steep mountain roads; then the descending of the storm, the water freezing as it touched the ground, the line winding its way up one side and down another, entering passages that seemed to be the terminus of these mountainous creations, and then emerging upon open lands but to feel the fury of the storm the more severe, and he can form but a mere idea of what was the scene on this trying occasion.



KENTUCKY.

KENTUCKY was originally included in the limits of Virginia, and the name, said to signify, in the Indian tongue, "The dark and bloody ground," is indicative of her early conflicts with a



ARMS OF KENTUCKY.

wily and savage foe. The first explorer of her territory of whom we have any very definite knowledge was Col. James Smith, who traveled westward in 1766, from Holston River, with three men and a mulatto slave. The beautiful tract of country near the Kentucky River appears to have been reserved by the Indians as a *hunting ground*, and consequently none of their settlements were found there. The dark forests and cane thickets of Kentucky separated the Creeks, Cherokees and Catawbas of the south from the hostile tribes of the Shawnees, Wyandots and Delawares of the north.

In 1767, John Findley and some others made a trading expedition from North Carolina to this region. In 1769, Daniel Boone (the great pioneer of Kentucky), with five others, among whom was Findley, undertook a journey to explore the country. After a long fatiguing march over a mountainous wilderness, they arrived upon its borders, and from an eminence discovered the beautiful valley of the Kentucky. Boone and his companions built a cabin on Red River, from whence they made various excursions. Boone being out hunting one day, in company with a man named Stuart, was surprised and both taken prisoners by the Indians. They eventually succeeded in making their escape. On regaining their camp, they found it dismantled and deserted. The fate of its inmates was never ascertained. After an absence of nearly three years, Boone returned to his family in North Carolina.

In 1770, Col. James Knox led into Kentucky a party from Holston, on Clinch River, who remained in the country about the same length of time with Boone's party, and thoroughly explored the middle and southern part of the country. Boone's party traversed the northern and middle region with great attention. Although both parties were in the country together, they

never met. When these pioneers returned, they gave glowing descriptions of the fertility of the soil throughout the western territories of Virginia and North Carolina. The lands given to the Virginia troops for their services in the French war were to be located on the western waters, and within two years after the return of Boone and Knox, surveyors were sent out for this purpose. In 1773, Capt. Bullitt led a party down the Ohio to the Falls, where a camp was constructed and fortified.

In the summer of 1774, parties of surveyors and hunters followed, and within the year James Harrod erected a log cabin where Harrodsburg is now built; this soon grew into a settlement or station—the oldest in Kentucky.

In 1775, Daniel Boone constructed a fort, afterward called Boonesborough, during which time his party was exposed to fierce attacks from the Indians. By the middle of April, the fort was completed, and soon after his wife and daughters joined him and resided in the fort—the first white women who ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River.

In 1775, the renowned pioneer Simon Kenton erected a log cabin where the town of Washington now stands, in Mason county. In the winter of this year, Kentucky was formed into a county by the legislature of Virginia. In the spring of 1777, the court of quarter sessions held its first sitting at Harrodsburg.

The years 1780 and 1781 were distinguished for a great emigration to Kentucky, and great activity in land speculations, and by inroads of the Indians. In 1780, an expedition of Indians and British troops, under Col. Byrd, threatened the settlements with destruction. Cannon were employed against the stockade forts, some of the stations were destroyed, and the garrisons taken.

In 1781, every portion of the country was continually in alarm, and many lives were lost. The most important battle between the whites and Indians ever fought on its soil was on the 19th of August, 1782, near the Blue Lick Springs. The celebrated Col. Boone bore a prominent part in this engagement, in which he lost a son. The whites numbered but 182, while the Indians were twice or thrice that number. From the want of due caution in advancing against the enemy, they were, after a short but severe action, routed with the loss of seventy-seven men and twelve wounded. Kentucky being the first settled of the western states, a large number of expeditions were sent out by her from time to time against the Indians in the then wilderness country north of the Ohio; these were mostly within the present limits of Ohio, which thus became the battle ground of Kentucky, and was watered with the blood of her heroic pioneers.

After the revolutionary war, there was a period of political discontent. This arose partly from the inefficient protection of Virginia and the old federal congress against the inroads of the Indians, and partly by a distrust lest the general government should surrender the right to navigate the Mississippi to its mouth.

Kentucky was the central scene of the imputed intrigues of Aaron Burr and his coadjutors to form a western republic. What the precise designs of Burr really were has perhaps never been fully understood.

Kentucky took an active part in the war of 1812. After the surrender of Hull at Detroit, the whole quota of the state, consisting of upward of 5,000 volunteers, was called into active service. In addition to these, a force of mounted volunteers was raised, and at one time upward of 7,000 Kentuckians are said to have been in the field, and such was the desire in the state to

enter into the contest that executive authority was obliged to interpose to limit the number. At this period, Isaac Shelby, a hero of the revolutionary war, was governor of the state. At the barbarous massacre of the River Raisin, and also in the unfortunate attempt to relieve Fort Meigs, many of her brave sons perished. In the recent war with Mexico, several of her distinguished citizens engaged in the contest.

Kentucky was separated from Virginia in 1786, after having had several conventions at Danville. In 1792, it was received into the Union as an independent state. The first constitution was formed in 1790, the second in 1796. The financial revulsion which followed the second war with Great Britain was severely felt in Kentucky. The violence of the crisis was much enhanced in this state by the charter of forty independent banks in 1818, with a capital of nearly ten millions of dollars, which were permitted to redeem their notes with the paper of the bank of Kentucky. The state was soon flooded with the paper of these banks. This soon depreciated, and the state laws were such that the creditor was obliged to receive his dues at one half their value. The people of the state became divided into two parties; the debtor party, which constituted the majority, was called the Relief, and the creditors the Anti-Relief party. The judges of the courts declared the acts of the legislature, in sustaining the currency, unconstitutional. The majority attempted to remove them from office by establishing new courts; the people became divided into the "new court" and "old court" parties. The contest was finally decided in the canvass of 1826, when the old court party prevailed.

Kentucky is bounded N. by the Ohio River, separating it from the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; E. by Virginia; W. by the Mississippi River, separating it from Missouri, and S. by Tennessee. It is situated between $36^{\circ} 30'$ and $39^{\circ} 10'$ N. Lat., and between $81^{\circ} 50'$ and $89^{\circ} 20'$ W. Long. Its length is about 400 miles, and its breadth 170 miles, containing 37,680 square miles.

Kentucky presents a great diversity of surface. In the eastern part, where it is bordered by the Cumberland Mountains, there are numerous lofty elevations; and on the Ohio River, through nearly the whole extent of the state, there is a strip of hilly but fertile land from five to twenty miles in breadth. On the margin of the Ohio are numerous tracts of bottom lands, which are periodically overflowed. Between the hilly country of the more mountainous eastern counties and Green River is a fertile tract, frequently called the "garden of the state." This is in the blue limestone region, in the midst of which is the beautiful town of Lexington. The line demarking this region passes from the Ohio round the heads of Licking and Kentucky Rivers, Dick's River, and down Great Green River to the Ohio; and within this compass of above one hundred miles square is found one of the most fertile and extraordinary countries on which the sun has ever shone. The soil is of a loose, deep and black mold, without sand—on first-rate lands, from two to three feet deep—and exceedingly luxuriant in all its productions. It is well watered by fine springs and streams, and its beautiful climate and the salubrity of the country are unequalled; the winter, even, being seldom so inclement as to render the housing of cattle necessary. In a state of nature, nearly the whole surface of this region was covered with a dense forest of majestic trees, and a close undergrowth of gigantic reeds, forming what in the country are called canebrakes. In the southern part, however, on the head waters of Green River and its tributaries, is an extensive tract, thinly

wooded, and covered in summer with high grass growing amid scattered and stunted oaks. Struck with the contrast this region presented to the luxuriant forests of the neighboring districts, the first settlers gave the country the unpromising name of "*barrens*."

In 1800, the legislature considering this tract but of little value, made a gratuitous grant of it to actual settlers. This land proved to be excellent for grain, and also adapted to the raising of cattle. The whole state, below the mountains, has, at the usual depth of eight feet, a bed of limestone, which has frequent apertures. The rivers have generally worn deep channels in the calcareous rocks over which they flow. There are precipices on the Kentucky River of solid limestone 300 feet high. Iron ore and coal are widely diffused; coal, especially, occupies an extensive field. Salt springs are numerous, and mineral springs are found in many places. The great agricultural productions are hemp, flax, Indian corn, tobacco, wheat and live stock. More than half of all the hemp raised in the Union is grown in Kentucky. Population, in 1790, 73,077; in 1820, 564,317; in 1840, 779,828; in 1850, 982,405; in 1860, 1,185,567, of whom 225,490 were slaves.



South-eastern view of Frankfort.

Showing the appearance of the place from the railroad. The southern entrance of the tunnel through the limestone bluff, and under the State Arsenal and foot path to the Cemetery, is seen on the right. The Capitol and some other public buildings are seen in the central part, Kentucky River in front on the left.

FRANKFORT, the capital of Kentucky, is 25 miles N. W. from Lexington, and 53 E. from Louisville. It is beautifully situated on the right or north-east bank of Kentucky River, 60 miles above its mouth, in the midst of the wild and picturesque scenery which renders that stream so remarkable. The city stands on an elevated plain between the river and the high bluffs, which rise 150 feet immediately behind the town. The river, which is navigable for steamboats to this place, is nearly 100 yards wide, and flows through a deep channel of limestone rock. A chain bridge crosses the river here, connecting the city with South Frankfort, its suburb. The railroad from Lex-

ington passes into the city in a tunnel through the limestone rock or ledge on which the State Arsenal is erected. Frankfort is well built, and has fine edifices of brick and Kentucky marble. The State House is a handsome ed-

ifice of white marble. The city is well supplied with excellent spring water, which is conveyed into the town by iron pipes. The State Penitentiary is located here, and the trade of the place is facilitated by railroads in various directions. The Kentucky Military Institute, a thriving institution, is in the vicinity of Frankfort. Population about 5,000.

"Frankfort was established by the Virginia legislature in 1786, though the first survey of 600 acres was made by Robert McAfee, on the 16th

of July, 1773. The seat of government was located in 1792, and the first session of the assembly was held in 1793. The public buildings not being ready, the legislature assembled in a large frame house belonging to Maj. James Love, on the bank of the river, in the lower part of the city."

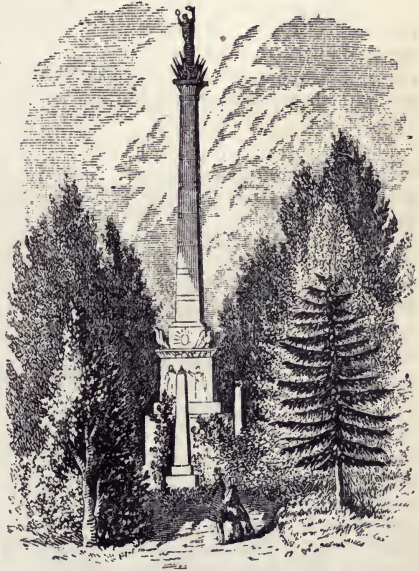
The Frankfort Cemetery is laid out on the summit of the high and commanding bluffs which immediately rise in an eastern direction from the city. The "Military Monument" (an engraving of which is annexed) was erected in pursuance of an act of the legislature, Feb., 1848. The following inscriptions and names are engraved upon it, viz:

MILITARY MONUMENT ERECTED BY
KENTUCKY, A. D., 1860.

Mexico, Lt. J. W. Powell; *Boonesborough*, *Harmar's Defeat*, Capt. J. McMurtsey; *Monterey*, P. M. Barbour; *Buena Vista*, Col. William R. McKee, Lieut. Col. Clay, Capt. Wm. T. Willis, Adjutant E. P. Vaughn; *Raisin*, Col. John Allen, Maj. Benjamin Graves, Capt. John Woolfolk, Capt. N. G. S. Hart, Capt. James Meade, Capt. Robert Edwards, Capt. Virgil McCracken, Capt. William Price, Capt. John Edmundson, Capt. John Simpson, Capt. Pascal Hickman, Lieut. John Williamson; *Thames*, Col. Wm. Whitley, Capt. Elijah



STATE HOUSE, FRANKFORT.



MILITARY MONUMENT, FRANKFORT.

The small monument in front is that of Maj. Barbour; in the distance is shown that of Col. R. M. Johnson.

Craig, Lieut. Robert Logan, Lieut. Thos. C. Graves, Lieut. Thos. Overton, Lieut. Francis Chinn, Ensign Levi Wells, Ensign — Shawhan, Surgeon Alex. Montgomery, Surgeon Thomas C. Davis, Surgeon John Irvin, Surgeon Thos. McIlvaine; *Indian Wars*, Col. John Floyd, Col. Nathaniel Hart, Col. Walker Daniel, Col. Wm. Christian, Col. Rice Galloway, Col. James Harrod, Col. Wm. Lynn, Maj. Evan Shelby, Maj. Bland Ballard, Capt. Christ Irvin, Capt. Wm. McAfee, Capt. John Kennedy, Capt. Christopher Crepps, Capt. Rogers, Capt. Wm. Bryant, Capt. Tip-ton, Capt. Chapman, Capt. McCracken, Capt. James Shelby, Capt. Samuel Grant, Supv'r Hanc'y Taylor, Supv'r Willis Lee; *Massissinaway, St. Clair's Defeat*, Col. Wm. Oldham; *Estill's Defeat*, Capt. James Estill, Lieut. South; *Tippecanoe*, Col. Joseph H. Daviess, Col. Abram Owen; *Fort Meigs*, Col. Wm. Dudley, Capt. John C. Morrison, Capt. Chris'r Irvin, Capt. Joseph Clark, Capt. Thomas Lewis; *Blue Licks*, Col. John Todd, Col. Stephen Trigg, Major Silas Harlan, Maj. Wm. McBride, Capt. Edward Bulger, Capt. John Gordon, Capt. Isaac Boone.

The principal battles and campaigns in which her sons devoted their lives to their country are inscribed on the bands, and beneath the same are the names of the officers who fell. The names of her soldiers who died for their country are too numerous to be inscribed on any column. By order of the legislature, the name of Col. J. J. Hardin, of the 1st Reg. Illinois Infantry, a son of Kentucky, who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, is inscribed hereon.

Kentucky has erected this column in gratitude equally to her officers and soldiers.

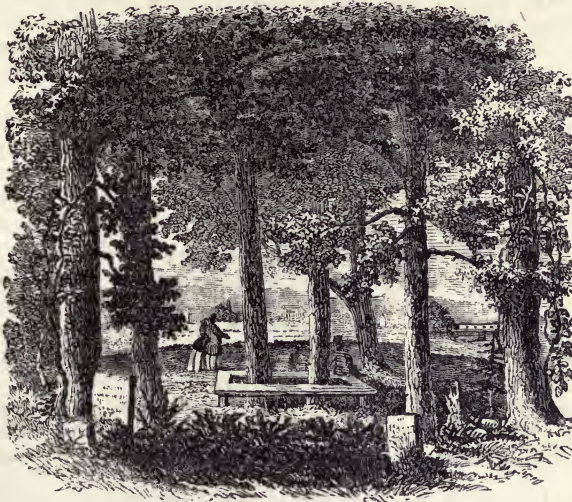
To the memory of COL. RICHARD M. JOHNSON, a faithful public servant for nearly half a century, as a member of the Kentucky legislature and senator in congress. Author of the Sunday Mail Report, and of the laws for the abolishment for debt in Kentucky and in the United States. Distinguished for his valor as a colonel of a Kentucky regiment at the battle of the Thames. For four years vice-president of the United States. Kentucky, his native state, to mark the sense of his eminent services in the cabinet and in the field, has erected this monument in the resting place of her illustrious dead. Richard Mentor Johnson, born at Bryant's Station, on the 17th day of October, 1781; died in Frankfort, Ky., on the 19th day of November, 1850.

PHILIP NORBOURNE BARBOUR, born in Henderson, Kentucky, graduated with merit at West Point in 1829; and immediately commissioned Lieutenant 3d Regiment U. S. Infantry; captain by brevet for valor in the Florida War; served with distinction at Palo Alto; major by brevet for distinguished gallantry and skill at Resaca de la Palma. He fell at the head of his command, covered with honor and glory, at the storming of Monterey, Sept. 21, 1846. Florida, Palo Alto, Resaca de Palma, Monterey. Kentucky has erected this monument to a brave and noble son.

"At its session of 1844-45, the legislature of Kentucky adopted measures to have the mortal remains of the celebrated pioneer; Daniel Boone, and those of his wife, removed from their place of burial on the banks of the Missouri, for the purpose of interment in the public cemetery at Frankfort.

The consent of the surviving relations of the deceased having been obtained, a commission was appointed, under whose superintendence the removal was effected; and the 13th of September, 1845, was fixed upon as the time when the ashes of the venerable dead would be committed with fitting ceremonies to the place of their final repose. The deep feeling excited by the occasion was evinced by the assembling of an immense concourse of citizens from all parts of the state, and the ceremonies were most imposing and impressive. A procession, extending more than a mile in length, accompanied the coffins to the grave. The hearse, decorated with evergreens and flowers, and drawn by four white horses, was placed in its assigned position in the line, accompanied, as pall bearers, by the following distinguished pioneers, viz: Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Scott; General James Taylor, of Campbell, Capt. James Ward, of Mason; Gen. Robert B. McAfee and Peter Jordan, of Mercer; Waller Bullock, Esq., of Fayette; Capt. Thos. Joyce, of Louisville.

Mr. Landin Sneed, of Franklin; Col. John Johnston, of the state of Ohio; Major Z. Williams, of Kenton, and Col. Wm. Boone, of Shelby. The procession was accompanied by several military companies, and by the members of the Masonic Fraternity, and the Independent order of Odd Fellows, in rich regalia. Arrived at the grave, the company was brought together in a beautiful hollow near the grave, ascending from the center on every side. Here the funeral services were performed. The hymn was given out by the Rev. Mr. Godell, of the Baptist Church; prayer by Bishop Soule, of the Methodist E. Church; oration by the Honorable John J. Crittenden; closing prayer by the Rev. J. J. Bullock, of the Presbyterian Church, and benediction by the Rev. P. S. Fall, of the Christian Church. The coffins were then lowered into the graves. The spot where the graves are situated is as beautiful as nature and art combined can make it."



GRAVES OF DANIEL BOONE AND HIS WIFE AT FRANKFORT.

The graves of Boone and his wife are without a monument save the forest scene by which they are surrounded. The spot where they were interred is at the foot of the two trees, around which is a simple board seat. It is near the edge of the high bluff rising from the river. The beautiful valley of Kentucky River is seen in the extreme distance.

the assembled thousands who had known Boone personally. One of these was the venerable Col. John Johnston, of Ohio, long an agent of the U. S. government over the Indians, having been appointed to that office by Washington. The other was a humble old man named Ellison Williams, who walked barefoot from Covington to Frankfort, a distance of sixty miles, to see Boone's bones buried, but he was a silent mourner and an entire stranger in that vast crowd. He left as his dying request that he should be buried by the side of Boone, and the legislature of Kentucky in 1860 appropriated ninety dollars for that purpose. At the same session they passed a bill appropriating two thousand dollars to erect a monument over the remains of Boone and his wife. The originator of the bill was the Hon. Samuel Haycraft, senator from Hardin, who advocated the measure in a speech of "almost matchless beauty, eloquence and patriotism."

HARRODSBURG, the county seat of Mercer county, is situated near the geographical center of the state, thirty miles south from Frankfort, on an eminence, 1 mile from Salt River and 8 miles from Kentucky River. It contains the county buildings, 7 churches, 2 banks 25 stores, several manufacturing establishments, the Kentucky University, 2 female colleges, and about 2,500 inhabitants. Bacon College, founded in 1836, under the patronage of the Christian denomination, is located in this place. The Har

rodsburg Springs are celebrated for the medicinal virtue of their waters, and for the beauty and extent of the adjoining grounds.

According to some authorities, Harrodsburg was the first settled place in Kentucky. In July, 1773, the McAfee company from Bottetourt county, Va., visited this region, and surveyed lands on Salt River. Capt. James Harrod, with forty-one men, descended the Ohio River from the Monongahela, in May, 1774, and penetrating into the intervening forest made his principal camp about one hundred yards below the town spring, under the branches of a large elm tree. About the middle of June, Capt. Harrod and companions laid off a town plot (which included the camp), and erected a number of cabins. The place received the name of Harrodstown, afterward Oldtown, and finally the present name of Harrodsburg. The first corn raised in Kentucky was in 1775, by John Harmon, in a field at the east end of Harrodsburg. During the year 1777, the Indians, in great numbers, collected about Harrodsburg, in order, it was supposed, to prevent any corn being raised for the support of the settlers. In this period of distress and peril, a lad by the name of Ray, seventeen years of age, rendered himself an object of general favor by his courage and enterprise. He often rose before day, and left the fort on an old horse to procure (by hunting) food for the garrison. This horse was the only one left unslaughtered by the Indians of forty brought to the country by Major M'Gary. He proceeded, on these occasions, cautiously to Salt River, generally riding in the bed of some small stream to conceal his course. When sufficiently out of hearing, he would kill his load of game and bring it in to the suffering people of the fort after nightfall.

LOUISVILLE, the seat of justice for Jefferson county, is the largest city in the state, and, next to Cincinnati and Pittsburg, the most important on the Ohio. It is situated on the left bank of the river, at the head of the rapids, 65 miles by railroad W. of Frankfort, 130 below Cincinnati, 590 W. by S. from Washington, and 1,411 above New Orleans. The city is built on a gentle acclivity, 75 feet above low water mark, on a slightly undulating plain. Eight handsome streets, nearly two miles in length, run east and west, parallel with the river: they are crossed by more than 30 others running at right angles. The situation and surrounding scenery of Louisville are beautiful, and from some parts is had a delightful view of the Ohio River and of the town of New Albany, a few miles below.

Its immediate trade extends into all the surrounding country, and embraces within the state of Kentucky a circuit of one of the most productive regions of the world. The manufactures of Louisville are very extensive, embracing a great variety. It has founderies and machine shops, steam bagging factories, cotton, woolen and tobacco factories, mills of various kinds, distilleries, breweries, agricultural factories, etc. Ship building is also extensively carried on. The trade of Louisville is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars annually. The principal agricultural exports are tobacco, pork, hemp, and flour. It is connected with its suburb Portland by a railroad operated by horse power, and by a canal $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles around the Falls of the Ohio, with a total lockage of 22 feet. It is also connected by railroads with the interior. Since the completion of the railroad to Nashville, an immense trade has opened with the south, which has given a great impulse to the prosperity of the city. Louisville contains many splendid public buildings, 10 banks, about 50 churches, and a population, in 1860, of 75,196.

The *Medical Institute*, organized in 1837, by an ordinance of the city

council, ranks high among the public institutions of Louisville. The *University of Louisville* is in successful operation, and has buildings which are an ornament to the city. The *Marine Hospital*, designed as a refuge for sick



View of the Central part of Louisville.

The view shows the appearance of the central part of Louisville, from the Indiana side of the Ohio. The Jefferson City Ferry Landing, and Galt House appear on the left, the Louisville Hotel in the distance on the right, the Court House and City Hall, the Catholic and other Churches in the central part.

and infirm mariners, is an important public institution, located and established here in 1820, by a grant from the state of \$40,000. Another Marine Asylum has been erected here by the general government. The *Asylum for the Blind*, established by the state in 1842, has a spacious building erected by the joint contributions of the state and citizens of Louisville. The students, beside their literary studies, are also instructed in various kinds of handicraft, by which they can support themselves after leaving the institution. *St. Joseph's Infirmary* is a Catholic benevolent institution. The *Kentucky Historical Society*, in this place, was incorporated in 1838: it has collected valuable documents relating to the early history of the state and of the west. The Mercantile Library Association has a large and valuable collection of books. The *Artesian Well*, at Louisville, sends up immense quantities of mineral water of rare medicinal value in various complaints, proving a blessing as great as it was unexpected to the citizens.

The following, relative to the first settlement, etc., of Louisville, is from Collins' Historical Sketches of Ky.:

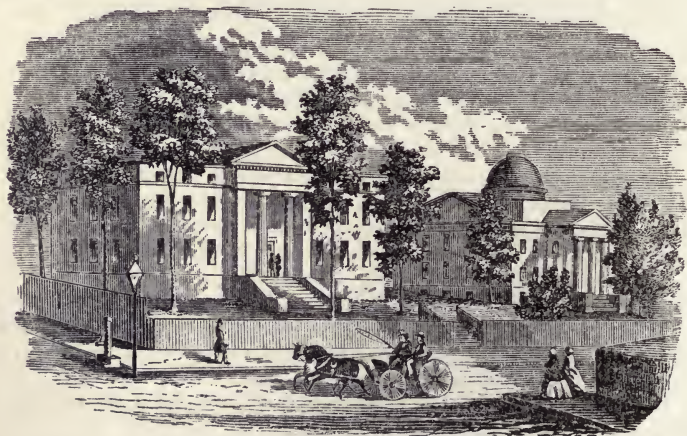
Captain Thomas Bullitt, of Virginia, uncle of the late Alexander Scott Bullitt, who was the first lieutenant-governor of Kentucky, is said to have laid off Louisville in 1773. This was before the first log cabin was built in Kentucky. For several years after this, the silence of the forest was undisturbed by the white man. The place was occasionally visited by different persons, but no settlement was made until 1778. In the spring of this year, a party, consisting of a small number of families, came to the Falls with George Rogers Clark, and were left by him on an

island near the Kentucky shore, now called Corn Island. The name is supposed to have been derived from the circumstance that the settlers planted their first Indian corn on this island.

These settlers were sixty or seventy miles distant from any other settlement, and had nothing but their insular position to defend them from the Indians. The posts in the Wabash country, occupied by the British, served as points of support for the incursions of the savages. After these had been taken by Clark, the settlers were inspired with confidence, and, in the fall of 1778, removed from the island to the site now occupied by Louisville. Here a block house was erected, and the number of settlers was increased by the arrival of other emigrants from Virginia.

In 1780, the legislature of Virginia passed 'an act for establishing the town of Louisville, at the falls of Ohio.' By this act, 'John Todd, jr., Stephen Trigg, Geo. Slaughter, John Floyd, William Pope, George Meriwether, Andrew Hynes, James Sullivan, gentlemen,' were appointed trustees to lay off the town on a tract of one thousand acres of land, which had been granted to John Connelly by the British government, and which he had forfeited by adhering to the English monarch. Each purchaser was to build on his own lot 'a dwelling house sixteen feet by twenty at least, with a brick or stone chimney, to be finished within two years from the day of sale.' On account of the interruptions caused by the inroads of the Indians, the time was afterward extended. The state of the settlers was one of constant danger and anxiety. Their foes were continually prowling around, and it was risking their lives to leave the fort.

The settlement at the falls was more exposed than those in the interior, on account of the facility with which the Indians could cross and recross the river, and the difficulties in the way of pursuing them. The savages frequently crossed the river, and after killing some of the settlers, and committing depredations upon property, recrossed and escaped. In 1780, Colonel George Slaughter arrived at the Falls with one hundred and fifty state troops. The inhabitants were inspired with a feeling of security which led them frequently to expose themselves with too little caution. Their foes were ever on the watch, and were continually destroying valuable lives. Danger and death crouched in every path, and lurked behind every tree.



Medical and Law Colleges, Louisville.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the graveyards of Louisville, the first three being in the old yard in the city, the remainder in the Cave Hill Cemetery:

Erected by Dr. J. M. Talbot to the memory of his Father, Capt. ISHAM TALBOT, who departed this life July 30, 1839, in his 81st year. He was born in Virginia. At a tender age

he entered the Army of the Revolution, was in the memorable battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. Visited Ky. in '79, and after his permanent location in '82, was in the disastrous engagement with the Indians at the Lower Blue Licks. He sustained through life the character of a high minded, honorable gentleman. His Honesty and Integrity were never questioned, and far better than all, he died with a bright hope of enjoying eternal Life beyond the grave.

REV. ISAAC MCCOY, born June 13th, 1784, died June 21st, 1836. For near 30 years, his entire time and energies were devoted to the civil and religious improvement of the Aboriginal tribes of this country. He projected and founded the plan of their Colonization, their only hope, the imperishable monument of his wisdom and benevolence.

The Indian's Friend, for them he loved through life,
For them in death he breathed his final prayer.
Now from his toil he rests—the care—the strife—
And waits in heaven, his works to follow there.

To the memory of MAJOR JOHN HARRISON, who was born in Westmoreland Co., Virginia, A.D. 1754. After having fought for the Liberty of his Country during the struggles of the American Revolution, he settled in Louisville in 1786, and paid nature's final debt, July 15th, 1821.

PEARSON FOLLANSBEE, City Missionary in Louisville, born March 4, 1808, in Vassalboro, Me., died Sept. 6th, 1846. "He went about doing good. His record is on high."

00 Sacred to the memory of JOHN MCKINLEY, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. Born May 1, 1780; died July 19, 1852. "In his manner he was simple and unaffected, and his character was uniformly marked with manliness, integrity and honor. He was a candid, impartial and righteous judge, shrinking from no responsibility. He was fearless in the performance of his duty, seeking only to do right, and fearing nothing but to do wrong."—*Hon. J. J. Crittenden's remarks in U. S. Court.*

WM. H. G. BUTLER, born in Jefferson Co., Ind., Oct. 3, 1825, died at Louisville, Ky., Nov. 2, 1853. A man without fear and without reproach, of gentle and retiring disposition, of clear and vigorous mind; an accomplished scholar, a devoted and successful teacher, a meek and humble Christian. He fell by the hand of violence in the presence of his loving pupils, a Martyr to his fidelity in the discharge of duty. This monument is erected by his pupils, and a bereaved community, to show their appreciation of his worth, and to perpetuate their horror at his murder.

JANE McCULLOUGH, wife of John Martin, died by the falling of the Walnut Presbyterian Church, Aug. 27, 1854. Aged 59 years.

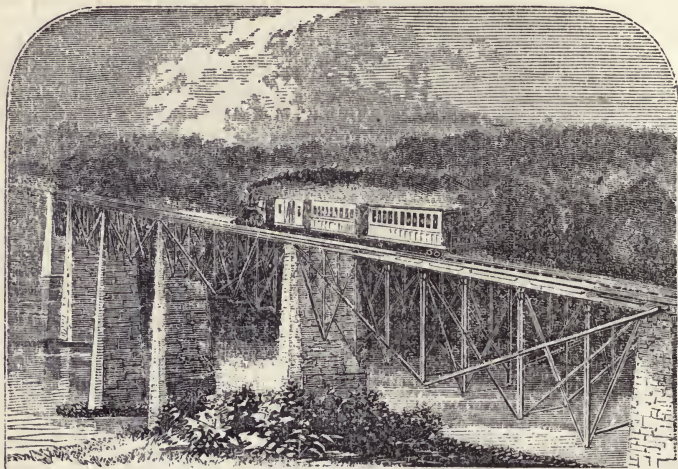
She loved the Courts of God below,
There found her Saviour nigh,

And while engaged in worship there,
Was called to those on high.

Annexed is a view of the magnificent bridge over Green River on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. Excepting the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, it is the largest iron bridge on this continent. The iron work of the superstructure, which was built by Inman & Gault, of Louisville, was begun in July, 1858, and by July, 1859, the bridge was in its place ready for the passage of trains.

"It crosses the valley of Green River near the town of Mumfordsville, Kentucky, about 70 miles from Louisville, and twenty miles above the celebrated Mammoth Cave, which is located on the same stream. Its total length is 1,000 feet, consisting of three spans of 208 feet, and two of 288 feet each; is 118 feet above low-water; contains 638,000 pounds of cast, and 381,000 pounds of wrought iron, and 2,500 cubic feet of timber in the form of rail joists. There are 10,220 cubic yards of masonry in the piers and abutments. The cost of the superstructure, including that of erection, was sixty-eight dollars per foot lineal—that of the entire work, \$165,000. The plan of truss is that invented by Albert Fink, the designer and constructor of the bridges and viaducts on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; and is peculiar in this, that it is self-compensating and self-adjusting, and no extremes of temperature can put it in such a condition that all the parts can not act in their accustomed manner and up to their full capacity."

The celebrated *Mammoth Cave*, one of the great wonders of the western world, is in Edmondson county, near the line of the Louisville and Nashville



Iron Bridge over Green River.

Railroad, and about 90 miles from each of the two cities. It is said to have been explored to the distance of 10 miles without reaching its termination, while the aggregate width of all its branches exceeds forty miles.

"The cave is approached through a romantic shade. At the entrance is a rush of cold air; a descent of 30 feet, by stone steps, and an advance of 150 feet inward, brings the visitor to the door, in a solid stone wall, which blocks up the entrance of the cave. A narrow passage leads to the great *vestibule*, or ante-chamber, an oval hall, 200 by 150 feet, and 50 feet high. Two passages, of one hundred feet width, open into it, and the whole is supported without a single column. This chamber was used by the races of yore as a cemetery, judging from the bones of gigantic size which are discovered. A hundred feet above your head, you catch a fitful glimpse of a dark



GOthic CHAPEL, MAMMOTH CAVE.

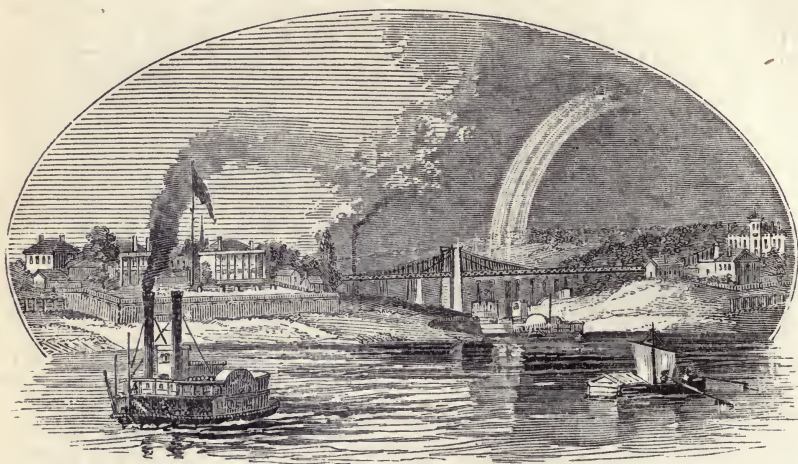
gray ceiling, rolling dimly away like a cloud; and heavy buttresses, apparently

bending under the superincumbent weight, project their enormous masses from the shadowy wall. The scene is vast, solemn, and awful. In the silence that pervades, you can distinctly hear the throbbings of your heart. In *Audubon Avenue*, leading from the hall, is a deep well of pure spring water, surrounded by stalagmite columns from the floor to the roof. The *Little Bat Room* contains a pit of 280 feet deep, and is the resort of myriads of bats. The *Grand Gallery* is a vast tunnel, many miles long and 50 feet high, and as wide. At the end of the first quarter of a mile are the *Kentucky Cliffs*, and the *Church*, 100 feet in diameter and 63 feet high. A natural pulpit and organ loft are not wanting. 'In this temple religious services have frequently been performed.' The *Gothic Avenue*, reached by a flight of stairs, is 40 feet wide, 15 feet high, and 2 miles long. Mummies have been discovered here, which have been the subject of curious study to science; there are also stalagmites and stalactites in *Louisa's Bower* and *Vulcan's Furnace*. On the walls of the *Register Rooms* are inscribed thousands of names. The *Gothic Chapel*, or *Stalagmite Hall*, is an elliptical chamber, 80 feet long by 50 wide. Stalagmite columns of immense size nearly block up the two ends; and two rows of pillars of smaller dimensions, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and equi-distant from the wall on either side, extend the entire length of the hall. This apartment is one of surprising grandeur, and when illuminated with lamps, inspires the beholder with feelings of solemnity and awe. At the foot of the *Devil's Arm Chair* is a small basin of sulphur water. Then there is the *Breast-work*, the *Elephant's Head*, *Lover's Leap*, *Gatewood's Dining Table*, and the *Cooling Tub*, a basin 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep, of the purest water, *Napoleon's Dome*, etc. The *Ball Room* contains an orchestra 15 feet high; near by is a row of cabins for consumptive patients—the atmosphere being always temperate and pure. The *Star Chamber* presents an optical illusion. 'In looking up, the spectator seems to see the firmament itself, studded with stars, and afar off a comet with a bright tail.' The *Temple* is an immense vault, covering an area of two acres, and covered by a single dome of solid rock, 120 feet high. It rivals the celebrated vault in the Grotto of Antiparos, which is the largest in the world. In the middle of the dome there is a large mound of rocks rising on one side nearly to the top, very steep, and forming what is called the *Mountain*. The *River Hall* descends like the slope of a mountain; the ceiling stretches away before you, vast and grand as the firmament at midnight. A short distance on the left is a steep precipice, over which you can look down, by the aid of torches, upon a broad, black sheet of water, 80 feet below, called the *Dead Sea*. This is an awfully impressive place, the sights and sounds of which do not easily pass from memory."

Maysville is situated on the left bank of the Ohio, 73 miles N.E. from Frankfort, 441 below Pittsburg, and 55 above Cincinnati by the river. It is beautifully located on a high bank, having a range of lofty verdant hills or bluffs rising immediately behind the city. *Maysville* has a good harbor, and is the port of a large and productive section of the state. Among the public buildings, there is a handsome city hall, 2 large seminaries, a hospital and 7 churches. Bagging, rope, machinery, agricultural implements, and various other articles, are extensively manufactured. It is one of the largest hemp markets in the Union. Population about 3,000.

Maysville was known for many years as *Limestone*, from the Creek of that name, which here empties into the Ohio. It received its present name from *John May*, the owner of the land, a gentleman from Virginia. The first settlement was made at this place in 1784, and a double log cabin and block house were built by Edward and John Waller, and George Lewis, of Virginia. Col. Daniel Boone resided here in 1786, and while here made a treaty with the Indians at the mouth of Fishing Gut, opposite *Maysville*. The town was established in 1788. The first school was opened in 1790, by Israel Donaldson, who had been a captive among the Indians. The frontier and exposed situation of *Maysville* retarded its progress for many years, and

it was not until about the year 1815, that its permanent improvement fairly commenced. It was incorporated a city in 1833.



View of the Mouth of Licking River, between Newport and Covington.

The Suspension Bridge between Newport and Covington is seen in the central part, passing over Licking River. The U. S. Barracks, in Newport, appear on the left, part of Covington on the right.

COVINGTON is in Kenton county, on the west side of Licking River, at its mouth, also on the south bank of the Ohio, opposite Cincinnati, and at the northern terminus of the Kentucky Central Railroad: it is 60 miles N.N.E. from Frankfort. It is built on a beautiful plain several miles in extent, and the streets are so arranged as to appear, from the hills back of Cincinnati, as a continuation of that city, of which, with Newport, it is a suburb. The facilities of communication are such that many persons reside here, whose places of business are in Cincinnati. Its manufacturing interests are extensive and varied. A magnificent suspension bridge is now constructing over the Ohio, to connect Covington with Cincinnati. Population about 15,000.

Newport is on a handsome plain, on the Ohio River, opposite Cincinnati: it is separated from Covington by Licking River, with which it is connected by a beautiful suspension bridge. An U. S. arsenal and barracks are located here. It contains several rolling mills, iron founderies, steam mills, etc. Population about 12,000.

The valley of the Ohio, a short distance from the Licking, was the scene of a most sanguinary event years before white men had settled in this vicinity. It was Rogers' defeat and massacre, which occurred in the fall of 1779, at which time this spot, and the site of the now flourishing city of Cincinnati, opposite, was one dense forest:

Col. David Rogers and Capt. Benham, with 100 men, were in two large keel boats, on their way from New Orleans, with supplies of ammunition and provisions for the western posts. In October, when near the mouth of the Licking, a few Indians were seen, and supposing himself to be superior in numbers, Rodgers landed to attack them, and was led into an ambuscade of 400 Indians. The whites fought with desperation, but in a furious onset with tomahawk and scalping-knife, the commander, with about ninety of his men, were soon dispatched. The escape of Capt. Benham was almost miraculous. A shot passed through both legs, shat-

tering the bones. With great pain he dragged himself into the top of a fallen tree, where he lay concealed from the search of the Indians after the battle was over. He remained there until the evening of the next day, when, being in danger of famishing, he shot a raccoon which he perceived descending a tree near where he lay. Just at that moment he heard a human cry, apparently within a few rods. Supposing it to be an enemy, he loaded his gun and remained silent. A second, and then a third halloo was given, accompanied by the exclamation, 'Whoever you are, for God's sake answer me?' This time Benham replied, and soon found the unknown to be a fellow soldier, with both arms broken! Thus each was enabled to supply the deficiency of the other. Benham could load and shoot game, while his companion could kick it to Benham to cock. In this way they supported themselves for several weeks until their wounds healed sufficiently to enable them to move down to the mouth of Licking River, where they remained until the 27th of November, when a flat-boat appeared moving by on the river. They hailed the boat, but the crew fearing it to be an Indian decoy, at first refused to come to their aid, but eventually were prevailed upon to take them on board. Both of them recovered. Benham served through the Indian wars down to the victory of Wayne, and subsequently resided near Lebanon, Ohio, until his death, about the year 1808.

The Blue Lick Springs is a watering place of high repute on the Licking River, in Nicholas county, 19 miles from Lexington, and 80 miles southeasterly from Covington. At an early period, the Licks became a place of much importance to the settlers, as it was chiefly here that they procured, at great labor and expense, their supply of salt. In modern times it has become a fashionable place of resort, the accommodations greatly extended, and the grounds improved and adorned. The Blue Lick water has become an article of commerce, several thousand barrels being annually exported.

It was at this place, on the 19th of Aug., 1782, that a bloody battle was fought with the Indians, "which shrouded Kentucky in mourning," and, next to St. Clair's defeat, has become famous in the annals of savage warfare. Just prior to this event, the enemy had been engaged in the siege of Bryant's Station, a post on the Elkhorn, about five miles from Lexington. As the battle was a sequel to the other, we give the narrative of the first in connection, as described in McClung's Sketches:

In the summer of 1782, 600 Indians, under the influence of the British at Detroit, assembled at old Chillicothe, to proceed on an expedition to exterminate the "*Long Knife*" from Kentucky, and on the night of the 14th of August, this body gathered around Bryant's Station. The fort itself contained about forty cabins, placed in parallel lines, connected by strong palisades, and garrisoned by forty or fifty men. It was a parallelogram of thirty rods in length by twenty in breadth, forming an inclosure of nearly four acres, which was protected by digging a trench four or five feet deep, in which strong and heavy pickets were planted by ramming the earth well down against them. These were twelve feet out of the ground, being formed of hard, durable timber, at least a foot in diameter. Such a wall, it must be obvious, defied climbing or leaping, and indeed any means of attack, cannon excepted. At the angles were small squares or block-houses, which projected beyond the palisades, and served to impart additional strength at the corners, as well as permitted the besieged to pour a raking fire across the advanced party of the assailants. Two folding gates were in front and rear, swinging on prodigious wooden hinges, sufficient for the passage in and out of men or wagons in times of security. These were of course provided with suitable bars.

This was the state of things, as respects the means of defense, at Bryant's Station on the morning of the 15th of August, 1782, while the savages lay concealed in the thick weeds around it, which in those days grew so abundantly and tall, as would have sufficed to conceal mounted horsemen. They waited for daylight, and the opening of the gates for the garrison to get water for the day's supply from an adjacent spring, before they should commence the work of carnage.

It seems that the garrison here were rather taken off their guard. Some of the palisade work had not been secured as permanently as possible, and the original party which built the fort had been tempted, in the hurry of constructing and their fewness of hands, to restrict its extent, so as not to include a spring of water within its limits. Great as were these disadvantages, they were on the eve of exposure to a still greater one, for had the attack been delayed a few hours, the garrison would have been found disabled by sending off a reinforcement to a neighboring station—Holder's settlement—on an unfounded alarm that it was attacked by a party of savages. As it was, no sooner had a few of the men made their appearance outside of the gate than they were fired on, and compelled to regain the inside.

According to custom, the Indians resorted to stratagem for success. A detachment of one hundred warriors attacked the south-east angle of the station, calculating to draw the entire body of the besieged to that quarter to repel the attack, and thus enable the residue of the assailants, five hundred strong, who were on the opposite side in ambush near the spring, to take advantage of its unprotected situation, when the whole force of the defense should be drawn off to resist the assault at the south-east. Their purpose, however, was comprehended inside, and instead of returning the fire of the smaller party, they secretly dispatched an express to Lexington for assistance, and began to repair the palisades, and otherwise to put themselves in the best possible posture of defense.

The more experienced of the garrison felt satisfied that a powerful party was in ambuscade near the spring, but at the same time, they supposed that the Indians would not unmask themselves until the firing upon the opposite side of the fort was returned with such warmth as to induce the belief that the feint had succeeded. Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and explaining to them the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them until the firing had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring and each to bring up a bucket full of water. Some of the ladies had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves? observing that *they* were not bullet-proof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps. To this it was answered, that the women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and that if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambuscade was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing upon a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. That if *men* should go down to the spring the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring. The decision was soon over. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring, within point blank shot of five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror, but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets one after another, without interruption, and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and when near the fort degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding at the gate, yet not more than one fifth of the water was spilled.

When an ample supply of water had been thus obtained, and the neglected defenses completed, a party of thirteen men sallied out in the direction in which the assault had been made. They were fired on by the savages, and driven again within the palisades, but without sustaining any loss of life. Immediately the five hundred on the opposite side rushed to the assault of what they deemed the unprotected side of the fort, without entertaining any doubts of their success. A well directed fire, however, put them promptly to flight. Some of the more daring and desperate approached near enough with burning arrows to fire the houses, one or two of which were burned, but a favorable wind drove the flames away from the

mass of the buildings, and the station escaped the danger threatened from this source. A second assault from the great body of the Indians, was repelled with the same vigor and success as the first.

Disappointed of their object thus far, the assailants retreated, and concealed themselves under the bank of the creek to await and intercept the arrival of the assistance which they were well aware was on its way from Lexington. The express from Bryant's Station reached that town without difficulty, but found its male inhabitants had left there to aid in the defense of Holder's Station, which was reported to be attacked. Following their route, he overtook them at Boonesborough, and sixteen mounted men, with thirty on foot, immediately retraced their steps for the relief of the besieged at Bryant's. When this reinforcement approached the fort, the firing had entirely ceased, no enemy was visible, and the party advanced in reckless confidence that it was either a false alarm, or that the Indians had abandoned the siege. Their avenue to the garrison was a lane between two cornfields, which growing rank and thick formed an effectual hiding place to the Indians even at the distance of a few yards. The line of ambush extended on both sides nearly six hundred yards. Providentially it was in the heat of midsummer, and dry accordingly, and the approach of the horsemen raised a cloud of dust so thick as to compel the enemy to fire at random, and the whites happily escaped without losing a man. The footmen, on hearing the firing in front, dispersed amidst the corn, in hopes of reaching the garrison unobserved. Here they were intercepted by the savages, who threw themselves between them and the fort, and but for the luxuriant growth of corn they must all have been shot down. As it was, two men were killed and four wounded of the party on foot, before it succeeded in making its way into the fort.

Thus reinforced, the garrison felt assured of safety, while in the same measure the assailing party began to despair of success.

One expedient remained, which was resorted to for the purpose of intimidating the brave spirits who were gathered for the defense of their wives and little ones. As the shades of evening approached, Girty, who commanded the party, addressed the inmates of the fort. Mounting a stump, from which he could be distinctly heard, with a demand for the surrender of the place, he assured the garrison that a reinforcement with cannon would arrive that night, that the station must fall, that he could assure them of protection if they surrendered, but could not restrain the Indians if they carried the fort by storm; adding, he supposed they knew who it was that thus addressed them. A young man, named Reynolds, fearing the effect which the threat of cannon might have on the minds of the defending party, with the fate of Martin's and Ruddle's Stations fresh in their memories, left no opportunity for conference, by replying instantly, that he knew him well, and held him in such contempt that he had called a good for nothing dog he had by the name of Simon Girty. 'Know you,' added he, 'we all know you for a renegade cowardly villain, that delights in murdering women and children? Wait until morning, and you will find on what side the reinforcements are. We expect to leave not one of your cowardly souls alive, and if *you* are caught, our women shall whip you to death with hickory switches. Clear out, you cut-throat villain.' Some of the Kentuckians shouted out, 'Shoot the d——d rascal!' and Girty was glad to retreat out of the range of their rifles lest some one of the garrison might be tempted to adopt the advice.

The night passed away in uninterrupted tranquillity, and at daylight in the morning the Indian camp was found deserted. Fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were left upon their roasting sticks, from which it was inferred that they had retreated just before daybreak.

Battle of the Blue Licks.—Early in the day reinforcements began to drop in, and by noon 167 men were assembled at Bryant's Station, among whom were Cols. Boone, Todd, and Trigg; Majors Harland, McBride, M'Gary, and Levy Todd; and Captains Bulzer and Gordon; of the last six named, except Todd and M'Gary, all fell in the subsequent battle. A tumultuous conversation ensued, and it was unanimously resolved to pursue the enemy forthwith, notwithstanding that they were three to one in numbers. The Indians, contrary to their usual custom, left a broad and obvious trail, and manifested a willingness to be pursued. Notwithstanding,

such was the impetuosity of the Kentuckians, that they overlooked these considerations, and hastened on with fatal resolution, most of them being mounted.

The next day, about noon, they came, for the first time, in view of the enemy at the Lower Blue Licks. A number of Indians were seen ascending the rocky ridge on the opposite side of the Licking. They halted upon the appearance of the Kentuckians, and gazed at them a few moments, and then calmly and leisurely disappeared over the top of the hill. An immediate halt ensued. A dozen or twenty officers met in front of the ranks and entered into a consultation. The wild and lonely aspect of the country around them, their distance from any point of support, with the certainty of their being in the presence of a superior enemy, seems to have inspired a portion of seriousness bordering upon awe. All eyes were now turned upon Boone, and Col. Todd asked his opinion as to what should be done. The veteran woodsman, with his usual unmoved gravity, replied:

That their situation was critical and delicate; that the force opposed to them was undoubtedly numerous and ready for battle, as might readily be seen from the leisurely retreat of the few Indians who had appeared on the crest of the hill; that he was well acquainted with the ground in the neighborhood of the Lick, and was apprehensive that an ambuscade was formed at the distance of a mile in advance, where two ravines, one upon each side of the ridge, ran in such a manner that a concealed enemy might assail them at once both in front and flank, before they were apprised of the danger.

It would be proper, therefore, to do one of two things. Either to await the arrival of Logan, who was now undoubtedly on his march to join them, with a strong force from Lincoln, or, if it was determined to attack without delay, that one half of their number should march up the river, which there bends in an elliptical form, cross at the rapids and fall upon the rear of the enemy, while the other division attacked in front. At any rate, he strongly urged the necessity of reconnoitering the ground carefully before the main body crossed the river.

Boone was heard in silence and with deep attention. Some wished to adopt the first plan; others preferred the second; and the discussion threatened to be drawn out to some length, when the boiling ardor of M'Gary, who could never endure the presence of an enemy without instant battle, stimulated him to an act, which had nearly proved destructive to his country. He suddenly interrupted the consultation with a loud whoop, resembling the war-cry of the Indians, spurred his horse into the stream, waved his hat over his head, and shouted aloud: 'Let all who are not cowards follow me!' The words and the action together, produced an electrical effect. The mounted men dashed tumultuously into the river, each striving to be foremost. The footmen were mingled with them in one rolling and irregular mass.

No order was given, and none observed. They struggled through a deep ford as well as they could, M'Gary still leading the van, closely followed by Majors Harland and McBride. With the same rapidity they ascended the ridge, which, by the trampling of Buffalo foragers, had been stripped bare of all vegetation, with the exception of a few dwarfish cedars, and which was rendered still more desolate in appearance, by the multitude of rocks, blackened by the sun, which was spread over its surface.

Suddenly the van halted. They had reached the spot mentioned by Boone, where the two ravines head, on each side of the ridge. Here a body of Indians presented themselves, and attacked the van. M'Gary's party instantly returned the fire, but under great disadvantage. They were upon a bare and open ridge; the Indians in a bushy ravine. The center and rear, ignorant of the ground, hurried up to the assistance of the van, but were soon stopped by a terrible fire from the ravine, which flanked them. They found themselves inclosed as if in the wings of a net, destitute of proper shelter, while the enemy were, in a great measure, covered from their fire. Still, however, they maintained their ground. The action became warm and bloody. The parties gradually closed, the Indians emerged from the ravine, and the fire became mutually destructive. The officers suffered dreadfully. Todd and Trigg, in the rear; Harland, McBride, and young Boone, in front, were already killed.

The Indians gradually extended their line, to turn the right of the Kentuckians.

and cut off their retreat. This was quickly perceived by the weight of the fire from that quarter, and the rear instantly fell back in disorder, and attempted to rush through their only opening to the river. The motion quickly communicated itself to the van, and a hurried retreat became general. The Indians instantly sprung forward in pursuit, and falling upon them with their tomahawks, made a cruel slaughter. From the battle-ground to the river, the spectacle was terrible. The horsemen generally escaped, but the foot, particularly the van, which had advanced farthest within the wings of the net, were almost totally destroyed. Col. Boone, after witnessing the death of his son and many of his dearest friends, found himself almost entirely surrounded at the very commencement of the retreat.

Several hundred Indians were between him and the ford, to which the great mass of the fugitives were bending their flight, and to which the attention of the savages was principally directed. Being intimately acquainted with the ground, he, together with a few friends, dashed into the ravine which the Indians had occupied, but which most of them had now left to join in the pursuit. After sustaining one or two heavy fires, and baffling one or two small parties, who pursued him for a short distance, he crossed the river below the ford, by swimming, and entering the wood at a point where there was no pursuit, returned by a circuitous route to Bryant's Station. In the meantime, the great mass of the victors and vanquished crowded the bank of the ford.

The slaughter was great in the river. The ford was crowded with horsemen and foot and Indians, all mingled together. Some were compelled to seek a passage above by swimming; some, who could not swim, were overtaken and killed at the edge of the water. A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been strongly suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind, equally noble and unexpected.

Being among the first in gaining the opposite bank, he then instantly checked his horse, and in a loud voice, called upon his companions to halt, fire upon the Indians, and save those who were still in the stream. The party instantly obeyed, and facing about, poured a close and fatal discharge of rifles upon the foremost of the pursuers. The enemy instantly fell back from the opposite bank, and gave time for the harrassed and miserable footmen to cross in safety. The check, however, was but momentary. Indians were seen crossing in great numbers above and below, and the flight again became general. Most of the foot left the great buffalo track, and plunging into the thickets, escaped by a circuitous route to Bryant's Station.

But little loss was sustained after crossing the river, although the pursuit was urged keenly for twenty miles. From the battle-ground to the ford, the loss was very heavy; and at that stage of the retreat, there occurred a rare and striking instance of magnanimity, which it would be criminal to omit. The reader could not have forgotten young Reynolds, who replied with such rough but ready humor to the pompous summons of Girty, at the siege of Bryant's. This young man, after bearing his share in the action with distinguished gallantry, was galloping with several other horsemen in order to reach the ford. The great body of fugitives had preceded them, and their situation was in the highest degree critical and dangerous.

About half way between the battle-ground and the river, the party overtook Capt. Patterson, on foot, exhausted by the rapidity of the flight, and in consequence of former wounds received from the Indians, so infirm as to be unable to keep up with the main body of the men on foot. The Indians were close behind him, and his fate seemed inevitable. Reynolds, upon coming up with this brave officer, instantly sprung from his horse, aided Patterson to mount into the saddle, and continued his own flight on foot. Being remarkably active and vigorous, he contrived to elude his pursuers, and turning off from the main road, plunged into the river near the spot where Boone had crossed, and swam in safety to the opposite side. Unfortunately he wore a pair of buckskin breeches, which had become so heavy and full of water as to prevent his exerting himself with his usual activity, and while sitting down for the purpose of pulling them off, he was overtaken by a party of Indians, and made prisoner.

A prisoner is rarely put to death by the Indians, unless wounded or infirm, until they return to their own country; and then his fate is decided in solemn council. Young Reynolds, therefore, was treated kindly, and compelled to accompany his captors in the pursuit. A small party of Kentuckians soon attracted their attention; and he was left in charge of three Indians, who, eager in pursuit, in turn committed him to the charge of one of their number, while they followed their companions. Reynolds and his guard jogged along very leisurely; the former totally unarmed; the latter, with a tomahawk and rifle in his hands. At length the Indian stopped to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds instantly sprung upon him, knocked him down with his fist, and quickly disappeared in the thicket which surrounded them. For his act of generosity, Capt. Patterson afterward made him a present of two hundred acres of first rate land.

The melancholy intelligence rapidly spread throughout the country, and the whole land was covered with mourning, for it was the severest loss that Kentucky had ever experienced in Indian warfare. Sixty Kentuckians were slain and a number taken prisoners. The loss of the Indians, while the battle lasted, was also considerable, though far inferior to that of the whites.

On the very day of the battle, Col. Logan arrived at Bryant's Station with four hundred and fifty men. Fearful of some disaster, he marched on with the utmost diligence, and soon met the foremost of the fugitives. Learning from them the sad tidings, he continued on, hoping to come up with the enemy at the field of battle, which he reached on the second day. The enemy were gone, but the bodies of the Kentuckians still lay unburied on the spot where they had fallen. Immense flocks of buzzards were soaring over the battle ground, and the bodies of the dead had become so much swollen and disfigured that it was impossible to recognize the features of the most particular friends. Many corpses were floating near the shore of the northern bank, already putrid from the action of the sun, and partially eaten by fishes. The whole were carefully collected by Col. Logan, and interred as decently as the nature of the soil would permit."



South-western view of Lexington Court House.

LEXINGTON, the county seat of Fayette county, is a remarkably neat and beautiful city, situated on a branch of Elkhorn River, 25 miles S.E. from Frankfort, 85 from Cincinnati, 77 S.E. from Louisville, and 517 from Washington City. The streets of Lexington are laid out at right angles, well paved, and bordered with ornamental trees. Many of the private residences and several of the public edifices are fine specimens of architectural taste, while the surrounding country, rich and highly cultivated, is adorned with elegant mansions. The city contains a court house, a Masonic Hall, the State Lunatic Asylum, 12 churches, the Transylvania University, several academies and an orphan asylum. It is celebrated throughout the Union for

its intelligent and polished society, and as an elegant place of residence. Population about 12,000.

Lexington was founded in 1776. About the first of April in this year, a block house was built here, and the settlement commenced under the influence of Col. Robert Patterson, joined by the Messrs. McConnells, Lindseys, and James Masterson. Maj. John Morrison removed his family soon after from Harrodsburg, and his wife was the first white woman in the infant settlement. It appears that a party of hunters in 1775, while encamped on the spot where Lexington is now built, heard of the first conflict between the British and Provincial forces, at Lexington, Mass. In commemoration of this event, they called the place of their encampment *Lexington*.

Transylvania University, the oldest college in the state, was established in 1798, and has departments of law and medicine. The medical school has eight professors. Connected with the institution is a fine museum and a very valuable library, with chemical apparatus, etc. The State Lunatic Asylum located here is a noble institution. Lexington was incorporated by Virginia in 1782, and was for several years the seat of government of the state. The "*Kentucky Gazette*" was established here in 1787, by the brothers John and Fielding Bradford, and, excepting the Pittsburg Gazette, is the oldest paper west of the Alleghany Mountains.

Ashland, the home of HENRY CLAY, is about one and a half miles from Lexington. Mr. Clay lived at Ashland between forty and fifty years. His

house was a modest, spacious, agreeable mansion, two stories high. Since the death of Mr. Clay, this building having become somewhat dilapidated and insecure, his son, James B. Clay, Esq., had it taken down and a more elegant edifice erected upon the same spot, and with but slight modifications of the original plan. Mr. Clay has many interesting relics of his father, which are carefully preserved in the new



ASHLAND, RESIDENCE OF HENRY CLAY.

building. The estate, consisting of about 600 acres, bore the name of Ashland before it came into the possession of Mr. Clay, probably on account of the ash timber, with which it abounds. By Mr. C.'s management, it became one of the most delightful retreats in the west; the whole tract, except about 200 acres of park, was under the highest state of cultivation. When its illustrious occupant was living, it was the abode of elegant hospitality, and thousands then annually thronged thither to pay their respects to the statesman, who had such a hold upon the affections of his countrymen that, when he was defeated for the presidency, an intensity of sorrow* was every where

*A friend tells us that he recollects attending, in a distant New England city, an impromptu political meeting which had gathered in a public hall at this time. Various speeches of condolence had been made by those, who, in their ardor, had regarded the success of their candidate as identified with the salvation of their country, when an aged man, with silvered hair, arose to offer comfort in the general sorrow. He had but three words; but, Christian-like, he started for those three straightway to the BIBLE. He raised his tall slender form to its full height, with palms uplifted, and then bowing submissively, uttered in prayerful tones—"The Lord reigns!"

exhibited that never was equalled by any similar occurrence in the history of the country. A stranger in the place not long subsequent, thus describes his impressions of the town and visit to Ashland:

No where is there a more delightful rural tract in all our broad land, than that part of this state in the vicinity of Lexington—the celebrated “blue grass” region of Kentucky. For miles and miles, in every direction, it is bedecked with graceful curving lawns, wood embowered cottages, and tall open forests, where not a shrub rises to mar the velvety sward that every where carpets the earth in living green. Enter the dwellings, and you will find them the abodes of elegance and taste. Your reception will be frank and hospitable. The town, Lexington, is well worthy of the country. It has a highly cultivated population, institutions of literature, elegant mansions, partly concealed in groves of locusts, whose tiny fragile leaves gently dance in the sunlight to the softest zephyr, and is, moreover, the home of one whose very name holds a dear place in our memories.

In a minor street of this beautiful town, is a plain two story brick edifice, over the doors of which is the sign, H. & J. B. CLAY. One morning, a few weeks since, I entered its plainly furnished office, and, in the absence of its occupants, helped myself to a chair and a newspaper, that industrious whig sheet, the New York Tribune. In a few minutes I walked a tall, elderly gentleman, attired in black coat and white pantaloons. My eyes had never before rested upon him, but it needed not a second glance to know HENRY CLAY. I presented a letter of introduction, upon which, after some little conversation, he invited me out to tea at his seat, Ashland, some twenty minutes walk from the central part of the town. At the appointed hour, I was on my way thither, and from a gate on the roadside approached the mansion by a winding path of maybe thirty rods in length. It stands on a smooth, undulating lawn of the purest green, fringed by a variety of trees. The open door disclosed to my view two elderly ladies, seated in one of the three rooms into which a common entry led. One of them, Mrs. Clay, called to me to walk in, and directed me to the flower garden in the rear of the house, where stood Judge R., of Ohio, and her husband. The former, as I was introduced by Mr. Clay, received me with the stiffness of the north—the latter met me in the cordial, off hand manner of an old acquaintance. He then showed us some rare plants, joked with his little grandchild, and we entered the house. Passing through the room where sat his lady and the wife of the judge, he pleasantly said—“these ladies have some conspiracy together, let us walk into the parlor.” On the hearth was an elegant rug, with the words worked in it, “PROTECTION TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY;” around were busts and paintings. The furniture was old fashioned, but rich, and an air of comfort pervaded the apartment. Among the curiosities shown us by Mr. Clay, was the identical wine glass used by Washington through the Revolution.

The conversation of Mr. Clay is frequently anecdotal, and his knowledge of all parts of our country, their condition, prospects and people, renders it easy for him to adapt himself in familiar topics to the great variety of characters that assemble at his residence. His manner is one of entire ease. Taking out a golden snuff box, he drew in a pinch of its exhilarating powder with an air of solid satisfaction; then spreading his handkerchief in his lap, he leaned forward his whole body, with his forearms folded and resting on his knees, and talked with us in the most genial, social way, like a fine, fatherly, old country gentleman—as, indeed, he is.

Now that I have seen Henry Clay, I do not wonder at the hold he has upon the affections of our people. Benevolence is the strongest expression in his countenance, and the humblest individual can not but feel, in his presence, as much at ease as if by his own fireside. His manner is irresistible: such as would enable him, if need there was, to say disagreeable things in a way that would occasion you to thank him for it. Literally, his is the power to give “hard facts with soft words.”

When Henry Clay walks the streets of Lexington, the citizens gaze upon him with pride, and greet him with pleasure. A kind word and a smile he has for every body, no matter what their age, sex, or condition; and little children run up

to take him by the hand, with a "how do you do, Mr. Clay?" My landlord, an Irishman by birth, said to me, "I have known Mr. Clay for many years, and am opposed to him in politics; but I can not help liking the man."



HENRY CLAY MONUMENT.

Situated about a mile from the central part of Lexington, near the Railroad from Covington, in the Lexington Cemetery.

The corner stone of the Monument erected to Henry Clay, in the Lexington Cemetery, was laid July 4, 1857, with imposing ceremonies, and the structure completed in 1858. It is constructed of magnesian limestone, obtained from Boone's Creek, about 14 miles distant. The remains of Henry Clay, his mother, and some other relatives, are to be deposited in the vaulted chamber in the base of the monument. At the top of the column, the flutings are 13 spiked spears, representing the original states of the Union. The statue of Clay, surmounting the whole, is 11 feet in height. The height of the monument from the ground to the top of the statue is 119 feet. The following inscription appears on one of the blocks of stone:

"I would rather be right, than be President."
National Guard, St. Louis, July 4th, 1857.

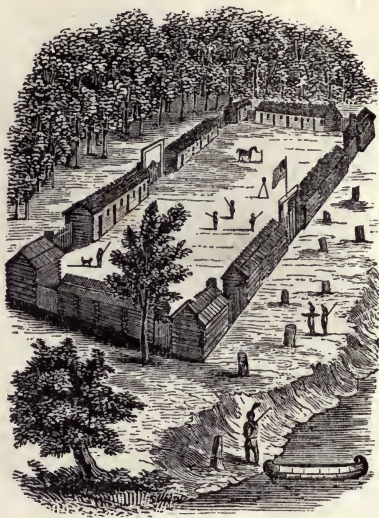
The following inscription is copied from the monument of Maj. Barry, in the public square, or court house yard:

To the memory of WILLIAM TAYLOR BARRY, this monument is erected by his friends in Kentucky (the site being granted by the County Court of Fayette), as a testimony of their respect and admiration of his virtues and talents. He was born 5th Feb., 1784, in Lunenburg City, Va., and came to Kentucky in his 12th year. Was successively a member of both Houses of the General Assembly, a Judge, a Senator and Representative in Congress, Lieut. Gov. of Ky., and an Aidecamp to Gov. Shelby at the battle of the Thames. On Andrew Jackson's accession to the Presidency, he was called to his Cabinet as Post Master General, which office he held until 1st of May, 1835, when he was appointed Env. Ex. & Min. Plen. to Spain. He was elected Hon'y Member of the French Univ. Stat. Soc., in June, 1833. He died at Liverpool, on his way to Madrid, on 30th Aug., 1835. His body lies on Albion's white shores; his Fame in the History of his Country, and is as immortal as America's Liberty and Glory.

About twenty miles south-east of Lexington, on the south bank of the Kentucky River, is the small, dilapidated village of Boonesborough, a point noted in the history of the state. It was here that Daniel Boone, the great pioneer, built the first fort ever erected in Kentucky, and made the commencement of a permanent settlement. Here, too, was convened more than eighty years ago the first legislative assembly that ever sat west of the mountains, the legislature of *Transylvania*, the history of which is as follows:

"Col. Richard Henderson, a man of ardent temperament and great talents, formed the most extensive speculation ever recorded in the history of this country. Hav-

ing formed a company for that purpose, he succeeded in negotiating, with the head chiefs of the Cherokee nation, a treaty (known as the treaty of Watauga), by which all that tract of country lying between the Cumberland River, the mountains of the same name, and the Kentucky River, and situated south of the Ohio, was transferred, for a reasonable consideration, to the company. By this treaty Henderson and his associates became the proprietors of all that country which now comprises more than one half of the state of Kentucky. This was in 1775. They immediately proceeded to establish a proprietary government, of which Henderson became the president, and which had its seat at Boonesborough. The new country received the name of Transylvania. The first legislature assembled at Boonesborough, and held its sittings under the shade of a large elm tree, near the walls of the fort. It was composed of Squire Boone, Daniel Boone, William Coke, Samuel Henderson, Richard Moore, Richard Calloway, Thomas Slaughter, John Lythe, Valentine Hammond, James Douglass, James Harrod, Nathan Hammond, Isaac Hite, Azariah Davis, John Todd, Alexander S. Dandridge, John Floyd and Samuel Wood. These members formed themselves into a legislative body, by electing Thomas Slaughter chairman and Matthew Jewett clerk. This cismontane legislature, the earliest popular body that assembled on this side of the Apalachian mountains, was addressed by Colonel Henderson, on behalf of himself and his associates, in a speech of sufficient dignity and of excellent sense. A compact was entered into between the proprietors and the colonists, by which a free, manly, liberal government was established over the territory. The most important parts of this Kentucky Magna Charta were: 1st. That the election of delegates should be annual. 2d. Perfect freedom of opinion in matters of religion. 3d. That judges should be appointed by the proprietors, but answerable for mal-conduct to the people; and that the convention have the sole power of raising and appropriating all moneys and electing their treasurer. This epitome of substantial freedom and manly, rational government, was solemnly executed under the hands and seals of the three proprietors acting for the company, and Thomas Slaughter acting for the colonists. The purchase of Henderson from the Cherokees was afterward annulled by act of the Virginia legislature, as being contrary to the chartered rights of that state. But, as some compensation for the services rendered in opening the wilderness, and preparing the way for civilization, the legislature granted to the proprietors a tract of land twelve miles square, on the Ohio, below the mouth of Green River." *



OLD FORT AT BOONESBOROUGH, 1775.

The fort at Boonesborough was built in 1775. The engraving is from a drawing by Col. Henderson. The structure must have been about 260 feet

* Mr. Henderson was born in Hanover county, Virginia, in 1735. When a boy his father removed to North Carolina and became county sheriff, and the son obtained much of his education in his father's office. He studied law, showed talents of the highest order, and was elevated to the bench of the superior court. In 1779, Judge Henderson was appointed commissioner to extend the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina into Powell's Valley. In the same year he opened an office at French Lick, afterward Nashville, for the sale of his lands. He died in 1785, aged 50 years. His four sons studied law and attained distinction.

long and 150 feet broad. It was several times attacked by the Indians, but always unsuccessfully. The last time was in September of 1778, when the enemy appeared in great force.

"There were nearly five hundred Indian warriors, armed and painted in the usual manner, and what was still more formidable, they were conducted by Canadian officers, well skilled in the usages of modern warfare. As soon as they were arrayed in front of the fort, the British colors were displayed, and an officer, with a flag, was sent to demand the surrender of the fort, with a promise of quarter and good treatment in case of compliance, and threatening the '*hatchet*' in case of a storm. Boone requested two days for consideration, which, in defiance of all experience and common sense, was granted. This interval, as usual, was employed in preparation for an obstinate resistance. The cattle were brought into the fort, the horses secured, and all things made ready against the commencement of hostilities.

Boone then appeared at the gate of the fortress, and communicated to Capt. Duquesne, their leader, the resolution of his men to defend the fort to the last extremity. Disappointment and chagrin were strongly painted upon the face of the Canadian at this answer, but endeavoring to disguise his feelings, he declared that Gov. Hamilton had ordered him not to injure the men if it could be avoided, and that if nine of the principal inhabitants of the fort would come out and treat with them they would instantly depart without further hostility.

The word "*treat*" sounded so pleasantly in the ears of the besieged that they agreed at once to the proposal, and Boone himself, attended by eight of his men, went out and mingled with the savages, who crowded around them in great numbers, and with countenances of deep anxiety. The treaty then commenced and was soon concluded, upon which Duquesne informed Boone that it was a custom with the Indians, upon the conclusion of a treaty with the whites, for two warriors to take hold of the hand of each white man.

Boone thought this rather a singular custom, but there was no time to dispute about etiquette, particularly, as he could not be more in their power than he already was, so he signified his willingness to conform to the Indian mode of cementing friendship. Instantly, two warriors approached each white man, with the word 'brother' upon their lips, but a very different expression in their eyes, and grappling him with violence, attempted to bear him off. They probably (unless totally infatuated) expected such a consummation, and all at the same moment sprung from their enemies and ran to the fort, under a heavy fire, which fortunately only wounded one man.

The attack instantly commenced by a heavy fire against the picketing, and was returned with fatal accuracy by the garrison. The Indians quickly sheltered themselves, and the action became more cautious and deliberate. Finding but little effect from the fire of his men, Duquesne next resorted to a more formidable mode of attack. The fort stood on the south bank of the river, within sixty yards of the water. Commencing under the bank, where their operations were concealed from the garrison, they attempted to push a mine into the fort. Their object, however, was fortunately discovered by the quantity of fresh earth which they were compelled to throw into the river, and by which the water became muddy for some distance below. Boone, who had regained his usual sagacity, instantly cut a trench within the fort in such a manner as to intersect the line of their approach, and thus frustrated their design.

The enemy exhausted all the ordinary artifices of Indian warfare, but were steadily repulsed in every effort. Finding their numbers daily thinned by the deliberate but fatal fire of the garrison, and seeing no prospect of final success, they broke up on the ninth day of the siege, and returned home. The loss of the garrison was two men killed and four wounded. On the part of the savages, thirty-seven were killed and many wounded, who, as usual, were all carried off."

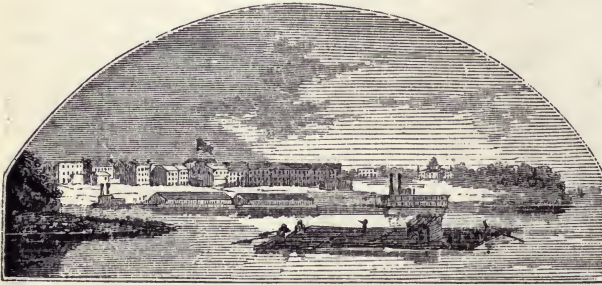
Danville, county seat of Boyle county, is situated in a fertile district of country, on a small branch of the Kentucky River, 40 miles south from Frankfort and 35 from Lexington. It contains 9 churches, 2 banks, the Kentucky

Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb (an elegant building), several mills and factories, and about 2,500 inhabitants. Center College, chartered in 1819, is located here; the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain became its first president in 1823. There are also here 2 female academies and a theological institute. The town was laid out by Walker Daniel, who gave it its name; it was established by the legislature in 1787, and was for many years the seat of government for Kentucky. The first court house and jail in the limits of Kentucky were erected here, and here the first constitution of state government was formed.

Paris, Shelbyville, Cynthiana, Versailles, Carrolton, Georgetown and Bardstown are all important towns in this part of the state, the largest of which has a population of 2,500. That well known Catholic institution, St. Joseph's College, is at Bardstown, and Georgetown College is at Georgetown.

Paducah, the seat of justice for McCracken county, situated at the mouth of Tennessee River, is an important shipping port, 347 miles below Louisville. It is a place of active business, and a great amount of agricultural products are brought down the Tennessee River to this place, consisting of tobacco, pork, live stock, etc., it being the depot for the product of the valley

of that stream. It has large warehouses, 2 banks, 10 churches, a large number of stores, and about 5,000 inhabitants. It was laid out in 1827 by General William Clark, of St. Louis, brother of Gen. George Rogers Clark, and named after the Indian chief



LANDING AT PADUCAH.

Paducah, who once resided in this region. The town is substantially built, and has a very thriving appearance, being the largest and most important place in Kentucky west of Louisville. Hon. Linn Boyd resided in this vicinity, where he died in 1859. He was speaker of the house of representatives from 1851 to 1855, and in 1852 was prominent as a candidate of the democratic party for the nomination for the presidency.

Henderson, capital of Henderson county, 12 miles below Evansville and 210 below Louisville, is the principal shipping point on the Ohio for the tobacco, corn and other rich products of the fertile valley of Green River. It is a thriving business town, and has about 3,000 inhabitants. *Smithland*, on the Ohio, just below the mouth of the Cumberland, is a point for the re-shipment of goods up that river. *Owensboro*, capital of Daviess county, 155 miles below Louisville, on the Ohio; *Hickman*, capital of Fulton county, on the Mississippi, 35 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, in the extreme southwestern corner of the state, are both busy towns, each having about 2,500 inhabitants. *Bowling Green*, *Hopkinsville* and *Russelville* are county seats and important interior towns in Lower Kentucky, with each from 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants. *Columbus*, a village of about 1,200 inhabitants, on the Mississippi, 25 miles below Cairo, is the terminus of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, MISCELLANIES, ETC.

Kentucky, next to Virginia, is the greatest tobacco producing state in the Union. The statistics of 1850 gave her total product at 55½ millions of pounds, while that of Virginia exceeded it but a little over a million. The plant is most extensively cultivated in western Kentucky, in the Green River country and vicinity; and the greatest tobacco raising county is Christian, the annual yield of

which is six millions of pounds. This part of the state was much settled by Virginians, who followed out the general law of emigrants, of especially cultivating those crops to which they had been accustomed on the soil of their birth.

"It is a curious fact in the history of tobacco that the exports from this country have varied but very little in the last fifty years; in 1790, our country, in round numbers, sent abroad one hundred and eighteen thousand hogsheads; in 1840, one hundred and nineteen thousand. This is one of the most curious facts developed in statistics, and may probably be directly traced to the fact that the population and wealth of European countries have not increased, and that the duties levied upon its introduction are as high as can possibly be borne. No article of commerce pays a duty so enormous, compared with its home



A TOBACCO PLANTATION.

price, as American tobacco. From it is derived an important part of the revenue of almost every European government. In Great Britain, the import duty is three shillings sterling (seventy-five cents) per pound—about twelve hundred per cent. upon the original cost—and two dollars per pound on manufactured tobacco; thus for what her people give us less than two millions of dollars they pay to their own government, for the privilege of using it, twenty-two millions of dollars, which is twice the sum realized by the American producer for all the tobacco exported to every part

of the world! As might be supposed, the most stringent laws govern its introduction into that country, and a large fleet of ships and a heavy marine are supported to detect smugglers who alone traffic in this article. It is therefore not surprising that among all the wonders of London, and all the creations of that great Babylon dedicated to commerce, few are so remarkable as the government warehouses used for bonding or storing tobacco. Their interiors present such vast areas of ground that they become bewildering to the eye, and they never had any rivals in size until the erection of the Crystal Palace. Almost as far as the eye can reach are alleys of hogsheads, whose number is immense. In all convenient places are large scales for weighing, together with other apparatus connected with the operation of examining the staple."

The amount of the present production of tobacco is about two hundred millions of pounds. The home consumption is increasing faster than the population. Its use is most detrimental to our people by increasing their mental activity at the expense of their bodies, through its continual strain upon the nervous system and weakening of the appetite and digestive organs. It is at the seasons of greatest excitement that he who uses the plant is certain to do so in unwonted quantities. A young volunteer, relating his experience at the battle of Buena Vista, truthfully remarked, though in coarse phrase, "Our boys *chawed* lots of tobacco that day!" So fascinating the habit, that few can break from it; and he who succeeds should be more honored than he who storms a battery. Multitudes essay the trial; generally, they only make the good resolution at the precise moment when under the exhilarating influence of a quid of extra size revolving against the inner wall of their cheek. The corresponding depression that succeeds the disuse is continually pressing for the stimulus, with a power akin to that of a raging thirst, day in and day out, week in and week out, month in and month out, until finally a weak moment arrives, when the will gives way and the victim flies for relief to his chains again—only to repeat in the future a similar futile attempt to escape his enslavement. A gentleman who had ceased using it for five years stated that the desire was even then continually upon him, and he "would give anything" for the indulgence, were it not for the accompanying suffering that he knew would accrue. Probably few persons use tobacco to excess but acknowledge to themselves that, in their individual experience, the sum of misery from it a thousand fold outweighs the sum of gratification.

It is often amusing to witness the resolution with which those who use tobacco part even temporarily from the indulgence. "Fanny Kemble used to relate, with great gusto, a cigar adventure she met with while traveling in Georgia. It appears that the day was hot, the roads rough, and she an invalid—the passengers in the stage, herself and a gentleman. As the heavy vehicle rumbled along, there mingled, with the dust that constantly penetrated its interior, the fumes of a most execrable cigar. Every blast of the 'Stygian fume' sent a tremor of deadly sickness through Fanny's heart. The gentleman, her traveling companion, remonstrated with the driver, explained the mischief he was doing, and promised the independent Jehu, at the end of the journey, the reward of twenty-five choice Havanas if he would throw away his vile weed. The driver's reply was, 'Yes, yes, in a minute,' but the evil complained of continued until finally it became insufferable. Then it was that Fanny leaned out of the coach window and said, 'Sir, I appeal to your generosity to throw away that cigar, and I know, from the proverbial politeness of the Americans, that my request will be granted.' 'Yes, yes,' said the driver, with some trepidation, 'I intended to do it, but I wanted first to smoke it short enough to put in my hat!'"

EARLY TIMES AMONG THE PIONEERS OF KENTUCKY.

That eccentric and talented Methodist preacher, Peter Cartwright, has given in his autobiography some valuable reminiscences of life among the pioneers of Kentucky, from which we extract this article as a valuable contribution to the history of the times:

I was born September 1, 1785, in Amherst county, on James River, in the state

of Virginia. My parents were poor. My father was a soldier in the great struggle for liberty, in the Revolutionary war with Great Britain. He served over two years. My mother was an orphan. Shortly after the united colonies gained their independence, my parents moved to Kentucky, which was a new country. It was an almost unbroken wilderness from Virginia to Kentucky at that early day, and this wilderness was filled with thousands of hostile Indians, and many thousands of the emigrants to Kentucky lost their lives by these savages. There were no roads for carriages at that time, and although the emigrants moved by thousands, they had to move on pack horses. Many adventurous young men went to this new country. The fall my father moved, there were a great many families who joined together for mutual safety, and started for Kentucky. Besides the two hundred families thus united, there were one hundred young men, well armed, who agreed to guard these families through, and, as a compensation, they were to be supported for their services. After we struck the wilderness we rarely traveled a day but we passed some white persons, murdered and scalped by the Indians while going to or returning from Kentucky. We traveled on till Sunday, and, instead of resting that day, the voice of the company was to move on.

It was a dark, cloudy day, misty with rain. Many Indians were seen through the day skulking round by our guards. Late in the evening we came to what was called "Camp Defeat," where a number of emigrant families had been all murdered by the savages a short time before. Here the company called a halt to camp for the night. It was a solemn, gloomy time; every heart quaked with fear.

Soon the captain of our young men's company placed his men as sentinels all round the encampment. The stock and the women and children were placed in the center of the encampment. Most of the men that were heads of families, were placed around outside of the women and children. Those who were not placed in this position, were ordered to take their stand outside still, in the edge of the brush. It was a dark, dismal night, and all expected an attack from the Indians.

That night my father was placed as a sentinel, with a good rifle, in the edge of the brush. Shortly after he took his stand, and all was quiet in the camp, he thought he heard something moving toward him, and grunting like a swine. He knew that there was no swine with the moving company, but it was so dark he could not see what it was. Presently he perceived a dark object in the distance, but nearer him than at first, and believing it to be an Indian, aiming to spring upon him and murder him in the dark, he leveled his rifle, and aimed at the dark lump as well as he could, and fired. He soon found he had hit the object, for it flounced about at a terrible rate, and my father gathered himself up and ran into camp.

When his gun fired, there was an awful screaming throughout the encampment by the women and children. My father was soon inquired of as to what was the matter. He told them the circumstances of the case, but some said he was scared and wanted an excuse to come in; but he affirmed that there was no mistake, that there was something, and he had shot it; and if they would get a light and go with him, if he did not show them something, then they might call him a coward forever. They got a light and went to the place, and there found an Indian, with a rifle in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, dead. My father's rifle-ball had struck the Indian nearly central in the head.

When we came within seven miles of the Crab Orchard, where there was a fort and the first white settlement, it was nearly night. We halted, and a vote was taken whether we should go on to the fort, or camp there for the night. Indians had been seen in our rear through the day. All wanted to go through except seven families, who refused to go any further that night. The main body went on, but they, the seven families, carelessly stripped off their clothes, laid down without any guards, and went to sleep. Some time in the night, about twenty-five Indians rushed on them, and every one, men, women, and children, was slain, except one man, who sprang from his bed and ran into the fort, barefooted and in his night clothes. He brought the melancholy news of the slaughter. These murderous bands of savages lived north of the Ohio River, and would cross over into Kentucky, kill and steal, and then recross the Ohio into their own country.

Kentucky was claimed by no particular tribe of Indians, but was regarded as a common hunting-ground by the various tribes, east, west, north, and south. It

abounded in various valuable game, such as buffalo, elk, bear, deer, turkeys, and many other smaller game, and hence the Indians struggled hard to keep the white people from taking possession of it. It was chiefly settled by Virginians, as noble and brave a race of men and women as ever drew the breath of life.

In the fall of 1793, my father determined to move to what was then called the Green River country, in the southern part of the state of Kentucky. He did so, and settled in Logan county, nine miles south of Russellville, the county seat, and within one mile of the state line of Tennessee.

Logan county, when my father moved to it, was called "Rogues' Harbor." Here many refugees, from almost all parts of the Union, fled to escape justice or punishment; for although there was law, yet it could not be executed, and it was a desperate state of society. Murderers, horse thieves, highway robbers, and counterfeiters fled here until they combined and actually formed a majority. The honest and civil part of the citizens would prosecute these wretched banditti, but they would swear each other clear; and they really put all law at defiance, and carried on such desperate violence and outrage that the honest part of the citizens seemed to be driven to the necessity of uniting and combining together, and taking the law into their own hands, under the name of Regulators. This was a very desperate state of things.

Shortly after the Regulators had formed themselves into a society, and established their code of by-laws, on a court day at Russellville, the two bands met in town. Soon a quarrel commenced, and a general battle ensued between the rogues and Regulators, and they fought with guns, pistols, dirks, knives, and clubs. Some were actually killed, many wounded, the rogues proved victors, kept the ground, and drove the Regulators out of town. The Regulators rallied again, hunted, killed, and lynched many of the rogues, until several of them fled, and left for parts unknown. Many lives were lost on both sides, to the great scandal of civilized people. This is but a partial view of frontier life.*

When my father settled in Logan county, there was not a newspaper printed south of Green River, no mill short of forty miles, and no schools worth the name.

*The most notorious of the desperadoes who infested the settlements were two brothers named Harpe, of whom Judge Hall, in his *Western Sketches*, has given this narrative:

In the fall of 1801 or 1802, a company consisting of two men and three women arrived in Lincoln county, Ky., and encamped about a mile from the present town of Stanford. The appearance of the individuals composing this party was wild and rude in the extreme. The one who seemed to be the leader of the band, was above the ordinary stature of men. His frame was bony and muscular, his breast broad, his limbs gigantic. His clothing was uncouth and shabby, his exterior, weatherbeaten and dirty, indicating continual exposure to the elements, and designating him as one who dwelt far from the habitations of men, and mingled not in the courtesies of civilized life. His countenance was bold and ferocious and exceedingly repulsive, from its strongly marked expression of villainy. His face, which was larger than ordinary, exhibited the lines of ungovernable passion, and the complexion announced that the ordinary feelings of the human breast were in him extinguished. Instead of the healthy hue which indicates the social emotions, there was a livid unnatural redness, resembling that of a dried and lifeless skin. His eye was fearless and steady, but it was also artful and audacious, glaring upon the beholder with an unpleasant fixedness and brilliancy, like that of a ravenous animal gloating on its prey. He wore no covering on his head, and the natural protection of thick coarse hair, of a fiery redness, uncombed and matted, gave evidence of long exposure to the rudest visitations of the sun-beam and the tempest. He was armed with a rifle, and a broad leathern belt, drawn closely around his waist, supported a knife and a tomahawk. He seemed, in short, an outlaw, destitute of all the nobler sympathies of human nature, and prepared at all points for assault or defense. The other man was smaller in size than him who led the party, but similarly armed, having the same suspicious exterior, and a countenance equally fierce and sinister. The females were coarse, and wretchedly attired.

The men stated in answer to the inquiry of the inhabitants, that their names were Harpe, and that they were emigrants from North Carolina. They remained at their encampment the greater part of two days and a night, spending the time in rioting, drunkenness and debauchery. When they left, they took the road leading to Green River. The day succeeding their departure, a report reached the neighborhood that a young gentleman of wealth from Virginia, named Lankford, had been robbed and murdered on what was

Sunday was a day set apart for hunting, fishing, horse racing, card playing, balls, dances, and all kinds of jollity and mirth. We killed our meat out of the woods, wild; and beat our meal and hominy with a pestle and mortar. We stretched a deer skin over a hoop, burned holes in it with the prongs of a fork, sifted our meal, baked our bread, eat it, and it was first-rate eating too. We raised, or gathered out of the woods, our own tea. We had sage, bohea, cross-vine, spice, and sassafras teas, in abundance. As for coffee, I am not sure that I ever smelled it for ten years. We made our sugar out of the water of the maple-tree, and our molasses too. These were great luxuries in those days.

We raised our own cotton and flax. We water-rotted our flax, broke it by hand, scutched it; picked the seed out of the cotton with our fingers; our mothers and sisters carded, spun, and wove it into cloth, and they cut and made our garments and bed-clothes, etc. And when we got on a new suit thus manufactured, and sallied out into company, we thought ourselves "*so big as anybody*."

Time rolled on, population increased fast around us, the country improved, horse-thieves and murderers were driven away, and civilization advanced considerably. Ministers of different denominations came in, and preached through the country;

then called, and is still known as the "Wilderness Road," which runs through the Rock-castle hills. Suspicion immediately fixed upon the Harpes as the perpetrators, and Captain Ballenger, at the head of a few bold and resolute men, started in pursuit. They experienced great difficulty in following their trail, owing to a heavy fall of snow, which had obliterated most of their tracks, but finally came upon them while encamped in a bottom on Green River, near the spot where the town of Liberty now stands. At first they made a show of resistance, but upon being informed that if they did not immediately surrender, they would be shot down, they yielded themselves prisoners. They were brought back to Stanford, and there examined. Among their effects were found some fine linen shirts, marked with the initials of Lankford. One had been pierced by a bullet and was stained with blood. They had also a considerable sum of money, in gold. It was afterward ascertained that this was the kind of money Lankford had with him. The evidence against them being thus conclusive, they were confined in the Stanford jail, but were afterward sent for trial to Danville, where the district court was in session. Here they broke jail, and succeeded in making their escape.

They were next heard of in Adair county, near Columbia. In passing through that county, they met a small boy, the son of Colonel Trabue, with a pillow-case of meal or flour, an article they probably needed. This boy, it is supposed, they robbed and then murdered, as he was never afterward heard of. Many years afterward, human bones, answering the size of Colonel Trabue's son at the time of his disappearance, were found in a sink hole near the place where he was said to have been murdered. The Harpes still shaped their course toward the mouth of Green River, marking their path by murders and robberies of the most horrible and brutal character. The district of country through which they passed was at that time very thinly settled, and from this reason their outrages went unpunished. They seemed inspired with the deadliest hatred against the whole human race, and such was their implacable misanthropy, that they were known to kill where there was no temptation to rob. One of their victims was a little girl, found at some distance from her home, whose tender age and helplessness would have been protection against any but incarnate fiends. The last dreadful act of barbarity, which led to their punishment and expulsion from the country, exceeded in atrocity all the others.

Assuming the guise of Methodist preachers, they obtained lodgings one night at a solitary house on the road. Mr. Stagall, the master of the house, was absent, but they found his wife and children, and a stranger, who, like themselves, had stopped for the night. Here they conversed and made inquiries about the two noted Harpes, who were represented as prowling about the country. When they retired to rest, they contrived to secure an ax, which they carried with them to their chamber. In the dead of night, they crept softly down stairs, and assassinated the whole family, together with the stranger, in their sleep; and then setting fire to the house, made their escape. When Stagall returned, he found no wife to welcome him; no home to receive him. Distracted with grief and rage, he turned his horse's head from the smoldering ruins, and repaired to the house of Captain John Leeper. Leeper was one of the most powerful men of his day, and fearless as powerful. Collecting four or five other men well armed, they mounted and started in pursuit of vengeance. It was agreed that Leeper should attack "Big Harpe," leaving "Little Harpe" to be disposed of by Stagall. The others were to hold themselves in readiness to assist Leeper and Stagall, as circumstances might require.

This party found the women belonging to the Harpes attending to their little camp by

but the Methodist preachers were the pioneer messengers of salvation in these ends of the earth. Even in Rogues' Harbor there was a Baptist church a few miles west of my father's, and a Presbyterian congregation a few miles north, and the Methodist *Ebenezer* a few miles south.

Somewhere between 1800 and 1801, in the upper part of Kentucky, at a memorable place called "Cane Ridge," there was appointed a sacramental meeting by some of the Presbyterian ministers, at which meeting, seemingly unexpected by ministers or people, the mighty power of God was displayed in a very extraordinary manner; many were moved to tears, and bitter and loud crying for mercy. The meeting was protracted for weeks. Ministers of almost all denominations flocked in from far and near. The meeting was kept up by night and day. Thousands heard of the mighty work, and came on foot, on horseback, in carriages and wagons. It was supposed that there were in attendance at times during the meeting from twelve to twenty-five thousand people. Hundreds fell prostrate under the mighty power of God, as men slain in battle. Stands were erected in the woods, from which preachers of different churches proclaimed repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and it was supposed, by eye and ear witnesses, that between one and two thousand souls were happily and powerfully converted to God during the meeting. It was not unusual for one, two, three, and four to seven preachers to be addressing the listening thousands at the same time from the different stands erected for the purpose. The heavenly fire spread in almost every direction. It was said, by truthful witnesses, that at times more than one thousand persons broke out into loud shouting all at once, and that the shouts could be heard for miles around.

From this camp-meeting, for so it ought to be called, the news spread through all the Churches, and through all the land, and it excited great wonder and surprise; but it kindled a religious flame that spread all over Kentucky, and through many other states. And I may here be permitted to say, that this was *the first camp-meeting ever held in the United States*, and here our camp-meetings took their rise.

To show the ignorance the early Methodist preachers had to contend with in the western wilds, I will relate an incident that occurred to Wilson Lee, in Kentucky:

There was in the congregation a very wicked Dutchman and his wife, both of

the road side; the men having gone aside into the woods to shoot an unfortunate traveler, of the name of Smith, who had fallen into their hands, and whom the women had begged might not be dispatched before their eyes. It was this halt that enabled the pursuers to overtake them. The women immediately gave the alarm, and the miscreants, mounting their horses, which were large, fleet and powerful, fled in separate directions. Leeper singled out the Big Harpe, and being better mounted than his companions, soon left them far behind. Little Harpe succeeded in escaping from Stagall, and he, with the rest of his companions, turned and followed the track of Leeper and Big Harpe. After a chase of about nine miles, Leeper came within gun shot of the latter and fired. The ball entering his thigh, passed through it and penetrated his horse, and both fell. Harpe's gun escaped from his hand and rolled some eight or ten feet down the bank. Reloading his rifle Leeper ran to where the wounded outlaw lay weltering in his blood, and found him with one thigh broken and the other crushed beneath his horse. Leeper rolled the horse away, and set Harpe in an easier position. The robber begged that he might not be killed. Leeper told him that he had nothing to fear from him, but that Stagall was coming up, and could not probably be restrained. Harpe appeared very much frightened at hearing this, and implored Leeper to protect him. In a few moments Stagall appeared, and without uttering a word, raised his rifle and shot Harpe through the head. They then severed the head from the body, and stuck it upon a pole where the road crosses the creek, from which the place was then named and is yet called *Harpe's Head*. Thus perished one of the boldest and most noted freebooters that has ever appeared in America. Save courage, he was without one redeeming quality, and his death freed the country from a terror which had long paralyzed its boldest spirits.

The Little Harpe afterward joined the band of Mason, and became one of his most valuable assistants in the dreadful trade of robbery and murder. He was one of the two bandits that, tempted by the reward for their leader's head, murdered him, and eventually themselves suffered the penalty of the law as previously related.

whom were profoundly ignorant of the Scriptures and the plan of salvation. His wife was a notorious *scold*, and so much was she given to this practice, that she made her husband unhappy, and kept him almost always in a perfect fret, so that he led a most miserable and uncomfortable life. It pleased God that day to cause the preaching of Mr. Lee to reach their guilty souls, and break up the great deep of their hearts. They wept aloud, seeing their lost condition, and they, then and there, resolved to do better, and from that time forward to take up the cross and bear it, be it what it might.



A Religious Encampment in the Wilderness.

The congregation were generally deeply affected. Mr. Lee exhorted them and prayed for them as long as he consistently could, and, having another appointment some distance off that evening, he dismissed the congregation, got a little refreshment, saddled his horse, mounted, and started for his evening appointment. After riding some distance, he saw, a little ahead of him, a man trudging along, carrying a woman on his back. This greatly surprised Mr. Lee. He very naturally supposed that the woman was a cripple, or had hurt herself in some way, so that she could not walk. The traveler was a small man, and the woman large and heavy.

Before he overtook them Mr. Lee began to cast about in his mind how he could render them assistance. When he came up to them, lo and behold, who should it be but the Dutchman and his wife that had been so affected under his sermon at meeting. Mr. Lee rode up and spoke to them, and inquired of the man what had happened, or what was the matter, that he was carrying his wife.

The Dutchman turned to Mr. Lee and said, "Besure you did tell us in your sarnon dat we must *take up de cross* and follow de Saviour, or dat we could not be saved or go to heaven, and I does desire to go to heaven so much as any pody; and dish wife is so pad, she scold and scold all de time, and dish woman is de *createst cross I have in de whole world*, and I does take her up and pare her, for I must save my soul."

From 1801, for years, a blessed revival of religion spread through almost the entire inhabited parts of the west, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and many other parts, especially through the Cumberland country, which was so called from the Cumberland River, which headed and mouthed in Kentucky, but in its great

hend circled south through Tennessee, near Nashville. The Presbyterians and Methodists in a great measure united in this work, met together, prayed together, and preached together.

In this revival originated our camp-meetings, and in both these denominations they were held every year, and, indeed, have been ever since, more or less. They would erect their camps with logs, or frame them, and cover them with clapboards or shingles. They would also erect a shed, sufficiently large to protect five thousand people from wind and rain, and cover it with boards or shingles; build a large stand, seat the shed, and here they would collect together from forty to fifty miles around, sometimes further than that. Ten, twenty, and sometimes thirty ministers, of different denominations, would come together and preach night and day, four or five days together; and, indeed, I have known these camp-meetings to last three or four weeks, and great good resulted from them. I have seen more than a hundred sinners fall like dead men under one powerful sermon, and I have seen and heard more than five hundred Christians all shouting aloud the high praises of God at once; and I will venture to assert that many happy thousands were awakened and converted to God at these camp-meetings. Some sinners mocked, some of the old dry professors opposed, some of the old starched Presbyterian preachers preached against these exercises, but still the work went on and spread almost in every direction, gathering additional force, until our country seemed all coming home to God.

In this great revival the Methodists kept moderately balanced; for we had excellent preachers to steer the ship or guide the flock. But some of our members ran wild, and indulged in some extravagancies that were hard to control. The Presbyterian preachers and members, not being accustomed to much noise or shouting, when they yielded to it went into great extremes and downright wildness, to the great injury of the cause of God.

Daniel Boone

Col. Daniel Boone, the celebrated pioneer of Kentucky, was born of English parentage, in Pennsylvania, in 1734. When a small boy, his parents emigrated to the banks of the Yadkin, in North Carolina. "At

that time the region beyond the Blue Ridge was an unknown wilderness to the white people, for none had ventured thither, as far as is known, until about the year 1750. It was almost twenty years later than this, when Boone was approaching the prime of life, that he first penetrated the great Valley of the Mississippi, in company with others. He had already, as a bold hunter, been within the eastern verge of the present Kentucky, but now he took a long 'hunt' of about three years. He had made himself familiar with the wilderness, and in 1773, in company with other families, he started with his own to make a settlement on the *Kain-tuck-ee* River. The hostile Indians compelled them to fall back, and Boone resided on the Clinch River until 1775, when he went forward and planted the settlement of Boonesborough, in the present Madison county, Kentucky. There he built a log fort, and in the course of three or four years several other settlers joined him. His wife and daughters were the first white women ever seen upon the banks of the Kentucky River. He became a great annoyance to the Indians, and while at the Blue Licks, on the Licking River, in February, 1778, engaged with others in making salt, he was captured by some Shawnee warriors from the Ohio country, and taken to Chillicothe. The Indians became attached to him, and he was adopted into a family as a son. A ransom of five hundred dollars was offered for him, but the Indians refused it. He at length escaped (in July following his capture), when he ascertained that a large body of Indians were preparing to march against Boonesborough. They attacked that station three times before the middle of September, but were repulsed. During Boone's captivity, his wife and children had returned to the house of her father, on the Yadkin, where the pioneer visited them in 1779, and remained with them for many months. He returned to Kentucky in 1780, with his family, and assisted Colonel Clark in his operations against the Indians in the Illinois country."

At the close of the war, Boone settled down quietly upon his farm. But he was not long permitted to remain unmolested. His title, owing to the imperfect nature of the land laws of Kentucky, was legally decided to be defective, and Boone was deprived of all claim to the soil which he had explored, settled, and so bravely defended. In 1795, disgusted with civilized society, he sought a new home in the wilds of the far west, on the banks of the Missouri, then within the dominion of Spain. He was treated there with kindness and attention by the public authorities, and he found the simple manners of that frontier people exactly suited to his peculiar habits and temper. With them he spent the residue of his days, and was gathered to his fathers, Sept. 26th, 1820, in the 86th year of his age. He was buried in a coffin which he had had made for years, and placed under his bed, ready to receive him whenever he should be called from these earthly scenes. In the summer of 1845, his remains were removed to Frankfort. In person, Boone was five feet ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. He was ordinarily attired as a hunter, wearing a hunting shirt and moccasins. His biographer, who saw him at his residence, on the Missouri River, but a short time before his death, says that on his introduction to Col. Boone, the impressions were those of surprise, admiration and delight. In boyhood, he had read of Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky, the celebrated hunter and Indian fighter, and imagination had portrayed a rough, fierce-looking, uncouth specimen of humanity, and of course, at this period of life, a fretful and unattractive old man. But in every respect the reverse appeared. His high, bold forehead was slightly bald, and his silver locks were combed smooth; his countenance was ruddy and fair, and exhibited the simplicity of a child. His voice was soft and melodious; a smile frequently played over his features in conversation; his clothing was the coarse, plain manufacture of the family, but everything about him denoted that kind of comfort which was congenial to his habits and feelings, and evinced a happy old age. His room was part of a range of log cabins, kept in order by his affectionate daughter and granddaughter, and every member of the household appeared to delight in administering to the comforts of "grandfather Boone," as he was familiarly called.

When age had enfeebled his once athletic frame, he made an excursion, twice a year, to some remote hunting ground, employing a companion, whom he bound by a written contract to take care of him, and should he die in the wilderness to bring his body to the cemetery which he had selected as a final resting place.



George Rogers Clark was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in 1752. He possessed a most extraordinary military genius, and became conspicuously prominent in the conquest and settlement of the whole west. "He first appeared in history as an adventurer beyond the Alleghanies, in 1772.

He had been engaged in the business of land-surveyor for some time, and that year he went down the Ohio in a canoe as far as the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in company with Rev. David Jones, then on his way to preach the gospel to the western tribes. He was captain of a company in Dunmore's army, which marched against the Indians on the Ohio and its tributaries, in 1774. Ever since his trip in 1772, he ardently desired an opportunity to explore those deep wildernesses in the great valleys, and in 1775 he accompanied some armed settlers to Kentucky, as their commander. During that and the following year, he traversed a great extent of country south of the Ohio, studied the character of the Indians, and made himself master of many secrets which aided in his future success. He beheld a beautiful country, inviting immigration, but the pathway to it was made dangerous by the enemies of the colonists, who sallied forth from the British posts at Detroit, Kaskaskia and Vincennes, with Indian allies. Convinced of the necessity of possessing these posts, Clark submitted the plan of an expedition against them to the Virginia legislature, and early in the spring of 1778 he was at the falls of the Ohio (now Louisville) with four companies of soldiers. There he was joined by Simon

Kenton, another bold pioneer. He marched through the wilderness toward those important posts, and at the close of summer all but Detroit were in his possession. Clark was now promoted to colonel, and was instructed to pacify the western tribes, if possible, and bring them into friendly relations with the Americans. While thus engaged, he was informed of the re-capture of Vincennes. With his usual energy, and followed by less than two hundred men, he traversed the drowned lands of Illinois, through deep morasses and snow floods, in February, 1779, and on the 19th of that month appeared before Vincennes. To the astonished garrison, it seemed as if these rough Kentuckians had dropped from the clouds, for the whole country was inundated. The fort was speedily surrendered, and commander Hamilton (governor of Detroit), and several others, were sent to Virginia as prisoners. Colonel Clark also captured a quantity of goods, under convoy from Detroit, valued at \$50,000; and having sufficiently garrisoned Vincennes and the other posts, he proceeded to build Fort Jefferson, on the western bank of the Mississippi, below the Ohio. When Arnold invaded Virginia, in 1781, Colonel Clark joined the forces under the Baron Steuben, and performed signal service until the traitor had departed. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier the same year, and went beyond the mountains again, hoping to organize an expedition against Detroit. His scheme failed, and for awhile Clark was in command of a post at the Falls of the Ohio. In the autumn of 1782, he penetrated the Indian country between the Ohio and the lakes, with a thousand men, and chastised the tribes severely for their marauding excursions into Kentucky, and awed them into comparatively peaceful relations. For these deeds, John Randolph afterward called Clark the 'American Hannibal, who, by the reduction of those military posts in the wilderness, obtained the lakes for the northern boundary of our Union at the peace of 1783.' Clark made Kentucky his future home, and during Washington's administration, when Genet, the French minister, attempted to organize a force in the west against the Spaniards, Clark accepted from him the commission of major-general in the armies of France. The project was abandoned, and the hero of the north west never appeared in public life afterward." General Clark was never married, and he was long in infirm health. He died in February, 1818, and was buried at Locust Grove, near Louisville.

"*Gen. Charles Scott* was a native of Cumberland county, Virginia. He raised the first company of volunteers in that state, south of the James River, that actually entered into the continental service. So much was he appreciated that in 1777 the shire-town of Powhattan county was named in honor of him. Congress appointed him a brigadier in the continental army on the 1st of April, 1777. He served with distinction during the war, and at its termination he went to Kentucky. He settled in Woodford county, in that state, in 1785. He was with St. Clair at his defeat in 1791, and in 1794 he commanded a portion of Wayne's army at the battle of the Fallen Timber. He was governor of Kentucky from 1808 to 1812. He died on the 22d of October, 1820, aged seventy-four years."

Scott was a man of strong natural powers, but somewhat illiterate and rough in his manners. He was eccentric, and many amusing anecdotes are related of him. When a candidate for governor, he was opposed by Col. Allen, a native of Kentucky, who, in an address to the people when Scott was present, made an eloquent appeal. The friends of the latter, knowing he was no orator, felt distressed for him, but Scott, nothing daunted, mounted the stump, and addressed the company nearly as follows:

"Well, boys, I am sure you must all be well pleased with the speech you have just heard. It does my heart good to think we have so smart a man raised up among us here. He is a native Kentuckian. I see a good many of you here that I brought out to this country when a wilderness. At that time we hardly expected we should live to see such a smart man raised up among ourselves. You who were with me in those early times know we had no time for education, no means of improving from books. We dared not then go about our most common affairs without arms in our hands, to defend ourselves against the Indians. But we guarded and protected the country, and now every one can go where he pleases, and you now see what smart fellows are growing up to do their country honor. But I think it would be a pity to make this man governor;—I think it would be better to send him to Congress. I don't think it requires a very smart man to make a governor, if he has sense enough to gather smart men about who can help him on with the business of state. It

would suit a worn-out old wife of a man like myself. But as to this young man, I am very proud of him, as much so as any of his kin, if any of them have been here to-day listening to his speech." Scott then descended from the stump, and the huzzas for the old soldier made the welkin ring.

Gen. Benjamin Logan, one of the most distinguished pioneers, was born in Virginia, of Irish parentage, about the year 1742. He was a sergeant in Boquet's expedition, and was in Dunmore's campaign. In 1775, he came to Kentucky with Boone, Henderson, and others. The next year he brought out his family, and established a fort, called "Logan's Fort," which stood at St. Asaph's, about a mile west of the present town of Stanford, in Lincoln county. That period is memorable in the history of Kentucky, as one of peculiar peril. The woods literally swarmed with Indians. Having been reinforced by several white men, Logan determined to maintain himself at all hazards.

"On the 20th of May, 1777, this fort was invested by a force of a hundred Indians; and on the morning of that day, as some of the females belonging to it were engaged, outside of the gate, in milking the cows, the men who acted as the guard for the occasion, were fired upon by a party of the Indians, who had concealed themselves in a thick canebrake. One man was shot dead, another mortally wounded, and a third so badly, as to be disabled from making his escape; the remainder made good their retreat into the fort, and closed the gate. Harrison, one of the wounded men, by a violent exertion, ran a few paces and fell. His struggles and exclamations attracted the notice, and awakened the sympathies, of the inmates of the station. The frantic grief of his wife gave additional interest to the scene. The enemy forbore to fire upon him, doubtless from the supposition that some of the garrison would attempt to save him, in which event they were prepared to fire upon them from the canebrake. The case was a trying one; and there was a strong conflict between sympathy and duty, on the part of the garrison. The number of effective men had been reduced from fifteen to twelve, and it was exceedingly hazardous to put the lives of any of this small number in jeopardy; yet the lamentations of his family were so distressing, and the scene altogether so moving, as to call forth a resolute determination to save him if possible. Logan, always alive to the impulses of humanity, and insensible to fear, volunteered his services, and appealed to some of his men to accompany him. But so appalling was the danger, that all, at first, refused. At length, John Martin consented, and rushed, with Logan, from the fort; but he had not gone far, before he shrunk from the imminence of the danger, and sprung back within the gate. Logan paused for a moment, then dashed on, alone and undaunted—reached, unhurt, the spot where Harrison lay—threw him on his shoulders, and, amidst a tremendous shower of rifle balls, made a safe and triumphant retreat into the fort.

The fort was now vigorously assailed by the Indian force, and as vigorously defended by the garrison. The men were constantly at their posts, whilst the women were actively engaged in molding bullets. But the weakness of the garrison was not their only grievance. The scarcity of powder and ball, one of the greatest inconveniences to which the settlers were not unfrequently exposed, began now to be seriously felt. There were no indications that the siege would be speedily abandoned; and a protracted resistance seemed impracticable, without an additional supply of the munitions of war. The settlements on Holston could furnish a supply—but how was it to be obtained? And, even if men could be found rash and desperate enough to undertake the journey, how improbable was it that the trip could be accomplished in time for the relief to be available. Logan stepped forward, in this extremity, determined to take the dangerous office upon himself. Encouraging his men with the prospect of a safe and speedy return, he left the fort under cover of the night, and, attended by two faithful companions of his own selection, crept cautiously through the Indian lines without discovery. Shunning the ordinary route through Cumberland Gap, he moved, with incredible rapidity, over mountain and valley—arrived at the settlement on the Holston—procured the necessary supply of powder and lead—immediately retraced his steps, and was again in the fort in ten days from the time of his departure. He returned alone. The necessary delay in the transportation of the stores, induced him to intrust them to the charge of his companions; and his presence at St. Asaph's was all-important to the safety of its inhabitants. His return inspired them with fresh courage; and, in a few days, the appearance of Col. Bowman's party compelled the Indians to retire."

In the year 1779, Logan was first in command under Bowman, in his expedition against the Indian town of Chillicothe. It failed through the imbecility of the commander; but Logan gained great credit for his bravery and generalship on the occasion. In the summer of 1788, he conducted a successful expedition against the Indians in the Miami country. From this period until his death, Gen. Logan de-

voted himself to the cultivation of his farm. He was a member of the convention of 1792, which framed the first constitution of Kentucky. He died full of years and of honors.

Gov. Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky, and the "hero of two wars,"

Isaac Shelby

was of Welsh descent, and was born near Hagerstown, Maryland, in 1750. At the age of 21 years he emigrated to Virginia,

and engaged as a surveyor there, and in 1775, in Kentucky. Early in the Revolution he was, for a time, in the commissary department; but later, in 1780, he was commissioned as a colonel by Virginia, and raised 300 riflemen. He gained great distinction in several actions, especially in the important battle of King's Mountain, the turning point of the Revolution in the south. He was the most prominent officer in this celebrated victory, and originated the expedition which led to it. After this he served under Gen. Marion.

In 1782, he was elected a member of the Legislature of North Carolina, but soon after returned to Kentucky, and settled down upon a farm for life. "He was elected the first governor of the new state, and after an interval of comparative repose, he was again the incumbent of that important office in 1812. Another war with Great Britain was then impending. The fire of 1776 still warmed his bosom, and he called his countrymen to arms, when the proclamation of war went forth. Henry Clay presented him with a sword, voted by the legislature of North Carolina for his gallantry at King's Mountain, thirty-two years before, and with that weapon he marched at the head of four thousand Kentucky volunteers, toward the Canada frontier, in 1813, though the snows of three score and three winters were upon his head. He fought gallantly upon the Thames, in Canada; and for his valor there, congress honored him with a gold medal. President Monroe appointed him secretary of war in 1817, but he declined the honor, for he coveted the repose which old age demands. His last public act was the holding of a treaty with the Chickasaw Indians, in 1818, with General Jackson for his colleague. His sands of life were now nearly exhausted. In February, 1820, he was prostrated by paralysis, yet he lived, somewhat disabled, until the 18th of July, 1826, when apoplexy terminated his life. He was then almost seventy-six years of age, and died as he had lived, with the hope of a Christian."

Col. Richard M. Johnson, vice president of the United States, was born at Bryant's Station, five miles north-east of Lexington, in Oct., 1781. The outline of the history of this one of the most distinguished natives of Kentucky, is given in the monumental inscription, copied on page 908 of this work.

N. Orleans 29 "Dec 1842
Your friend H. Clay
Lobr. Sur.

"*Henry Clay* was born in Hanover county, Virginia, April 12, 1777. Having received a common school education, he became at an early age, a copyist in the office of the clerk of the court of chancery, at Richmond. At nineteen he commenced the study of law, and short-

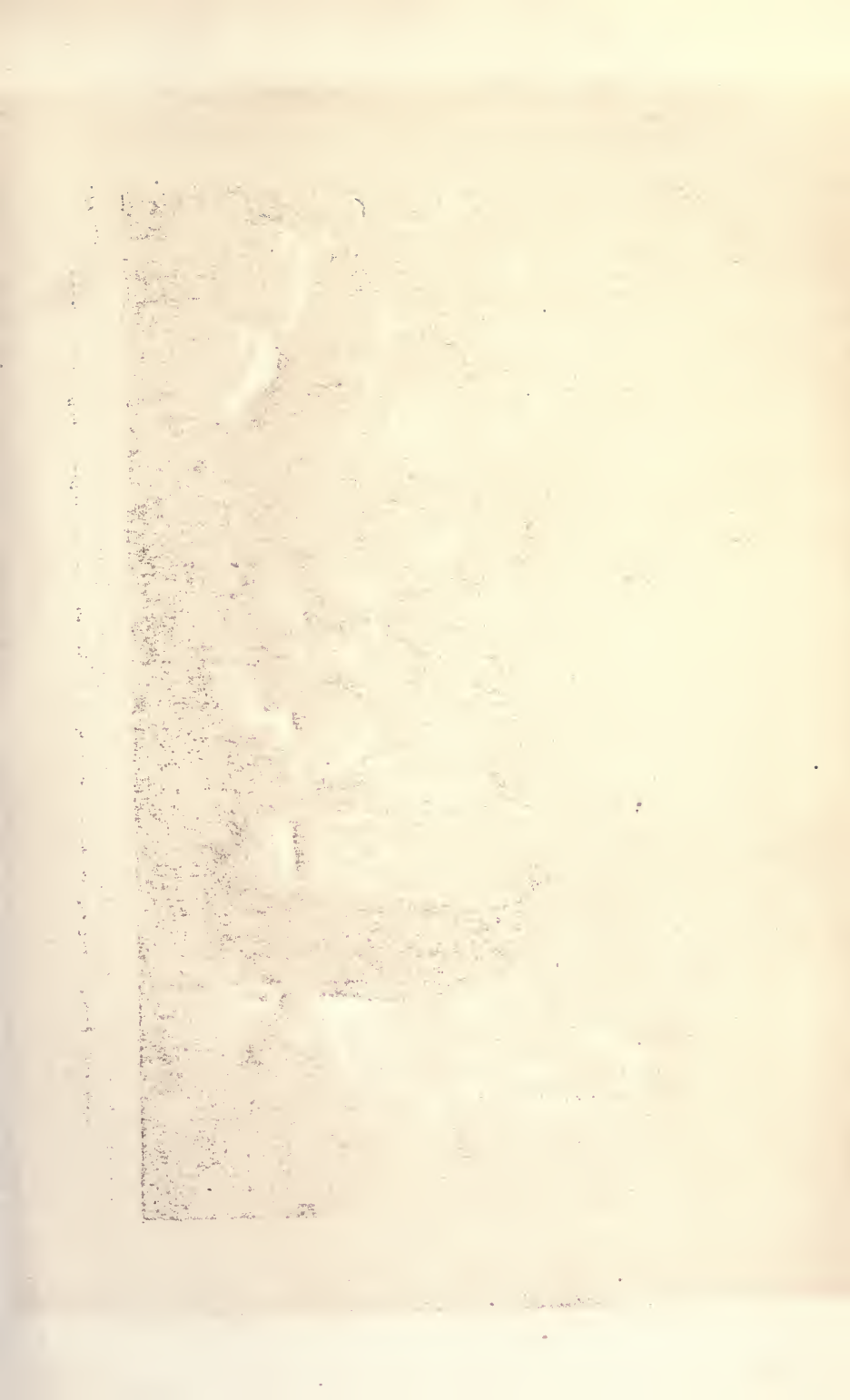
ly afterward removed to Lexington, Kentucky, where he was admitted to the bar in 1799, and soon obtained extensive practice. He began his political career, by taking an active part in the election of delegates to frame a new constitution for the state of Kentucky. In 1803, he was elected to the legislature by the citizens

of Fayette county; and in 1806, he was appointed to the United States senate for the remainder of the term of General Adair, who had resigned. In 1807, he was again elected a member of the general assembly of Kentucky, and was chosen speaker. In the following year occurred his duel with Humphrey Marshall. In 1809, he was again elected to the United States senate for the unexpired term of Mr. Thurston, resigned. In 1811, he was elected a member of the house of representatives, and was chosen speaker on the first day of his appearance in that body, and was five times re-elected to this office. During this session, his eloquence aroused the country to resist the aggressions of Great Britain, and awakened a national spirit. In 1814, he was appointed one of the commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace at Ghent. Returning from this mission, he was re-elected to congress, and in 1818, he spoke in favor of recognizing the independence of the South American Republics. In the same year, he put forth his strength in behalf of a national system of internal improvements. A monument of stone, inscribed with his name, was erected on the Cumberland road, to commemorate his services in behalf of that improvement.

In the session of 1819-20, he exerted himself for the establishment of protection to American industry, and this was followed by services in adjusting the Missouri Compromise. After the settlement of these questions, he withdrew from congress, in order to attend to his private affairs. In 1823 he returned to congress and was re-elected speaker; and at this session he exerted himself in support of the independence of Greece. Under John Quincy Adams, he filled the office of secretary of state; the attack upon Mr. Adams' administration, and especially upon the secretary of state, by John Randolph, led to a hostile meeting between him and Mr. Clay, which terminated without bloodshed. In 1829 he returned to Kentucky; and in 1831 was elected to the United States senate, where he commenced his labors in favor of the Tariff; in the same month of his reappearance in the senate, he was unanimously nominated for president of the United States. In 1836, he was re-elected to the senate, where he remained until 1842, when he resigned, and took his final leave, as he supposed, of that body. In 1839, he was again nominated for the presidency, but General Harrison was selected as the candidate. He also received the nomination in 1844, for president, and was defeated in this election by Mr. Polk.

He remained in retirement in Kentucky until 1849, when he was re-elected to the senate of the United States. Here he devoted all his energies to the measures known as the Compromise Acts. His efforts during this session weakened his strength, and he went for his health to Havana and New Orleans, but with no permanent advantage; he returned to Washington, but was unable to participate in the active duties of the senate, and resigned his seat, to take effect upon the 6th of September, 1852. He died in Washington City, June 29, 1852. He was interested in the success of the Colonization Society, and was for a long time one of its most efficient officers, and also its president."

Gen. Zachary Taylor was a Virginian born, and a Kentuckian bred. In 1785, while he was an infant a year old, his parents moved to the vicinity of Louisville. At the age of 24 years, he entered the army as lieutenant of infantry, and continued in the service of his country until his death, while holding the position of President of the United States, July 9, 1850, at the age of 65 years. His biography is written in honorable lines in the history of his country, and his memory is warmly cherished in the hearts of her people.





The People of Louisville, mostly Women and Children, frightened from the City on the approach of Bragg's Invading Army, camping on the Indiana bank of the Ohio, on the night of Sept. 23d, 1862.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
KENTUCKY.

"KENTUCKY was the first state to enter the union, and will be the last to leave it," has long been a popular expression in that commonwealth to indicate the loyalty of her people. In this attachment to the union we perceive some of the influences of a master mind. Had Henry Clay never lived, it is extremely doubtful whether Kentucky would have remained loyal to our common country. His influence there for the right may be compared to that of John C. Calhoun in South Carolina for the wrong—both were idolized by their respective peoples: the name of Henry Clay stands with the nation as one whose affections were filled with the idea of the glory and welfare of the American republic: that of John C. Calhoun, as one believing in a government founded upon an oligarchy, the most terrible of all despotisms—yet a man of purer personal character has rarely been known.

The impression made by Clay was strengthened by the lamented Crittenden, who, by words and deeds until his latest breath, proved himself to be a true patriot, for when Buckner, Marshall, Breckinridge and many others threw their influence on the side of the rebellion, he remained "faithful among the faithless."

Kentucky socially sympathized with the south, in consequence of the common bond, slavery: and extensive family ties, the results of a large southern emigration. The young men of the state who had come on the stage since the decease of Mr. Clay, were more generally southern in their sympathies than their fathers. The governor of the state, the late vice president and many leading politicians were of the same school. When the rebellion broke out the position of Kentucky was extremely precarious. For months it seemed uncertain on which side of the balance she would finally throw her weight. When hostilities were first inaugurated thousands of her brightest young men left to volunteer in the secession army; very few joined that of the union. With her northern frontier lying for hundreds of miles alongside the powerful free states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, containing nearly five times her own population, Kentucky might well pause before she decided to bring upon her soil the horrors of civil war. That she suffered to any considerable degree was mainly owing to the disloyalty of a part of her population.

When upon the fall of Sumter, a call for 75000 troops was made from the loyal states to defend the flag of the country, she refused to furnish her quota. Her governor, Beriah Magoffin, replied to Secretary Cameron—"Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states." On the 20th of May he issued a proclamation of neutrality to the people of Kentucky, forbidding alike the passage of troops of the United States or of the Confederate States, over the soil of the state, or the occupation of any point within it, and declaring the position of Kentucky to be one of self defense alone. The state senate also passed resolutions to the same effect and tendered the services of Kentucky as a mediator between the government and her intended destroyers.

On the 9th of June the convention of the border slave states, holden at Frankfort, of which Hon. J. J. Crittenden was president, and consisting of one member from Tennessee, four from Missouri and twelve from Kentucky, issued an address to the nation, in which they declare that something ought to be done to quiet apprehension within the slave states that already adhere to the Union. The people of Kentucky are advised to adopt a neutral course and to mediate between the contending parties.

On the 8th of June, Gen. S. B. Buckner, commanding the state guard of Kentucky, entered into an arrangement with Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, commander of the U. S. troops north of the Ohio, by which the neutrality of Kentucky was guaranteed; that if the soil of the state was invaded by the confederate forces, it was only in the event of the failure of Kentucky to remove them, that the forces of the U. S. were to enter.

On the 15th of June, Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner wrote to Gov. Magoffin, that as the Tennessee troops under Gen. Pillow were about to occupy Columbus, on the Mississippi, he had called out a small military force to be stationed at that place and vicinity. These consisted of six companies of the state guard under Col. Lloyd Tilghman, ostensibly summoned into service "to carry out the obligation of neutrality which the state had assumed." Two months later Gov. Magoffin opened a correspondence with President Lincoln on this subject of "Kentucky neutrality;" the former complaining of the formation of union military camps in the state. The president replied that these were composed entirely of Kentuckians (home guards), having their camps in the immediate vicinity of their own homes, which had been formed at the earnest solicitation of many Kentuckians. "I most cordially," said Mr. Lincoln, "sympathize with your excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my native state Kentucky. It is with regret I search and can not find in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the federal union."

At the election held early in August, the vote showed that Kentucky was largely for the union. In the western portion, in which the slaveholding interest was the strongest, the majority of the people were secessionists: the county of Trigg alone supplied 400 men to the rebel army.

Notwithstanding the drain of hot-blooded young men to the rebel side, Kentucky had furnished to the union cause to the beginning of

1865, 76,335 troops, of which 61,317 were whites, and 14,918 colored. Beside this, thousands of her citizens in various parts of the state were, during the rebellion, actively employed as home guards, state guards, state forces, etc., in battling against a common foe, which the successive invasions of the state by the enemy, and the distressive guerrilla raids made necessary. And her union officers, Nelson, Wood, Rousseau, Canby, Wolford, Jacobs, Fry, Burbridge, Crittenden, Garrard and others performed most efficient service on the fields of blood.

On the 2d of September, the state legislature met at Frankfort, three fourths of the members being unionists. On the 5th, the confederate forces under Gen. Polk took possession of Columbus. About the same time Gen. Grant from Cairo, acting under the orders of Gen. Fremont, landed a body of union troops at Paducah. Prior to this the neutrality of Kentucky had been respected by both parties. No troops for the defense of the union had been encamped upon her soil, other than home guards; and many of these were secretly secessionists. The first and second Kentucky regiments, composed mostly of citizens of Ohio had rendezvoused at Camp Clay, near Cincinnati; and a body of Kentucky volunteers under General Lovell S. Rousseau, an eloquent orator of the state, had formed a camp on the Indiana shore opposite Louisville. On the 12th, the legislature, by a vote of three to one, demonstrated their loyalty by directing the governor to order out the military power of the state, to drive out and expel "the so-called southern confederate forces." At the same time, General Robert Anderson, who had been ordered to the command of the troops of this department, was requested to immediately enter upon the active discharge of his duties.

Gen. Buckner, in command of the state guard, being in sympathy with the rebellion, had seduced to their cause a large number of the young men of Kentucky, and, at this time, came out openly for secession, taking with him thousands who had been armed under the guise of protecting the state from the invasion of either union or rebel troops. In an address, issued at Russellville on the 12th, he said — "Freemen of Kentucky, let us stand by our own lovely land. Join with me in expelling from our firesides, the armies which an insane despotism sends among us to subjugate us to the iron rule of puritanical New England."

This man Buckner, and his fellow-conspirator, Breckinridge, can never be forgiven by the union loving people of Kentucky, for the manner in which the youth of the state were ensnared into the ranks of treason through their wicked ambition. What mother or sister can read the fate of this one poor boy, as related by Gen. Rousseau, without a tear to his memory; and a burning anathema upon his murderers?

Two days after the battle of Shiloh, I walked into the hospital tent on the ground where the fiercest contest had taken place, and where many of our men and those of the enemy had fallen. The hospital was exclusively for the wounded rebels, and they were laid thickly around. Many of them were Kentuckians, of Breckinridge's command. As I stepped into the tent and spoke to some one, I was addressed by a voice, the childish tones of which arrested my attention: "That's General Rousseau! General, I knew your son Dickey. Where is Dick? I knew him very well?"

Turning to him, I saw stretched on the ground a handsome boy about sixteen

years of age. His face was a bright one, but the hectic glow and flush on the cheeks, his restless manner, and his grasping and catching his breath, as he spoke, alarmed me. I knelt by his side and pressed his fevered brow with my hand, and would have taken the child into my arms if I could. "And who are you, my son?" said I. "Why, I am Eddy McFadden, from Louisville," was the reply. "I know you, general, and I know your son Dick. I have played with him. Where is Dick?"

I thought of my own dear boy, of what might have befallen him; that he, too, deluded by villains, might, like this poor boy, have been mortally wounded, among strangers, and left to die. My heart bled for the poor child, for he was a child; my manhood gave way, and burning tears attested, in spite of me, my intense suffering.

I asked him of his father? He had no father. Your mother? He had no mother. Brothers and sisters? "I have a brother," said he. "I never knew what soldiering was; I was but a boy, and they got me off down here." He was shot through the shoulder and lungs. I asked him what he needed. He said he was cold, and the ground was hard. I had no tents, no blankets; our baggage was all in the rear at Savannah. But I sent the poor boy my saddle blanket and returned the next morning with lemons for him and the rest; but his brother, in the second Kentucky regiment, had taken him over to his regiment to nurse him.

I never saw the child again. He died in a day or two. Peace to his ashes. I never think of this incident that I do not fill up as if he were my own child.

Kentucky was, at this time, comparatively defenseless. Great fears were entertained that Buckner would advance from Russellville by the Nashville railroad, and sieze upon Louisville. If we may believe the reports of the time, he had his plans laid to appear suddenly in that city with a powerful force. They had provided, it was said, for transportation, no less than four hundred cars, fifteen locomotives, and had eight thousand men, with artillery and camp equipage. At a station just beyond Green river, a loyal young man in the service of the road, frustrated their plans by wrenching, with a crow-bar, four rails from the track. This threw the train off, and caused a detention of twenty-four hours, and thus saved the city. On the 21st, Buckner destroyed several locks and dams on Green river, as a military measure. These had been constructed at an immense expense, and opened a river market for the whole of the large population of that section. In one night they were remorselessly annihilated by this "renegade Kentuckian." Later, he destroyed the elegant and costly iron railroad-bridge over the same river.

In the latter part of September, the brigade of Rousseau advanced down on the line of the Nashville railroad to protect Louisville from invasion, and large bodies of volunteers from the free states of the west were pushed forward, during the autumn and early winter, into the state—located at different camps and subjected to a severe discipline. The most prominent of these was camp Dick Robinson, in Garrard county, south of Lexington; at Paducah, on the lower Ohio; and Munfordsville, on the Lexington and Nashville railroad.

The rebels held positions in the southern part of the state; at Columbus, on the Mississippi; at Bowlinggreen, on the Nashville railroad; at and near Cumberland Gap, at the southeastern angle of the state; and on the head waters of the Big Sandy, on the Virginia line.

Early in October, Gen. Anderson was succeeded in command of this department by Gen. W. T. Sherman. The months of anxiety and care incident upon the defense of Fort Sumter had so shattered his

health and nervous system as to render Gen. Anderson incapable of attending to the arduous duties of this position.

On the 16th, Gen. Sherman was visited by Secretary Cameron, and in the report of the interview between them, made by Adjutant-general Thomas, General Sherman gave "a gloomy picture of affairs in Kentucky." He represented that "the young men were generally secessionists and had joined the confederates, while the union men, the aged and conservatives would not enrol themselves to engage in conflict with their relations on the other side. But few regiments could be raised. He said that Buckner was in advance of Green river with a heavy force on the road to Louisville, and an attack might be daily expected, which, with the force he had, he would not be able to resist; but, nevertheless, he would fight them." He was then "of the opinion, that an army of 200,000 men would be necessary to cope with the enemy in the west."

Such was the feeble estimate of the strength of the rebels, alike by the government and the people, that this apparently exaggerated view met with unmeasured ridicule. Some of the public prints, in a spirit of malevolence, stated he was insane; and, for a time, it passed into popular belief. Sherman, who knew—as but few men know—the power, and the intense burning hate of the rebels, could but feel to the inmost depths of his strong nature the force of the couplet:

"Truths would ye teach to save a sinking land,
Most shun you, few listen, and none understand."

Stung by neglect and obloquy, this proud, earnest-hearted man resigned, and to give place to Gen. Don Carlos Buell.

Three years later, away in the far south, an union army was marching in the mud and rain over miles of dreary road, when some soldiers observing an officer laying by the path with his face hidden among the rising weeds, exclaimed, "there lies one of our generals dead drunk!" which overhearing, the latter raised upon his elbow and with a kindly voice, and in low, depressed tones, replied: "*Not drunk, boys!* but weak and weary in working *for our country and for you!*" Great events then passing, demonstrated the wisdom, and greater fields than the department of Kentucky, the transcendent genius of Sherman in war.

The secessionists of the state, in December, formed a provisional government, with Geo. W. Johnson, subsequently killed at Shiloh, as governor. They sent delegates to the rebel congress, at Richmond; and that body recognized Kentucky as a member of the southern confederacy.

Skirmishes.—During the autumn, various skirmishes occurred at different points in Kentucky, between the rebels and unionists. The most prominent of these occurred to the union forces under General Schoepf, at camp Wild Cat, in Laurel county, on the 21st of October. This was a position in south-eastern Kentucky; on the route to Cumberland Gap, selected to give protection to the union men of that mountain region. A hill, half a mile east of the camp, was occupied by detachments of the 33d Indiana, 17th and 14th Ohio, and Wolford's Kentucky cavalry. They were attacked by several regiments of Gen. Zollicoffer's command, who made two separate, resolute, and unsuccessful attempts to carry the position. The union loss was 4 killed and 21 wounded; that of the enemy was much greater, as 19 corpses were found on the field. Two days later Len. Harris' 2d Ohio, supported by two 6-pounders and a company of cavalry, surprised a body of 700 rebels, at West Liberty, in Morgan county, killing 10 of them, and scattering the remainder. On the 8th of November, Col. John S. Williams, who had gathered about 2,000 rebels at Ivy creek, in Pike county, near the Virginia line, was attacked and routed by a

part of Nelson's brigade, consisting of the 2d and 21st Ohio and Metcalfe's Kentuckians. The enemy's loss was about 60.

Disastrous Retreat.—Gen. Schoepf's brigade, called "the Wild-cat brigade," at this period, were stationed at London, in Laurel county, the object being to ultimately make an attack on Cumberland Gap, and enter East Tennessee to give relief to the unionists of that region. For this purpose, several hundred loyal Tennesseans had joined them.

On the 13th, Gen. Schoepf received orders to retreat with all possible expedition to Crab Orchard, and to bring on his sick, of whom he had a large number. The retreat was disastrous, over the mountain roads and in the rain, bearing in its aspects the appearance of a routed and pursued army. It continued through three days. The sick were jostled in open wagons over horrible roads, and through swollen mountain torrents. The officers, without tents or shelter, were exposed day and night to the cold wintry rains of that elevated region. The sufferings of the men were so severe that several died from pure exhaustion; while others revived with shattered health and ruined constitutions. The Tennesseans, who had been brought up with the hope of soon returning to their homes, were especially indignant at this retrograde movement.

Whole platoons and companies of them at first refused to march. "Some lay upon the ground weeping like school-children, many madly cursed, as they broke from the ranks, and a few stood with folded arms, leaning upon their muskets, while the contending passions of a soldier's fidelity and a love of home were fighting for mastery in their breasts."

The order for this retreat was given in consequence of a report that the enemy were about to advance from Bowlinggreen in force, on Louisville. The sufferings and losses by it were equal to a defeat. The moral effect was disastrous, for the rebel mountaineers who had been overawed, soon again arose in swarms, ready for mischief.

Fight at Munfordsville.—The first earnest fight in Central Kentucky took place, on the 17th of December, on Green river, near Munfordsville, at which point was stationed the division of Gen. McCook. The enemy attacked the pickets, consisting of four companies of the 32d Indiana, Willich's German regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Von Treba. Col. Terry's regiment of Texas rangers made several desperate charges; but were received with cool courage by the Germans. One of the companies, Capt. Welshbillig's, consisting of about 50 men, were drawn up in a solid square, received three successive charges of some 200 of the rangers, led on by Col. Terry, who, seeming frantic with rage, rode up to the points of the bayonets, under the impression, doubtless, that they could trample down the squad before them. At the third attack, their colonel was killed, upon which the whole column broke and fled in dismay. The Germans lost the brave Lieut. Sachs, of Cincinnati, 8 killed and 10 wounded. The killed, alone, of the enemy was 33.

Marshall's Defeat.—Early in the year (1862) Col. Humphrey Marshall, an ex-member of congress from central Kentucky, had collected a force of 3,500 rebels in northeastern Kentucky, in the valley of the Big Sandy, near Prestonburg. On the 10th of January, he occupied a position, defended by three cannon, on the summit of a hill at the forks of Middle creek. He was attacked in the morning by Col. J. A. Garfield with 900 men, consisting of parts of the 40th and 42d Ohio, and 14th and 22d Kentucky. The fight lasted from eight o'clock in the morning, until half past four in the afternoon, when the enemy retreated—driven from every point in great disorder, burping his

stores, and leaving 85 of his number dead on the field. He acknowledged to a loss of 125 killed, and a greater number wounded; 25 prisoners were taken. The union loss was only 1 killed, and 20 wounded.

This victory was owing to the admirable dispositions of Garfield, the inefficient fire-arms of the enemy, and the miserable firing of their artillery. Aside from this, they were attacked from a lower position, the smoke slowly ascending, first disclosing the lower part of their bodies to the union soldiers beneath them, while the latter were concealed from view.

This Col. Garfield was born near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1831.

At the beginning of the war he was a clergyman and president of a collegiate institution, at Hiram, in northern Ohio. Physically, he is one of the most powerful of men. He remained with his brigade on the Big Sandy for several months, winning laurels by his daring and energy against the enemy, whose camps he surprised and broke up, finally producing quiet in that mountain region. He rose rapidly in the service, became chief of staff to Rosecrans; and was made major-general for distinguished services at Chickamauga. Later, he represented the northeastern district of Ohio in congress, and by a greater majority than any other member in the house. He at once won there a national reputation for eloquence and force of character.

VICTORY AT MILL SPRINGS OR LOGAN'S CROSS ROADS.

In the beginning of the winter, Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, crossed to the north side of Cumberland river, and built a fortified camp at Beech Grove. From this point, Zollicoffer had issued a proclamation to the people of southeastern Kentucky, calling upon them to strike with the south for independence. He said they had come to repel the northern hordes who were attempting their subjugation, with an ultimate design of freeing and arming their slaves and giving them political and social equality with the whites.

Beech Grove is some 12 miles south of Somerset, in Pulaski, co., and 80 miles due south of Lexington. The position was a very strong one by nature, being across a bend of the Cumberland, and it was greatly strengthened by earthworks. Three days before the battle, one of his officers wrote: "Our forces are, 10,000 infantry, 1,800 cavalry, and 16 pieces of artillery. We are waiting for an attack. If they do not attack us, we shall advance upon them: we can whip 50,000."

At this time Gen. Schoepf had a few regiments at Somerset. It was arranged that Gen. Thomas, who with his brigade was stationed at Columbia, 35 miles west of this point, should join his command with that at Somerset, and the combined forces unite in an attack on the camp of the enemy. On Saturday, January 18th, part of the troops of both these officers, in all amounting to about 7000 men, had formed a junction at Logan Cross Roads, seven miles north of Zollicoffer's camp, and under Gen. Thomas. That night, an old lady of secession fancies, who had seen only one or two regiments of the union troops, as they forded the stream by her cabin, mounted her pony and rode into the rebel camp with the pleasing tidings of an opportunity to surprise and "bag" the invaders. This confirmed, in their view, the intelligence received that afternoon from their own scouts, as to the small body of their enemy in front. Major Gen. George B. Crittenden (son of Hon. J. J. Crittenden), who had arrived and taken the chief

command, called a council. It was resolved to march out and make the attack at daybreak. In perfect silence, at midnight, the march of the force began, consisting of 8 infantry regiments, viz: 6 Tennessee, 1 Alabama, and 1 Mississippi, and 2 batteries of artillery, a large force of cavalry, and several independent companies of infantry.

About half past 5 o'clock, the next (Sunday) morning, the pickets from Wolford's Kentucky cavalry being driven in, gave intelligence of the approach of the rebels. Fry's 4th Kentucky, Manson's 10th Indiana, and Wolford's cavalry, then engaged the enemy at the point where the road, from the camp of the latter to Somerset, forked. The enemy were advancing through a cornfield, and evidently endeavoring to gain the left of the 4th Kentucky, which was with spirit maintaining its position. McCook's 9th Ohio, under the immediate command of Major Kaemmerling and Van Cleve's 2d Minnesota came to the support of the others, while a section of Kinney's battery took a position on the edge of the field to the left of the 4th Kentucky, and opened an efficient fire on the advancing Alabama regiment. As the 4th Kentucky and 10th Indiana were by this time nearly out of ammunition, the 2d Minnesota took their position, while the 9th Ohio, at the same time, occupied the right of the road, both regiments being under the command of Col. Robt. L. McCook, of the 9th Ohio, acting brigadier. At this time, Hoskins' 12th Kentucky, and some of the men of the Tennessee brigade reached the field, to the left of the Minnesota regiment, and opened fire on the right of the enemy, who then began to fall back. The key to the enemy's position was in front of the 9th Ohio and 2d Minnesota, and the contest there was maintained bravely on both sides. Says McCook in his report:

"On the right of the Minnesota regiment the contest, at first, was almost hand to hand; the enemy and the 2d Minnesota were poking their guns through the same fence at each other. However, before the fight continued long in this way, that portion of the enemy contending with the 2d Minnesota regiment, retired in good order to some rail piles, hastily thrown together, the point from which they had advanced upon the 4th Kentucky. This portion of the enemy obstinately maintaining its position, and the balance, as before described, a desperate fight was continued for about 30 minutes with seemingly doubtful result. The importance of possessing the log house, stable and cornerib being apparent, companies A, B, C and D of the 9th Ohio, were ordered to flank the enemy upon the extreme left, and obtain possession of the house. This done: still the enemy stood firm to his position and cover. During this time, the artillery of the enemy constantly overshot my brigade. Seeing the superior number of the enemy, and their bravery, I concluded the best mode of settling the contest was to order the 9th Ohio regiment to charge the enemy's position with the bayonet, and turn his left flank. The order was given the regiment to empty their guns and fix bayonets. This done, it was ordered to charge. Every man sprang to it, with alacrity and vociferous cheering. The enemy seemingly prepared to resist it, but before the regiment reached him, the lines commenced to give way; but few of them stood, possibly ten or twelve. This broke the enemy's flank, and the whole line gave way in great confusion, and the whole turned into a perfect rout." This is remarkable for having been the *first* bayonet charge of the war.

The entire division soon advanced under Gen. Thomas, and the enemy, with scarcely the show of resistance, were driven into their intrenchments, where they were cannonaded until dark. That night they secretly withdrew across the Cumberland, and fled into the interior. The Union forces, next morning, marched into their camp and took

possession. The total union loss was 246, of whom 39, less than one sixth, were killed; the small proportion of the latter, was owing to the inefficient arms of the enemy, many of whom bore only shot guns. Among our severely wounded were Col. McCook and his aid, Lieut. A. S. Burt. The enemy's loss in killed alone, as far as known, was 190; which, with the wounded and prisoners that fell into our hands, made a total of 349. The number of the enemy actually engaged was estimated at 7000, and the union forces at half that number. Spoils to the value of half a million of dollars fell into our hands—horses, mules, wagons, tents, cannon, arms, etc. This was the battle in which the distinguished Gen. Geo. H. Thomas won his first laurels.

INCIDENTS.—Early in the action, while attempting to make a flank movement, *Gen. Zollicoffer* was killed, which greatly disheartened the enemy.

His body fell into our hands, and was found with several wounds. The fatal shot was from a pistol in the hands of Col. S. S. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky. His body was subsequently returned, under a flag of truce, in an elegant coffin to his friends. He was about 48 years of age, and had been a member of congress from Tennessee. He was a man of elegant form, and a general favorite in his state. Parson Brownlow said of him: "Now that he is dead and gone, I take occasion to say, that I have known him for twenty-five years, and a more noble, high-toned, honorable man, was never killed in any battle-field. He was a man who never wronged an individual out of a cent in his life—never told a lie in his life; as brave a man personally as Andrew Jackson ever was, and the only mean thing I ever knew him to do was to join the Southern Confederacy and fight under such a cause as he was engaged in when he fell."

Bailie Peyton, jr., another of the rebel dead, was shot while bravely urging on his men: "He was the son of a venerable Virginian, well known to the nation. Young Peyton, like his father, long struggled against disunion. He was hissed and insulted in the streets of Richmond, after the fall of Sumter, for telling his love of the old union." Col. Allan Battle, who commanded a Tennessee regiment, was another unwilling convert. He was educated at an Ohio college, and married into one of the best known and respected Ohio families. In the summer previous he took his young wife to Nashville, intending soon to return north; but his father and brothers were in the secession army, and he succumbed to the pressure, although he said he "hated the war, and felt unwilling to fight the best friends he had in the world, outside of his own family."

A gentleman who was on the field, just after the battle, gives these interesting particulars:

My own brave boy was either among the slain or pursuing the flying foe. In which of these positions I might find him, I knew not. With all the anxieties common to parents, I searched for his well-known countenance among the slain. So close was the resemblance in many cases, that my pulse quickened, and my brain began to reel. I remembered that he wore a pair of boots of peculiar make, and before I looked in the face of a corpse I looked at the boots, till at last I felt confident I had found what I sought. I looked again and again before I dared to let my eyes rest upon the face. There was a mark—*not* on his.

I passed on in haste, but suddenly felt compelled to stop once more; against a tree, leaned back in the most classic composure, was the fairest and most beautiful countenance I ever saw in death. No female complexion could be more spotless. The silky locks of wavy auburn hair fell in rich profusion upon fair temples, and a faultless forehead. Some friendly hand had parted his garments, baring his breast, from which the red current of life flowed out, and had bathed his temples, which were still warm, but had ceased to throb forever. O, ye winds, bear these tidings softly to the loved ones at home."

In the "old fields" among the rebels, some of the scenes were horrid and re-

volting in the extreme. Several of the dead were old and gray-headed men. A dark complexioned man, with a heavy black beard, who said he was from Mississippi, was lying on the ground with a broken thigh. He was stern and sullen—he had only one favor to ask—that was that some one of us would kill him. I said to him, we will soon take you to the surgeon, and do all we can to relieve you, for we are satisfied you have been deceived by wicked men, and do not know what you have been doing. To which he meekly replied—"that is possible." A young man, quite a boy, begged me not to let the Lincolmites kill him. A lad of fourteen, with a mashed ankle, protested his innocence, and begged to be taken care of. He said he was pressed into the service, and had never fired a gun at a union man, and never would. Numbers of rebels made in effect the same declaration.

The Enemy's Camp.—On entering the enemy's entrenchments, we found the camp surrounded by a breastwork over a mile in circumference, with a deep ditch in front.

"Within it seemed a city: houses, streets, lanes, stores, stables, everything complete, except the inhabitants. Chickens, pigs and turkeys were as numerous as are to be seen about a thrifty farmer's barn-yard. Over five hundred neat and well built log houses were to be seen, with all the conveniences of house-keeping to be found about them—beds and bedding, clothing and furniture, trunks and boxes, provisions and groceries, were left untouched."

"Everything bore the appearance of the proprietors having just stepped out, for a moment, to soon again return. Horses were left hitched in the stables, and wagons left standing ready for necessary use. Every tent was left standing as when the master was at home. On going to the river bank, the number of three hundred wagons was there found standing, all loaded with camp equipage, etc. Here, also, were found fourteen pieces of artillery, in perfect order for use; they not even taking time to spike them, while on their flight."

The Panic.—The enemy fled across the country, and scattered into the interior in a terrible panic and state of demoralization. The impassable condition of the roads, prevented a successful pursuit.

A very graphic account of the retreat is thus given by a lady living on the road, a short distance above Monticello:

Early on Monday morning, they commenced passing along the road, and through the fields, some riding, some on foot. Some wagons had passed during the night. All who could seemed inclined to run.

During the forepart of the day, men passing on foot had taken every horse, often without bridle or saddle; at times a string was used in place of bridles. Not a horse was left along the road. One of their wagons would be passing alone a high road. Any one who would come along, cut a horse loose, mount and a way. Another would follow suit, until the wagoner was left with his saddle horse, and he would follow. She often saw as many as three men on one horse. About 11 o'clock in the morning they commenced calling on her for food—said they had not tasted food since early Sunday morning. Strange looking men would lean against the yard fence, and call for a morsel of bread. "Oh," said they, "we have lost everything, we are ruined," and cried like children. One old man from Alabama, with two sons, stopped to rest a few moments. He could scarcely totter to a seat. He had been sick for months. When he started to go on she invited him to stay. "No," he said, "the Yankees are close after me, and will catch and kill me." Many others, sick and wounded, would stop a few moments, but none would remain. The dread Yankees would catch and kill them.

She told them Yankees never killed a captured foe; but, it had all no effect to check their mortal fear. One man passed with his brother on his back. Two would be leading and supporting one. Three or four would be packing one. A great many wounded passed. One had an arm shot off, tied up with a rag, some of their wounds appeared to have been dressed by a surgeon.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, some 400 had halted in a field near by. Some guns were fired off up the road, they rushed around, and into her house and kitchen, holding up their hands in terror, saying, they would be all killed for they could run no further, and their guns were thrown away. The firing was found to be a few of their own men shooting off their guns to re-load; it was a wet day, and they were constantly expecting an attack.

"Well," said I, "Mrs. H., how did it affect you?"

She said she would have helped to hang the last one, as they went up, with a good will,

but their terrible fear and distressed condition made her forget, for the time, their being enemies, and she and her negroes cooked and fed, and occasionally dressed their wounds, till long into the night.

Had the enemy been victorious, they would have had but little difficulty in marching upon Lexington, for the time crushing the union strength in the heart of Kentucky. The moral effect of this victory can scarcely be overestimated. It was the first of that chain of triumphs in the West, which opened the new year, and continued on without interruption until after the fall of New Orleans.

CAPTURE OF FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

These forts, though both in Tennessee, just south of the state line, are so intimately connected with the history of the war in Kentucky, as to necessarily belong to it.

Fort Henry was taken by the gun-boat fleet, under Com. Foote, on the 6th of February, 1862, after a brisk engagement of one hour. The terms of the surrender were unconditional, and the victory, though almost a bloodless one, proved to be of vast importance. When the attack was made, seven or eight thousand rebel soldiers were in the rifle pits, and behind the breastworks; but they became terror stricken—officers and men alike lost all self-control—they ran to escape the fearful storm of shot and shell, leaving arms, ammunition, tents, blankets, trunks, clothes, books, letters, papers, pictures, everything. All fled, excepting a brave little band in the fort.

Com. Foote, who in this and subsequent engagements gained so much *eclat*, was born in Connecticut, the son of one of its governors, and had been in the service about forty years.

At the beginning of the war he was transferred from the command of the navy yard, at Brooklyn, to that of the western flotilla. The religious characteristics of this veteran were remarkable. The Sunday after taking the fort, he attended the Presbyterian church, at Cairo, and in the unexpected absence of the pastor, he officiated, seeming to be as much at home in preaching as in fighting. He extemporized an excellent discourse from the text, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." He raised his voice in humble acknowledgment to heaven for the victory, asked for future protection, and showed that happiness depends upon purity of life, and a conscientious performance of duty.

The capture of Fort Donelson was an affair of much more magnificent proportions, and, beyond question, one of the grandest operations of this, or any other war.

In the early summer of 1861, the rebels began the erection of a fort on the west bank of the Cumberland, 107 miles from its mouth; 12 miles east from Fort Henry, and a few miles south of the Kentucky line, which they named from the Andrew Jackson Donelson family of Tennessee. It was made the best military work on the southern rivers. Its object was to control the river navigation, and defend Nashville and central Tennessee.

The water batteries, the most important, as commanding the river, were two, an upper and lower, excavated in the hill sides. They were very formidable, the lower especially, in which were eight 32-pounders, and one 10-inch columbiad, throwing a 120-pound ball. It was protected against an enfilading fire by strong traverses left between the guns. Elevated thirty feet above the water, it gave a fine com-

mand of the river, and rendered an attack in front extremely arduous. The main fort, occupying many acres, was in the rear of these batteries, on a high hill cloven by a deep gorge toward the south. The outworks were rifle-pits, extending in a semicircular form from the river bank about a mile below, to the bank about a mile above the fort, embracing within its upper limits the town of Dover—in all, an



FORT DONELSON.

The view was taken on the day after its occupation by the union troops. The interior of the fort is like a town with its multitude of log houses; in the foreground are officers' quarters, and on the extreme right Cumberland river.

immense area. "It took me," writes one, "three hours to go around, my horse walking fast." Along the front of this extensive line, the trees had been felled, and the brush cut and bent over breast high, making a wide *abatis* very difficult to pass through. The line of rifle-pits ran along an abrupt ridge of seventy-five or eighty feet, which was, in places, cut through by ravines making for the river. Hundreds of large, comfortable log-cabins, about 30 feet square, were within the area, with plenty of windows, chinked and daubed, presenting the appearance of a populous frontier village. They were built with immense labor, without any expectation of a forcible ejection by their sanguine architects. The nature of the ground was broken and irregular, inside and outside of the rifle-pits, made up of steep and lofty hills and ravines, with scarcely a level spot large as a parlor-floor in the whole of it. Within the works, the woods had been generally cleared, and for a small space outside of it. Its topography was unknown to the union commanders.

The Battle.—On Wednesday, the 12th of February, Gen. Grant left Fort Henry with about 15,000 men, in two divisions, under Gens. McClelland and Smith, for the vicinity of Fort Donelson, where they arrived at noon; the distance across between the two rivers being twelve miles. He had sent six regiments under the convoy of one of the gun-boats around by water. As these last had not arrived, the remainder of the day and all of the next was passed in skirmishing, in which the gun-boat Carondelet, under the direction of Gen. Grant, took part, and was repulsed after two hours' cannonading.

The investment, when completed, was made by Gen. McClelland's division, forming the upper part of the extended line, his right resting on Dover; that of Gen. Smith formed the lower part with a sub-

division under Gen. Lew. Wallace in the center. By Friday morning the reinforcements and fleet of gun-boats had arrived with the transports, from both Cairo and Fort Henry, adding about 10,000 fresh troops. That afternoon—the 14th—the gun-boats under Foote gallantly attacked the water batteries, and after a spirited battle of an hour and a half were repulsed. Upon this, Gen. Grant determined to strengthen his position and await the repair of the gun-boats; but the enemy did not allow this procrastination, for on the next (Saturday) morning, the 16th, soon after daybreak, they advanced under cover of a deadly fire of artillery, and hurled themselves in an immense body against the extreme right, on McClelland's forces, striking first against the 8th and 41st Illinois, who received the shock with coolness, but eventually had to give way before superior numbers, who then succeeded in capturing two batteries. The 18th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Illinois coming to their aid, with desperate valor retook all but three of the captured guns. Getting out of ammunition, they, too, were, like their comrades, compelled to fall back; when the enemy, with loud cheers, pressing on outflanked their right. Col. Cruft with the 17th and 25th Kentucky, and 31st and 44th Indiana came to their aid; when the 25th Kentucky, by a sad mistake, poured a slaughtering volley into the 31st Illinois, causing a terrible loss, and increasing the confusion, and inspiring the enemy to press on with redoubled vigor.

Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, a little later, came up with the 11th, 20th, 45th, and 48th Illinois, but was compelled to fall back, so completely had the enemy massed their forces. The enemy had accomplished all this, not by superior fighting qualities in the men, but by concentrating a superior force upon a single point and overwhelming McClelland's brave Illinoisans in detail; no troops could have long withstood the shock.

These operations had occupied all the earlier part of the day. Things looked gloomy here, the union troops had been driven from their position with the loss of 6 pieces of artillery; 4 colonels had been severely wounded; 3 lieutenant-colonels killed and several more wounded; a great number of company officers killed and wounded, and several regiments almost annihilated.

At this juncture, Gen. Lewis Wallace thrust his 3d brigade in front of some retiring regiments, retreating in excellent order, and only retreating from exhaustion of their ammunition. These formed in his rear and replenished their cartridge-boxes. The new front thus formed, consisted of a Chicago artillery company under Lieut. P. P. Wood, the 1st Nebraska, 58th Illinois, 58th Ohio, and Davidson's company of the 32d Illinois. In their rear, within supporting distance, were the 76th Ohio, 46th, and 57th Illinois. "Scarcely had this formation been made," reports General Lewis Wallace, when some regiments of the enemy, "attacked, coming up the road and through the shrubs and trees, on both sides of it, and making the battery and the 1st Nebraska the principal points of attack. They met this storm, no man flinching, and their fire was terrible. To say they did well is not enough; their conduct was splendid. They, alone, repelled the charge." The body of the enemy then fled pell-mell and in confusion.

The enemy still held their gained position on our right whence they had driven McClelland's main body. Gen. Grant hastened to

meet the emergency by ordering Gen. Smith to assault the enemy's works on our left, and carry them at all hazards, while preparations were made on the right to gain the ground lost in the morning. Cooke's brigade, comprising the 7th, 50th, and 52d Illinois, the 12th Iowa, and 13th Missouri, were ordered against one portion of the enemy's lines and Lauman's brigade, comprising the 2d, 7th, and 14th Iowa, and 25th Indiana were led by Gen. C. F. Smith in person against another part of the works.

The 2d Iowa, followed by the other regiments of the brigade, led the advance of the column of attack, without firing a gun—the skirmishers only doing that; and charged into the works, carrying the position, at an immense loss, at the point of the bayonet. The colors of the 2d Iowa occupied the post of honor, the result of the desperate struggle, inspiring the wildest enthusiasm.

Against the extreme right, Col. Smith shortly after moved the 8th Missouri, and 11th Indiana, supported by the 31st and 44th Indiana, under Col. Cruft. Skirmishers led in the advance: the enemy obstinately contested the ground; assailant and assailed, in several instances, sought cover behind the same tree. Up a lofty hill with outcropping rock and dense underbrush, they drove them step by step. The woods cracked with musketry. The 8th and 11th finally cleared the hill, driving the rebel regiments before them for nearly a mile, into their intrenchments. It was now nearly sunset. The battle of Fort Donelson had been fought. The next morning the enemy surrendered, to the number of about 10,000, with Gen. Buckner at their head. In the preceding night, Generals Pillow and Floyd, with some 2,000 men, had escaped across the river in steamboats.

The rebel garrison consisted of 30 complete regiments of infantry; of which 13 were from Tennessee; 9 from Mississippi, 4 from Virginia, 2 from Kentucky, 1 from Arkansas, and 1 from Texas. Besides, there were 2 or 3 battalions from Alabama and elsewhere; 2 battalions of cavalry, and 8 batteries of light artillery: in all, as reported by Gen. Pillow, about 12,000 men. They were commanded by Gen. Floyd, with Generals Pillow, Buckner and Johnson, under him. The union loss was 1,517; viz., killed, 321; wounded, 1,046, and missing, 150. The rebel killed and wounded was unknown.

Details and Incidents.—In the gun-boat attack on Thursday, the same order was observed as in that upon Fort Henry—the boats forming two lines. The plunging shot of the enemy were too much for them. The contest was maintained for an hour and a half with great spirit, when the St. Louis became unmanagable, and others so much shattered that the commodore ordered the squadron to drop away. He was in the pilot-house during the action giving his orders. One ball entered it, killed the pilot, and badly wounded the Commodore. When he saw that he was compelled to retreat, it is said, the old veteran wept.

A big bush-fight has been applied as describing this battle. It was fought like most of the battles in this war, for the most part in the forest, with a thick undergrowth beneath, and regiments acted, generally, on the principle of hitting a head wherever they could see it.

The nights were passed without tents in the open air, and their nearness to the enemy rendered the building of fires dangerous. The sol-

diers suffered greatly from the cold; on Friday night, a sleety rain turned to snow, and their wet clothing grew stiff with ice. By morning, two inches of snow covered the ground.

The wounded, in many instances, were not found under several days, for the line of battle extended several miles, over rough, uneven ground, rugged cliffs, high hills, deep valleys, thick underbrush, and some swamps, which made the labor of hunting up and bringing them in exceedingly tedious. Many died from want of prompt assistance. The wounded became stiff with cold, and covered with sleet and snow. Part of the time the thermometer had been only ten degrees above zero. It is doubtful if suffering was greater, although it was longer, in the retreat of the French from Moscow.

Eye witnesses give us many details.

One says: "The snow was so thoroughly saturated with blood, that it seemed like red mud as you walked around in it. Men writhing in agony, with their feet, arms, or legs torn off, many begging to be killed, and one poor fellow I saw delirious, who laughed hideously as he pointed to a mutilated stump, which had, an hour ago, been his arm. One old man, dressed in homespun, with hair white as snow, was sitting, moaning feebly, against a wall. A fragment of shell had struck him upon the head, bursting off his scalp, as if detached from the skull by a knife, and causing it to hang suspended, from the forehead, over his face." And another writes:—A dark-haired young man, of apparently twenty-two or three, I found leaning against a tree, his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he had joined the rebels in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she had found he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair.

The bible lay half opened upon the ground, and the hair, a dark lock tinged with gray, that had been between the leaves, was in his hand.

Tears were in his eyes, as he thought of the anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen for the long-expected footsteps of her son, who would never more return.

In the lock of hair, even more than in the sacred volume, religion was revealed to the dying young man; and I saw him lift the tress, again and again, to his lips, as his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bounds the shores of life and death; as if he saw his mother reaching out to him with the arms that had nursed him in his infancy, to die, alas! fighting against his country and her counsels whose memory lived latest in his departing soul.

The letters found on their dead soldiers turn our ideas into another channel. They are from fathers, sisters, and wives—mostly from the latter. The wife writes about home; she sends cakes, pies, and clothing; almost every one so many twists of tobacco; one sends apples—the largest one is from the wife, the next in size from the oldest child, and so on to the youngest one. Some tell how the work goes on; that Jo and Tom (slaves) are drawing rails, or grubbing, but it has rained so much they could do little. They have got so many pounds of sugar from Memphis, or they are using rye instead of coffee, and they like it just as well. One wants shoes for Andy, and she sends the measure. I have it before me now. Alas, for Andy's shoes; and the pair he sent *her* fit her, and she thanks him for them. One wants her husband to take care of his health, and to keep himself well-supplied with good, warm socks. They relate the news of neighborhoods, and there are some scandalous stories. Such writers, I dare say, lead laughing lives. They seldom speak of the war or its cause; they seem wholly taken up with domestic cares. Several mention danger in connection with Cumberland Gap, and that troops are hurried thither. A father writing to his son speaks of the union men as "cowardly scamps." Every wife shows that she loves her husband; she prays for him; but all fear, all are in distress, and lie awake nights thinking of them. A fear of something dreadful, as likely to happen, runs through all their letters, whether written by men or women. They are plainly written; the spelling is not often good, but there is no mistaking the fact that they are warm with affection—that they have human feelings.

"Show that you have human feelings
'Ere you proudly question ours,"

exclaims the African captive. They have shown it.

These letters are addressed to those now dead. Ten thousand other men, to whom similar letters have been addressed, are carried away captive. It may be long before their families will learn whether those they love so well are prisoners in a cold, northern clime, or whether they lie in the cold, undistinguished grave. Many will die before peace returns. What agonizing hearts, what hopes long-delayed, will be found through the length and breadth of Middle Tennessee! O Heavens! these are they who have separated families without a sigh—who have sold children, some of them of their own blood, to go to the plains of Texas, fathers to the rice swamps of the Carolinas, and mothers to the cotton fields of Mississippi and Alabama.

The surrender was unexpected to our army, who were prepared, on Sunday morning, to storm the works along the whole line, and carry them at the point of the bayonet, though with the prospect of a heavy loss.

A Cincinnati colonel, a room-mate of Jefferson Davis, at West Point, gives some items.

Sunday morning, we were ordered to advance in the trenches of the enemy. I well understood the danger of the position. The men fell into ranks with cheerfulness. We marched to the top of the hill, and took position behind the embankments of the enemy. The rebels had retreated a short distance, along the ridge, to another position. While thus standing, a messenger came with a request not to fire, as they were about to surrender. To test their truth, I sent the color company, Capt. B. Wright, with the stars and the eagle (our two standards,) forward. They were allowed to proceed, and then our banners announced to all in sight that the contest was over. The enemy had surrendered, and I thanked God with deep emotion that we had thus been spared. Soon the regiments began to pour up the hill from every ravine, and, when we entered, we found large bodies of simply clad and ununiformed men, with stacked arms, in surrender. From the entire line, to the portion overlooked by the river, is about a mile and a half, and as the regiments were in sight of the river, with the gun-boats and the many steamers, cheer after cheer rose from the men in ranks who stood around.

While standing there a new cry was heard—a carrier came along crying, “Cincinnati Commercial, Gazette, and Times,” and, as I sat upon my horse, I bought them and read the news from home, and this, too, within an hour after the fort had surrendered.

The enemy soon vacated their quarters, and our weary troops, after four days’ hard work, were allowed the shelter of the huts our enemies occupied, and had shelter, fire, and food. Many of the prisoners, as I rode among them, appeared glad to have the matter ended; but seemed to think they ought to be allowed to go home forthwith. Officers seemed to think they should be allowed side arms, horses, servants; at any rate, we ought to allow servants to go home.

Many of our officers—another writes—have discovered in the secession captives old friends and school companions in years gone by. A federal lieutenant has found his brother in the captain of a Tennessee company, who has resided in Nashville for many years, and married a Mississippi widow. Truly is this, in more than one sense, a fraternal strife.

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the commander of the union forces, was forty years old at this time. He was born in Clermont county, Ohio, educated at West Point, served in the Mexican war, and was three times breveted there for gallant conduct. In 1854 he entered civil life. He went into the volunteer service from Illinois. When Buckner opened a correspondence, prior to the surrender of Donelson, he proposed an armistice of six hours, to give time to agree upon terms for capitulation. Grant refused any other “than an unconditional and immediate surrender;” ending his laconic note with the words—“*I propose to move immediately upon your works.*” This terse sentence, so crisp, sharp and resolute, was telegraphed through the land with unbounded approval, and at once took its place in history, as one of those few immortal lines that will never die.

Gen. Charles F. Smith gained great *eclat* by the splendid manner in which he led the storming party into the works of the enemy. Apparently indifferent to the storm of bullets which rained about him, he went ahead of his troops on horse-

back, and bareheaded, with his hat raised above him on the point of his sword. Such a fearless example, inspired his men with an irresistible energy, before which the enemy fled appalled. Gen. Smith was an old army officer who had seen much service. He was the son of an eminent physician of Pennsylvania, and graduated at West Point in 1825. While in command of the union troops at Paducah, like most prominent officers of the time, he fell under the ban of anonymous newspaper correspondents, who even accused him of sympathizing with the rebellion. He died shortly after the fall of Donelson.

The rejoicings over the fall of Donelson were unprecedented. It seemed, to use the then coined phrase, as if "the back bone of the rebellion" had been broken. A Cincinnati paper but expresses herein the prevailing sentiment of the country at that time.

The news which we publish to-day will cause every loyal heart in the nation to thrill with joy. That the rebellion has been broken, and that it must now rapidly run out, is not to be doubted for a moment. The loss of Bowling Green, Fort Donelson and Fort Henry, destroys *the last vestige* of strength that the rebels had in guarding the seeded states against a powerful invading army that will be sufficient to sweep to the Gulf, carrying before it, as a roaring hurricane, every obstacle that may impede its path. *At fort Donelson was fought the decisive battle of the war.* The blood shed there, and the victory, so nobly and so gloriously won, sealed the fate of the rebellion, and virtually re-cemented the apparently parted fragments of the union.

Hurras resounded through the streets of the cities, as the tidings of the great victory were flashed over the wires.

People collected in joyous knots, half strangers, shook hands, and a general ebullition of good feeling went all around. Among the funny incidents that occurred, was one in the rear of a store where an old merchant was reading to a friend beside him, an extra, with the glad tidings:

"*Fort Donelson surrendered—Generals Floyd, Pillow, Buckner and Johnson, and 15,000 prisoners taken!!*"—In bounded an excited individual, with hat in hand, which he at first sight shied at the head of his friend. The hat missed the head and broke the window. "Oh, excuse me," he cried, "I'll get another pane put in right off." The old merchant jumped from his chair, yelled—"never mind, never mind! *Break another—break 'em all!*" And then they all shook hands around, and crowed over the great news.

The *rebel lamentations* upon this event were bitter. They consoled themselves with the statement, that they fought with desperate valor against tremendous odds.

Day after day—said the Richmond Dispatch—the multitudinous hosts of invaders, were driven back past their own camps, until our glorious Spartan band, from sheer exhaustion, became crushed by a new avalanche of reinforcements, and suffer one of those misfortunes which are common to war.

If these bloody barbarians, whose hands are now soaked to the elbows in the life blood of men defending their own homes and firesides, dream that they are now one inch nearer the subjugation of the South than when they started on their infernal mission, they prove themselves to be fools and madmen, as well as savages and murderers.

They have placed between them and us a gulf that can never be crossed by their arts or arms, and a universal determination to die, if die we must, for our country, but never permit her to be subjugated by the most malignant, the most murderous, the meanest of mankind, whose name is, at this very moment, such a by-word of scorn and reproach throughout Europe, for their combined cruelty and cowardice, that their own ambassadors can not stand the scorn of the world's contempt, and are all anxious to fly back to the United States

EVACUATION OF BOWLING GREEN AND COLUMBUS.

Bowling Green and Columbus, like many points in this war, for awhile were prominent centers of attraction, under the expectation of their becoming the scenes of decisive events. They will be barely

noticed in history, while many others, then unknown, have become invested with a permanent interest.

On the 17th of September, 1861, Gen. Buckner seized Bowlinggreen with his rebel forces, and threatened to be in Louisville within a week, and to make his winter quarters in Cincinnati. The rebels remained five months, having at times a large force. Gen. Algernon Sidney Johnson was placed in supreme command. It was regarded as the Western Manassas, having been strongly fortified. After the fall of Fort Henry, they saw it was in immediate danger of becoming untenable, and they prepared to evacuate. Gen. Buell, with his army on the north of Green River, at the same time made ready to march upon



PUBLIC SQUARE BOWLING GREEN,
Showing the portion of the town burnt by the rebels.

it. On the 14th of February, the last train of cars were just getting under way, when Gen. Mitchell, escorted by Kennett's cavalry, heading the advance division of Buell's army, arrived on the banks of the Big Barren, opposite the town, and hurried their departure by a few rounds from Loomis' battery. They had made a narrow escape, through the unexpected early arrival of the dashing Mitchell. They set fire to the railroad depot, and to other buildings, containing a large amount of army stores, and moved off by these huge bonfires of their own kindling. When our forces reached the town it was a scene of desolation. Nearly all the inhabitants had disappeared; the secessionists from fear of the union army, the union people from the unpleasant exhibition of energy Capt. Loomis had given in throwing his shells among them. Many marks remained of rebel occupation: among these were the graves of nearly 1500 of these deluded people. From here, Mitchell immediately moved on to Nashville—the rebels still in flight. The evacuation of Columbus, on the Mississippi, which took place about two weeks later, cleared Kentucky of rebel troops, until the period of the guerrilla raids, under Morgan, in the ensuing summer.

The last of summer and early autumn of 1862 were exciting times in Kentucky. Morgan, the guerrilla, was active and dashing. He reported that, in 24 days he had traveled 1,000 miles, captured 17 towns, destroyed large amounts of government stores, dispersed 1,500 home guards, and paroled nearly 1,000 regular troops, and lost but 90 men.

The great event of the season was the invasion of the state by Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith. After the battle of Shiloh, the main rebel army under Bragg occupied the region about Chattanooga, and heavy rebel forces under Kirby Smith the country further north, in the

vicinity of Knoxville. Gen. Buell with the union army was in camp further west, on, and near the north line of, Alabama. About midsummer, rumors of a rebel invasion of the state were rife; boasts of the capture of Louisville and Cincinnati were common among the rebel sympathizers. Suddenly Bragg and Smith started on their march northward. Buell also broke up camp, and the two armies entered on their long race across two states for the Ohio.

Battle of Richmond.—Toward the last of August, Kirby Smith first entered the state, and on the southeast, and with about 15,000 men—veteran soldiers. General Manson, ignorant of the superiority of the enemy, with only about 7,000 troops, undertook to give them battle. His men were new levies and undisciplined. Early on Friday, August 29, news came to Richmond that Colonel Metcalfe's Kentucky cavalry had fallen back from Big Hill, before a superior force. In the afternoon, General Manson advanced and skirmished. The rebels showed only a small part of their force; and, as a ruse, allowed the union troops to capture a piece of artillery.

Saturday's sun rose clear and bright: as the day wore on, the heat became intense, the thermometer, at noon, standing at 95 degrees in the shade. At 6 o'clock, General Manson formed his troops, mostly from Indiana, in line of battle half a mile beyond Rogersville. This is a hamlet on the Lexington turnpike, four miles south of Richmond.

The rebels formed theirs in an arc of a circle with a flanking regiment at each end, so as to bring our men between a cross fire, which no troops could stand. The details are given by an eye witness:

General Manson, unable to resist, sent to General Craft for reinforcements. The 66th Indiana, 18th Kentucky, and 95th Ohio were ordered out, together with six field pieces belonging to Andrews' Michigan battery. The men were all eager for battle, and only grumbled for not being called out sooner.

It was now eight o'clock. The cannon roared with terrific fierceness and rapidity, on both sides, and the contest seemed hard to determine. We had two guns—the enemy eleven. Neither line wavered a particle, or evinced any signs either of victory or defeat. The most experienced of military men could not tell how the battle was going up to nine o'clock. It was not until a few deadly volleys of musketry were exchanged, that the experience and discipline of the rebel troops began to turn the fortunes of the day in their favor. The 69th Indiana, on the extreme right of our lines, replied with effect to a sharp fire from the confederate infantry; the 16th, on the left, did the same, while the artillery still roared on the center of both lines. The 95th Ohio, on its arrival, was sent to the support of the extreme right, which seemed to waver a little under the leaden hail. Col. McMillan and his men went fearlessly forward, and made a noble stand. Shortly after this, the 95th Ohio was ordered to the left to charge a battery. And here, let me ask, when, in the history of warfare, was a regiment called upon to perform such a feat two weeks after its equipment? But the undisciplined Ohioans stood up to the work, and bravely rushed where veterans might hesitate to go. But their courage and determination were more than matched by the skill and experience of their opponents, and, amid one of the most terrible fires, the ranks of the 95th were broken.

At ten o'clock, A. M., our right and left flanks, which had been very poorly protected, began to give way. The rebels were gradually encroaching upon us on both sides, and we must either fall back or be surrounded. Six thousand raw troops, after two hours' fighting, and with the consciousness of approaching defeat before them, to fall back in order! The thing is impossible.

The order to fall back was followed by a panic and stampede, and victory perched itself upon the rebel banner. Our men broke in wild disorder, amid the loud cheers of the victors. The rebels followed our men into the fields and up the

road, firing upon them from every possible point. I believe they killed a greater number in one single cornfield than fell during the engagement of three hours in the line of battle.

During all of the first engagement on Saturday, about five hundred cavalry belonging to Col. Metcalfe's, Col. Jacobs', and Col. Mundy's regiments, stood, drawn up in line, about half a mile in the rear of Rogersville, and one mile from the battle-ground, and rendered very efficient service in collecting the scattering ranks. The sight had become sorrowful. Many officers implored their men, and with tears in their eyes, to rally, crying out, "For God's sake, men! don't run off this way. Rally, men, rally."

Just as the stampede was at its height, the 12th Indiana, which had been held back as a reserve, came up the road, on the double-quick, with flying colors. The effect was admirable. The scene infused vigor into many desponding hearts, and caused hundreds of men to halt on their affrighted retreat. The 12th formed the nucleus around which the greater part of the fleeing army rallied for a second stand. The stars and stripes never looked more beautiful than upon the unsullied banner of Indiana's sons, as it waved a signal for another great effort to beat back the foes to liberty and union. The colors of the 12th were the only ones I could see upon the second battle-ground. c

But, now for a second stand of 6,000 citizens against 18,000 soldiers.

The ground selected by our men for this second stand, was about a mile from the first battle-ground. It was not the best position in the immediate neighborhood, but happening to be the point at which the scattered troops were rallied, it was chosen in preference to attempting another change and risking another stampede.

Every field officer on the ground used his best exertions to encourage the troops, implored them to stand, and not run away, in wild disorder, to be pursued and shot down. The effect, for awhile, seemed excellent. The men stood unflinchingly up to the galling fire of an overwhelming force.

The rebel artillery was reinforced for the second fight, and it seemed to be their determination to annihilate our army rather than to capture it. With fifteen pieces, they kept a continuous fire of grape, shell, and solid shot upon our reduced ranks. Our undrilled Indianians and Ohioans kept their lines unbroken. At the expiration of half an hour, the firing ceased on both sides for nearly ten minutes—from what cause I did not learn. Then commenced a musketry fire, which proved too much for our inexperienced men. It lasted for about five minutes, and ended in a second stampede. Our troops, while they stood, loaded and fired with worderful rapidity, considering their late initiation into an art which their antagonists had been practicing for a year and a half. While they fired as often as the rebels, I do not believe they did half as much execution as was done to them. Unused to taking steady aim at objects like those now before them, many of them became too much excited and too nervous for marksmanship, and discharged their guns at an angle of forty-five degrees—sending the bullets harmlessly over the heads of their opponents. The rebels took deliberate aim, fired low, and with telling effect.

The second stampede was commenced and made. It was worse than the first. The rebels, again victorious, and frantic with enthusiasm over their second triumph, separated into squads and pursued the flying host, with terrible effect. Yet, Generals Cruft and Manson determined to make a third effort to repel the enemy.

Consider the number of our forces in the morning, the fact that they had been panic-stricken twice, and that they had already lost upward of 800 men in killed and wounded, and it will be apparent that the remnant was not large enough to make a formidable stand.

But Gen Nelson had arrived from Lexington, and was determined that the day should not be lost so early. He directed all the movements, and the result of the engagement showed the master-hand. Under his management, 3,000 federal troops did more execution in a space of time not much greater than is frequently occupied in a skirmish, than 6,000 had done in two battles of several hours' du.

ration. And amid all the danger and exposure, none was more exposed than he. He rode along the lines, giving words of encouragement to his men, while the bullets flew thicker than at any other time during the day, and he was a conspicuous mark at which shots were fired. "Keep it up men—the rebels are running. That's it. Let them have it. Fire low. Take good aim. We'll whip them yet," and similar expressions he used to make a victory, already certain, as dearly bought as possible for the enemy. He frequently said, "Reinforcements will be here right away"—and, of course, it is not for me to say that they were not on the road, though, I must say, they never came. The rebels had, evidently, resolved on finishing the work this time. They were reinforced and fought with desperation. They used but little artillery, relying, principally, upon their "unerring rifles."

I should have mentioned before now that the ground selected for the third stand was a slight elevation, about three quarters of a mile from town, and included the Richmond cemetery, whose beautiful obelisks now bear many marks of the bloody struggle. In that little city of the dead no less than seventy-five rebels fell in half an hour. They had sought refuge behind the marble, the more effectually to destroy our men and insure their own safety. Gen. Nelson discovered them, and maneuvered his troops so as to bring them under a cross-fire, which made terrible havoc among them.

This was a hotly-contested engagement, though of short duration, and one in which our men, though outnumbered, punished the enemy very severely. Had all the fighting of the day been proportionately favorable to our side, the sun would not have set upon a vanquished federal army. The union loss in this engagement was estimated at 3,000, of whom 2,000 were taken prisoners and immediately paroled.

Two days after Lexington surrendered to Kirby Smith, and on the 3d of September, Frankfort was taken. The archives and public property were removed to Louisville, where the legislature was convened. Gov. Robinson called upon every loyal citizen to rally to the defense of the state. All the able bodied citizens of Louisville were at once ordered to enroll themselves for the defense of the city. Cincinnati, Covington and Newport became excited at the approach of the enemy. Gen. Lewis Wallace assumed command; declared martial law in the three cities, and summoned the citizens for defense. The advance guard of the enemy, on the 7th, came within five miles of Cincinnati, and on the same week Maysville was entered by them.

At this time, both the armies of Bragg and Buell were entering the state, the latter having passed through Nashville on the 5th. On the 14th an advance brigade, under Gen. Chalmers, of the rebel "Army of the Mississippi," as Bragg's army was then called, reached Munfordsville.

Battle of Munfordsville.—At this place were some of the works erected to defend the Louisville and Nashville railroad bridge across Green River. The garrison consisted of 2200 men, under Col. John T. Wilder, of the 17th Indiana. On Sunday morning, the 14th, Chalmers, with one Alabama and four Mississippi regiments, attempted to carry these works by storm. Wilder reserved his fire until their first line came within about thirty yards, when he said in his official report: "I directed the men to fire and a very avalanche of death swept through the ranks, causing them first to stagger, and then run in disorder to the wood in the rear, having left all their field officers on the ground, either killed or mortally wounded." The second line also came up in the same admirable manner. Says Col. Wilder: "They were literally murdered by our terrible fire. Major Abbot sprang upon the parapet, bareheaded, with his hat in one hand and his drawn saber in the other, urging his men to stand to the work, until he was shot dead under the flag he so nobly defended. A braver man never fell. The flag had

146 bullet holes through it." From this repulse the enemy never recovered; but, at the end of two hours, sent in a flag of truce, with a demand for an unconditional surrender, to avoid further bloodshed. Wilder thank him for his compliments, and told him if he wished to avoid further bloodshed just to keep out of the range of his guns. This Chalmers was careful to do, for he had already lost nearly 1000 men in killed and wounded.

On Tuesday, Bragg, with his main army, surrounded the works and sent in a flag of truce with a statement of the facts, and requiring a surrender. This Wilder consented to do if Bragg would allow him to verify his statements by personal observation. To this singular proposition Bragg agreed, and Wilder rode around the enemy's line, counting 45 cannon in position, supported by 25,000 men. The next morning he surrendered, marching out with the honors of war.

The enemy hastily crossed his entire army here, destroyed the railroad bridge, placed a strong rear guard on the bluffs, to oppose the crossing of Gen. Buell, advancing from Bowlinggreen. The next day Buell's cavalry drove off the rear guard, and the army of Gen. Buell hastily crossed, in rapid but fruitless pursuit.

While Cincinnati was put in defense, under General Wallace, Louisville was placed in command of General Nelson, who had arrived from the unfortunate field of Richmond. He erected new fortifications, and gave life and energy to the army of hastily collected raw troops, numbering some 30000 men. He found that Gen. Bragg was pushing forward rapidly, and it seemed as if a desperate effort was to be made by Kirby Smith and Bragg to unite their forces and take Louisville, ere Buell could arrive to oppose them. In such an event he prepared to evacuate it, cross to the Indiana shore, and shell the city from that side. For this purpose he erected batteries at Jeffersonville, threw pontoon bridges across the Ohio, sent over government stores, and on the 22d of September issued the startling order: "*The women and children of this city will prepare to leave the city without delay.*"

The excitement which followed can scarcely be described. Instead of only preparing to leave, multitudes at once left; men, women and children, carrying their most precious goods with them, poured in an unbroken stream across the pontoons; and the stampede, at one time, threatened to become a panic. Thousands unable to obtain a shelter in Jeffersonville and New Albany, were compelled to live for several days in the neighboring woods and fields, until the arrival of Buell's army.

The causes of Gen. Bragg's failure to reach Louisville have thus been given:

At Munfordsville, on the 16th of September, Bragg was immediately in front of Buell, and by the action of his rear guard he was enabled to hold Buell's cavalry in check until the rebel advance was two days nearer Louisville than the union forces. Arriving with his cavalry at Elizabethtown, and his infantry at the point of convergence of the roads to that place and Hodgenville, Bragg hesitated which to take. The direct road to Louisville lay through Elizabethtown, and crossed Salt River at its mouth. Bragg argued that there was danger if he moved by this short line, that the opposition of Nelson to his crossing at Salt River, would enable Buell to come upon his rear, when a battle of unfortunate issue would leave the rebel army without a proper line of retreat. He consequently chose the longest route, by way of Bardstown, and moving with great haste to that point, deployed upon the various approaches to Louisville, and began a systematic advance from Bardstown, Taylorsville and Shelbyville, September 22d. In the meantime, Buell, reaching the turning off point of Bragg, at once chose the short line to Louisville, by the mouth of Salt River. The advance of his weary troops, under Crittenden, reached the mouth of Salt River at dusk, Sep-

tember 24th, when urgent calls came from Nelson to push on. The army was put in motion again, and by a forced march of twenty miles, it reached the city by daylight the next morning. The city was saved. Bragg was foiled, compelled to retire on Bardstown, and his great invasion thus proving a failure, he was forced to assume the defensive, and soon after began to retire.

Buell's army remained in the city a few days, and that of Nelson consolidated with it. Nelson was given the command of the center corps, but did not live to control it in the field, for he was killed at the Galt House, on the 29th instant, by a pistol shot, fired by Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, an officer under him, whom he had brutally insulted. To an overbearing disposition, Gen. Nelson united many excellent qualities. His loyalty was a passion, his bravery unsurpassed, and woe to any who attempted infringements upon the rights of his soldiers. His person was gigantic, and the Niagara of oaths with which he enforced his orders, were more feared than rebel bullets. His influence was great in saving Kentucky when she was vibrating in the scale of loyalty. His great fault was atoned for by his sudden death; but his memory will be held in honor, for his eminent services and intense patriotism. In accordance with his dying wish his remains were placed in Camp Dick Robinson, of which he was the founder.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, OR CHAPLIN HILLS.

The pursuit of Bragg by the grand army of Gen. Buell began on the 1st of October, when in heavy imposing columns it marched out of Louisville.

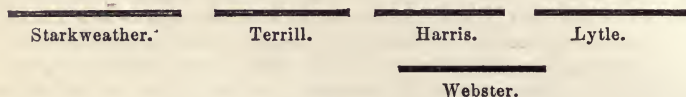
At this time, the main body of Bragg's rebel army, composed of about 40,000 men, with some 70 pieces of artillery, was encamped in the vicinity of Bardstown. Kirby Smith had 15,000 men, at Lexington, Frankfort, and neighborhood. At Georgetown, Humphrey Marshall had 4000 men, and John Morgan and Scott had each a body of cavalry, roaming at will through central Kentucky. The aggregate strength of the enemy was hardly 60,000, inclusive of 5000 cavalry and 90 pieces of artillery.

Buell moved from Louisville, with three corps, 1st, McCook's; 2d, Crittenden's; 3d, Gilbert's. Beside the nine divisions of these three corps, he had a tenth—an independent division—that of Dumont. His entire force was nearly 80,000 strong, including about 7000 cavalry and 170 pieces of artillery. The probabilities of success were flattering. His forces were concentrated and superior; those of the enemy scattered and deficient in artillery. Many of Buell's regiments were, however, new levies.

Soon after leaving Louisville, slight skirmishing began with the enemy. On Tuesday, the 7th, it was apparent the rebels were in great force about Perryville, a hamlet some eight miles southwest of Harrodsburg. Buell designed to give them battle there the next day, with nearly his entire force. On Wednesday morning, the 8th, Bragg had three of his six divisions, half of his entire army, in line of battle, but mostly secreted from view. Buell, not being quite ready, postponed his design of bringing on a general engagement, not dreaming the enemy would attack. The latter, however, did attack; and so unfortunate was the management on the part of the union general, that the battle was fought on our side by two divisions of McCook's corps, Jackson's and Rousseau's, and Gooding's brigade. These were largely

new troops, never before in action. Gen. McCook says in his report: "Rousseau had present on the field 7000 men; Jackson, 5500. The brigade of Gooding amounted to about 1500. The battle was principally fought by Rousseau's division."

The Battle.—The battle began at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, by a fierce onset upon McCook's entire line. His two divisions were in five brigades, and stationed about as in the diagram.



Six batteries were distributed at suitable points along the line. Gilbert's entire army corps was too in line most of the day, to the right of McCook's, his extreme left being a short distance only from Lytle's brigade. Crittenden's corps was farther to the right, resting on Gilbert. The outlines of the battle have thus been drawn:

The left and left center, under Starkweather and Terrell, first experienced a most desperate assault by a largely superior force of the enemy, manifestly bent upon carrying this all-important position, and turning our line. Gen. Jackson was with Terrell's brigade. He fell at the first fire of the rebels, and, under the tremendous volleys now poured upon Terrell's new regiments, they gave way in a few moments in the utmost confusion, and were driven pell mell from the field, leaving seven guns of a battery of eight in the hands of the enemy. Thus, in the first half-hour of the battle, one fifth of the union force engaged was virtually placed *hors du combat*, and a portion of its line broken.

This misfortune, together with the vigor of the attack and great numerical superiority of the enemy—the latter, so uniformly magnified by our generals, was, for the first time, really almost three to one—seemed to bode a speedy termination of the struggle disastrous to our troops. But happily, the stubborn gallantry of Rousseau's old troops was equal to the emergency, and eventually secured the day.

The heavy rebel line that had fallen upon and broken and scattered Terrell's brigade, immediately followed up its advantage by a succession of most determined advances upon the extreme left under Starkweather. He had only three regiments of infantry, but two splendid batteries, and with this small, though dauntless force, he repulsed attack after attack of the enemy, and maintained his position during two hours, until after his ammunition was exhausted, when he fell back under orders for several hundred yards without losing any guns. After refilling their cartridge-boxes his men resumed the contest with the enemy that had followed them, and continued it without yielding another inch until dark.

Harris' brigade, on the right center, fought with equal bravery and steadfastness. It likewise stemmed the onsets of an outnumbering enemy for several hours. After exhausting their supplies of cartridges, the men secured and fired with those of their dead and wounded comrades, and even after these were expended they did not fall back, but held their ground for some time under a heavy fire, to which they could not return a single shot, until orders reached them to retire to a position that brought them again on a line with Starkweather, whose withdrawal had preceded theirs. In this second position this brigade continued fighting until the end of the combat.

Lytle's brigade, on the extreme right, was assailed not as early as the left, but with equal violence, by superior numbers. It resisted successfully several attacks, and maintained its ground until about 4 o'clock, "when a new column of the enemy," to quote from the report of Gen. Rousseau, "moved around to its right, concealed by the undulations of the ground, turned its right flank and fell upon its right and rear, and drove it, and forced it to retire."

Gen. McCook arrived on the ground at this moment, and forthwith ordered Webster's brigade to move from the rear of the center to the support of Lytle. In carrying out this order, Col. Webster was mortally wounded as soon as he got under fire. His new regiment got into disorder after his fall, and proved of hardly any avail to the right.

Though terribly cut up, and somewhat in confusion, the brigade was reformed, after extricating itself from the enemy, some hundred yards from its first position. It was hardly once more in line, when the same body that compelled it to retire again moved upon its right. It was permitted to approach to close range, and then opened upon by the battery and infantry of the brigade. But, although fearful havoc was made upon its ranks by grape, cannister and musketry, it kept steadily moving on. At this critical moment, the long-expected reinforcements, consisting of Gooding's brigade of Mitchell's division, with a battery, arrived near Lytle's brigade, and immediately took its place. The fresh troops moved to meet the advancing enemy without delay, and after a short, but severe struggle, involving a loss of one third their number, drove the rebels back. This was just before dark, and terminated the battle. While Gooding's brigade was driving the enemy, Gen. Steadman's brigade of Gen. Schoepf's division appeared on the ground, and was put in position by Gen. McCook. It was, however too late to be of any service, firing having ceased on both sides before it was fairly formed.

Gen. McCook's two divisions had really fought the battle of the day. The divisions of Generals Mitchell and Sheridan, of Gilbert's corps, however, also bore a part, though a minor one, in it.

Simultaneously with the first attack upon McCook's line, at 2 o'clock P. M., strong columns of the enemy appeared both on the right of Mitchell, in front of Sheridan, with the apparent intention to attack. Gen. Mitchell immediately advanced a line of skirmishers from Carlin's brigade on his right, upon which movement the enemy at once fell back under cover. Gen. Sheridan thought himself so seriously threatened that he sent a message to Gen. Mitchell, stating that he needed re-inforcements. In response, Mitchell ordered Carlin's brigade to advance upon Sheridan's right. Sheridan then advanced upon the force in front of him, and after a slight contest caused it to retire. Carlin moved forward at the same time, and with commendable ardor charged upon the enemy, made them yield in confusion, and followed them nearly two miles to the very town of Perryville, its advance capturing an ammunition train of fifteen wagons, two caissons, and 3 officers and 138 privates. Finding the enemy was occupying the town with a force of infantry and artillery superior to his own, Carlin fell back to a strong position, on the west side of the town, where he kept up an artillery fight until dark.

Gen. Sheridan was no more seriously troubled after the mentioned brief affair between 2 and 3 o'clock. Later in the afternoon he fell back, in obedience to orders from Gen. Gilbert, some distance to the rear, and went into bivouac.

The causes of the disastrous issue of this battle were ascribed to Generals Buell and Gilbert, as these facts show. At 3 o'clock, Capt. Horace W. Fisher, of McCook's staff, was dispatched by that officer to Gen. Gilbert with pressing demands for assistance. Gilbert refused, but referred him to Gen. Buell. That officer was two miles in the rear, and an hour was consumed in finding him. It was 4 o'clock when Fisher reported. And how did Buell respond? He stepped out of his tent, held his ear toward the scene of action, listened for a few moments, and then turning sharply to Captain Fisher, said: "Captain, you must be mistaken; I can not hear any sound of musketry; there can not be any pressing engagement?"

Captain Fisher returned without any orders for reinforcements. After awhile, a change of wind brought the sound of musketry to Buell, and he then sent orders to Gilbert, if McCook really wanted assistance to furnish it. Thus it happened that Gooding's brigade

reached McCook at the close of the battle, two hours after he had first appealed for help to Gilbert. Grievous as was this portion of the battle, it was not the worst. The writer from whom we have previously quoted, says:

As previously stated, Sheridan was not seriously troubled by the enemy after 3 o'clock, P. M. Both he and Mitchell were ready and anxious for a forward movement upon the enemy. There was further the whole of Gen. Schoepf's splendid division of old, battle-trying troops, lying directly behind them all day without firing a shot. All the officers of the three divisions chafed under the incomprehensible management that kept them bivouacking within short cannon-range of, and in full view of, the unequal struggle on their left. Gen. Sheridan sent word to Gen. Gilbert to "beware what he was doing;" Gen. Schoepf begged and entreated permission to advance, and when refused, fairly wept in the bitterness of his disappointment. But all was of no avail. The 3d corps remained idle spectators of the desperate straits to which their valiant, bleeding, partially-broken comrades under McCook were becoming gradually reduced. And yet its position was such — there was not an intelligent officer in the corps that did not see it — that an advance of its line for less than a mile would have brought it to the very rear of the enemy that had fallen upon McCook.

The logic of all of the above-mentioned facts allows no other than these legitimate conclusions:

1. The blame for the disastrous results of the battle is divided between Generals Buell and Gilbert.

2. The share of the former consists in his failure to provide for the contingency of an attack by the enemy, through the means of instructions to Generals Gilbert and McCook, as to how to operate in case of its occurrence, and first discrediting instead of acting promptly upon the urgent appeal for relief of General McCook.

3. That of General Gilbert is the largest, and is made up, before all, of his refusal of prompt assistance to General McCook, and reference of the subject to General Buell, by which over an hour's time, full of peril, was lost. But for the unflinching valor of McCook's old troops, this delay would have resulted in the annihilation of the whole left wing. Every consideration of duty imposed it on General Gilbert to respond at once to the earnest request of General McCook. It would be hard to find a counterpart to his course in the history of any war. The second shortcoming chargeable to him is his neglect to improve his open opportunity of turning the reverse of the day into victory, by lying, with 25,000 men, in waiting for an attack, instead of undertaking one himself, which would have not only relieved Gen. McCook, but resulted in the capture and destruction of his assailants.

The question will probably occur, why General Buell did not repair, himself, to the battle-field, instead of sending an aid, to ascertain the situation? He had met with a mishap of a peculiar character the day before, that had rendered him unable to mount a horse. In trying to ride down a straggler — a practice, one would think, rather incompatible with the dignity of a general-in-chief, but frequently indulged in by General Buell — his charger had become unmanageable and threw him.

The enemy had achieved a substantial success, though at no trifling cost of life and limb. They had killed and wounded 3,500, including three general officers, and taken prisoners, 400 of our soldiers; captured 11 pieces of artillery, and held the main part of the battle-field. There had been certain chances to secure a union triumph, instead of a humiliation. They had been missed; but it was still in the power of General Buell to make up for the loss sustained by making prompt use of time, means, and circumstances. Alas! this, too, was omitted, as the after events showed.

The total losses of both armies by this battle were not far from 8,000 men — the rebels losing the most. On the next morning, our army advanced, to find the enemy gone. Of their spoils, they had carried off only two guns, and their prisoners. "The astonishing au-

dacity of the rebels in venturing into the very fangs of our army with not one half of its numbers, had not involved him in any serious detriment." General Buell still acting upon the theory that the rebels designed to fight a battle for the permanent occupation of Kentucky, remained for three days in the vicinity of Perryville. "During all this time, his army was kept in constant line of battle, as though in expectation of an attack. The whole army was puzzled by this inexplicable inactivity. There was not a man in it, from generals down to privates, outside of Buell's headquarters, that did not fret under it." In the meanwhile, Bragg's army had leisurely marched northerly through Harrodsburg, thence easterly to Bryantsville, to enable Kirby Smith to join him—thus describing two sides of a triangle—while, if Buell had simply marched across the country, easterly, on the third side, he would readily have intercepted him. It was nearly a week before Buell got to Danville, only half a day's march from Perryville by the direct route. He arrived there, *via* Harrodsburg, on Tuesday. After reaching Danville something like a pursuit was attempted: it was too late. The week's delay of Buell had given Bragg ample leisure to move southward, out of reach, by the way of Crab Orchard and Mt. Vernon. He got out of the state safely, his trains loaded down with the riches of Central Kentucky. He took millions in value—cattle, mules, hogs, clothing, boots, shoes, etc.

Buell was soon after removed from command. A more unpopular officer never commanded American soldiers: and "it was not uncommon to hear him openly denounced as a traitor, by officers and men, from generals down to privates." Gilbert was also removed and heard of no more.

Buell was acquitted of blame for the management of the campaign by a court martial: and, to this day, in the judgment of some officers exalted in public confidence, stands second to none in military ability.

Evacuation of Cumberland Gap.—The invasion of Kentucky compelled the evacuation of Cumberland Gap, which important post was held by four brigades under Gen. Morgan, of Ohio. They left on the 17th of September, and, marching north, struck the Ohio at Greenupsburg, a distance of about 230 miles, in 15 days. The march was remarkable for its privations, many of the men becoming barefooted, and destitute of pantaloons. One of the officers gives some interesting items.

The division had been on half rations for some days, and left the Gap without subsistence. Along the entire route the men subsisted on green corn, gathered in the fields by the wayside. With their bayonets they picked holes in their tin plates, cups, and canteens, speedily converted them into graters, on which they ground, or grated, their corn. While on the march, each gun could be seen with its string of corn, and no sooner would the column halt, than the men would come down to their tedious and tiresome work of grating their corn into meal. Water was very scarce. All they found was in ponds, pools, and swamps, green and stagnated. All along the route, they were harassed by the enemy, who had blocked the road with fallen timber. At many points Capt. Patterson, of the engineer corps of sappers and miners, was compelled to construct a new road through the woods and over the mountains. With the aid of blocks and tackle, our boys removed the fallen trees nearly as fast as they were felled by the rebels. At one point, Capt. Patterson informs us, that while he was removing the timber, he could

hear the rebels chopping down the trees in the woods ahead of him. The roads being badly cut up, considerable time was occupied in fitting up and repairing, in order to admit the passage of teams and artillery. The rebel Morgan, who was constantly harassing our men with a large force of his guerrilla cavalry, was frequently misled by our movements. He would block up the road at important crossings, while our sappers and miners would speedily make a cut-off, thus avoiding the difficulty. The rebels were led to believe that we were moving on Mt. Sterling, and were surprised to find that our army had taken a different course.

No event of moment occurred in Kentucky after this during the war until

FOREST'S ATTACK ON PADUCAH.

Paducah, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Tennessee, has suffered much from the rebellion. Upon the breaking out of the war, the secession mania took strong root in the minds of its citizens. When, in September, 1861, the union forces occupied it for the first time, the streets and houses were found decorated with rebel flags, in anticipation of the arrival of Polk's army.

When attacked by the rebel General Forrest, on the 25th of March, 1864, it was garrisoned by the following forces, under command of Col. S. G. Hicks, viz.: 311 men of the 16th Kentucky; 124 of the 122d Illinois, and 250 (colored) of the 1st Kentucky artillery—in all, 685. Forrest's force consisted of about 6,000 mounted men, with eight pieces of artillery. The details of the attack and gallant defense which was made are here given by a pen familiar with them.

Upon learning that an attack would be made, Col. Hicks notified the inhabitants of that fact by special order, so when the first attack was made but few were remaining in the city. Knowing the great numerical superiority of the enemy, Col. Hicks ordered his whole command to the fort, and awaited his appearance.

The gun-boats, Paw-paw and Peosta, which were anchored out in the river, weighed and moored toward the upper end of the wharf—the one to the mouth of the Tennessee, the other a little below. These boats have a light armament, and are known on the river as "tin-clads," their plating being only sufficiently thick to resist the missiles of small arms, and perhaps grapeshot.

A little before one o'clock the enemy's advance came in sight, and in a moment afterward the main body appeared in the act of forming line—his right extending toward the Tennessee, and being nearest to town, while the left was partially concealed by timber at long cannon range. The men on either flank were mounted, while bodies of dismounted men, who at that distance seemed to be a little in advance of the others, appeared in occasional intervals in the line, which was little less than two miles long.

The enemy seemed to have entered on his campaign with an accurate knowledge of what was to be done, and was evidently posted as to the strength of our garrison. There was no delay in the advance. He pushed his line forward, rapidly and steadily, while, at the same time, a detachment from the right flank, several hundred strong, dashed into the now deserted city, and down Market-street, and the other streets back of it, until, coming within rifle range of the fort, they opened a galling fire from the houses.

It seems that Col. Hicks, prudently, did not strain his men at the commencement of the action, and although his fire was accurate, it was delivered slowly—the range being different at almost every discharge. The necessity he was under of turning some of his guns upon the town so slackened our fire that the enemy was enabled to make a charge upon the fort. But the movement was perceived and prepared for, and the first signs of an advance were greeted with a heavy and well-directed fire, which created some confusion. The rebels continued to advance, however, and a part of them, by veering to the right, threw themselves partially under cover of the uneven ground and the suburban buildings. On they

came, with loud cheers that sounded distinctly through the now increasing roar of battle, and which were defiantly answered by our men, who now, reeking with perspiration, plied their rammers with accelerated rapidity, and hurled destruction through the advancing lines. As soon as they came within good rifle range a terribly destructive fire was opened upon them, and men toppled, reeled, and fell to the ground by scores. Although the overwhelming force continued to close upon the fort, it was now evident that there was much disorder among them, and presently a portion of the line gave way, when the whole force broke in confusion and retreated precipitately, leaving the ground strewn with not less than 200 killed and wounded. The discomfited rebels were then re-formed upon their original line.

The houses near the fort were again occupied by sharpshooters, and the rebels moved rapidly up, with increased numbers, and, apparently, a full determination to succeed. They dashed forward from behind buildings, and such other objects as served to cover their advance, while the main column rushed upon the fort, despite the murderous fire that opposed them. But their efforts were futile. The indomitable "six hundred" had no idea of being overpowered, and amid the answering thunders from fort and gun-boats, and the unbroken rattle of small arms, the enemy was again repulsed and fled from the field, disordered and whipped. Not less than 500 men, dead or wounded, covered the field, within rifle range of the fort. A more gallant defense was never made. But the fighting did not cease with this repulse. The rebels swarmed thicker and thicker in the buildings, and an unintermitting storm of lead was poured from roofs and windows, notwithstanding the houses were being perforated by shot and shell from all our guns.

Every gun in the fort was now turned upon the town, while the gun-boats took an active part in sweeping the streets and shelling the houses. The enemy, finding that our force was not strong enough to risk leaving the works, did not reform his whole line again, but sent his men by detachments, several hundred strong, into the city, some to burn and pillage, and others to reinforce those who were yet firing upon the garrison. Now was the hardest trial our brave fellows had to bear. In spite of the shells that were sent crushing through the buildings, the sharpshooters, who, by this time, must have numbered nearly 1,000, held their positions, or else falling back for a few minutes again came forward, and delivered their fire.

It was now nearly night-fall. The battle had continued from ten o'clock to after five, and yet the fate of the day remained undecided. The heroic garrison, headed by their resolute commander, still stood unflinchingly to their posts, while the enemy, conscious of his overwhelming numbers, seemed loth, although signally repulsed, to yield to the fact of his undeniable defeat.

Four hours had passed, during three of which there was an almost unbroken roar of artillery and small arms. In the mean time, the rebels had occupied every part of the town. The headquarters and quartermaster's buildings, which were in the most compactly built part of the city, had been sacked and fired. The marine ways had also been fired, and the steamer *Dacotah*, which was on the stocks for repairs, was boarded, the crew robbed of every thing, and the boat burned. Almost every store in the place was broken open, and its contents damaged, destroyed, or carried off. Clothing, and especially boots and shoes, seem to have been chiefly sought for, although an exceedingly large quantity of all styles and qualities of dry goods, groceries, and provisions was carried off. Every horse that could be found was taken, and, in fact, nothing that could suit taste or convenience was overlooked.

As the sun began to sink, the slackened fire from the buildings told that our shelling had not been without effect, and the rebels could be seen from the fort, as they left the houses by hundreds, and moved back toward the upper end of the town, bearing their dead and wounded. Many, however, remained behind, and although the firing was now light it was continuous.

By this time, the ammunition in the fort was well-nigh exhausted, and it is barely possible that if the enemy had again attempted to storm the works, the small garrison might have been overpowered by sheer stress of overwhelming

numbers. But his disastrous experience of that day deterred him, and his offensive operations were confined to sharp-shooting from the buildings. This was kept up until nearly midnight, when the firing ceased entirely, and the rebels left the town. Col. Hicks' announcement to the garrison that their ammunition had almost given out, but that they would defend themselves with the bayonet, was received with loud cheers, and showed a determination to fight to the last. That was an anxious night to the occupants of the fort. The knowledge that their means of defense would not, if attacked, last much longer, that the enemy was still within gun-shot of them with a force outnumbering them nearly ten to one, and that it was very probable that a night attack would be made, disinclined all to sleep, and the peremptory order of Col. Hicks that every man should remain broad awake and stand to his post, was scarcely necessary. So the night passed, every man awaiting expectantly the anticipated attack and determined to win or die.

Next morning, the enemy was found to be still in our front, but some hundred yards in rear of his original line of the day before. Every thing pointed to another attack, and another day of trial for our gallant garrison. In view of this, Col. Hicks sent out several detachments with orders to burn all the buildings which had been occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, on the previous day, or that could afford them a similar protection in the event of an attack on this day. This order was promptly executed, and in less than fifteen minutes that part of the town below Broadway, and between Market-street and the river, together with many other buildings outside of these limits, were in flames. Many of the finest business houses and dwellings were thus destroyed, and none who has formerly been acquainted with this once beautiful city can help regretting the sad but imperative necessity that called for its partial destruction.

The next day the enemy withdrew fairly beaten.

The rebel Brigadier-general Thompson was shot through the head, while on his horse near the fort, during the fight. After falling to the ground, a shell struck him in the abdomen, and blew him to pieces. His spinal column was found several feet from his mangled body. Before the war, he was looked upon as one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Kentucky, and was one of the most distinguished lawyers of the day. He was for a long time prosecuting attorney of his district, and attained eminent popularity in that capacity.

The rebel loss was estimated at over 1,000; the union loss was less than 80.

MORGAN'S RAIDS.

During the progress of the war, quite a number of raids were made into Kentucky, under the celebrated John Morgan, a native of the state, born and bred near Lexington; most of these were for the sake of plunder, and were far from being successful. In nearly every engagement he was defeated, and generally failed to carry off the spoils he had collected. On the 18th of August, 1862, he made a dash into the city of Lexington, killing 6, and capturing 120 unionists. He was defeated by a body of union cavalry, inferior in numbers to his own, near Hardysville, in December of the same year. He captured the union garrison at Elizabethtown, consisting of 250 men, on the 28th of December, his own force being nearly 3000; and in a few days after, was repulsed in an attack upon New Haven, Kentucky. On the 19th of March, 1863, he captured a train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, but while engaged in plundering, was dispersed by a detachment of union troops.

On the 5th of July, with 4000 cavalry, after a battle of seven hours, he compelled Col. Hanson, with 500 men, to surrender at Lebanon. On the 7th of July, he crossed the Ohio river with a large force, nearly

all of which was captured at different points in Ohio, among them Morgan himself; who afterward escaped from the penitentiary at Columbus.

Early in June, 1864, Morgan made another raid into Kentucky. One of his men, captured at Maysville, reported, that the force in Kentucky was immediately under the command of Gen. Morgan, Col. Alston and Col. Smith; that the rebel force was about 3000, a large portion of them dismounted cavalry. They entered the state at Pound Gap, preceded by a scouting party, under Everett, to pick up horses for their dismounted men; passed through Hazelgreen, Owingsville, and Flemingsburgh, and took Maysville without resistance, robbing its citizens of money and other valuables. The farms of union men were stripped of horses, while those of rebel citizens were protected. Everett left Maysville on June 8th for Mount Sterling. The ordnance train from Frankfort was attacked near Bagdad by a rebel force under Jenkins. Mr. Sparks, a union member of the Kentucky Legislature, was killed. Gen. Burbridge, who had been following the rebels since they left Pound Gap, came up with them on the 9th at Mount Sterling, and defeated them. A portion of Morgan's command entered Lexington at 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 10th, burned the Kentucky Central Railroad depot, robbed a number of stores, and left at 10 o'clock, in the direction of Georgetown and Frankfort.

On Friday, the 10th of June, Morgan, with 3000 rebels, attacked the 168th and 171st Ohio regiments, under Gen. Hobson, at Cynthiana, and after a severe fight, compelled Hodson to surrender, on condition that his men should be immediately exchanged. These troops from Ohio were all recruits, without military experience.

The early battle was scarcely over before secession citizens threw open their doors, and invited their rebel friends in to breakfast. Many of them were old acquaintances, and scores of fond greetings took place in the streets, not a few females running out and stopping their old friends on horseback, greeting them with smiles and laughter, although they came with the blood of their neighbors warm on their hands.

Morgan remained in Cynthiana Friday night, expecting Burbridge's forces, and exultant over the defeat of Hobson. His forces were drawn up in line of battle Friday night, crossing the Millersburg pike, a mile east of the town.

At 12 o'clock, Friday night, Gen. Burbridge moved his columns in the direction of Paris, and, taking some prisoners on the road, arrived there at daylight on Saturday. He rested all day, and heard of the fight with Hobson at Cynthiana. At midnight of Sunday, he started for Cynthiana, and arrived there just before daylight. The 37th Kentucky, under command of Major Tyler, were two miles in the advance, and discovered the rebel force one mile from town, in a line of battle over a mile long. They were posted behind stone walls, in houses, and along cross-fences. The 37th Kentucky advanced along the pike, deployed as skirmishers, and fought the enemy for three quarters of an hour. Gen. Burbridge came up during the skirmish, and deliberately formed his line of battle in the face of the enemy, about four hundred yards from their advance line, placing his two twelve-pounders on the pike. The infantry was posted on the right and left of the artillery, and the cavalry on the flanks, the 7th Ohio on the left, and the 9th Michigan on the right. The cavalry simultaneously flanked the rebels, and turned back their lines, the infantry in the center advancing steadily, and forcing back the rebel lines. The right gave way first; Col. Minor charging in three lines, under a heavy rebel fire, at short range, and relying on the saber. Col. Howard Smith quailed before their advance, and turning his horse, led his men in a panic to and through the town. In charging upon the rebel left, the 9th Michigan struck too far to the right, and cut through the rebel line, driving them to the river, but leaving a gap through which Morgan and a few hundred of his men escaped, following down the river, and taking the Augusta pike. The infantry pressed back the rebel center, and repulsed handsomely a cavalry charge. The artillery meanwhile was moved up the pike, within half a mile of town, and had hardly got in position when another cavalry charge was made upon it. But a sweeping fire of canister swept men and horses before it, and the rout already be-

gun, reached its climax. One by one at first the rebels fell back through town, crossed the river and followed the Williamstown pike. The whole line closed in on them, and they rushed tumultuously through the streets. Down the railroad, over fences, up the steep banks and through the bottoms, the rebels plunged headlong in their haste to escape. Hemmed in on the east side of the river, their line of escape was over the bridge west of town, which was filled with routed and panic-stricken horsemen. A general charge, by columns down the streets, was made by Gen. Burbridge's forces, and Morgan's command completely routed. The rebels, unable to cross by the bridge, pushed into the river, great numbers of whom were killed or drowned while crossing. Those who remained together, struck off to the west, and were followed for six miles out by the pursuing force, leaving their killed and wounded at every point. In the engagement, Morgan himself commanded at first, but soon left his men under Col. Howard Smith, and escaped.

Gen. Burbridge's success was complete. Two hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, and one hundred killed or drowned. The wounded were most of them so severely injured as to be unfitted for service forever, and many of them were mortally wounded. Their rebel friends concealed their number, making it difficult to obtain a reliable estimate. The losses in Gen. Burbridge's command were sixteen killed and mortally wounded, twenty-nine wounded, and none missing. One thousand two hundred horses were captured, and a large supply of ammunition, and one hundred prisoners retaken.

Sunday night, Gen. Burbridge and staff, with four companies of the 11th Michigan cavalry, rode all night and reached Georgetown by daylight. Col. Garrard's command, which was mounted on fresh horses, and Col. Hanson's brigade, continued the pursuit. Col. Garrard's brigade followed Morgan closely to Clack Mountain, near Morehead, when further pursuit would have been fruitless. The total number who escaped with Morgan, according to reliable estimates, did not exceed 700.

This was the last of the raids of the famous John Morgan. On Sunday, the 4th of the September ensuing, Gen. Gillam surprised Morgan and his band at Greenville, East Tennessee, capturing 86 prisoners and one gun. Morgan was killed, the details of his death are thus given, as published at the time.

Morgan was at the house of Mrs. Williams, in the town, and was so suddenly surprised that he rushed out only partly dressed. As he was passing through the garden, in the rear of the house, he was shot through the body, by Andrew G. Campbell, 13th Tennessee cavalry. This man had two grievances, aside from his desire to serve his country, which made him more anxious to kill the great horse-thief. When our forces retired from that section, Capt. Keenan, of Gen. Gillam's staff, was left at the house of a widow. When Morgan came up, he cursed the woman for receiving him into her house, and took the sick man and threw him into a rough road wagon, and said, "*Haul him off like a hog;*" and our men have not heard from him since. The other grievance was that Campbell had been conscripted, and had to serve in the rebel ranks some months before he could escape. After shooting Morgan, he took the body on his horse and carried it about one fourth of a mile, and pitching it to the ground, he observed to his officers, "*There he is, like a hog.*"

Campbell for this service was promoted to a lieutenancy. Two of Morgan's staff, Captains Withers and Clay, the latter a grandson of Henry Clay, were captured in the garden of Mrs. Williams, concealed in a hole in which potatoes had been buried.

OHIO.

THE territory now comprised within the limits of Ohio was, originally, part of that vast region formerly claimed by France, between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, known by the general name of Louisiana. It received its name from the river that forms its southern boundary. The word *Ohio*, in the Wyandot, signifies, "*fair*" or "*beautiful river*," which was the name given to it by the French, the first Europeans who explored this part of the country.



ARMS OF OHIO.

The disastrous expedition, under La Salle, who was murdered by his own men, did not abate the ardor of the French in their great plan of obtaining possession of the vast region westward of the English colonies. Iberville, a French officer, having in charge an expedition, sailed from France to the Mississippi. He entered the mouth of this river, and proceeded upward for several hundred miles. Permanent establishments were made at different points, and from this time, the French colonies west of the Alleghanies increased in numbers and strength. Previous to the year 1725, the colony had been divided into quarters, each having its local governor, but all subject to the superior council general of Louisiana. One of these quarters was established north-west of the Ohio.

Before the year 1750, a French post had been fortified at the mouth of the Wabash, and a communication opened with Canada, through that river and the Maumee. About the same time, and for the purpose of checking the French, the "Ohio Company" was formed, and made some attempts to establish trading houses among the Indians.

The claims of the different European monarchs to large portions of America, were founded on the first discoveries of their subjects. In 1609, the English monarch granted to the London Company, a tract of land two hundred miles along the coast, "up into the land throughout *from sea to sea*, west and north-west." In 1662, Charles II granted to certain settlers on the Con-

necticut, a tract which extended its present limits north and south, due west to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1749, the year after the formation of the Ohio Company, it appears that the English built a trading house upon the Great Miami. In 1752, this was destroyed, after a severe battle, and the traders were carried away to Canada. This was the first British settlement in this section of which we have any record. The Moravian missionaries, prior to the American Revolution, had a number of stations within the limits of Ohio. As early as 1762, the missionaries, Heckewelder and Post, were on the Muskingum. *Mary Heckewelder*, the daughter of the missionary, is said to have been the first white child born in Ohio.

After Braddock's defeat, in 1755, the Indians pushed their excursions as far as the Blue Ridge. In 1764, Gen. Bradstreet, having dispersed the Indian forces besieging Detroit, passed into the Wyandot country by way of Sandusky Bay. A treaty of peace was signed by the chiefs and head men. The Shawnees, of the Scioto River, and the Delawares, of the Muskingum, however, still continued hostile. Col. Boquet, in 1764, with a body of troops, marched from Fort Pitt into the heart of the Ohio country, on the Muskingum River. This expedition was conducted with great prudence and skill, and with scarcely any loss of life. A treaty of peace was effected with the Indians, who restored the prisoners they had captured from the white settlements. The next war with the Indians was Lord Dunmore's, in 1774. In the fall of the year, the Indians were defeated at Point Pleasant, on the Virginia side of the Ohio. Shortly after, peace was made with the Indians at Camp Charlotte, a few miles north of the site of the city of Chillicothe.

During the Revolutionary war, most of the western Indians were more or less united against the Americans. In the summer of 1780, Gen. Clark led a body of Kentuckians against the Shawnees. Old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, was burnt on their approach, but at Piqua, on Mad River, six miles below the site of Springfield, they gave battle to the whites and were defeated. Their towns, Upper and Lower Piqua, were destroyed. In March, 1782, a party of Americans, in cold blood, murdered 94 of the defenseless Moravian Indians, within the limits of Tuscarawas county. In June following, Col. Crawford, at the head of about 500 men, was defeated by the Indians, three miles north of the site of Upper Sandusky, in Wyandot county. Col. Crawford was taken prisoner in the retreat, and burnt at the stake with horrible tortures.

After the close of the Revolutionary war, the states which owned western unappropriated lands, with a single exception, ceded their lands to the United States. Virginia, in 1784, ceded all her claim to lands north-west of the Ohio. In 1786, Connecticut also ceded her claim of soil and jurisdiction to all the territory within her chartered limits west of Pennsylvania. She also, in May, 1801, ceded her jurisdictional claims to all that territory called the "Western Reserve of Connecticut." New York and Massachusetts also ceded all their claims. Numerous tribes of Indians, by virtue of their prior possession, asserted their respective claims, which, also, had to be extinguished, for which purpose treaties with the several tribes were made at various times.

The Indian title to a large part of the territory within the limits of Ohio having become extinguished, legislative action on the part of congress became necessary before commencing settlements. In 1785, they passed an ordinance for determining the mode of disposing of these lands. Under that

ordinance, the first seven ranges, bounded on the east by Pennsylvania and on the south by the Ohio, were surveyed. Sales of parts of these were made in New York in 1787, and sales of other parts of the same range were made at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. No further sales were made in that district until the land office was opened in Steubenville, July 1, 1801.

In October, 1787, the U. S. board of treasury sold to Manassah Cutler and Winthrop Sargeant, the agents of the New England Ohio Company, a tract of land, bounded by the Ohio, from the mouth of the Scioto to the intersection of the western boundary of the seventh range of townships then surveying: thence by said boundary to the northern boundary of the tenth township from the Ohio, etc. These bounds were altered in 1792. The settlement of this purchase commenced at Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum, in the spring of 1788, and was the first settlement formed in Ohio.

The same year in which Marietta was first settled, congress appointed Gen. Arthur St. Clair governor. The territorial government was organized, laws were made or adopted by the governor and Judges Parsons and Varnum. The county of Washington, embracing about half the territory within the present limits of Ohio, was established by the proclamation of the governor. A short time after the settlement had commenced, an association was formed under the name of the "*Scioto Land Company*." A contract was made for the purchase of part of the lands of the Ohio Company. Plans and descriptions of these lands being sent to France, they were sold to companies and individuals. On Feb. 19, 1791, two hundred and eighteen of these purchasers left France, and arrived at Alexandria, Va., from whence they went to Marietta, where about fifty of them landed: the remainder of them proceeded to Gallipolis, which was laid out about that time. Their titles to the lands proving defective, congress, in 1798, granted them a tract on the Ohio, above the mouth of the Scioto River, called the "*French Grant*."

In January, 1789, a treaty was made at Fort Harmar, between Gov. St. Clair and the Wyandots, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, and Sacs, in which former treaties were renewed. It did not, however, produce the favorable results anticipated. The Indians, the same year, assumed a hostile appearance, hovered around the infant settlements at the mouth of the Muskingum, and between the Miamis. Nine persons were killed, the new settlers became alarmed, and block houses were erected.

Negotiations with the Indians proving unavailing, Gen. Harmar was directed to attack their towns. He marched from Cincinnati, in Sept., 1790, with 1,300 men, and went into the Indian country near the site of Fort Wayne, in north-western Indiana, and, after some loss, succeeded in burning towns, and destroying standing corn, but the object of the expedition in intimidating the Indians was entirely unsuccessful. As the Indians continued hostile, a new army was assembled at Cincinnati, consisting of about 3,000 men, under the command of Gov. St. Clair, who commenced his march toward the Indian towns on the Maumee. On the 4th of Nov., 1791, when near the present northern line of Darke county, the American army was surprised about half an hour before sunrise, as there is good reason to believe, by the whole disposable force of the north-west tribes. The Americans were totally defeated: upward of six hundred were killed, among whom was Gen. Butler.

In the spring of 1794, an American army assembled at Greenville, in Darke county, under the command of Gen. Anthony Wayne, consisting of about 2,000 regular troops, and 1,500 mounted volunteers from Kentucky.

The Indians had collected their whole force, amounting to about 2,000 warriors, near a British fort at the foot of the rapids of Maumee. On the 20th of Aug., 1794, Gen. Wayne encountered the enemy in a short and deadly conflict, when the Indians fled in the greatest confusion. After destroying all the houses and cornfields in the vicinity, the victorious army returned to the mouth of the Auglaize, where Wayne erected Fort Defiance. The Indians, being convinced of their inability to resist the American arms, sued for peace. A grand council of eleven of the most powerful tribes assembled at Greenville, when they agreed to acknowledge the United States their sole protector, and never to sell their lands to any other power.

At this period there was no fixed seat of government. The laws were passed whenever they seemed to be needed, at any place where the territorial legislators happened to assemble. The population of the territory continued to increase and extend. From Marietta, settlers spread into the adjoining country. The Virginia military reservation drew a considerable number of Revolutionary veterans and others from that state. The region between the Miamis, from the Ohio far upward toward the sources of Mad River, became chequered with farms. The neighborhood of Detroit became populous, and Connecticut, by grants of land within the tract reserved in her deed of cession, induced many of her citizens to seek a home on the borders of Lake Erie.

The territorial legislature first met in 1799. An act was passed confirming the laws enacted by the judges and governor, the validity of which had been doubted. This act, as well as every other which originated in the council, was prepared and brought forward by Jacob Burnet, afterward a distinguished judge and senator, to whose labors, at this session, the territory was indebted for some of its most beneficial laws. William H. Harrison, then secretary of the territory, was elected delegate to congress. In 1802, congress having approved the measure, a convention assembled in Chillicothe and formed a state constitution, which became the fundamental law of the state by the act of the convention alone, and by this act Ohio became one of the states of the federal union.

The first general assembly under the state constitution met at Chillicothe, March 1, 1803. Eight new counties were made at this session, viz: Gallia, Scioto, Franklin, Columbiana, Butler, Warren, Greene and Montgomery. In 1805, the United States, by a treaty with the Indians, acquired for the use of the grantees of Connecticut all that part of the Western Reserve which lies west of the Cuyahoga. By subsequent treaties, all the country watered by the Maumee and Sandusky was acquired, and the Indian title to lands in Ohio is now extinct.

About the year 1810, the Indians, who, since the treaty at Greenville, had been at peace, began to commit depredations upon the western settlers. The celebrated Tecumseh was active in his efforts to unite the native tribes against the Americans, and to arrest the further extension of the settlements. In 1811, Gen. Harrison, then governor of Indiana territory, marched against the Indians on the Wabash. The battle of Tippecanoe ensued, in which the Indians were totally defeated. In the war of 1812, with Great Britain, Ohio bore her full share in the contest. Her sons volunteered with alacrity their services in the field, and hardly a battle was fought in the north-west in which some of these citizen soldiers did not seal their devotion to their country in their blood.

In 1816, the seat of government was removed to Columbus. In 1817, the

first resolution relating to a canal connecting the Ohio River with Lake Erie was introduced into the legislature. In 1825, an act was passed "to provide for the internal improvement of the state by navigable canals." The construction of these and other works of improvement has been of immense advantage in developing the resources of Ohio, which in little more than half a century has changed from a wilderness to one of the most powerful states of the union.

Ohio is bounded N. by Michigan and Lake Erie, E. by Pennsylvania and Virginia, W. by Indiana, and southerly by Kentucky and Virginia, being separated from these last named two states by the Ohio River, which washes the borders of the state, through its numerous meanderings, for a distance of more than 430 miles. It is about 220 miles long from E. to W., and 200 from N. to S., situated between $38^{\circ} 32'$ and 42° N. Lat., and between $80^{\circ} 35'$ and $84^{\circ} 40'$ W. Long. The surface of the state covers an area of about 39,964 square miles, or 25,576, 960 acres, of which about one half are improved.

The land in the interior of the state and bordering on Lake Erie is generally level, and in some places marshy. From one quarter to one third of the territory of the state, comprising the eastern and southern parts bordering on the Ohio River, is hilly and broken. On the margin of the Ohio, and several of its tributaries, are alluvial lands of great fertility. The valleys of the Scioto and the Great and Little Miami are the most extensive sections of level, rich and fertile lands in the state. In the north-west section of the state is an extensive tract of great fertility, called the "Black Swamp," much of which, since the year 1855, has been opened into farms with unprecedented rapidity. Though Ohio has no elevations which may be termed mountains, the center of the state is about 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. The summit of the abrupt hills bordering on the Ohio, several hundred feet high, are nearly on a level with the surrounding country through which the rivers have excavated their channels in the lapse of ages.

Ohio possesses in abundance the important minerals of coal and iron. The bituminous coal region commences at the Ohio River, and extends in a belt, between the Scioto and Muskingum Rivers, nearly to Lake Erie. Great quantities of iron ore are found in the same section in a bed about 100 miles long by 12 wide, said to be superior to any other in the United States for the finer castings. Salt springs are frequent and very valuable. Marble and freestone, well adapted for building purposes, abound. Almost all parts are suitable for agricultural purposes, and the state ranks among the first in the products of the soil. Indian corn is the staple production. Large crops of wheat, great quantities of pork, butter, cheese and wool are annually produced. The grain crops of Ohio are very large; the estimate for 1860, a favorable year, was: Indian corn, 80 millions of bushels; wheat, 30 millions; and oats, 20 millions. It is estimated that the whole state has the natural capacity to feed 18 millions of people. Population in 1800 was 45,365; in 1820, 581,434; in 1850, 1,980,408, and in 1860, 2,377,917.

MARIETTA, the capital of Washington county, and oldest town in the state, is beautifully situated on the left or east bank of the Muskingum, at its confluence with the Ohio, 104 miles south-east of Columbus, 62 below Wheeling, Va., and 300, by the river, above Cincinnati. It is built principally on level ground, surrounded by beautiful scenery. Many of the houses are constructed with great neatness, having fine gardens, and ornamental trees and

shrubbery, which mark the New England origin of its population. The founders of the town comprised an unusual number of persons of refinement and taste. Very many of them had served as officers in the armies of the revolution, and becoming ruined in their fortunes in the service of their country, were thus prompted to seek a new home in the wilds of the west. Marietta College, in this place, was chartered in 1835, and is one of the most respectable institutions of the kind in the state. Population about 5,000.



SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE ANCIENT MOUND, MARIETTA.

The engraving shows the appearance of the Mound as seen from the dwelling of Mr. Rosseter, in Marietta, opposite the grave-yard. Its base is a regular circle, 115 feet in diameter; its perpendicular altitude is 30 feet. It is surrounded by a ditch 4 feet deep and 15 wide, defended by a parapet 4 feet high, through which is a gate-way.

In the autumn of 1785, a detachment of U. S. troops, under the command of Maj. Doughty, commenced the erection of Fort Harmar, on the west bank of the Muskingum. It was named in honor of Col. Harmar, to whose regiment Major Doughty was attached. In the autumn of 1787, the directors of the Ohio Company organized in New England, preparatory to a settlement. In the course of the winter following, a party of about 40 men, under the superintendence of Col. Rufus Putnam, proceeded over the Alleghanies by the old Indian path which had been opened into Braddock's road, and

boats being constructed, they proceeded down the river, and on the 7th of April, 1788, landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, and laid the foundation of the state of Ohio.

"As St. Clair, who had been appointed governor the preceding October, had not yet arrived, it became necessary to erect a temporary government for their internal security, for which purpose a set of laws was passed and published, by being nailed to a tree in the village, and Return Jonathan Meigs was appointed to administer them. It is a strong evidence of the good habits of the people of the colony, that during three months but one difference occurred, and that was compromised. Indeed, a better set of men altogether could scarce have been selected for the purpose than Putnam's little band. Washington might well say, 'no colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which was first commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community.'

On the 2d of July, a meeting of the directors and agents was held on the banks of the Muskingum, for the purpose of naming the new-born city and its public squares. As the settlement had been merely 'The Muskingum,' the name Marietta was now formally given to it, in honor of Marie Antoinette.

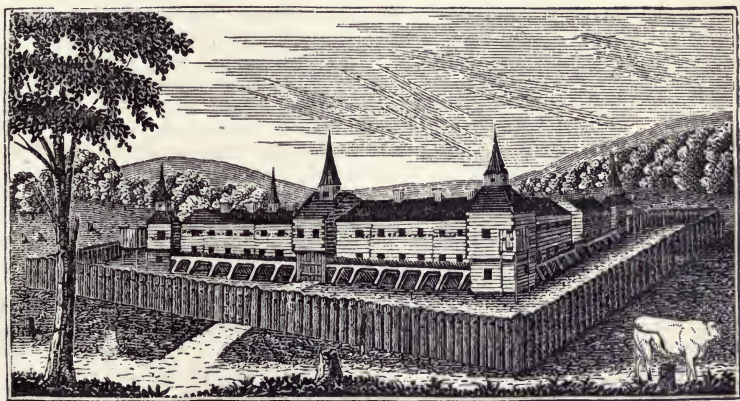
On the 4th of July, an oration was delivered by James M. Varnum, who, with S. H. Parsons and John Armstrong, had been appointed to the judicial bench of the territory, on the 16th of October, 1787. Five days later, the governor arrived, and the colony began to assume form. The ordinance of 1787 provided two district grades of government for the north-west territory, under the first of which the whole power was in the hands of the governor and three judges, and this form was at once organized upon the governor's arrival. The first law, which was 'for regu-

ating and establishing the militia,' was published upon the 25th of July, and the next day appeared the governor's proclamation, erecting all the country that had been ceded by the Indians east of the Scioto River into the county of Washington.

From that time forward, notwithstanding the doubt yet existing as to the Indians, all at Marietta went on prosperously and pleasantly. On the 2d of September, the first court was held, with becoming ceremonies, which was the first civil court ever convened in the territory north-west of the Ohio.

'The procession was formed at the Point (where most of the settlers resided), in the following order: 1st, the high sheriff, with his drawn sword; 2d, the citizens; 3d, the officers of the garrison at Fort Harmar; 4th, the members of the bar; 5th, the supreme judges; 6th, the governor and clergyman; 7th, the newly appointed judges of the court of common pleas, generals Rufus Putnam and Benj. Tupper.

They marched up a path that had been cut and cleared through the forest to Campus Martius Hill (stockade), where the whole counter-marched, and the judges (Putnam and Tupper) took their seats. The clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cutler, then invoked the divine blessing. The sheriff, Col. Ebenezer Sproat (one of nature's nobles), proclaimed with his solemn 'Oh yes' that a court is opened for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect of persons; none to be punished without a trial by their peers, and then in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case.' Although this scene was exhibited thus early in the settlement of the state, few ever equaled it in the dignity and exalted character of its principal participators. Many of them belong to the history of our country, in the darkest as well as most splendid periods of the revolutionary war. To witness this spectacle, a large body of Indians was collected from the most powerful tribes then occupying the almost entire west. They had assembled for the purpose of making a treaty. Whether any of them entered the hall of justice, or what were their impressions, we are not told."



Campus Martius, at Marietta, in 1791.

Soon after landing, Campus Martius, a stockaded fort, was begun on the verge of that beautiful plain, overlooking the Muskingum, on which are seated those celebrated remains of antiquity, but it was not completed with palisades and bastions until the winter of 1790-1. It was a square of 180 feet on a side. At each corner was a strong block-house, surmounted by a tower and sentry-box:

These houses were 20 feet square below, and 24 feet above, and projected 6 feet beyond the curtains, or main walls of the fort. The intermediate curtains were built up with dwelling houses, made of wood, whipsawed into timbers four inches thick, and of the requisite width and length. These were laid up similar to the

structure of log houses, with the ends nicely dove-tailed or fitted together so as to make a neat finish. The whole were two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. Convenient chimneys were erected of bricks, for cooking and warming the rooms. A number of the dwelling houses were built and owned by private individuals, who had families. In the west and south fronts were strong gateways; and over that in the center of the front looking to the Muskingum River, was a belfry. The chamber underneath was occupied by the Hon. Winthrop Sargeant, as an office, he being secretary to the governor of the N. W. Territory, Gen. St. Clair, and performing the duties of governor in his absence. The dwelling houses occupied a space from 15 to 30 feet each, and were sufficient for the accommodation of forty or fifty families, and did actually contain from 200 to 300 persons, men, women and children, during the Indian war.

Before the Indians commenced hostilities, the block-houses were occupied as follows:—the south-west one by the family of Gov. St. Clair; the north-west one for public worship and holding of courts. The south-east block-house was occupied by private families; and the north-east as an office for the accommodation of the directors of the company. The area within the walls was 144 feet square, and afforded a fine parade ground. In the center was a well, 80 feet in depth, for the supply of water to the inhabitants in case of a siege. A large sun-dial stood for many years in the square, placed on a handsome post, and gave note of the march of time. It is still preserved as a relic of the old garrison. After the war commenced, a regular military corps was organized, and a guard constantly kept night and day. The whole establishment formed a very strong work, and reflected great credit on the head that planned it.

Ship building, at Marietta, was carried on quite extensively at an early day. From the year 1800 to 1807, the business was very thriving. Com. Abm. Whipple, a veteran of the Revolution, conducted the one first built, the St. Clair, to the ocean.

At that time Marietta was made "a port of clearance," from which vessels could receive regular papers for a foreign country. "This circumstance was the cause of a curious incident, which took place in the year 1806 or 1807. A ship, built at Marietta, cleared from that port with a cargo of pork, flour, etc., for New Orleans. From thence she sailed to England with a load of cotton, and being chartered to take a cargo to St. Petersburg, the Americans being at that time carriers for half the world, reached that port in safety. Her papers being examined by a naval officer, and dating from the port of Marietta, Ohio, she was seized, upon the plea of their being a forgery, as no such port was known in the civilized world. With considerable difficulty the captain procured a map of the United States, and pointing with his finger to the mouth of the Mississippi, traced the course of that stream to the mouth of the Ohio; from thence he led the astonished and admiring naval officer along the devious track of the latter river to the port of Marietta, at the mouth of the Muskingum, from whence he had taken his departure. This explanation was entirely satisfactory, and the American was dismissed with every token of regard and respect."

One of the early settlers in this region, gave Mr. Howe, for his work on Ohio, the annexed amusing sketch, illustrating pioneer life:

People who have spent their lives in an old settled country, can form but a faint idea of the privations and hardships endured by the pioneers of our now flourishing and prosperous state. When I look on Ohio as it is, and think what it was in 1802, when I first settled here, I am struck with astonishment, and can hardly credit my own senses. When I emigrated, I was a young man, without any property, trade, or profession, entirely dependent on my own industry for a living. I purchased 60 acres of new land on credit, 2 1-2 miles from any house or road, and built a camp of poles, 7 by 4 feet, and 5 feet high, with three sides and a fire in front. I furnished myself with a loaf of bread, a piece of pickled pork, some potatoes, borrowed a frying pan, and commenced housekeeping. I was not hindered from my work by company; for the first week I did not see a living soul, but, to make amends for the want of it, I had every night a most glorious concert of

wolves and owls. I soon (like Adam) saw the necessity of a help-mate, and persuaded a young woman to tie her destiny to mine. I built a log-house 20 feet square—quite aristocratic in those days—and moved into it. I was fortunate enough to possess a jack-knife; with that I made a wooden knife and two wooden forks, which answered admirably for us to eat with. A bedstead was wanted: I took two round poles for the posts, inserted a pole in them for a side rail, two other poles were inserted for end pieces, the ends of which were put in the logs of the house—some puncheons were then split and laid from the side rail to the crevice between the logs of the house, which formed a substantial bed-cord, on which we laid our straw bed, the only one we had—on which we slept as soundly and woke as happy as Albert and Victoria.



A Pioneer Dwelling in the Woods.

In process of time, a yard and a half of calico was wanted; I started on foot through the woods ten miles, to Marietta, to procure it; but alas! when I arrived there I found that, in the absence of both money and credit, the calico was not to be obtained. The dilemma was a serious one, and how to escape I could not devise; but I had no sooner informed my wife of my failure, than she suggested that I had a pair of thin pantaloons which I could very well spare, that would make quite a decent frock: the pants were cut up, the frock made, and in due time, the child was dressed.

The long winter evenings were rather tedious, and in order to make them pass more smoothly, by great exertion, I purchased a share in the Belpre library, 6 miles distant. From this I promised myself much entertainment, but another obstacle presented itself—I had no candles; however, the woods afforded plenty of pine knots—with these I made torches, by which I could read, though I nearly spoiled my eyes. Many a night have I passed in this manner, till 12 or 1 o'clock reading to my wife, while she was hatcheling, carding or spinning. Time rolled on, the payments for my land became due, and money, at that time, in Ohio, was a *cash article*: however, I did not despair. I bought a few steers; some I bartered for and others I got on credit—my credit having somewhat improved since the calico expedition—slung a knapsack on my back, and started alone with my cattle for Romney, on the Potomac, where I sold them, then traveled on to Litchfield, Connecticut, paid for my land, and had just \$1 left to bear my expenses home, 600 miles distant. Before I returned, I worked and procured 50 cents in cash; with this and my dollar I commenced my journey homeward. I laid out my dollar for cheap hair combs, and these, with a little Yankee pleasantry, kept me very comfortably at the private houses where I stopped till I got to Owego, on the Susquehanna, where I had a power of attorney to collect some money for a neighbor in Ohio.

At Marietta are some ancient works, which, although not more remarkable than others in the state, and not so extensive as some, are more generally known, from having been so frequently described by travelers. They are on an elevated plain, above the present bank of the Muskingum, on the east side, and about half a mile from its junction with the Ohio. They consist of walls and mounds of earth in direct lines, and in square and circular forms. The largest square fort, or town, contained about forty acres, encompassed by a wall of earth, from six to ten feet high. On each side were three openings, probably gateways. On the side next the Muskingum there was a covert way, formed of two parallel walls of earth, upward of 200 feet apart, extending probably, at the time of their construction, to the river. There was also a smaller fort, consisting of 20 acres, having walls, gateways and mounds. The mound in the present graveyard is situated on the south-east of the smaller fort. The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in this yard:

Sacred to the memory of Commodore ABRAHAM WHIPPLE, whose naval skill and courage will ever remain the pride and boast of his country. In the REVOLUTION, he was the first on the seas to hurl defiance at proud Britain, gallantly leading the way to wrest from the mistress of the seas her scepter, and there wave the star spangled banner. He also conducted to the sea the first square rigged vessel ever built on the Ohio, opening to commerce resources beyond calculation. He was born Sept. 26th, A.D. 1733, and died May 26th, 1819, aged 85 years.

Gen. RUFUS PUTNAM, died May 4, 1824, in the 87th year of his age.

Here lies the body of his Excellency, RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, who was born at Middletown, Connecticut, Nov. —, 1766, and died at Marietta, March 29, 1825. For many years his time and talents were devoted to the service of his country. He successively filled the place of Judge of the Territory North-west of the Ohio, Senator of Congress of the United States, Governor of the State, and Post Master General of the United States. To the honoured and revered memory of an ardent Patriot, a practical Statesman, an enlightened Scholar, a dutiful Son, an indulgent Father, an affectionate Husband, this monument is erected by his mourning widow, Sophia Meigs.

In memory of Doctor SAMUEL HILDRETH, a native of Massachusetts, who died at Belpre, August 6th, A.D. 1823, aged 73 years.

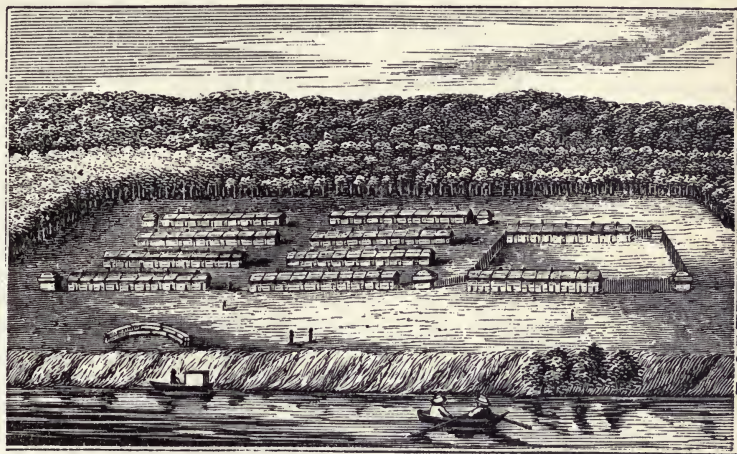
Death is the good man's friend—the messenger who calls him to his Father's house.

MARTHA BRAINERD, daughter of Dr. Joseph Spencer, Jr., and grand-daughter of Maj. Gen. Joseph Spencer, officers in the army of the Revolution in 1775, the latter a member of the Continental Congress of 1778, born at Lebanon, Connecticut, Jan. 18, 1782, married in Virginia to Stephen Radcliff Wilson, May 20th, 1798, died at Marietta, Jan. 10th, 1852.

GALLIPOLIS, the county seat of Gallia county, one of the oldest towns in Ohio, is pleasantly situated on the Ohio River, 102 miles south-easterly from Columbus, and contains about 2,800 inhabitants. It was settled in 1791, by a French colony, sent out under the auspices of the "Scioto Company," which appears to have been in some way connected with the Ohio Company. The agents of the Scioto Company, in Paris, were Joel Barlow, of the United States; Playfair, an Englishman; and a Frenchman, named De Saison. A handsome, but deceptive French map was engraved, and glowing representations of the country were given, and, being about the beginning of the French Revolution, the "flattering delusion" took strong hold. The terms to induce emigration were as follows: The company proposed to take the emigrant to their lands and pay the cost, and the latter bound himself to work three years for the company, for which he was to receive fifty acres,

a house, and cow. About five hundred Frenchmen left their native country, debarked mostly at Alexandria, Va., and made their way to the promised land.

The location of Gallipolis was effected just before the arrival of the French. Col. Rufus Putnam sent Maj. Burnham, with about 40 men, for



Gallipolis, i. e. Town of the French, in 1791.

that purpose, who made the clearing, and erected block-houses and cabins on the present public square. Eighty log cabins were constructed, 20 in each row. At each of the corners were block-houses, two stories high. Above the cabins, on the square, were two other parallel rows of cabins, which, with a high stockade fence, formed a sufficient fortification in times of danger. These upper cabins were a story and a half high, built of hewed logs, and finished in better style than those below, being intended for the richer class. The following is from a communication to the American Pioneer, from one of the colonists, Waldeurard Meulette:

At an early meeting of the colonists, the town was named Gallipolis (town of the French). I did not arrive till nearly all the colonists were there. I descended the river in 1791, in flat boats, loaded with troops, commanded by Gen. St. Clair, destined for an expedition against the Indians. Some of my countrymen joined that expedition; among others was Count Malartie, a captain in the French guard of Louis XVI. General St. Clair made him one of his aids-de-camp in the battle, in which he was severely wounded. He went back to Philadelphia, from whence he returned to France. The Indians were encouraged to greater depredations and murders, by their success in this expedition, but most especially against the American settlements. From their intercourse with the French in Canada, or some other cause, they seemed less disposed to trouble us. Immediately after St. Clair's defeat, Col. Sproat, commandant at Marietta, appointed four spies for Gallipolis—two Americans and two French, of which I was one, and it was not until after the treaty at Greenville, in 1795, that we were released.

Notwithstanding the great difficulties, the difference of tempers, education, and professions, the inhabitants lived in harmony, and having little or nothing to do, made themselves agreeable and useful to each other. The Americans and hunters, employed by the company, performed the first labors of clearing the township, which was divided into lots.

Although the French were willing to work, yet the clearing of an American

wilderness and its heavy timber, was far more than they could perform. To migrate from the eastern states to the "far west," is painful enough now-a-days, but how much more so it must be for a citizen of a large European town! Even a farmer of the old countries would find it very hard, if not impossible to clear land in the wilderness. Those hunters were paid by the colonists to prepare their garden ground, which was to receive the seeds brought from France; few of the colonists knew how to make a garden, but they were guided by a few books on that subject, which they had brought likewise from France. The colony then began to improve in its appearance and comfort. The fresh provisions were supplied by the company's hunters, the others came from their magazines.

Breckenridge, in his *Recollections*, gives some reminiscences of Gallipolis, related in a style of charming simplicity and humor. He was then a boy of nine years of age:

Behold me once more in port, and domiciled at the house, or inn, of Monsieur, or rather, Dr. Saugrain, a cheerful, sprightly little Frenchman, four feet six, English measure, and a chemist, natural philosopher and physician, both in the English and French signification of the word. . . . This singular village was settled by people from Paris and Lyons, chiefly artisans and artists, peculiarly unfitted to sit down in the wilderness and clear away forests. I have seen half a dozen at work in taking down a tree, some pulling ropes fastened to the branches, while others were cutting around it like beavers. Sometimes serious accidents occurred in consequence of their awkwardness. Their former employment had been only calculated to administer to the luxury of highly polished and wealthy societies. There were carvers and gilders to the king, coach makers, freizurs and peruke makers, and a variety of others who might have found some employment in our larger towns, but who were entirely out of their place in the wilds of Ohio. Their means by this time had been exhausted, and they were beginning to suffer from the want of the comforts and even the necessaries of life. The country back from the river was still a wilderness, and the Gallipotians did not pretend to cultivate anything more than small garden spots, depending for their supply of provisions on the boats which now began to descend the river; but they had to pay in cash, and that was become scarce. They still assembled at the ball-room twice a week; it was evident, however, that they felt disappointment, and were no longer happy. The predilections of the best among them, being on the side of the Bourbons, the horrors of the French revolution, even in their remote situation, mingled with their private misfortunes, which had at this time nearly reached their acme, in consequence of the discovery that they had no title to their lands, having been cruelly deceived by those from whom they had purchased. It is well known that congress generously made them a grant of twenty thousand acres, from which, however, but few of them ever derived any advantage.

As the Ohio was now more frequented, the house was occasionally resorted to, and especially by persons looking out for land to purchase. The doctor had a small apartment which contained his chemical apparatus, and I used to sit by him as often as I could watching the curious operation of his blow-pipe and crucible. I loved the cheerful little man, and he became very fond of me in return. Many of my countrymen used to come and stare at his doings, which they were half inclined to think had a too near resemblance to the black art.

The doctor was a great favorite with the Americans, as well for his vivacity and sweetness of temper, which nothing could sour, as on account of a circumstance which gave him high claim to the esteem of the backwoodsmen. He had shown himself, notwithstanding his small stature and great good nature, a very hero in combat with the Indians. He had descended the Ohio in company with two French philosophers, who were believers in the primitive innocence and goodness of the children of the forest. They could not be persuaded that any danger was to be apprehended from the Indians; as they had no intentions to injure that people, they supposed no harm could be meditated on their part. Dr. Saugrain was not altogether so well convinced of their good intentions, and accordingly kept his pistols loaded. Near the mouth of the Sandy, a canoe with a party of warriors approached the boat; the philosophers invited them on board by signs, when they

came rather too willingly. The first thing they did on coming on board of the boat was to salute the two philosophers with the tomahawk; and they would have treated the doctor in the same way but that he used his pistols with good effect—killed two of the savages, and then leaped into the water, diving like a dipper at the flash of the guns of the others, and succeeded in swimming to the shore with several severe wounds whose scars were conspicuous.

The doctor was married to an amiable young woman, but not possessing as much vivacity as himself. As Madam Saugrain had no maid to assist her, her brother, a boy of my age, and myself were her principal helps in the kitchen. We brought water and wood, and washed the dishes. I used to go in the morning about two miles for a little milk, sometimes on the frozen ground, barefooted. I tried a pair of savots, or wooden shoes, but was unable to make any use of them, although they had been made by the carver to the king. Little perquisites, too, sometimes fell to our share from blacking boots and shoes; my companion generally saved his, while mine would have burned a hole in my pocket if it had remained there. In the spring and summer, a good deal of my time was passed in the garden, weeding the beds. While thus engaged, I formed an acquaintance with a young lady, of eighteen or twenty, on the other side of the palings, who was often similarly occupied. Our friendship, which was purely Platonic, commenced with the story of Blue Beard, recounted by her, and with the novelty and pathos of which I was much interested.

Soon after Breckenridge left the place, but in 1807 again saw Gallipolis:

As we passed Point Pleasant and the Island below it, Gallipolis, which I looked for with anxious feelings, hove in sight. I thought of the French inhabitants—I thought of my friend Saugrain, and I recalled, in the liveliest colors, the incidents of that portion of my life which was passed here. A year is a long time at that period—every day is crowded with new and great and striking events. When the boat landed, I ran up the bank and looked around; but alas! how changed! The Americans had taken the town in hand, and no trace of *antiquity*, that is, of twelve years ago, remained. I hastened to the spot where I expected to find the abode, the little log house, tavern and laboratory of the doctor, but they had vanished like the palace of Aladdin. After some inquiry, I found a little Frenchman, who, like the old woman of Goldsmith's village, was "the sad historian of the deserted plain"—that is, deserted by one race to be peopled by another. He led me to where a few logs might be seen, as the only remains of the once happy tenement which had sheltered me—but all around it was a common; the town had taken a different direction. My heart sickened; the picture which my imagination had drawn—the scenes which my memory loved to cherish, were blotted out and obliterated. A volume of reminiscences seemed to be annihilated in an instant! I took a hasty glance at the new town as I returned to the boat. I saw brick houses, painted frames, fanciful inclosures, ornamental trees. Even the pond, which had carried off a third of the French population by its *malaria*, had disappeared, and a pretty green had usurped its place, with a neat brick court house in the midst of it. This was too much; I hastened my pace, and with sorrow once more pushed into the stream.

CINCINNATI, the metropolis of Ohio, and capital of Hamilton county, is on the right or northern bank of the Ohio, 116 miles south-west of Columbus, 455, by the course of the river, from Pittsburg, Pa.; 1,447 above New Orleans, by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; 518 west from Baltimore, 617 from Philadelphia, 704 from New York, 655 east from St. Louis, Mo., 492 from Washington City. Lat. 39° 6' 30"; Long. 84° 27' W. from Greenwich, or 7° 25' W. from Washington. It is the largest inland city in the United States, and is frequently called the "Queen City of the West."

Soon after the first settlement of Ohio was commenced at Marietta, several parties were formed to occupy and improve separate portions of Judge Symmes' purchase between the Miami Rivers. The first, led by Maj. Stites, laid out the town of Columbia, at the mouth of the Little Miami. The second party, about twelve or fifteen in number, under Matthias Denman and Robert Patterson, after much difficulty and danger, caused by floating ice in the Ohio, landed on its north bank, opposite the mouth of the Licking, Dec. 24,

1788. Here they proceeded to lay out a town, which they called *Losantiville*, which was afterward changed to Cincinnati. The original price paid by Mr. Denman for the land on which the city now stands, was, in value, about *fifteen pence* per acre. A third party of adventurers, under the immediate care of Judge Symmes, located themselves at North Bend.

For some time it was a matter of doubt which of the rivals, Columbia, Cincinnati or North Bend would eventually become the seat of business. The garrison for the defense of the settlements having been established at Cincinnati, made it the head-quarters and depot of the army. In addition to this,



Cincinnati from the Kentucky side of the Ohio.

Parts of Covington and Newport, Ky., appear on the right; *a*, landing, Cincinnati; *b*, the suburb of Fulton, up the Ohio, on the left of which is East Walnut Hills, and through which passes the Little Miami Railroad, leading to the eastern cities; *c*, Mount Adams, on which is the Cincinnati Observatory; *d*, position of Walnut Hills, three miles from the city; *e*, Mount Auburn, 480 feet above the bed of the Ohio; *f*, Vine-street Hill,* four miles beyond which are the elegant country seats at Clifton; *g*, valley of Mill-creek, on which is Spring Grove Cemetery, and the railroad track to Dayton.

as soon as the county courts of the territory were organized, it was created the seat of justice for Hamilton county. These advantages turned the scale in favor of Cincinnati.

At first, North Bend had a decided advantage over it, as the troops detailed by Gen. Harmar for the protection of the Miami settlers were landed there, through the influence of Judge Symmes. It appears, however, that the detachment soon afterward took its departure for Cincinnati. The tradition is, that Ensign Luce, the commander of the party, while looking out very leisurely for a suitable site on which to erect a block-house, formed an acquaintance with a beautiful, black-eyed female, to whom he became much attached. She was the wife of one of the settlers at the Bend. Her husband saw the danger to which he was exposed if he remained where he was. He therefore resolved at once to remove to Cincinnati. The ensign soon followed, and, as it appears, being authorized to make a selection for a military work, he chose Cincinnati as the site, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Judge Symmes, he removed the troops and commenced the erection of a block-house. Soon after Maj. Doughty arrived at Cincinnati with troops from Fort Harmar, and commenced the erection of Fort Washington. The

* The bulk of the German population is in that portion of the city between the base of Mt. Auburn and Vine-street Hill. The line of the canal to Toledo cuts off the German settlement from the south part of the city. "Over the Rhine," i. e., over the canal, is, in common parlance, the appellation given to that quarter. The total German population is estimated at 40,000.

following details upon the history of the place is extracted from Howe's Hist. Collections of Ohio.

Soon as the settlers of Cincinnati landed, they commenced erecting three or four cabins, the first of which was built on Front, east of and near Main-street. The lower table of land was then covered with sycamore and maple trees, and the upper with beech and oak. Through this dense forest the streets were laid out, their corners being marked upon the trees. This survey extended from Eastern Row, now Broadway, to Western Row, now Central-avenue, and from the river as far north as Northern Row, now Seventh street.

In January, 1790, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, then governor of the north-west territory, arrived at Cincinnati to organize the county of Hamilton. In the succeeding fall, Gen. Harmar marched from Fort Washington on his expedition against the Indians of the north-west. In the following year (1791), the unfortunate army of St. Clair marched from the same place. On his return, St. Clair gave Major Zeigler the command of Fort Washington and repaired to Philadelphia. Soon after, the latter was succeeded by Col. Wilkinson. This year, Cincinnati had little increase in its population. About one half of the inhabitants were attached to the army of St. Clair, and many killed in the defeat.

In 1792, about fifty persons were added by emigration to the population of Cincinnati, and a house of worship erected. In the spring following, the troops which had been recruited for Wayne's army landed at Cincinnati and encamped on the bank of the river between the village of Cincinnati and Mill-creek. To that encampment Wayne gave the name of "Hobson's choice," it being the only suitable place for that object. Here he remained several months, constantly drilling his troops, and then moved on to a spot now in Darke county, where he erected Fort Greenville. In the fall, after the army had left, the small-pox broke out in the garrison at Fort Washington, and spread with so much malignity that nearly one third of the soldiers and citizens fell victims. In July, 1794, the army left Fort Greenville, and on the 20th of August defeated the enemy at the battle of the "Fallen Timbers," in what is now Lucas county, a few miles above Toledo. Judge Burnet thus describes Cincinnati at about this period:

Prior to the treaty of Greenville, which established a permanent peace between the United States and the Indians, but few improvements had been made of any description, and scarcely one of a permanent character. In Cincinnati, Fort Washington was the most remarkable object. That rude, but highly interesting structure stood between Third and Fourth streets, produced east of Eastern Row, now Broadway, which was then a two pole alley, and was the eastern boundary of the town, as originally laid out. It was composed of a number of strongly built, hewed log cabins, a story and a half high, calculated for soldiers' barracks. Some of them, more conveniently arranged, and better finished, were intended for officers' quarters. They were so placed as to form a hollow square of about an acre of ground, with a strong block-house at each angle. It was built of large logs, cut from the ground on which it stood, which was a tract of fifteen acres, reserved by congress in the law of 1792, for the accommodation of the garrison.

The artificers' yard was an appendage to the fort, and stood on the bank of the river, immediately in front. It contained about two acres of ground, inclosed by small contiguous buildings, occupied as work-shops and quarters for laborers. Within the inclosure; there was a large two story frame house, familiarly called the "yellow house," built for the accommodation of the quartermaster general, which was the most commodious and best finished edifice in Cincinnati.

On the north side of Fourth-street, immediately behind the fort, Col. Sargeant, secretary of the territory, had a convenient frame house, and a spacious garden cultivated with care and taste. On the east side of the fort, Dr. Allison, the sur

geon general of the army, had a plain frame dwelling, in the center of a large lot cultivated as a garden and fruitery, which was called Peach Grove. The Presbyterian Church, an interesting edifice, stood on Main-street, in front of the spacious brick building now occupied by the First Presbyterian congregation. It was a substantial frame building, about 40 feet by 30, inclosed with clapboards, but neither lathed, plastered nor ceiled. The floor was of boat plank, resting on wooden blocks. In that humble edifice the pioneers and their families assembled, stately, for public worship; and, during the continuance of the war, they always attended with loaded rifles by their sides. That building was afterward neatly finished, and some years subsequently (1814) was sold and removed to Vine-street.

On the north side of Fourth-street, opposite where St. Paul's Church now stands, there stood a frame school-house, inclosed, but unfinished, in which the children of the village were instructed. On the north side of the public square, there was a strong log building, erected and occupied as a jail. A room in the tavern of George Avery, near the frog-pond, at the corner of Main and Fifth-streets, had



*The First Church built in Cincinnati.**

been rented for the accommodation of the courts; and as the penitentiary system had not been adopted, and Cincinnati was a seat of justice, it was ornamented with a pillory, stocks and whipping-post, and occasionally with a gallows. These were all the structures of a public character then in the place. Add to these the cabins and other temporary buildings for the shelter of the inhabitants, and it will complete the schedule of the improvements of Cincinnati at the time of the treaty of Greenville.

It may assist the reader in forming something like a correct idea of the appearance of Cincinnati, and of what it actually was at that time, to know that at the

*The engraving represents the First Presbyterian Church, as it appeared in February, 1847, and is engraved from a drawing then taken by Mr. Howe for his "Historical Collections of Ohio." It stood on the west side of Vine, just north of Fourth-street, on the spot now occupied by the Summer Garden. Its original site was on the spot now occupied by the First Presbyterian Church, on Fourth-street. In the following spring, it was taken down, and the materials used for the construction of several dwellings in the part of Cincinnati called *Texas*. The greater proportion of the timber was found to be perfectly sound. In 1791, a number of the inhabitants formed themselves into a company, to escort the Rev. James Kemper from beyond the Kentucky River to Cincinnati; and after his arrival, a subscription was set on foot to build this church, which was erected in 1792. This subscription paper is still in existence, and bears date January 16, 1792. Among its signers were Gen. Wilkinson, Captains Ford, Peters and Shaylor, of the regular service, Dr. Allison, surgeon to St. Clair and Wayne, Winthrop Sargeant, Capt. Robert Elliott and others principally citizens, to the number of 106, not one of whom survive.

intersection of Main and Fifth-streets there was a pond of water, full of alder bushes, from which the frogs serenaded the neighborhood during the summer and fall, and which rendered it necessary to construct a causeway of logs, to pass it. That morass remained in its natural state, with its alders and its frogs, several years after Mr. B. became a resident of the place, the population of which, including the garrison and followers of the army, was about six hundred. The fort was then commanded by William H. Harrison, a captain in the army, but afterward president of the United States. In 1797, Gen. Wilkinson, the commander-in-chief of the army, made it his head-quarters for a few months, but did not, apparently, interfere with the command of Capt. Harrison, which continued till his resignation in 1798.

During the period now spoken of, the settlements of the territory, including Cincinnati, contained but few individuals, and still fewer families, who had been accustomed to mingle in the circles of polished society. That fact put it in the power of the military to give character to the manners and customs of the people. Such



Cincinnati in 1802. Population about 800.

The engraving is from a drawing made by Wm. Bucknall, Esq., now of London, England. The principal part of the village was upon the landing. Fort Washington (shown by the flag) was the most conspicuous object then in Cincinnati. Its site was on the south side of Third-street, just west of Broadway, or, as it was early called, Eastern Row.

a school, it must be admitted, was by no means calculated to make the most favorable impression on the morals and sobriety of any community, as was abundantly proven by the result.

Idleness, drinking and gambling prevailed in the army to a greater extent than it has done to any subsequent period. This may be attributed to the fact that they had been several years in the wilderness, cut off from all society but their own, with but few comforts or conveniences at hand, and no amusements but such as their own ingenuity could invent. Libraries were not to be found—men of literary minds, or polished manners, were rarely met with; and they had long been deprived of the advantage of modest, accomplished female society, which always produces a salutary influence on the feelings and moral habits of men. Thus situated, the officers were urged, by an irresistible impulse, to tax their wits for expedients to fill up the chasms of leisure which were left on their hands, after a full discharge of their military duties; and, as is too frequently the case, in such circumstances, the bottle, the dice-box and the card-table were among the expedients resorted to, because they were the nearest at hand, and the most easily procured.

It is a distressing fact that a very large proportion of the officers under General Wayne, and subsequently under Gen. Wilkinson, were hard drinkers. Harrison, Clark, Shomberg, Ford, Strong, and a few others, were the only exceptions. Such were the habits of the army when they began to associate with the inhabitants of Cincinnati, and of the western settlements generally, and to give tone to public sentiment. As a natural consequence, the citizens indulged in the same practices

and formed the same habits. As a proof of this, it may be stated that when Mr. Burnet came to the bar, there were nine resident lawyers engaged in the practice, of whom he is and has been for many years the only survivor. They all became confirmed sots, and descended to premature graves, excepting his brother, who was a young man of high promise, but whose life was terminated by a rapid consumption, in the summer of 1801. He expired under the shade of a tree, by the side of the road, on the banks of Paint creek, a few miles from Chillicothe.

On the 9th of November, 1793, Wm. Maxwell established, at Cincinnati, "the Centinel of the North-Western Territory," with the motto, "open to all parties—influenced by none." It was on a half sheet, royal quarto size, and was the first newspaper printed north of the Ohio River. In 1796, Edward Freeman became the owner of the paper, which he changed to "Freeman's Journal," which he continued until the beginning of 1800, when he removed to Chillicothe. On the 28th of May, 1799, Joseph Carpenter issued the first number of a weekly paper, entitled the "Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette." On the 11th of January, 1794, two keel boats sailed from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh, each making a trip once in four weeks. Each boat was so covered as to be protected against rifle and musket balls, and had port holes to fire out at, and was provided with six pieces, carrying pound balls, a number of muskets and ammunition, as a protection against the Indians on the banks of the Ohio. In 1801, the first sea vessel equipped for sea, of 100 tons, built at Marietta, passed down the Ohio, carrying produce; and the banks of the river at Cincinnati were crowded with spectators to witness this novel event. Dec. 19, 1801, the territorial legislature passed a bill removing the seat of government from Chillicothe to Cincinnati.

January 2, 1802, the territorial legislature incorporated the town of Cincinnati, and the following officers were appointed: David Zeigler, president; Jacob Burnet, recorder; Wm. Ramsay, David E. Wade, Chas. Avery, John Reily, Wm. Stanley, Samuel Dick, and Wm. Ruffner, trustees; Jo. Prince, assessor; Abram Cary, collector; and James Smith, town marshal. In 1795, the town contained 94 cabins, 10 frame houses, and about 500 inhabitants.

Cincinnati is situated in a beautiful valley of about 12 miles in circumference, surrounded by hills, which rise to the height of about 500 feet. This valley is divided nearly in the center by the Ohio River. On the Kentucky side of the Ohio, the towns of Covington and Newport are situated in it, and it is there pierced by the smaller valley of the Licking River, running southerly. On the Ohio side the valley is also pierced, below the settled part of Cincinnati, by the valley of Mill creek, running northerly. Cincinnati is laid out with considerable regard to regularity; the streets in the center of the city being broad, and intersecting each other at right angles. Many of the hills surrounding the city are adorned by stately and elegant mansions, with ornamental grounds attached; while some of them are yet covered with groves of ancient forest trees.

The greater part of the city is built on two terraces, or plains, sometimes called "bottoms," of which the first is about 50, and the second 108 feet above low water mark. These elevations, in grading, have been reduced more nearly to a gradual ascent of from 5 to 10 degrees from the river. The city extends more than three miles along the river. The central portions are compactly and handsomely built, with streets about 66 feet wide, bordered with spacious warehouses, stores, etc., many of which are magnificent structures, of beautiful brown freestone, rising to the height of 6 stories, and with fronts of elaborate architecture. Main-street extends from the steamboat landing, in a northerly direction, and Broadway, Sycamore, Walnut, Vine, Race, Elm, and Plum-streets, are parallel to it. It is intersected at right angles by 14 principal streets, named Water, First, Second, Third, etc. An open area upon the bank of the river, with about 1,000 feet front, east

from the foot of Main-street, embracing some 10 acres, is reserved for the landing, and usually presents a scene of great activity. The shore is paved with stone from low water mark to the top of the first bank, and furnished with



View on Fourth-street, Cincinnati.

The first building on the left is the iron front clothing store of Sprague & Co. The Post Office and Custom House are in the structure with the Grecian front. Mitchell & Rammelsburg's Furniture Warerooms, Shillito's Dry Goods' establishment, and tower of the Unitarian Church, appear beyond.

floating wharves, which accommodate themselves to the great variation in the height of the river. From 60 to 80 steamboats are often seen here at once, presenting a scene of animation and business life.

The Ohio River, at Cincinnati, is 1,800 feet, or about one third of a mile,

wide, and its mean annual range from low to high water is about 50 feet: the extreme range may be 10 feet more. The water is at its lowest point of depression usually in August, September and October, and the greatest rise, in December, March, May and June. Its current, at its mean height, is three miles an hour; when higher, or rising, it is more, and when very low it does not exceed two miles. The navigation of the river is rarely suspended by ice. The city is supplied with water raised from the Ohio by steam power, capable of forcing into the reservoir 5,000,000 gallons of water each twelve hours. The reservoir is elevated about 200 feet above the bed of the Ohio, and is estimated to contain 5,000,000 gallons.

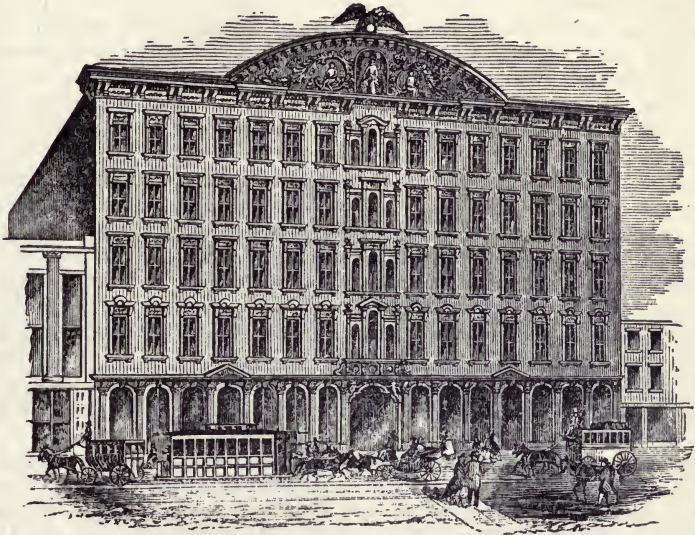
In point of commercial importance, Cincinnati occupies a front rank in the west. By means of the numerous steamers which are constantly plying to and fro on the bosom of the majestic river, which rolls gracefully on the south of the city, and the several canals and railroads which enter here, Cincinnati is connected with every available point of importance in the great and highly productive valley of the Mississippi. The trade is not, however, confined to the interior: and a vast amount of foreign importation and exportation is done. The pork business is carried on more extensively here than at any other place in the world.

Manufacturing is entered into here with great energy, and employs a vast amount of capital. Numerous mills and factories are in operation, besides founderies, planing mills, rolling mills, saw mills, rolling mills, flouring mills, type founderies, machine shops, distilleries, etc. Nearly all kinds of machinery is driven by steam, and there are now about 300 steam engines in operation in the city. Steamboat building is an extensive and important business here. Among the most important branches of manufacture is that of iron castings, implements and machinery of various kinds, as steam engines, sugar mills, stoves, etc., some of the establishments employing hundreds of hands. The manufacture of clothing is also a great interest; and in the extent of the manufacture of furniture, the factories surpass any others in the Union. Cincinnati is also the most extensive book publishing mart in the west. The total value of the product of the manufacturing and industrial pursuits of Cincinnati, for 1859, was ascertained by Mr. Cist to sum up more than one hundred and twelve millions of dollars. Among the heaviest items were, ready made clothing 15 millions; iron castings, $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions; total iron products, 13 millions; pork and beef packing, $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions; candles and lard oil, 6 millions; whisky, $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions; furniture, $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions; domestic liquors, $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions; publications, newspapers, books, etc., $2\frac{3}{4}$ millions; and patent medicines, 2 millions.

Cincinnati was the first city in the world to adopt the steam fire engine. The machine used is of Cincinnati invention, by Abel Shawk. The fire department is under pay of the city. It is admirably conducted, and so efficient that a serious conflagration is very rare. The huge machines, when on their way to a fire, are drawn through the streets by four powerful horses moving at full gallop, and belching forth flames and smoke, form an imposing spectacle.

Cincinnati has the first Observatory built on the globe by the contributions of "the people." It is a substantial stone building, on the hill east of the city, 500 feet above the Ohio, named Mt. Adams, from John Quincy Adams, who laid the corner stone of the structure, Nov. 9, 1843. The telescope is of German manufacture; it is an excellent instrument, and cost about \$10,000.

The public buildings of Cincinnati are numerous, and some of them of beautiful architecture. The Mechanics' Institute is a substantial building, erected by voluntary subscription. The Ohio School Library and that of the Mechanics' Institute are merged in one, which is free to the public: it has



Pike's Opera House.

The Eagle on the summit is perched 110 feet above the pavement. The Opera room is about 100 feet each way, and from the floor of the Parquette to the crown of the dome is 82 feet; it has three tier of boxes, and a seating capacity of nearly 3,000 persons.

24,000 volumes. The Catholic Institute, which adjoins it, is an elegant and capacious structure with a front of freestone. The Cincinnati College edifice is a large building of compact gray limestone. In it are the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce and the Young Mens' Mercantile Library Association. This association has 2,500 members, and a library of 20,000 volumes, beside all the principal American and foreign periodicals. The Masonic Temple, corner of Third and Walnut, cost about \$150,000. It is one of the most beautiful and imposing buildings in the Union. The material is a light freestone, and the style Byzantine. The County Court House is the largest building in the city. It cost more than a million of dollars: its front is of gray limestone, and the whole structure is of the most durable character. Among the theaters of the city, Pike's Opera House, for the beauty and exquisite taste shown in its construction, has a national reputation. It cost with the ground, nearly half a million of dollars: its magnificent opera hall is justly the pride of the citizens. Among the 110 churches of the city, the Catholic Cathedral, on Eighth-street, is the most imposing. It is 200 feet long and 80 feet wide, with a spire rising to the height of 250 feet, and cost about \$100,000.

Cincinnati has its full share of literary and benevolent institutions. It has 5 medical and 4 commercial colleges, the Wesleyan Female, and also St.

Xavier Colleges. The common school system is on the principle now in vogue, of graded schools. The scholars are divided into three classes—the common, intermediate and high schools. And these, in turn, are graded, one year being given to each grade. A child is taken at six years of age, and at eighteen graduates at the high school, with an education based on the common branches, and completed with some of the languages and higher branches of science.*

Cincinnati is the center of many extensive railway lines, running north, east, south and west, and also the terminus of the Miami Canal, extending to Lake Erie and Toledo, and the Whitewater Canal, penetrating the heart of Indiana. Population, in 1800, 759; in 1810, 2,540; in 1820, 9,602; 1830, 24,831; 1840, 46,338; 1850, 118,761; in 1860, 171,293; the suburbs, Covington and Newport, would increase this to about 200,000.

Cincinnati is noted for the successful manufacture of wine from native grapes, particularly the Catawba. The establishment of this branch of industry is due to the unremitting exertions of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, a resident of Cincinnati for more than half a century.

Prior to this, the manufacture of American wine had been tried in an experimental way, but it had failed as a business investment. Learning that wine could be made from the Catawba grape, a variety originating in North Carolina, Mr. Longworth entered systematically into its cultivation, and to encourage the establishment of numerous vineyards, he offered a market on his own premises for all the *must* (juice), that might be brought him, without reference to the quantity.

"At the same time he offered a reward of five hundred dollars to whoever should discover a better variety. It proved a great stimulus to the growth of the Catawba vine in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, to know that a man of Mr. Longworth's means stood ready to pay cash, at the rate of from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a gallon, for all the grape juice that might be brought to him, without reference to the quantity. It was in this way, and by urgent popular appeals through the columns of the newspapers, that he succeeded, after many failures, and against the depressing influence of much doubt and indifference, in bringing the enterprise up

*The *forcing* system prevails in the graded schools of our large cities to an alarming extent. It would seem as if, in the opinion of those who control these institutions, Providence had neglected to make the days of sufficient length, for children to obtain an education. In some of our large cities, doubtless many children can be found, on any winter night, between the late hours of 8 and 10, busy pouring over their books—a necessity required for a respectable scholarship. Many, if the writer can believe alike teachers and parents, break down under the system. Others, doubtless, are to reap bitter fruits in after life, in long years of suffering, if, more happily, they fail to fill premature graves!

H. H. Barney, Esq., formerly superintendent of the public schools of Ohio, himself with thirty-two years of experience as a teacher, thus expresses his views on this subject:

"This ill-judged system of education has proved, in numerous instances, fatal to the health of the inmates of our public schools, exhausting their physical energies, irritating their nerves, depressing and crushing, to a great extent, that elasticity of spirit, vigor of body, and pleasantness of pursuit, which are essential to the highest success in education as well as in every other occupation.

Parents, guardians, physicians, and sensible men and women everywhere, bear testimony against a system of education which ignores the health, the happiness, and, in some cases, even the life of the pupil. Yet this absurd, cruel system is still persevered in, and will continue to be, so long as our public schools are mainly filled with the children of the poorer and humbler classes of society, and so long as the course of study and number of study hours are regulated and determined by those who have had little or no experience in the education or bringing up of children, or who, by educating their own offspring, at home or in private schools, have, in a measure, shielded them from the evils of this stern, rigorous, unnatural system of educating the intellect at the expense of the body, the affections, the disposition, and the present as well as life-long welfare of the pupil."

to its present high and stable position. When he took the matter in hand there was much to discourage any one not possessed of the traits of constancy of purpose and perseverance peculiar to Mr. Longworth. Many had tried the manufacture of wine, and had failed to give it any economical or commercial importance.



Longworth's Vineyard.

Situated on the banks of the Ohio, four miles above Cincinnati.

It was not believed, until Mr. Longworth practically demonstrated it, after many long and patient trials of many valued varieties from France and Madeira, none of which gave any promise of success, that a native grape was the only one upon which any hope could be placed, and that of the native grapes, of which he had experimented upon every known variety, the Catawba offered the most assured promise of success, and was the one upon which all vine-growers might with confidence depend. It took years of unremitted care, multiplied and wide-spread investigations, and the expenditure of large sums of money, to establish this fact, and bring the agricultural community to accept it and act under its guidance. The success attained by Mr. Longworth* soon induced other gentlemen resident in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and favorably situated for the purpose, to undertake the culture of the Catawba, and several of them are now regularly and extensively engaged in the manufacture of wine. The impetus and encouragement thus given to the business soon led the German citizens of Hamilton county to perceive its advantages, and under their thrifty management thousands of acres, stretching up from the banks of the Ohio, are now covered with luxuriant and profitable vineyards, rivaling in profusion and beauty the vine-clad hills of Italy and France. The oldest vineyard in the county of Hamilton is of Mr. Longworth's planting. The annual product of these vineyards may be set down at between five and six hundred thousand gallons, worth at present from one and a half to two dollars a gallon; but the price, owing to the rapidity of the consumption, will probably ad-

*"Mr. Longworth was always curious after new and interesting things of Nature's producing. It was the remark of an old citizen of Cincinnati, that, if Mr. Longworth was to be suddenly thrown, neck and heels, into the Ohio River, he would come to the surface with a new variety of fish in each hand. His chief interest in horticultural matters, however, has been expended upon the strawberry and the grape. The perfection of variety and culture to which he has, by his experiments and labors, brought these two important fruits of the country, have established their extensive and systematic cultivation in all parts of the west."

vance rather than decline. It is the prophecy of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's son-in-law, the gentleman who has charge of the commercial department of his wine business, that, in the course of comparatively few years, the annual product of the Sparkling Catawba will be counted by millions of bottles, while that of the still sorts will be estimated by its millions of gallons. Mr. Longworth alone bottles annually over 150,000 bottles, and has now in his cellars a ripening stock of 300,000 bottles. These cellars are situated on the declivity of East Sixth-street, on the road to Observatory Hill. They occupy a space ninety feet by one hundred and twenty-five, and consist of two tiers of massive stone vaults, the lower of which is twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Here are carried on all the various processes of wine-making, the mashing, pressing, fining, racking, bottling, labeling and boxing; and beneath the arches and along the walls are the wine butts, arranged and numbered in the order of the several vintages; piles of bottles stand about, ready for the bottlers."

Within the last few years, the grape crop in the Ohio valley has been much injured by mildew and rot, yet the crop, thus far, has been as reliable as any other fruit. The most certain locality for the production of the grape in Ohio, is Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, near Sandusky City, where the vines bear fruit when they fail in all other localities. This is ascribed to the uniformity of temperature at night, during the summer months, by which the formation of dew is prevented, and consequently of mildew. The grape is now cultivated in vineyards, for making wine, in twenty-one states of the Union. In the mountain regions of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina, the increase has been rapid and extensive. That district and California appear to be the most favorable grape producing parts of the Union.

Longworth's garden is among the curiosities of Cincinnati, and was formerly greatly visited by strangers. It is an inclosure of several acres, near the heart of the city, and at the foot of Mt. Adams. The mansion, with its art-treasures, is in the midst. On the grounds are several fine conservatories, filled with rare plants, a grape-house for foreign vines, and experimental forcing-house, for new varieties of strawberries and other plants. Mr. Longworth died February 10, 1863, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

The suburbs of Cincinnati are very beautiful. Over on the hills the whole surface of the country, for miles and miles in every direction, is disposed, in exquisite undulations, with charming country seats, scattered here and there. The prominent localities are Walnut Hills, the seat of Lane Seminary, Mt. Auburn, Avondale and Clifton, the last containing the most elegant of rural seats. Spring Grove Cemetery, an inclosure of 168 acres, is four miles from Cincinnati—a city of the dead in a beautiful location, and where nature and art join their attractions.

North Bend, once the home of General Harrison, is 16 miles below the city, and four from the Indiana line, at the northernmost point of a bend in the Ohio River. This place derives its chief interest from having been long the residence of William Henry Harrison. The family mansion stood on a level plat about 300 yards back from the Ohio, amid pleasing scenery. It was destroyed by fire a few years since. The engraving on the following page is copied from a drawing made in 1846 by Mr. Howe for his work on Ohio. The eastern half of the mansion, that is, the part on the reader's right, from the door in the main building, was built of logs. The whole structure was clapboarded and painted, and had a neat appearance.

This dwelling became noted in the presidential campaign of 1840, which resulted in the election of Gen. Harrison to the presidency—commonly called "*the Hard Cider Campaign*." It is said that some opponent had declared in a public speech that he was unfit for the office, because he never had shown the ability to

raise himself beyond the occupancy of a log cabin, in which he lived very coarsely, with no better beverage than hard cider. It was an unfortunate charge for the wishes of the accuser. The taunt of his being a poor man, and living in a log cabin, was seized upon by the whigs as an evidence of his incorruptibility in the



NORTH BEND,
Residence of President Harrison.

many responsible stations he had held, and the log cabin became at once the symbol of the party. Thousands of these were erected forthwith all over the land as rallying points for political meetings. Miniature cabins were carried in political processions, and in some cases barrels labeled "hard cider." Such enthusiasm as was excited among the masses of the western pioneers by the nomination of their favorite military leader had never before been exceeded. Immense mass meetings, with processions and song singing became the order of the time. Among the songs sung by assembled multitudes in all parts of the country, the most popular was one entitled "*Tippecanoe*

and Tyler too," in which occurred these verses:

What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through?
It is the ball that's rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van,
Van, Van, Van, Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

The latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door,
And is never pulled through,
For it never was the custom of
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van,
Van, Van, Van, Van is a used up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van.

The tomb of Harrison is near by, on a small oval mound, elevated about 150 feet above the Ohio, and commanding a view of beauty. It is a plain brick structure, without inscription.

Near the tomb of Harrison is the grave of Judge Symmes. On a tablet there is this inscription:

Here rest the remains of John Cleves Symmes, who at the foot of these hills made the first settlement between the Miami Rivers. Born at Long Island, state of New York, July 21, A. D. 1742; died at Cincinnati, February 26, A. D. 1814.

Judge Symmes, before his removal to the west, was a member of congress from New Jersey, and also chief justice of that state. Gen. Harrison married his daughter, who, as late as 1860, still survived. At the treaty of Greenville, the Indians told Judge Symmes, and others, that in the war they had frequently brought up their rifles to shoot him, and then on recognizing him refused to pull the trigger. This was in consequence of his previous kindness to them, and spoke volumes in his praise, as well as honor to the native instinct of the savages.

Three miles below North Bend, on the Ohio, was Sugar Camp Settlement, composed of about thirty houses, and a block-house erected as a defense against the



ANCIENT BLOCK-HOUSE NEAR NORTH BEND.

Indians. This was about the time of the first settlement of Cincinnati. Until within a few years, this block-house was standing. The adjoining cut is from a drawing taken on the spot in 1846. We give it because it shows the ordinary form of these structures. Their distinguishing feature is that from the height of a man's shoulder the building the rest of the way up projects a foot or two from the lower part, leaving at the point of junction between the two parts a cavity through which to thrust rifles on the approach of enemies.

Hamilton, the capital of Butler county, is 25 miles north of Cincinnati, on the Miami Canal, river and railroad to Dayton, and at the terminus of a railroad to Richmond. A hydraulic canal of 28 feet fall gives excellent water power, and there are now in operation several flourishing manufacturing establishments—paper, flouring, woolen, planing mills, iron foundries, etc. Population 8000. The well known *Miami University* is 12 miles northwest of Hamilton, in the beautiful town of Oxford.

John Cleves Symmes, the author of the "Theory of Concentric Spheres," demonstrating that the earth is hollow, inhabited by human beings, and widely open at the poles, was a native of New Jersey, and a nephew of Judge Symmes. He resided in the latter part of his life at Hamilton, where he died in 1829, aged about 50 years. In early life he entered the army as an ensign. He was with Scott in his Niagara campaign, and acted with bravery. In a short circular, dated at St. Louis, in 1818, Capt. Symmes first promulgated the fundamental principles of his theory to the world. From time to time, he published various articles in the public prints upon the subject. He also delivered lectures, first at Cincinnati in 1820, and afterward in various places in Kentucky and Ohio.

"In the year 1822, Capt. Symmes petitioned the congress of the United States, setting forth, in the first place, his belief of the existence of a habitable and accessible concave to this globe; his desire to embark on a voyage of discovery to one or other of the polar regions; his belief in the great profit and honor his country would derive from such a discovery; and prayed that congress would equip and fit out for the expedition, two vessels, of two hundred and fifty or three hundred tons burden; and grant such other aid as government might deem necessary to promote the object. This petition was presented in the senate by Col. Richard M. Johnson, on the 7th day of March, 1822, when (a motion to refer it to the committee of foreign relations having failed), after a few remarks it was laid on the table—Ayes, 25. In December, 1823, he forwarded similar petitions to both houses of congress, which met with a similar fate. In January 1824, he petitioned the



MONUMENT OF J. C. SYMMES.

Of "Symmes' Hole" memory. It is surmounted by a globe "open at the poles."

general assembly of the state of Ohio, praying that body to pass a resolution approbatory of his theory; and to recommend him to congress for an outfit suitable to the enterprise. This memorial was presented by Micajah T. Williams, and, on motion, the further consideration thereof was indefinitely postponed."

His theory was met with ridicule, both in this country and Europe, and became a fruitful source of jest and levity, to the public prints of the day. Notwithstanding, he advanced many plausible and ingenious arguments, and won quite a number of converts among those who attended his lectures, one of whom, a gentleman of Hamilton, wrote a work in its support, published in Cincinnati in 1826, in which he stated his readiness to embark on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, for the purpose of testing its truth. Capt. Symmes met with the usual fate of projectors, in living and dying in great pecuniary embarrassment: but he left the reputation of an honest man.



South-eastern view of the Court House, at Chillicothe.

This beautiful and commodious structure is in the central part of Chillicothe; the left wing, on the corner of Main and Paint-streets, attached to the main building, contains the offices of the Probate Judge, the Sheriff, and the Clerk; the other wing, those of the Recorder, Treasurer, and Auditor. The First Presbyterian Church is seen on the left.

CHILLICOTHE is on the west bank of the Scioto, on the line of the Ohio Canal and Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, 45 miles S. of Columbus, 45 from Portsmouth, and 96 from Cincinnati. The Scioto curves around it on the north, and Paint creek flows on the south. The site of the place is on a plain about 30 feet above the river. It contains 17 churches, a young ladies' Academy of the Notre Dame, a flourishing military academy, and about 9,000 inhabitants.

The new court house, in this town, is one of the best designed, most beautiful, and convenient structures of the kind we have seen in our tour through the United States. It was erected at an expense of about \$100,000, and was designed by Gen. James Rowe, one of the county commissioners. A room is set apart in the court house for the preservation of the relics of antiquity. Here is preserved the table around which the members of the territorial council sat when they formed the laws of the North West Territory, of which Chillicothe was the capital. Around it also gathered the members who formed the first constitution of Ohio. The old bell which called them to-

gether is preserved, also the copper eagle, which, for fifty years, perched on the spire of the old state house.

In 1800, the old state house was commenced and finished the next year, for the accommodation of the legislature and courts. It is believed that it



OLD STATE HOUSE, CHILLICOTHE.

[Drawn by Henry Howe, in 1846.]

was the first public stone edifice erected in the territory. The mason work was done by Major Wm. Rutledge, a soldier of the Revolution, and the carpentering by William Guthrie. The territorial legislature held their session in it for the first time in 1801. The convention that framed the first constitution of Ohio was held in it, the session commencing on the first Monday in November, 1802. In April, 1803, the first state legislature met in the house, and held their sessions until 1810. The sessions of 1810-11, and 1811-12, were held at Zanesville, and from there removed back to Chillicothe and held in this house until 1816, when Columbus became the perma-

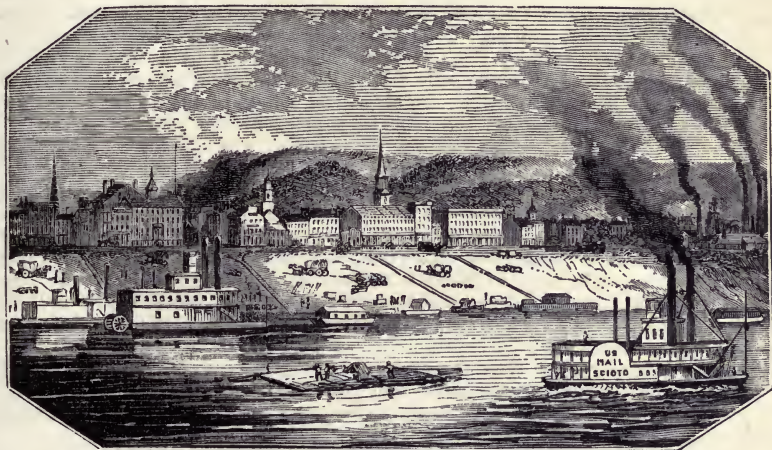
nent capital of the state. This ancient edifice was standing until within a few years.

In the war of 1812, Chillicothe was a rendezvous for United States troops. They were stationed at Camp Bull, a stockade one mile N. of the town, on the west bank of the Scioto. A large number of British prisoners, amounting to several hundred, were at one time confined at the camp. On one occasion, a conspiracy was formed between the soldiers and their officers who were confined in jail. The plan was for the privates in camp to disarm their guard, proceed to the jail, release the officers, burn the town, and escape to Canada. The conspiracy was disclosed by two senior British officers, upon which, as a measure of security, the officers were sent to the penitentiary in Frankfort, Ky.

Four deserters were shot at camp at one time. The ceremony was impressive and horrible. The soldiers were all marched out under arms, with music playing, to witness the death of their comrades, and arranged in one long extended line in front of the camp, facing the river. Close by the river bank, at considerable distances apart, the deserters were placed, dressed in full uniform, with their coats buttoned up and caps drawn over their faces. They were confined to stakes in a kneeling position behind their coffins, painted black, which came up to their waists, exposing the upper part of their persons to the fire of their fellow-soldiers. Two sections, of six men each, were marched before each of the doomed. Signals were given by an officer, instead of words of command, so that the unhappy men should not be apprised of the moment of their death. At the given signal the first sections raised their muskets and poured the fatal volleys into the breasts of their comrades. Three of the four dropped dead in an instant; but the fourth sprang up with great force, and gave a scream of agony. The reserve section stationed before him were ordered to their places, and another volley completely riddled his bosom. Even then the thread of life seemed hard to sunder.

On another occasion, an execution took place at the same spot under most melancholy circumstances. It was that of a mere youth of nineteen, the son of a

widow. In a frolic he had wandered several miles from camp, and was on his return when he stopped at an inn by the way-side. The landlord, a fiend in human shape, apprised of the reward of \$50, offered for the apprehension of deserters, persuaded him to remain over night, with the offer of taking him into camp in the morning, at which he stated he had business. The youth, unsuspecting of anything wrong, accepted the offer made with such apparent kindness, when lo! on his arrival next day with the landlord, he surrendered him as a deserter, swore falsely as to the facts, claimed and obtained the reward. The court-martial, ignorant of the circumstances, condemned him to death, and it was not until he was no more, that his innocence was known.



Portsmouth from the Kentucky shore of the Ohio.

The view shows the appearance of the Steamboat Landing, as seen from Springville, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio. The Biggs' House, corner of Market and Front-streets, appears on the left, Gaylord & Co.'s Rolling Mill on the right. The Scioto River passes at the foot of the mountainous range on the left.

PORTSMOUTH, the capital of Scioto county, is beautifully situated on the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Scioto, 90 miles S. of Columbus, and 110 by the river above Cincinnati, at the terminus of the Erie and Ohio Canal, and Scioto and Hocking Valley Railroad. It contains 16 churches, 5 founderies, 3 rolling mills, 3 machine shops, and about 8,000 inhabitants. The great iron region of the state lies north and east of Portsmouth, and adds much to the business of the town. Here, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, is a range of mountainous hills, averaging 500 feet high. Opposite Portsmouth they rise precipitously to a height of 600 feet, being the highest elevation on the Ohio River, presenting a very striking and beautiful appearance. The Ohio is 600 yards wide at the landing, which is one of the best on the river, there being water sufficient for the largest boats at all seasons. A wire suspension bridge passes over the Scioto at this place.

It is said that $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles below the old mouth of the Scioto, stood, about the year 1740, a French fort or trading station. Prior to the settlement at Marietta, an attempt at settlement was made at Portsmouth, the history of which is annexed from an article in the American Pioneer, by George Corwin, of Portsmouth:

In April, 1785, four families from the Redstone settlement in Pennsylvania, descended the Ohio to the mouth of the Scioto, and there moored their boat under the high bank where Portsmouth now stands. They commenced clearing the

ground to plant seeds for a crop to support their families, hoping that the red men of the forest would suffer them to remain and improve the soil. They seemed to hope that white men would no longer provoke the Indians to savage warfare.

Soon after they landed, the four men, the heads of the families, started up the Scioto to see the paradise of the west, of which they had heard from the mouths of white men who had traversed it during their captivity among the natives. Leaving the little colony, now consisting of four women and their children, to the protection of an over-ruling Providence, they traversed the beautiful bottoms of the Scioto as far up as the prairies above, and opposite to where Piketon now stands. One of them, Peter Patrick by name, pleased with the country, cut the initials of his name on a beech, near the river, which being found in after times, gave the name of Pee Pee to the creek that flows through the prairie of the same name; and from that creek was derived the name of Pee Pee township in Pike county.

Encamping near the site of Piketon, they were surprised by a party of Indians, who killed two of them as they lay by their fires. The other two escaped over the hills to the Ohio River, which they struck at the mouth of the Little Scioto, just as some white men going down the river in a pirogue were passing. They were going to Port Vincennes, on the Wabash. The tale of woe which was told by these men, with entreaties to be taken on board, was at first insufficient for their relief. It was not uncommon for Indians to compel white prisoners to act in a similar manner to entice boats to the shore for murderous and marauding purposes. After keeping them some time running down the shore, until they believed that if there was an ambuscade of Indians on shore, they were out of its reach, they took them on board, and brought them to the little settlement, the lamentations at which can not be described, nor its feeling conceived, when their peace was broken and their hopes blasted by the intelligence of the disaster reaching them. My informant was one who came down in the pirogue.

There was, however, no time to be lost; their safety depended on instant flight—and gathering up all their movables, they put off to Limestone, now Maysville, as a place of greater safety, where the men in the pirogue left them, and my informant said, never heard of them more.

Circleville, the county seat of Pickaway county, on the Scioto River, on the line of the Erie and Ohio Canal, and on the railroad from Cincinnati to Wheeling, is 26 miles S. from Columbus, and 19 N. from Chillicothe. It has numerous mills and factories, and an extensive water power. Population about 5,000.

It was laid out in 1810, as the seat of justice, by Daniel Dresbatch, on land originally belonging to Zeiger and Watt. The town is on the site of ancient fortifications, one of which having been circular, originated the name of the place. The old court house, built in the form of an octagon, and destroyed in 1841, stood in the center of the circle. There were two forts, one being an exact circle of 69 feet in diameter, the other an exact square, 55 rods on a side. The former was surrounded by two walls, with a deep ditch between them; the latter by one wall, without any ditch. Opposite each gateway a small mound was erected inside, evidently for defense.

Three and a half miles south of Circleville are the celebrated *Pickaway Plains*, said to contain the richest body of land in southern Ohio. "They are divided into two parts, the greater or upper plain, and the lesser or lower one. They comprise about 20,000 acres. When first cultivated the soil was very black, the result of vegetable decomposition, and their original fertility was such as to produce one hundred bushels of corn, or fifty of wheat to the acre. Formerly the plains were adorned with a great variety of flowers.

Of all places in the west, this pre-eminently deserves the name of "classic ground," for this was the seat of the powerful Shawnee tribe. Here, in olden time, burned the council fires of the red man; here the affairs of the nation in general council were discussed, and the important questions of peace and war decided. On these plains the allied tribes marched forth and met Gen. Lewis, and fought

the sanguinary battle at Point Pleasant, on the Virginia bank of the Ohio, at the eve of the Revolution. Here it was that Logan made his memorable speech, and here, too, that the noted campaign of Dunmore was brought to a close by a treaty, or rather a truce, at Camp Charlotte.

Among the circumstances which invest this region with extraordinary interest, is the fact, that to those towns were brought so many of the truly unfortunate prisoners who were abducted from the neighboring states. Here they were immolated on the altar of the red men's vengeance, and made to suffer, to the death, all the tortures savage ingenuity could invent, as a sort of expiation for the aggressions of their race.

Old Chillicothe, which was the principal village, stood on the site of Westfall, on the west bank of the Scioto, 4 miles below Circleville. It was here that Logan, the Mingo chief, delivered his famous speech to John Gibson, an Indian trader. On the envoy arriving at the village, Logan came to him and invited him into an adjoining wood, where they sat down. After shedding abundance of tears, the honored chief told his pathetic story—called a speech, although conversationally given. Gibson repeated it to the officers, who caused it to be published in the Virginia Gazette of that year, so that it fell under the observation of Mr. Jefferson, who gave it to the world in his Notes on Virginia: and as follows:

I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat; if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing?

During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained in his tent, an advocate for peace. Nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cool blood, and unprovoked, cut off all the relatives of Logan; not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. Yet, do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

This brief effusion of mingled pride, courage, and sorrow, elevated the character of the native American throughout the intelligent world; and the place where it was delivered can never be forgotten so long as touching eloquence is admired by men.

The last years of Logan were truly melancholy. He wandered about from tribe to tribe, a solitary and lonely man; dejected and broken-hearted, by the loss of his friends and the decay of his tribe, he resorted to the stimulus of strong drink to drown his sorrow. He was at last murdered in Michigan, near Detroit. He was, at the time, sitting with his blanket over his head, before a camp-fire, his elbows resting on his knees, and his head upon his hands, buried in profound reflection, when an Indian, who had taken some offense, stole behind him and buried his tomahawk in his brains. Thus perished the immortal Logan, the last of his race.

At the various villages, were the burning grounds of the captives taken in war. These were on elevated sites, so that when a victim was sacrificed by fire, the smoke could be seen at the other towns.

The chief, Cornstalk, whose town was on Scippo Creek, two miles southeasterly from Old Chillicothe, was a man of true nobility of soul, and a brave warrior.

At the battle of Point Pleasant he commanded the Indians with consummate skill, and if at any time his warriors were believed to waver, his voice could be heard above the din of battle, exclaiming in his native tongue, "Be strong!—be strong!" When he returned to the Pickaway towns, after the battle, he called a council of the nation to consult what should be done, and upbraided them in not suffering him to make peace, as he desired, on the evening before the battle. "What," said he, "will you do now? The Big Knife is coming on us, and we shall all be killed. Now you must fight or we are undone." But no one answering, he said, "then let us kill all our women and children, and go and fight until we die." But no answer was made, when, rising, he struck his tomahawk in a post of the council house and exclaimed, "I'll go and make peace," to which all the warriors grunted "ough! ough!" and runners were instantly dispatched to Dunmore to solicit peace.

In the summer of 1777, he was atrociously murdered at Point Pleasant. As his murderers were approaching, his son Elinipsico trembled violently. "His father encouraged him not to be afraid, for that the *Great Man above* had sent him there to be killed and die with him. As the men advanced to the door, Cornstalk rose up and met them: they fired and seven or eight bullets went through him. So fell the great Cornstalk warrior—whose name was bestowed upon him by the consent of the nation, as their great strength and support." Had he lived, it is believed that he would have been friendly with the Americans, as he had come over to visit the garrison at Point Pleasant to communicate the design of the Indians of uniting with the British. His grave is to be seen at Point Pleasant to the present day.



State Capitol, at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, the seat of justice for Franklin county, and capital of Ohio, on the left bank of the Scioto, 110 miles N.E. from Cincinnati, 100 N.W. from Marietta, and 139 S.E. from Cleveland, is on the same parallel of latitude with Zanesville and Philadelphia, and on the same meridian with Detroit, Mich., and Milledgeville, Geo.

The site of Columbus is level, and it is regularly laid out, with broad, spacious streets: Broad-street, the principal one, is 120 feet wide. In the center of the city is a public square of 10 acres, inclosed by a neat railing; and in the environs is Goodale Park, a tract of 40. acres, covered with a growth of native trees. The new state house, or capitol, is one of the most magnificent buildings in the Union. It is 304 feet long by 184 wide, and from its base to the top of the rotunda is 157 feet. The material is a hard, whitish limestone, resembling marble.

Columbus is surrounded by a rich and populous country, and is a place of active business. The National road, passes through it from east to west, and the Columbus feeder connects it with the Ohio canal. Several plank roads and turnpikes terminate here, and numerous railroads, stretching out their iron arms in every direction, give it convenient communication with all parts of the state and Union.

In the environs of the city are the various state institutions. The State Penitentiary is a large and substantial edifice; the buildings and inclosures form a hollow square of six acres; about 1,000 convicts have been confined here at one time. The Ohio Lunatic Asylum, a noble structure, occupies about an acre of ground, and has thirty acres attached to it, covered with trees and shrubbery. The Deaf and Dumb Asylum is a handsome building, surrounded with grounds laid out with taste. The Ohio Institution for the Education of the Blind is surrounded by a plot of ground, of about 9 acres, laid out with graveled walks, and planted with trees. The Starling Medical College is a handsome Gothic edifice. The Theological Seminary of the German Lutherans, is about three fourths of a mile from the center of the city. Columbus, as a commercial depot, has superior facilities, and it has numerous and extensive manufacturing establishments. Population, in 1820, 1,400; in 1840, 6,048; in 1850, 18,138; and in 1860, 18,647.

From the first organization of the state government until 1816, there was no permanent state capital. The sessions of the legislature were held at Chillicothe until 1810; the sessions of 1810-11 and 1811-12, were held at Zanesville; after that, until December, 1816, they were again held at Chillicothe, at which time the legislature was first convened at Columbus.

Among the various proposals to the legislature, while in session at Zanesville, for the establishment of a permanent seat of government, were those of Lyne Starling, James Johnston, Alex. M'Laughlin and John Kerr, the after proprietors of Columbus, for establishing it on the "high bank of the Scioto River, opposite Franklinton," which site was then a native forest. On the 14th Feb., 1812, the legislature passed a law accepting their proposals, and in one of its sections, selected Chillicothe as a temporary seat of government merely. By an act amendatory of the other, passed Feb. 17, 1816, it was enacted, "that from and after the second Tuesday of October next, the seat of government of this state shall be established at the town of Columbus."



Ohio White Sulphur Springs.

On the 19th of Feb., 1812, the proprietors signed and acknowledged their articles at Zanesville, as partners, under the law for the laying out, etc., of the town of Columbus. The contract having been closed between the proprietors and the state, the town was laid out in the spring of 1812, under the direction of Moses Wright.

For the first few years Columbus improved rapidly. Emigrants flowed in, apparently, from all quarters, and the improvements and general business of the place kept pace with the increase of population. Columbus, however, was a rough spot in the woods, off from any public road of much consequence. The east and west

travel passed through Zanesville, Lancaster and Chillicothe, and the mails came in cross-line on horseback. The first successful attempt to carry a mail to or from Columbus, otherwise than on horseback, was by Philip Zinn, about the year 1816, once a week between Chillicothe and Columbus. The years from 1819 to 1826, were the duller years of Columbus; but soon after it began to improve. The location of the national road and the Columbus feeder to the Ohio canal, gave an impetus to improvements.

The Ohio White Sulphur Springs are beautifully situated on the Scioto River, in Delaware county, 17 miles north of Columbus, near the line of the Springfield, Mt. Vernon and Pittsburg Railroad. Upon the estate are four medicinal springs of different properties: one is white sulphur, one magnesian, and two chalybeate. The spring property consists of 320 acres, part of it woodland, handsomely laid off in walks and drives. The healthiness of the location and the natural attractions of the spot, joined to the liberal and generous accommodations furnished by the proprietors, have rendered this, at the present time, the most popular watering place in the west.

Newark, the capital of Licking county, on the Central Ohio Railroad, 33 miles easterly from Columbus, is a pleasant town of about 4,000 inhabitants. Six miles west of Newark is Granville, noted for its educational institutions, male and female, and the seat of Dennison University, founded in 1832, by the Baptists. This was one of the early settled spots in Central Ohio. The annexed historical items are from the sketches of Rev. Jacob Little:

In 1804, a company was formed at Granville, Mass., with the intention of making a settlement in Ohio. This, called "*the Scioto Company*," was the third of that name which effected settlements in this state. The project met with great favor, and much enthusiasm was elicited; in illustration of which, a song was composed and sung to the tune of "*Pleasant Ohio*," by the young people in the house and at labor in the field. We annex two stanzas, which are more curious than poetical:

When rambling o'er these mountains
And rocks, where ivies grow
Think as the hairs upon your head,
'Mongst which you can not go;
Great storms of snow, cold winds that blow,
We scarce can undergo;
Says I, my boys, we'll leave this place
For the pleasant Ohio.

Our precious friends that stay behind,
We're sorry now to leave;
But if they'll stay and break their shins,
For them we'll never grieve;
Adieu, my friends! come on my dears,
This journey we'll forego,
And settle Licking creek,
In yonder Ohio.

The Scioto company consisted of 114 proprietors, who made a purchase of 28,000 acres. In the autumn of 1805, 234 persons, mostly from East Granville, Mass., came on to the purchase. Although they had been forty-two days on the road, their first business, on their arrival, having organized a church before they left the east, was to hear a sermon. The first tree cut was that by which public worship was held, which stood just in front of the site of the Presbyterian church. On the first Sabbath, November 16th, although only about a dozen trees had been cut, they held divine worship, both forenoon and afternoon, at that spot. The novelty of worshiping in the woods, the forest extending hundreds of miles every way, the hardships of the journey, the winter setting in, the fresh thoughts of home, with all the friends and privileges left behind, and the impression that such must be the accommodations of a new country, all rushed on their nerves and made this a day of varied interest. When they began to sing, the echo of their voices among the trees was so different from what it was in the beautiful meeting house they had left, that they could no longer restrain their tears. *They wept when they remembered Zion*. The voices of part of the choir were for a season suppressed with emotion.

An incident occurred, which some Mrs. Sigourney should put into a poetical dress. Deacon Theophilus Reese, a Welsh Baptist, had two or three years before built a cabin a mile and a half north, and lived all this time without public worship. He had lost his cows, and hearing a lowing of the oxen belonging to the company, set out toward them. As he ascended the hills overlooking the town-plot, he heard the singing of the choir. The reverberation of the sound from hill-tops and trees, threw the good man into a serious dilemma. The music at first seemed to be behind, then in the tops of the trees or the clouds. He stopped till, by accurate listening, he caught the direction of the sound, and went on, till passing the brow of the hill, when he saw the audience sitting on the level below. He went home and told his wife that "*the promise of God is a bond*;" a Welsh

phrase, signifying that we have security, equal to a bond, that religion will prevail everywhere. He said, "*these must be good people. I am not afraid to go among them.*" Though he could not understand English, he constantly attended the reading meeting. Hearing the music on that occasion made such an impression upon his mind, that when he became old and met the first settlers, he would always tell over this story.



Court House, Zanesville.

ZANESVILLE, the capital of Muskingum county, is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Muskingum River, opposite the mouth of the Licking creek, 54 miles E. of Columbus, 82 from Wheeling, and 179 E.N.E. from Cincinnati. The Muskingum, in passing the town, has a natural descent of nine feet in a distance of about a mile, which is increased by dams to sixteen feet, thus affording great water-power, which is used by extensive manufactories of various kinds. The number of factories using steam power is also large, arising from the abundance of bituminous coal supplied from the surrounding hills. Steamboats can ascend from the Ohio to this point, and several make regular passages between Zanesville and Cincinnati. The Central Ohio Railroad connects it with Columbus on one hand and Wheeling on the other; the Zanesville, Wilmington and Cincinnati Railroad, about 130 miles long, terminates here, and connects with another leading north to Cleveland.

Five bridges cross the Muskingum here, including the railroad bridge, connecting the city with Putnam, South Zanesville and West Zanesville, all of which are intimately connected with the business interests of Zanesville proper. There are 5 flouring mills, also iron founderies and machine shops, which do an extensive business. The railroad bridge is of iron, 538 feet in length, and contains 67 tons of wrought iron and 130 tons of cast iron. The water of the river is raised, by a forcing pump, into a reservoir on a hill 160 feet high, containing nearly a million of gallons, and from thence distributed through the city in iron pipes. Zanesville has excellent schools, among which is the Free School, supported by a fund of from \$300,000 to \$500,000, bequeathed by J. McIntire, one of the founders of the place. Within a circuit of a mile from the court house are about 16,000 inhabitants: within the city proper, about 10,000.

In May, 1796, congress passed a law authorizing Ebenezer Zane to open

a road from Wheeling, Va., to Limestone, now Maysville, Ky. In the following year, Mr. Zane, accompanied by his brother, Jonathan Zane, and his son-in-law, John McIntire, both experienced woodsmen, proceeded to mark out the new road, which was afterward cut out by the latter two. As a compensation for opening this road, congress granted to Ebenezer Zane the privilege of locating military warrants upon three sections of land, not to exceed one mile square each. One of these sections was to be at the crossing of the Muskingum, and one of the conditions annexed to Mr. Zane's grant was, that he should keep a ferry at that spot. This was intrusted to Wm. M'Culloch and H. Crooks. The first mail ever carried in Ohio was brought from Marietta to M'Culloch's cabin, by Daniel Convers, in 1798.

In 1799, Messrs. Zane and M'Intire laid out the town, which they called *Westbourn*, a name which it continued to bear until a post-office was established by the postmaster general, under the name of Zanesville, and the village soon took the same name. A few families from the Kanawha, settled on the west side of the river soon after M'Culloch arrived, and the settlement received pretty numerous accessions until it became a point of importance. It contained one store and no tavern. The latter inconvenience, however, was remedied by Mr. M'Intire, who, for public accommodation, rather than for private emolument, opened a house of entertainment. It is due to Mr. M'Intire and his lady to say that their accommodations, though in a log cabin, were such as to render their house the traveler's home. Prior to that time there were several grog shops where travelers might stop, and after partaking of a rude supper, they could spread their blankets and bearskins on the floor, and sleep with their feet to the fire. But the opening of Mr. M'Intire's house introduced the luxury of comfortable beds, and although his board was covered with the fruits of the soil and the chase, rather than the luxuries of foreign climes, the fare was various and abundant. This, the first hotel at Zanesville, stood at what is now the corner of Market and Second-streets, a few rods from the river, in an open maple grove, without any underbrush; it was a pleasant spot, well shaded with trees, and in full view of the falls. Louis Phillippe, late king of France, was once a guest of Mr. M'Intire.

At that time, all the iron, nails, castings, flour, fruit, with many other articles now produced here in abundance, were brought from Pittsburgh and Wheeling, either upon pack-horses across the country, or by the river in canoes. Oats and corn were usually brought about fifty miles up the river, in canoes, and were worth from 75 cents to \$1 per bushel: flour, \$6 to \$8 per barrel. In 1802, David Harvey opened a tavern at the intersection of Third and Main-streets, which was about the first shingle-roofed house in the town. Mr. M'Intire having only kept entertainment for public accommodation, discontinued after the opening of Mr. Harvey's tavern.

In 1804, when the legislature passed an act establishing the county of Muskingum, the commissioners appointed to select a site for the county seat, reported in favor of Zanesville. The county seat having been established, the town improved more rapidly, and as the unappropriated United States military lands had been brought into market during the preceding year (1803), and a land office established at Zanesville, many purchases and settlements were made in the county.

The seat of government had been fixed temporarily at Chillicothe, but for several reasons, many members of the legislature were dissatisfied, and it was known that a change of location was desired by them.

In February, 1810, the desired law was passed, fixing the seat of government at Zanesville, until otherwise provided. The legislature sat here during the sessions of '10-'11 and '11-'12, when the present site of Columbus having been fixed upon for the permanent seat, the Chillicothe interest prevailed, and the temporary seat was once more fixed at that place, until suitable buildings could be erected at Columbus.

The project of removing the seat of government had been agitated as early as 1807 or '8, and the anticipation entertained that Zanesville would be selected, gave

increased activity to the progress of improvement. Much land was entered in the county, and many settlements made, although as late as 1813, land was entered within three miles of Zanesville. In 1809, parts of the town plat were covered with the natural growth of timber.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments, the first three in the ancient graveyard, on the hill at the head of Main-street, in Zanesville, the others in the extensive cemetery in Putnam, the village opposite:

Sacred to the memory of JOHN MCINTIRE, who departed this life July 29, 1815, aged 56 years. He was born at Alexandria, Virginia, laid out the town of Zanesville in 1800, of which he was the *Patron and Father*. He was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of Ohio. A kind husband, an obliging neighbor, punctual to his engagements; of liberal mind, and benevolent disposition, his death was sincerely lamented.

Sacred to the memory of WILLIAM RAYNOLDS, a native of Virginia, he emigrated to Ohio in 1804, and settled in the town at the foot of this hill, where he departed this life Nov. 12, 1844, aged 50 years.

Who, though formed in an age when corruption ran high,
And folly alone seemed with folly to vie;
When genius with traffic too commonly strain'd,
Recounted her merits by what she had gain'd,
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in poverty's spite, dared to think for himself.

Man goeth to his long home, and mourners go about the streets. Within this case lieth the mortal part of DAVID HARVEY, who was born in the parish of Hogen, county of Cornwall, England, June 21, 1746; arrived in Fredericktown, Md., June, 1774, and voted for the Independence of the United States; supported the war by furnishing a soldier during the term thereof, according to an act of the Assembly of that State. Arrived on the bank of the Muskingum River, at Zanesville, Ohio, 10th of Dec., 1800. Died May, 1845, aged 69 years.

WILLIAM WELLES, born in Glastenbury, Conn., 1754. Among the pioneers of the North West Territory, he shared largely in their labors, privations and perils. In 1790, he located at Cincinnati. As Commissary he was with the army of St. Clair, and was wounded in its memorable defeat. In 1800, he settled in Zanesville, subsequently he removed to Putnam, where he lived respected and beloved by all who knew him, and died universally lamented, on the 26th of Jan., 1814.

DR. INCREASE MATTHEWS, born in Braintree, Massachusetts, Dec. 22, 1772. Died June 6, 1856. "Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile." Psalms xxxii, 2. Dr. Matthews emigrated to Marietta, Ohio, 1800. In the spring of 1801 he removed to Zanesville, and the same year bought the land which forms the cemetery, including the town plat of Putnam. For some time he was the only physician in the county. Among the early pioneers of the valley of the Muskingum, his many unostentatious virtues, and the purity and simplicity of his life and character were known and appreciated.

Coshocton, the capital of Coshocton county, is a small village, 30 miles above Zanesville, at the forks of the Muskingum, and on the line of the Pittsburg, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. This vicinity was a favorite residence of the Indians, especially the Shawnees, and they had numerous villages on the Muskingum and its branches.

Before the settlement of the country, there were several military expeditions into this region. The first was made in the fall of 1764, by Col. Henry Boquet, with a large body of British regulars and borderers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Overawed by his superiority, and unable by his vigilance to effect a surprise, the combined tribes made a peace with him, in which they agreed to deliver up their captives. The delivery took place on the 9th of November, at or near the site of Coshocton. The number brought in was 206, men, women and children, all from

the frontiers of Pennsylvania and Virginia. The scene which then took place was very affecting, as related by Hutchins.

Language, indeed, can but weakly describe the scene, one to which the poet or painter might have repaired to enrich the highest colorings of the variety of the human passions, the philosopher, to find ample subject for the most serious reflection, and the man to exercise all the tender and sympathetic feelings of the soul. There were to be seen fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their once lost babes, husbands hanging around the necks of their newly recovered wives, sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together, after a long separation, scarcely able to speak the same language, or for some time to be sure that they were the children of the same parents. In all these interviews joy and rapture inexpressible were seen, while feelings of a very different nature were painted in the looks of others, flying from place to place, in eager inquiries after relatives not found; trembling to receive an answer to questions; distracted with doubts, hopes and fears on obtaining no account of those they sought for; or stiffened into living monuments of horror and woe, on learning their unhappy fate.

The Indians, too, as if wholly forgetting their usual savageness, bore a capital part in heightening this most affecting scene. They delivered up their beloved captives with the utmost reluctance—shed torrents of tears over them—recommending them to the care and protection of the commanding officer. Their regard to them continued all the while they remained in camp. They visited them from day to day, brought them what corn, skins, horses, and other matters had been bestowed upon them while in their families, accompanied with other presents, and all the marks of the most sincere and tender affection. Nay, they didn't stop here, but when the army marched, some of the Indians solicited and obtained permission to accompany their former captives to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting and bringing provisions for them on the way. A young Mingo carried this still farther, and gave an instance of love which would make a figure even in romance. A young woman of Virginia was among the captives, to whom he had formed so strong an attachment as to call her his wife. Against all the remonstrances of the imminent danger to which he exposed himself by approaching the frontier, he persisted in following her, at the risk of being killed by the surviving relatives of many unfortunate persons who had been taken captive or scalped by those of his nation.

But it must not be deemed that there were not some, even grown persons, who showed an unwillingness to return. The Shawnees were obliged to bind some of their prisoners, and force them along to the camp, and some women who had been delivered up, afterward found means to escape, and went back to the Indian tribes. Some who could not make their escape, clung to their savage acquaintances at parting, and continued many days in bitter lamentations, even refusing sustenance.

In 1774, in Dunmore's war, a second expedition, of 400 Virginians, under Col. Angus M'Donald, entered the country, and destroyed the Wakatomica towns, and burnt the corn of the Indians. This was in the vicinity of Dresden, a few miles below the forks.

In the summer of 1780, a third expedition, called "*the Coshocton campaign*," was made, under Col. Broadhead. The troops rendezvoused at Wheeling, and marched to the forks of the Muskingum. They took about 40 prisoners, whom they tomahawked and scalped in cold blood. A chief, who, under promise of protection, came to make peace, was conversing with Broadhead, when a man, named Wetzel, came behind him, and drawing a concealed tomahawk from the bosom of his hunting shirt, lifted it on high and then buried it in his brains. The confiding savage quivered, fell and expired.

In Tuscarawas county, which lies directly east and adjoining to Coshocton, as early as 1762, the Moravian missionaries, Rev. Frederick Post and John Heckewelder, established a Mission among the Indians on the Tuscarawas, where, in 1781, Mary Heckewelder, the first white child born in Ohio, first saw the light. Other missionary auxiliaries were sent out by that society, for the propagation of the Christian religion among the Indians. Among these was the Rev. David Zeisberger, a man whose devotion to the cause was attested by the hardships he endured, and the dangers he encountered. Had the same pacific policy which governed the Friends of Pennsylvania, in their treatment of the Indians, been adopted by the white set-

tlers of the west, the efforts of the Moravian missionaries in Ohio would have been more successful.

They had three stations on the Tuscarawas River, or rather three Indian villages, viz: Shoenbrun, Gnadenhutten and Salem. The site of the first is about two miles south of New Philadelphia; seven miles farther south was Gnadenhutten, in the immediate vicinity of the present village of that name; and about five miles below that was Salem, a short distance from the village of Port Washington. The first and last mentioned were on the west side of the Tuscarawas, now near the margin of the Ohio canal. Gnadenhutten is on the east side of the river. It was here that a massacre took place on the 8th of March, 1782, which, for cool barbarity, is perhaps unequalled in the history of the Indian wars.

The Moravian villages on the Tuscarawas were situated about mid-way between the white settlements near the Ohio, and some warlike tribes of Wyandots and Delawares on the Sandusky. These latter were chiefly in the service of England, or at least opposed to the colonists, with whom she was then at war. There was a British station at Detroit, and an American one at Fort Pitt (Pittsburg), which were regarded as the nucleus of western operations by each of the contending parties. The Moravian villages of friendly Indians on the Tuscarawas were situated, as the saying is, between two fires. As Christian converts and friends of peace, both policy and inclination led them to adopt neutral grounds.

Several depredations had been committed by hostile Indians, about this time, on the frontier inhabitants of western Pennsylvania and Virginia, who determined to retaliate. A company of one hundred men was raised and placed under the command of Col. Williamson, as a corps of volunteer militia. They set out for the Moravian towns on the Tuscarawas, and arrived within a mile of Gnadenhutten on the night of the 5th of March. On the morning of the 6th, finding the Indians were employed in their corn-field, on the west side of the river, sixteen of Williamson's men crossed, two at a time, over in a large sap-trough, or vessel used for retaining sugar water, taking their rifles with them. The remainder went into the village, where they found a man and a woman, both of whom they killed. The sixteen on the west side, on approaching the Indians in the field, found them more numerous than they expected. They had their arms with them, which was usual on such occasions, both for purposes of protection and for killing game. The whites accosted them kindly, told them they had come to take them to a place where they would be in future protected, and advised them to quit work, and return with them to the neighborhood of Fort Pitt. Some of the Indians had been taken to that place in the preceding year, had been well treated by the American governor of the fort, and been dismissed with tokens of warm friendship. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the unsuspecting Moravian Indians readily surrendered their arms, and at once consented to be controlled by the advice of Col. Williamson and his men. An Indian messenger was dispatched to Salem, to apprise the brethren there of the new arrangement, and both companies returned to Gnadenhutten.

On reaching the village, a number of mounted militia started for the Salem settlement, but e'er they reached it, found that the Moravian Indians at that place had already left their corn-fields, by the advice of the messenger, and were on the road to join their brethren at Gnadenhutten. Measures had been adopted by the militia to secure the Indians whom they had at first decoyed into their power. They were bound, confined in two houses and well guarded. On the arrival of the Indians from Salem (their arms having been previously secured without suspicion of any hostile intention), they were also fettered, and divided between the two prison houses, the males in one, and the females in the other. The number thus confined in both, including men, women and children, have been estimated from ninety to ninety-six.

A council was then held to determine how the Moravian Indians should be disposed of. This self constituted military court embraced both officers and privates. The late Dr. Dodridge, in his published notes on Indian wars, etc., says: "Colonel Williamson put the question; whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Fort Pitt, or *put to death?*" requesting those who were in favor of saving their lives to step out and form a second rank. Only eighteen out of the whole number stepped forth as the advocates of mercy. In these the feelings of humanity were not extinct. In the majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested. They resolved to murder (for no other word can ex-

press the act), the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization—two of whom emigrated from New Jersey after the death of their spiritual pastor, Rev. David Brainard. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander and begged his protection. Her supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth in the sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of these devoted people were already ascending the throne of the Most High!—the sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer found an echo in the surrounding woods, but no responsive feeling in the bosoms of their executioners. With gun, and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter houses, till not a sigh or moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within—all, save two—two Indian boys escaped, as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man toward their unfortunate race.

Thus were upward of ninety human beings hurried to an untimely grave by those who should have been their legitimate protectors. After committing the barbarous act, Williamson and his men set fire to the houses containing the dead, and then marched off for Shoenbrun, the upper Indian town. But here the news of their atrocious deeds had preceded them. The inhabitants had all fled, and with them fled for a time the hopes of the missionaries to establish a settlement of Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas. The fruits of ten years' labor in the cause of civilization were apparently lost.

Those engaged in the campaign, were generally men of standing at home. When the expedition was formed, it was given out to the public that its sole object was to remove the Moravians to Pittsburg, and by destroying the villages, deprive the hostile savages of a shelter. In their towns, various articles plundered from the whites, were discovered. One man is said to have found the bloody clothes of his wife and children, who had recently been murdered. These articles, doubtless, had been purchased of the hostile Indians. The sight of these, it is said, bringing to mind the forms of murdered relations, wrought them up to an uncontrollable pitch of frenzy, which nothing but blood could satisfy.

In the year 1799, when the remnant of the Moravian Indians were recalled by the United States to reside on the same spot, an old Indian, in company with a young man by the name of Carr, walked over the desolate scene, and showed to the white man an excavation, which had formerly been a cellar, and in which were still some moldering bones of the victims, though seventeen years had passed since their tragic death—the tears, in the meantime, falling down the wrinkled face of this aged child of the Tuscarawas.

The Mission, having been resumed, was continued in operation until the year 1823, when the Indians sold out their lands to the United States, and removed to a Moravian station on the Thames, in Canada. The faithful Zeisberger died and was buried at Goshen, the last abiding place of his flock. In a small graveyard there, a little marble slab bears the following inscription:

DAVID ZEISBERGER, who was born 11th April, 1721, in Moravia, and departed this life 7th Nov., 1808, aged 87 years, 7 months and 6 days. This faithful servant of the Lord labored among the Moravian Indians, as a missionary, during the last sixty years of his life.

STEUBENVILLE, the capital of Jefferson county, is situated on the right bank of the Ohio, on an elevated plain, 150 miles from Columbus, 36, in a direct line, from Pittsburgh, and 75 by the river, and 22 above Wheeling, Va. It is surrounded by a beautiful country, and is the center of an extensive trade, and flourishing manufactories of various kinds, which are supplied with fuel from the inexhaustible mines of stone coal in the vicinity. The Female Seminary at this place, situated on the bank of the river, is a flourishing institution, and has a widely extended reputation. It contains about 9,000 inhabitants.

Steubenville was laid out in 1798, by Bezabel Wells and James Ross. It derives its name from Fort Steuben, which was erected in 1789, on High-street, near the site of the Female Seminary. It was built of block-houses connected by palisade fences, and was dismantled at the time of Wayne's victory, previous to which it

had been garrisoned by the United States infantry, under the command of Colonel Beatty.

The old Mingo town, three miles below Steubenville, was a place of note prior to the settlement of the country. It was the point where the troops of Col. Williamson rendezvoused in the infamous Moravian campaign, and those of Colonel Crawford, in his unfortunate expedition against the Sandusky Indians. It was



View in Steubenville.

The engraving shows the appearance of Market-street, looking westward, near the Court House, which appears on the right; a portion of the Market on the left; the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad crosses Market-street in the distance, near which are Woolen Factories.

also, at one time, the residence of Logan, the celebrated Mingo chief, whose form was striking and manly, and whose magnanimity and eloquence have seldom been equaled. He was a son of the Cayuga chief Skikellimus, who dwelt at Shamokin, Pa., in 1742, and was converted to Christianity under the preaching of the Moravian missionaries. Skikellimus highly esteemed James Logan, the secretary of the province, named his son from him, and probably had him baptized by the missionaries.

Logan took no part in the old French war, which ended in 1760, except that of a peace maker, and was always the friend of the white people until the base murder of his family to which has been attributed the origin of Dunmore's war. This event took place near the mouth of Yellow creek, in this county, about 17 miles above Steubenville. During the war which followed, Logan frequently showed his magnanimity to prisoners who fell into his hands.

Conneaut, in Ashtabula county, the north-eastern corner township of Ohio, is on Lake Erie, and on the Lake Shore Railroad, 67 miles east of Cleveland; it is distinguished as the landing place of the party who made the first settlement of northern Ohio, in 1796; hence it is sometimes called the *Plymouth* of the Western Reserve. There is a good harbor at the mouth of Conneaut creek, and a light house.

On the 4th of July, 1796, the first surveying party of the Western Reserve landed at the mouth of Conneaut creek. Of this event, John Barr, Esq., in his sketch of the Western Reserve, in the National Magazine for December, 1845, has given the following sketch:

The sons of revolutionary sires, some of them sharers of themselves in the great baptism of the republic, they made the anniversary of their country's freedom a

day of ceremonial and rejoicing. They felt that they had arrived at the place of their labors, the—to many of them—sites of home, as little alluring, almost as crowded with dangers, as were the levels of Jamestown, or the rocks of Plymouth to the ancestors who had preceded them in the conquest of the sea-coast wilderness of this continent. From old homes and friendly and social associations, they were almost as completely exiled as were the cavaliers who debarked upon the shores of Virginia, or the Puritans who sought the strand of Massachusetts. Far away as they were from the villages of their birth and boyhood; before them the trackless forest, or the untraversed lake, yet did they resolve to cast fatigue, and privation and peril from their thoughts for the time being, and give to the day its due, to patriotism its awards. Mustering their numbers, they sat them down on the eastward shore of the stream now known as Conneaut, and, dipping from the lake the liquor in which they pledged their country—their goblets, some *tin cups* of no rare workmanship, yet every way answerable, with the ordnance accompaniment of two or three fowling pieces discharging the required national salute—the first settlers of the Reserve spent their landing-day as became the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers—as the advance pioneers of a population that has since made the then wilderness of northern Ohio to “blossom as the rose,” and prove the homes of a people as remarkable for integrity, industry, love of country, moral truth and enlightened legislation, as any to be found within the territorial limits of their ancestral New England.

The whole party numbered on this occasion, fifty-two persons, of whom two were females (Mrs. Stiles and Mrs. Gunn, and a child). As these individuals were the advance of after millions of population, their names become worthy of record, and are therefore given, viz: Moses Cleveland, agent of the company; Augustus Porter, principal surveyor; Seth Pease, Moses Warren, Amos Spafford, Milton Hawley, Richard M. Stoddard, surveyors; Joshua Stowe, commissary; Theodore Shepard, physician; Joseph Tinker, principal boatman; Joseph McIntyre, George Proudfoot, Francis Gay, Samuel Forbes, Elijah Gunn, wife and child, Amos Sawten, Stephen Benton, Amos Barber, Samuel Hungerford, William B. Hall, Samuel Davenport, Asa Mason, Amzi Atwater, Michael Coffin, Elisha Ayres, Thomas Harris, Norman Wilcox, Timothy Dunham, George Goodwin, Shadrach Benham, Samuel Agnew, Warham Shepard, David Beard, John Briant, Titus V. Munson, Joseph Landon, Job V. Stiles and wife, Charles Parker, Ezekiel Hawley, Nathaniel Doan, Luke Hanchet, James Hasket, James Hamilton, Olney F. Rice, John Lock, and four others whose names are not mentioned.

On the 5th of July, the workmen of the expedition were employed in the erection of a large, awkwardly constructed log building; locating it on the sandy beach on the east shore of the stream, and naming it “Stowe Castle,” after one of the party. This became the storehouse of the provisions, etc., and the dwelling-place of the families. No permanent settlement was made at Conneaut until 1799, three years later.

Judge James Kingsbury, who arrived at Conneaut shortly after the surveying party, wintered with his family at this place, in a cabin which stood on a spot now covered by the waters of the lake. This was about the first family that wintered on the Reserve.

The story of the sufferings of this family have often been told, but in the midst of plenty, where want is unknown, can with difficulty be appreciated. The surveyors, in the prosecution of their labors westwardly, had principally removed their stores to Cleveland, while the family of Judge Kingsbury remained at Conneaut. Being compelled by business to leave in the fall for the state of New York, with the hope of a speedy return to his family, the judge was attacked by a severe fit of sickness confining him to his bed until the setting in of winter. As soon as able he proceeded on his return as far as Buffalo, where he hired an Indian to guide him through the wilderness. At Presque Isle, anticipating the wants of his family, he purchased twenty pounds of flour. In crossing Elk creek, on the ice, he disabled his horse, left him in the snow, and mounting his flour on his own back, pursued his way, filled with gloomy forebodings in relation to the fate of his family. On his arrival late one evening, his worst apprehensions were more than realized in a scene agonizing to the husband and father. Stretched on her cot lay the partner of his cares, who had followed him through all the dangers and hardships of the wilderness without repining, pale and emaciated, reduced by meager famine to the last stages in which life can be supported, and near the mother, on a little pallet, were the remains of his youngest child, born in his absence, who had just expired for the want of that nourishment which the mother, deprived of sustenance, was unable to give. Shut up by a gloomy wilderness, she

was far distant alike from the aid or sympathy of friends, filled with anxiety for an absent husband, suffering with want, and destitute of necessary assistance, and her children expiring around her with hunger.

Such is the picture presented, by which the wives and daughters of the present day may form some estimate of the hardships endured by the pioneers of this beautiful country. It appears that Judge Kingsbury, in order to supply the wants of his family, was under the necessity of transporting his provisions from Cleveland on a hand sled, and that himself and hired man drew a barrel of beef the whole distance at a single load.

Mr. Kingsbury subsequently held several important judicial and legislative trusts, and until within a few years since, was living at Newburg, about four miles distant from Cleveland. He was the first who thrust a sickle into the first wheat field planted on the soil of the Reserve. His wife was interred at Cleveland, about the year 1843. The fate of her child—the *first white child born on the Reserve, starved to death* for want of nourishment—will not soon be forgotten.



View in Superior-street, Cleveland.

The view shows the appearance of Superior-street looking westward. The Weddel House is seen on the right. The Railroad, Canal, and Cuyahoga River, all pass within a few rods westward of the four story building seen at the head of the street.

CLEVELAND, the capital of Cuyahoga county, on the south shore of Lake Erie, at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, is, next to Cincinnati, the most commercial city in the state, and with the exception of Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo, of all the lake cities. It has great natural facilities for trade, and is connected with the interior and Ohio River by the Ohio Canal and several railroads. The various railroads terminating here are, the Cleveland and Toledo, Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati, Cleveland and Mahoning, Cleveland and Pittsburg, Cleveland and Erie, and Cleveland, Zanesville and Cincinnati. It has a good harbor, which has been improved by piers extending into the lake. It is situated 135 miles E.N.E. from Columbus, 255 from Cincinnati, 130 from Pittsburg, 130 from Detroit, 183 from Buffalo, and 455 from New York. The location of the city is beautiful, being on a gravelly

plain elevated nearly 100 feet above the lake. The streets cross each other at right angles, and vary from 80 to 120 feet in width. Near the center is a handsome public square of 10 acres. The private residences are mostly of a superior order, and in almost every street are indications of wealth and taste. Euclid-street is an avenue of extraordinary width, running easterly from the city, and extending for two miles into the country. There is no single street in any city in the Union, which equals it in the combination of elegant private residences, with beautiful shrubbery and park like grounds. The unusual amount of trees and shrubbery in Cleveland has given it the appellation of "the Forest City:" it is a spot where "town and country appear to have met and shaken hands." The city is lighted with gas, and also supplied with the very best of water from the lake. The manufactures of the city are extensive and important, consisting of steam engines and various kinds of machinery, mill irons, stoves, plows, carriages, cabinet ware, edge tools, copper smelting works, woolen goods, tanning and the manufacture of oils. The agricultural products of the interior of the state are forwarded here in large quantities, which are reshipped for eastern or European markets. Ship and steamboat building is also carried on to a considerable extent. The lumber trade is one of great prominence. The packing of beef and pork is largely carried on. The wholesale and jobbing business in the various mercantile departments is increasing daily.

Cleveland has 2 medical colleges, one of which is the Western Reserve Medical College, the other is of the Homœopathic school, a fine female seminary on Kinsman's-street, 2 Roman Catholic convents, and a variety of benevolent institutions. Ohio City, on the west side of the city, formerly a separate corporation, is now comprised in Cleveland. Population, in 1796, 3; 1798, 16; 1825, 500; 1840, 6,071; 1850, 17,034; and in 1860, it was 43,550.

As early as 1755, there was a French station within the present limits of Cuyahoga county, that in which Cleveland is situated. On Lewis Evans' map of the

middle British colonies, published that year, there is marked upon the west bank of the Cuyahoga, the words, "*French house*," which was doubtless the station of a French trader. The ruins of a house supposed to be those of the one alluded to, have been discovered on Foot's farm, in Brooklyn township, about five miles from the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The small engraving annexed, is from the map of Evans, and delineates the geography as in the original.

In 1786, the Moravian missionary Zeisberger, with his Indian converts, left Detroit, and arrived at the mouth of the Cuyahoga, in a vessel called the Mackinaw. From thence, they

proceeded up the river about ten miles from the site of Cleveland, and settled in an abandoned village of the Ottawas, within the present limits of Independence, which they called *Pilgerruh*, i. e. *Pilgrim's rest*. Their stay was brief, for in the April following, they left for Huron River, and settled near the site of Milan, Erie county, at a locality they named *New Salem*.

The British, who, after the revolutionary war, refused to yield possession of the lake country west of the Cuyahoga, occupied to its shores until 1790. Their tra-



ders had a house in Ohio City, north of the Detroit road, on the point of the hill, near the river, when the surveyors first arrived here in 1796. From an early day, Washington, Jefferson and other leading Virginia statesmen regarded the mouth of the Cuyahoga as an important commercial position.

The city was originally comprised in lands purchased by the Connecticut Land Company," and formed a portion of what is termed the Western Reserve. This company was organized in 1795, and in the month of May following, it commissioned Gen. Moses Cleveland to superintend the survey of their lands, with a staff of forty-eight assistants. On July 22, 1796, Gen. Cleveland, accompanied by Augustus Porter, the principal of the surveying department, and several others, entered the mouth of the Cuyahoga from the lake, but as they were engaged in making a traverse, they continued their progress to Sandusky Bay. In the interim, Job P. Stiles and his wife and Joseph Tinker arrived in a boat with provisions, and were employed in constructing a house about half way from the top of the bank to the shore of the river, a short distance north of Main (Superior) street. On the return of the party from Sandusky, they surveyed and made a plat of the present city of Cleveland.

The first building erected in Cleveland, is supposed to have been in 1786, by Col. James Hillman, of Youngstown, Mahoning county, who was engaged in conveying flour and bacon from Pittsburg to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, for the use of the British army in the upper lakes. He visited the site of Cleveland six times, and on one occasion caused a small cabin to be erected "near a spring in the hill side, within a short distance of what is now the western termination of Superior-street." It is probable that Stiles and Tinker availed themselves of this site, and possibly it furnished a part of the materials to erect their hut.

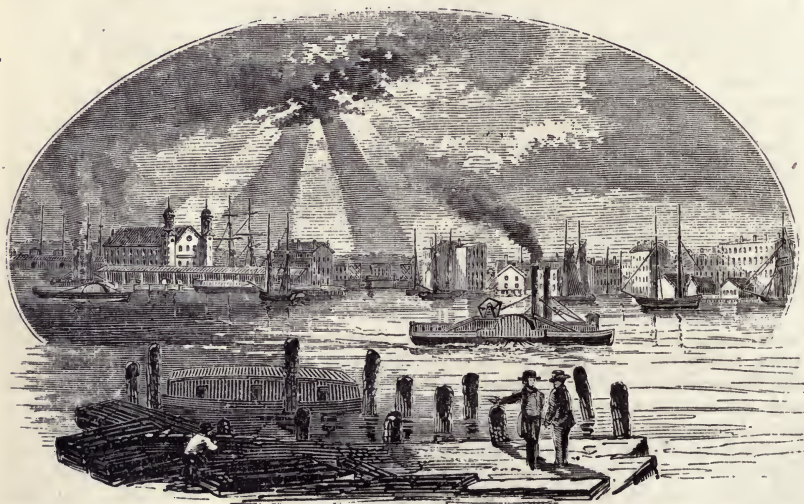
In the winter of 1796-7, the population consisted of three inhabitants. Early in the spring of 1797, James Kingsbury and family, from New England, and Elijah Gunn removed to Cleveland. The next families who came here were those of Maj. Carter and Ezekiel Hawley, from Kirtland, the family of the major being accompanied by Miss Cloe Inches. In the spring of the following year (1798), Maj. Carter sowed two acres of corn on the west side of Water-street. He was the first person who erected a frame building in the city, which he completed in 1802. On the 1st of July, 1797, William Clement was married to Cloe Inches. The ceremony of this first marriage was performed by Seth Hart, who was regarded by the surveying party as their chaplain. In 1799, Rodolphus Edwards and Nathaniel Doane with their families, emigrated from Chatham, Conn., to Cleveland, being ninety-two days on their journey. In the autumn of this year, the whole colony, without exception, were afflicted with the fever and ague.

The following historical items were taken from the *Traveler*, and published in the *Cleveland Weekly Herald*, Jan. 5, 1859:

The first city school was held in Maj. Carter's house in 1802, and the children were taught by Anna Spafford. The first postoffice was established here in 1804, when letters were received and transmitted every seven days. In the same year the first militia training occurred. The place of rendezvous was Doane's corner, and the muster amounted to about fifty men. In 1805, the harbor was made a port of entry, and classed within the Erie district. In the same year the territory on the west side of the Cuyahoga was ceded to the states by treaty. In 1809, Joel Thorpe and Amos Simpson each built a boat at Newberg, of six or seven tons, and conveyed them in wagons to the harbor, where they were launched. The first judicial trial took place in 1812. It was held in the open air, beneath the shade of a cherry tree, which then stood at the corner of Water and Superior-streets: it being a charge of murder against an Indian, called John O'Mic, who was convicted and executed. A court house was erected this year on the public square, opposite the place where the stone church now stands. It was an unique structure; dungeons were excavated underneath for a city jail. In 1815, Cleveland was incorporated with a village charter, and Alfred Kelley was the first president. Mr. Kelley was the first attorney in Cleveland. The first brick house in the city was that of J. R. and J. Kelley, in 1814, in Superior-street. This edifice was soon succeeded by another, built by Alfred Kelley, still standing in Water-street. In 1816,

the first bank was established in the city, under the title of the "Commercial Bank of Lake Erie." The number of vessels enrolled as hailing this year from Cleveland was but seven, and their aggregate burden 430 tons. In 1817, the first church was organized, which was the Episcopal church of Trinity. On July 31, 1818, the first newspaper, "*The Cleveland Gazette and Commercial Register*," was issued. On the 1st of Sept, the same year, steamed in the "Walk-in-the-Water," the first steamboat which entered the harbor. It was commanded by Capt. Fish, hailed from Buffalo, and was on its way to Detroit.

In 1819, Mr. Barber built a log hut on the west side of the harbor, and may be considered as the first permanent settler in Ohio City. The first Presbyterian church was organized in 1820, and the stone church was erected on the public square in 1834. In 1821, the first Sunday school was established in Cleveland, which was attended by twenty scholars. In 1825, an appropriation of \$5,000 was made by the government for the improvement of the harbor, and during this year the first steamboat was built here, and the Ohio Canal commenced. In 1827, the Cuyahoga Furnace Company commenced their manufactory, being the first iron works erected in the city. In 1830, the light house was built at the termination of Water-street, the lantern of which is 135 feet above the water level. In 1832, the Ohio Canal was completed. It had occupied seven years in its construction, is 307 miles in length, and cost \$5,000,000. In 1836, Cleveland was incorporated a city: the first mayor was John Willey. In 1840, the population had increased to 6,071; in 1845, to 12,206. In 1851, Feb. 23d, the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad was opened for travel, and on the same day, forty miles of the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad were likewise completed. Population, this year, 21,140. The United States Marine Hospital, on the banks of the lake, was completed in 1852; it was commenced in 1844.



Eastern view of Toledo.

The view shows the appearance of part of Toledo, as seen from the opposite bank of the Maumee, at one of the Ferry landings. The Island House, the Union Passenger Depot, and the Telegraph Station appear on the left.

TOLEDO, is a city and port of entry, in Lucas county, on the western bank of the Maumee, 4 miles from its mouth, and 10 miles from Lake Erie, 134 miles N.W. of Columbus, 66 S.S.W. of Detroit, and 100 W. of Cleveland, and 246, by canal, N. of Cincinnati. It is the terminus of the Wabash and Erie Canal, the longest in the Union; also of the Miami and Erie Canal.

It is the port of north-eastern Indiana, and of a large region in north-western Ohio. It is eminently a commercial town, has not only great natural facilities, but has also communication by canals and railroads in all directions.

The Michigan Southern Railroad and the air-line railroad passing through northern Indiana, the Toledo, Wabash and Western Road, the Toledo and Detroit Road, the northern and southern divisions of the Cleveland and Toledo Road, and the Dayton and Michigan Road, all terminate here in a common center at the Union Depot. The river is about half a mile wide here, and forms a harbor admitting the largest lake vessels. Population in 1860, 13,784.

Toledo covers the site of a stockade fort, called Fort Industry, erected about the year 1800, near what is now Summit-street. The site of the town originally was two distinct settlements—the upper, Port Lawrence, the lower, Vistula.

In the summer of 1832, Vistula, under the impetus given it by Captain Samuel Allen, from Lockport, N. Y., and Major Stickney, made quite a noise as a promising place for a town. At the same time arrangements were being made by Major Oliver and Micajah T. Williams, of Cincinnati, with Daniel O. Comstock and Stephen B. Comstock, brothers, from Lockport, for the resuscitation of Port Lawrence, at the mouth of Swan creek. The Comstocks took an interest, and became the agents of the Port Lawrence property.

No sales of any importance were made before 1833. In Vistula, the first store was started by Mr. E. Briggs; W. J. Daniels was his clerk. Soon after Flagg & Bissell opened a more extensive store of goods—probably the first good assortment for the use of white people. In 1833, not much progress was made toward building a town in Vistula or Port Lawrence. In 1834, speculation in lots began, and with slight intermission continued until the spring of 1837. Mr. Edward Bissell, from Lockport, a man of enterprise and activity, became a part owner, and gave a great impetus to the growth of Vistula. Through him and the Port Lawrence owners, many men of influence became interested in the new towns. Among these, Judge Mason, from Livingston county, N. Y., deserves mention, as he became agent of Mr. Bissell and the other chief owners, and made Vistula his place of residence.

In Port Lawrence the first Toledo steamer was built, and called the Detroit. She was of one hundred and twenty tons, and commanded by Capt. Baldwin, son of a sea captain of that name, who was one of the earliest settlers in that place.

In 1836, Toledo was incorporated as a city. The same year the Wabash and Erie Canal was located, but was not so far finished as to make its business felt until 1845, when the Miami and Erie Canal was opened through from Lake Erie to the Ohio, at Cincinnati.

In 1835, Toledo was the center of the military operations in the "Ohio and Michigan war"—originating in the boundary dispute between the two states. The militia of both states were called out and marched to the disputed territory, under their respective governors—Lucas, of Ohio, and Mason, of Michigan. No blood was shed, although, at one time, serious results were threatened. Michigan claimed a narrow strip on her southern border of eight miles wide, which brought Toledo into that state. The matter was referred to congress, who ceded to Michigan the large peninsula between Lakes Huron, Superior and Michigan, now known as the copper region in lieu of the territory in dispute.

PLAN ILLUSTRATING THE BATTLES OF THE MAUMEE.



[*Explanations.*—The map shows about eight miles of the country along each side of the Maumee, including the towns of Perrysburg, Maumee City and Waterville.

Just previous to the battle of the Fallen Timbers, in August, 1794, Wayne's army was encamped at a locality called *Roche de Boeuf*, a short distance above the present site of Waterville. The battle commenced at the *Presque Isle* hill. The routed Indians were pursued to even under the guns of the British *Fort Miami*.

Fort Meigs, memorable from having sustained two sieges in the year 1813, is shown on the east side of the Maumee, with the *British batteries* on both sides of the river, and near the British fort, is the site of *Proctor's encampment*.]

The Maumee Valley in which Toledo is situated, is noted in the early history of the country. It was a favorite point with the Indians, particularly that part in the vicinity of the villages of Maumee City and Perrysburg, about nine miles south of Toledo. As early as 1680, the French had a trading station just below the site of Maumee City; and in 1794, the British built *Fort Miami* on the same spot. This was within American territory, and from this point the British traders instigated the Indians to outrages upon the American settlements. Two important events occurred in this vicinity—the victory of Wayne, August 20, 1794, and the siege of *Fort Meigs*, in the war of 1812.

Wayne's battle ground is about three miles south of Maumee City, on the west side of the river. He approached from the south, having with him about three thousand men, of whom sixteen hundred were Kentuckians under Gen.

Scott. From Wayne's official report we make the annexed extract, which contains the principal points of this important victory:

The legion was on the right, its flanks covered by the Maumee: one brigade of

mounted volunteers on the left, under Brig. Gen. Todd, and the other in the rear, under Brig. Gen. Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced, so as to give timely notice for the troops to form in case of action, it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.



WAYNE'S BATTLE GROUND.

The view is from the north, showing on the left the Maumee and in front Presque Isle Hill. On the right by the roadside, is the noted Turkey Foot Rock.*

After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat. The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close thick wood, which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front; the ground being covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare. The savages were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending for near two miles at right angles with the river. I soon discovered, from the weight of the fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance and support the first; and directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole force of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route; at the same time I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts at the point of the bayonet, and when up, to deliver a close and well-directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again.

I also ordered Captain Mis Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in. All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from all their coverts in so short a time, that although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Todd and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, but part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one half their numbers. From every account the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison.

The loss of the enemy was more than that of the federal army. The woods were

* At this spot says tradition, an Indian chief named Turkey Foot, rallied a few of his men and stood upon it fighting until his strength becoming exhausted from loss of blood, he fell and breathed his last. Upon it have been carved by the Indians, representations of turkey's feet, now plainly to be seen, and it is said "the early settlers of and travelers through the Maumee valley, usually found many small pieces of tobacco deposited on this rock, which had been placed there by the Indians as devotional acts, by way of sacrifices, to appease the indignant spirit of the departed hero."

strewn for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries, the latter armed with British muskets and bayonets.

We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Maumee, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and corn-fields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance, both above and below Fort Miami, as well as within pistol-shot of the garrison, who were compelled to remain tacit spectators to this general devastation and conflagration, among which were the houses, stores and property of Colonel M'Kee, the British Indian agent and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages."

The loss of the Americans in this battle, was 33 killed and 100 wounded, including 5 officers among the killed, and 19 wounded. One of the Canadians taken in the action, estimated the force of the Indians at about 1400. He also stated that about 70 Canadians were with them, and that Col. M'Kee, Capt. Elliott and Simon Girty were in the field, but at a respectable distance, and near the river.

When the broken remains of the Indian army were pursued under the British fort, the soldiers could scarcely be restrained from storming it. This, independent of its results in bringing on a war with Great Britain, would have been a desperate measure, as the fort mounted 10 pieces of artillery, and was garrisoned by 450 men, while Wayne had no armament proper to attack such a strongly fortified place. While the troops remained in the vicinity, there did not appear to be any communication between the garrison and the savages. The gates were shut against them, and their rout and slaughter witnessed with apparent unconcern by the British. That the Indians were astonished at the lukewarmness of their real allies, and regarded the fort, in case of defeat, as a place of refuge, is evident from various circumstances, not the least of which was the well known reproach of Tecumseh, in his celebrated speech to Proctor, after Perry's victory. The near approach of the troops drew forth a remonstrance from Major Campbell, the British commandant, to General Wayne.* A sharp correspondence ensued, but without any special results. The morning before the army left, General Wayne, after arranging his force in such a manner as to show that they were all on the alert, advanced with his numerous staff and a small body of cavalry, to the glacis of the British fort, reconnoitering it with great deliberation, while the garrison were seen with lighted matches, prepared for any emergency. It is said that Wayne's party overheard one of the British subordinate officers appeal to Major Campbell, for permission to fire upon the cavalcade, and avenge such an insulting parade under his majesty's guns; but that officer chided him with the abrupt exclamation, "*be a gentleman! be a gentleman!*"†

After the defeat and massacre of the Kentuckians under Winchester at the River Raisin, near the site of Monroe, Michigan, in February, 1813, Gen. Harrison commander-in-chief of the army of the north-west, established his advance post at the foot of the Maumee Rapids and erected a fort, subsequently named Meigs, in honor of Governor Meigs.

"On the breaking up of the ice in Lake Erie, General Proctor, with all his disposable force, consisting of regulars and Canadian militia from Malden, and a large body of Indians under their celebrated chief, Tecumseh, amounting in the whole to two thousand men, laid siege to Fort Meigs. To encourage the Indians, he had

* Gen. Wayne was a man of most ardent impulses, and in the heat of action apt to forget that he was the general—not the soldier. When the attack on the Indians who were concealed behind the fallen timbers, was commencing by ordering the regulars up, the late Gen. Harrison, then aid to Wayne, being lieutenant with the title of major, addressed his superior—"Gen. Wayne, I am afraid you will get into the fight yourself, and forget to give me the necessary field orders." "Perhaps I may, replied Wayne, "and if I do, recollect the standing order for the day is, charge the rascals with the bayonet."

† That the Indian war was in a great measure sustained by British influences, admits of ample proof. Gen. Harrison, in his letter to Hon. Thomas Chilton, shows this from his own personal observation, and concludes it with this sentence. "If then the relation I have given is correct, the war of the revolution continued in the western country, until the peace of Greenville, in 1795."

promised them an easy conquest, and assured them that General Harrison should be delivered up to Tecumseh. On the 26th of April, the British columns appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and established their principal batteries on a commanding eminence opposite the fort. On the 27th, the Indians crossed the river, and established themselves in the rear of the American lines. The garrison, not having completed their wells, had no water except what they obtained from the river, under a constant firing of the enemy. On the first, second, and third of May, their batteries kept up an incessant shower of balls and shells upon the fort. On the night of the third, the British erected a gun and mortar battery on the left bank of the river, within two hundred and fifty yards of the American lines. The Indians climbed the trees in the neighborhood of the fort, and poured in a galling fire upon the garrison. In this situation General Harrison received a summons from Proctor for a surrender of the garrison, greatly magnifying his means of annoyance; this was answered by a prompt refusal, assuring the British general that if he obtained possession of the fort, it would not be by capitulation. Apprehensive of such an attack, General Harrison had made the governors of Kentucky and Ohio minutely acquainted with his situation, and stated to them the necessity of reinforcements for the relief of Fort Meigs. His requisitions had been zealously anticipated, and General Clay was at this moment descending the Miami with twelve hundred Kentuckians for his relief.

"At twelve o'clock in the night of the fourth, an officer* arrived from General Clay, with the welcome intelligence of his approach, stating that he was just above the rapids, and could reach them in two hours, and requesting his orders. Harrison determined on a general sally, and directed Clay to land eight hundred men on the right bank, take possession of the British batteries, spike their cannon, immediately return to their boats, and cross over to the American fort. The remainder of Clay's force were ordered to land on the left bank, and fight their way to the fort, while sorties were to be made from the garrison in aid of these operations. Captain Hamilton was directed to proceed up the river in a pirogue, land a subaltern on the left bank, who should be a pilot to conduct Gen. Clay to the fort: and then cross over and station his pirogue at the place designated for the other division to land. General Clay, having received these orders, descended the river in order of battle in solid columns, each officer taking position according to his rank. Col. Dudley, being the eldest in command, led the van, and was ordered to take the men in the twelve front boats, and execute General Harrison's orders on the right bank. He effected his landing at the place designated, without difficulty. General Clay kept close along the left bank until he came opposite the place of Col. Dudley's landing, but not finding the subaltern there, he attempted to cross over and join Col. Dudley; this was prevented by the violence of the current on the rapids, and he again attempted to land on the left bank, and effected it, with only fifty men amid a brisk fire from the enemy on shore, and made their way to the fort, receiving their fire until within the protection of its guns. The other boats under the command of Col. Boswell, were driven further down the current, and landed on the right to join Col. Dudley. Here they were ordered to re-embark, land on the left bank, and proceed to the fort. In the mean time two sorties were made from the garrison, one on the left, in aid of Col. Boswell, by which the Canadian militia and Indians were defeated, and he was enabled to reach the fort in safety, and one on the right against the British batteries, which was also successful."

"Col. Dudley, with his detachment of eight hundred Kentucky militia, complete-

* This messenger was Capt. William Oliver, post master at Cincinnati in Taylor's administration, then a young man, noted for his heroic bravery. He had previously been sent from the fort at a time when it was surrounded by Indians, through the wilderness, with instructions to General Clay. His return to the fort was extremely dangerous. Capt. Leslie Coombs, now of Lexington, Ky., had been sent by Col. Dudley to communicate with Harrison. He approached the fort, and when within about a mile, was attacked by the Indians and after a gallant resistance was foiled in his object and obliged to retreat with the loss of nearly all of his companions. Oliver managed to get into the fort through the cover of the darkness of the night, by which he eluded the vigilance of Tecumseh and his Indians, who were very watchful and had closely invested it.

ly succeeded in driving the British from their batteries, and spiking the cannon. Having accomplished this object, his orders were peremptory to return immediately to his boats and cross over to the fort: but the blind confidence which generally attends militia when successful, proved their ruin. Although repeatedly ordered by Col. Dudley, and warned of their danger, and called upon from the fort to leave the ground; and although there was abundant time for that purpose, before the British reinforcements arrived; yet they commenced a pursuit of the Indians, and suffered themselves to be drawn into an ambuscade by some feint skirmishing, while the British troops and large bodies of Indians were brought up, and intercepted their return to the river. Elated with their first success, they considered the victory already gained and pursued the enemy nearly two miles into the woods and swamps, where they were suddenly caught in a defile and surrounded by double their numbers. Finding themselves in this situation, consternation prevailed; their line became broken and disordered, and huddled together in unresisting crowds, they were obliged to surrender to the mercy of the savages. Fortunately for these unhappy victims of their own rashness, General Tecumseh commanded at this ambuscade, and had imbibed since his appointment more humane feelings than his brother Proctor. After the surrender, and all resistance had ceased, the Indians, finding five hundred prisoners at their mercy, began the work of massacre with the most savage delight. Tecumseh sternly forbade it, and buried his tomahawk in the head of one of his chiefs who refused obedience. This order accompanied with this decisive manner of enforcing it, put an end to the massacre. Of eight hundred men only one hundred and fifty escaped. The residue were slain or made prisoners. Col. Dudley was severely wounded in the action, and afterward tomahawked and scalped.*

* This defeat was occasioned by the impetuous valor of his men. In one of the general orders after the 5th of May, Harrison takes occasion to warn his men against that rash bravery which he says "*is characteristic of the Kentucky troops*, and if persisted in is as fatal in its results as cowardice."

After Dudley had spiked the batteries, which had but few defenders, some of his men loitered about the banks and filled the air with cheers. Harrison, and a group of officers, who were anxiously watching them from the grand battery, with a presentiment of the horrible fate that awaited them, earnestly beckoned them to return. Supposing they were returning their cheers, they reiterated their shouts of triumph. Harrison seeing this, exclaimed in tones of anguish, "*they are lost! they are lost!*—can I never get men to obey my orders?" He then offered a reward of a thousand dollars to any man who would cross the river and apprise Col. Dudley of his danger. This was undertaken by an officer, but he was too late.

Hon. Joseph R. Underwood, then a lieutenant, has given some extremely interesting details of the horrible scenes which ensued; says he:

"On our approach to the old garrison, the Indians formed a line to the left of the road, there being a perpendicular bank to the right, on the margin of which the road passed. I perceived that the prisoners were running the gauntlet, and that the Indians were whipping, shooting and tomahawking the men as they ran by their line. When I reached the starting place, I dashed off as fast as I was able, and ran near the muzzles of their guns, knowing that they would have to shoot me while I was immediately in front, or let me pass, for to have turned their guns up or down their lines to shoot me, would have endangered themselves, as there was a curve in their line. In this way I passed without injury, except some strokes over the shoulders with their gun-sticks. As I entered the ditch around the garrison, the man before me was shot and fell, and I fell over him. The passage for a while was stopped by those who fell over the dead man and myself. How many lives were lost at this place I can not tell—probably between 20 and 40. The brave Captain Lewis was among the number. When we got within the walls, we were ordered to sit down. I lay in the lap of Mr. Gilpin, a soldier of Captain Henry's company, from Woodford. A new scene commenced. An Indian, painted black, mounted the dilapidated wall, and shot one of the prisoners next to him. He reloaded and shot a second, the ball passing through him into the hip of another, who afterward died, I was informed, at Cleveland, of the wound. The savage then laid down his gun and drew his tomahawk, with which he killed two others. When he drew his tomahawk and jumped down among the men, they endeavored to escape from him by leaping over the heads of each other, and thereby to place others between themselves and danger. Thus they were heaped upon one another, and as I did not rise, they trampled upon me so that I could see nothing that was going on. The confusion and uproar of this moment can not be adequately described. There was an excito-

Proctor seeing no prospect of taking the fort, and finding his Indians fast leaving him, raised the siege on the 9th of May, and returned with precipitation to Malden. Tecumseh and a considerable portion of the Indians remained in service; but large numbers left in disgust, and were ready to join the Americans. On the left bank, in the several sorties of the 5th of May, and during the siege, the American loss was eighty-one killed and one hundred and eighty-nine wounded.

The British force under Proctor, during the siege, amounted, as nearly as could be ascertained, to 3,200 men, of whom 600 were British regulars, 800 Canadian militia, and 1,800 Indians. Those under Harrison, including the troops who arrived on the morning of the 5th, under Gen. Clay, were about 1,200. The number of his men fit for duty, was, perhaps, less than 1,100.*

On the 20th of July, the enemy, to the number of 5,000, again appeared before Fort Meigs, and commenced a second siege. The garrison was, at the time, under the command of Gen. Green Clay, of Kentucky. Finding the fort too strong, they remained but a few days.

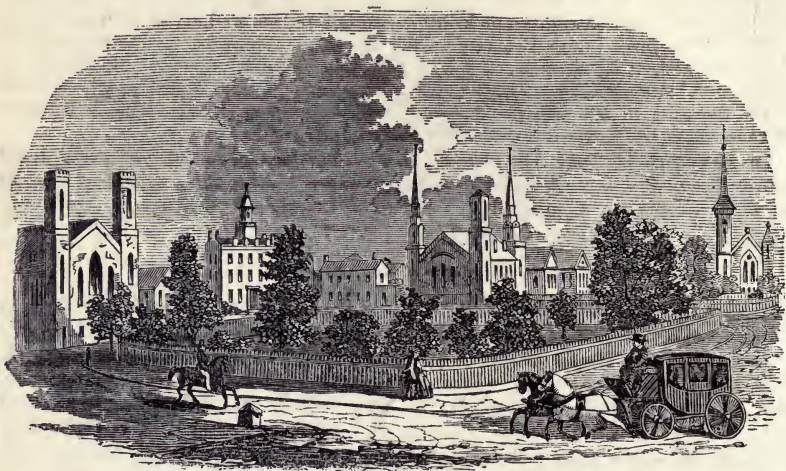
SANDUSKY CITY, port of entry, and capital of Erie county, is situated on the southern shore of Sandusky Bay, 3 miles from Lake Erie, 105 miles N. from Columbus, 47 E. from Toledo, 210 N.N.E. from Cincinnati, and 60 from Cleveland and Detroit. It is also on the northern division of the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad, and is the terminus of the Sandusky, Mansfield and Newark, and Sandusky, Dayton and Cincinnati Railroads. The bay is about 20 miles long and 5 or 6 wide, forming an excellent harbor, into which vessels of all sizes can enter with safety in storms. The ground on which the city stands, rises gently from the shore, commanding a fine view of the bay with its shipping. The town is based upon an inexhaustible quarry of fine limestone, which is not only used in building elegant and sub-

ment among the Indians, and a fierceness in their conversation, which betokened on the part of some a strong disposition to massacre the whole of us. The British officers and soldiers seemed to interpose to prevent the further effusion of blood. Their expression was "*Oh, niehee, wah!*" meaning, "*oh! brother, quit!*" After the Indian who had occasioned this horrible scene, had scalped and stripped his victims, he left us, and a comparative calm ensued. The prisoners resumed their seats on the ground. While thus situated, a tall, stout Indian walked into the midst of us, drew a long butcher knife from his belt and commenced whetting it. As he did so, he looked around among the prisoners, apparently selecting one for the gratification of his vengeance. I viewed his conduct, and thought it probable that he was to give the signal for a general massacre. But after exciting our fears sufficiently for his satisfaction, he gave a contemptuous grunt and went out from among us.

When it was near night, we were taken in open boats about nine miles down the river, to the British shipping. On the day after, we were visited by the Indians, in their bark canoes, in order to make a display of their scalps. These they strung on a pole, perhaps two inches in diameter, and about eight feet high. The pole was set up perpendicularly in the bow of their canoes, and near the top the scalps were fastened. On some poles I saw four or five. Each scalp was drawn closely over a hoop about four inches in diameter; and the flesh sides, I thought, were painted red. Thus their canoes were decorated with a flag-staff of a most appropriate character, bearing human scalps, the horrid ensigns of savage warfare."

*"During the siege," says an eye witness, "one of our militia men took his station on the embankment, and gratuitously forewarned us of every shot. In this he became so skillful that he could, in almost every case, predict the destination of the ball. As soon as the smoke issued from the muzzle of the gun, he would cry out, "*shot,*" or "*bomb,*" as the case might be. Sometimes he would exclaim, "*block-house No. 1,*" or "*look-out main battery,*" "*now for the meat-house,*" "*good-by, if you will pass.*" In spite of all the expostulations of his friends, he maintained his post. One day there came a shot that seemed to defy all his calculations. He stood silent—motionless—perplexed. In the *same instant* he was swept into eternity. Poor man! he should have considered, that when there is no obliquity in the issue of the smoke, either to the right or left, above or below, the fatal messenger would travel in the direct line of his vision. He reminded me of the peasant, in the siege of Jerusalem, who cried out, "*woe to the city! woe to the temple! woe to myself!*"

stantial edifices in the place, but is an extensive article of export. It has a large trade, and its manufactures, chiefly of heavy machinery, are important. Population, about 12,000.



North-eastern view of Public Square, Sandusky.

The view shows, first, beginning at the left, the Episcopal Church, then successively the Dutch Reformed Church, the Court House, Catholic Church, the High School, Congregational Church, Methodist, Baptist, and the Presbyterian Churches.

The French established a small trading post at the mouth of Huron River, and another on the shore of the bay on or near the site of Sandusky City, which were abandoned before the war of the revolution. The small map annexed is copied from part of Evans' map of the Middle British Colonies, published in 1755. The reader will perceive upon the east bank of Sandusky River, near the bay, a French fort there described as "*Fort Junandot, built in 1754.*" The words Wandots are, doubtless, meant for Wyandot towns.

Erie, Huron, and a small part of Ottawa counties comprise that portion of the Western Reserve* known as "*the fire lands,*" being a tract of about 500,000 acres, granted by the state of Connecticut to the sufferers by fire from the British in their incursions into that state.

It is quite difficult to ascertain who the first settlers were upon the fire lands. As early, if not prior to the organization of the state, several persons had squatted upon the lands, at the mouth of the streams and near the shore of the lake, led a hunter's life and trafficked with the Indians. But they were a race of wanderers and gradually disappeared before the regular progress of the settlements.

Those devoted missionaries, the Moravians, made a settlement, which they called New



* The Western, or Connecticut Reserve, comprises the following counties in northern Ohio, viz: Ashtabula, Lake, Cuyahoga, Lorain, Erie, Huron, Medina, Summit, Portage, Trumbull, and the northern part of Mahoning.

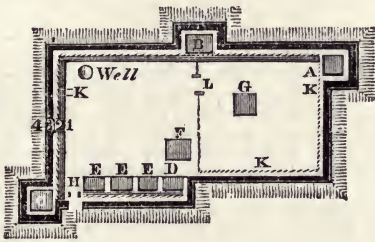
Salem, as early as 1790, on Huron River, about two miles below Milan, on the Hathaway farm. They afterward settled at Milan.

The first regular settlers upon the fire lands were Col. Jerard Ward, who came in the spring of 1808, and Almon Ruggles and Jabez Wright, in the autumn succeeding. Ere the close of the next year, quite a number of families had settled in the townships of Huron, Florence, Berlin, Oxford, Margaretta, Portland and Vermillion. These early settlers generally erected the ordinary log cabin, but others of a wandering character built bark huts, which were made by driving a post at each of the four corners, and one higher between each of the two end corners, in the middle to support the roof, which were connected together by a ridge pole. Layers of bark were wound around the side of the posts, each upper layer lapping the one beneath to shed rain. The roof was barked over, strips being bent across from one eave over the ridge pole to the other, and secured by poles on them. The occupants of these bark huts were squatters, and lived principally by hunting. They were the semi-civilized race that usually precedes the more substantial pioneer in the western wilderness.

Fremont, formerly Lower Sandusky, on the west bank of Sandusky River, is the county seat of Sandusky county, 30 miles easterly from Toledo, by the Cleveland and Toledo Railroad. Population about 4,000.

The defense of Fort Stephenson, at this point, Aug. 2, 1813, just after the siege of Fort Meigs, was a memorable event in the war of 1812.

This post had been established by Gen. Harrison, on Sandusky River, eighteen miles from its mouth, and forty east of Fort Meigs. It was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty men, under Major George Croghan, a young Kentuckian, just past twenty-one years of age. This fort being indefensible against heavy cannon, which it was supposed would be brought against it by Proctor, it was judged best by Harrison and his officers in council, that it should be abandoned. But the enemy appeared before the garrison on the 31st of July, before the order could be executed; they numbered thirty-three hundred strong, including the Indians, and brought with them six pieces of artillery, which, luckily, were of light caliber. To Proctor's summary



FORT SANDUSKY.*

demand for its surrender, he was informed that he could only gain access over the corpses of its defenders. The enemy soon opening their fire upon them, gave Croghan reason to judge that they intended to storm the north-west angle of the fort. In the darkness of night, he placed his only piece of artillery, a six pounder, at that point, and loaded it to the muzzle with slugs. On the evening of the 2d, three hundred British veterans marched up to carry the works by storm, and when within thirty feet of the masked battery it opened upon them.† The effect was decisive, twenty-seven of their number was slain, the assailants recoiled, and having the fear of Harrison before them, who was at Fort Seneca, some ten miles south, with a considerable force, they hastily retreated the same night, leaving behind them their artillery and stores.

Upper Sandusky, the county seat of Wyandot county, is a village of about

* *References to the Fort.*—Line 1—Pickets. Line 2—Embankment from the ditch to and against the picket. Line 3—Dry ditch, nine feet wide by six deep. Line 4—Outward embankment or glacis. A—Block-house first attacked by cannon, b. B—Bastion from which the ditch was raked by Croghan's artillery. C—Guard block-house, in the lower left corner. D—Hospital during the attack. E E E—Military store-houses. F—Commissary's store-house. G—Magazine. H—Fort gate. K K K—Wicker gates. L—Partition gate.

† Col. Short, who commanded this party, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets, and give the Americans *no quarters*, when he fell mortally wounded into the ditch, hoisted his white handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had a moment before ordered to be denied to his enemy.

1,500 inhabitants, 63 miles N. of Columbus, on the W. bank of the Sandusky, and on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. It was formerly the chief town of the Wyandot Indians, who ceded their land to the United States in 1843.

About three miles north of the town is the battle ground, where Col. Crawford was defeated by the Indians, in 1782. After the massacre of the Moravian Indians on the Tuscarawas, the remainder settled in this vicinity among the hostile Indians. A second expedition was projected on the upper Ohio, to invade the Wyandot country, finish the destruction of the Christian Indians, and then destroy the Wyandot towns in the vicinity. Four hundred and eighty men assembled at the old Mingo towns, near the site of Steubenville, and elected Col. Wm. Crawford, a resident of Brownsville, as their commander. This officer was a native of Virginia, and an intimate friend of Washington. At this time he was about 50 years of age.

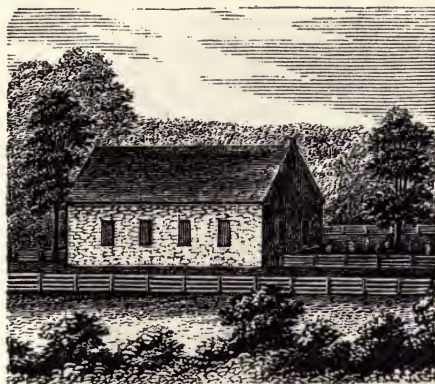
It was determined to carry on a war of extermination—"no quarter was to be given to any *man, woman or child*." On the 7th of June, while marching through the Sandusky plains, they were attacked by the Indians, concealed in the high grass. The action continued until night closed in upon them. It was then determined to retreat. Unfortunately, instead of doing so all in a body, one part broke up into small parties, and these being pursued by detachments of Indians, mostly fell into the hands of the enemy. Some were killed and scalped at the time, while others were reserved for torture. Among the latter was Col. Crawford, who perished at the stake.*

* The account of the burning of Crawford is thus given by Dr. Knight, his companion, who subsequently escaped. When we went to the fire, the colonel was stripped naked, ordered to sit down by the fire, and then they beat him with sticks and their fists. Presently after, I was treated in the same manner. They then tied a rope to the foot of a post about fifteen feet high, bound the colonel's hands behind his back and fastened the rope to the ligature between his wrists. The rope was long enough for him to sit down or walk round the post once or twice, and return the same way. The colonel then called to Girty, and asked him if they intended to burn him? Girty answered, yes. The colonel said he would take it all patiently. Upon this, Captain Pipe, a Delaware chief, made a speech to the Indians, viz: about thirty or forty men, and sixty or seventy squaws and boys. When the speech was finished, they all yelled a hideous and hearty assent to what had been said. The Indian men took up their guns and shot powder into the colonel's body, from his feet as far up as his neck. I think that not less than seventy loads were discharged upon his naked body. They then crowded about him, and to the best of my observation, cut off his ears; when the throng had dispersed a little, I saw the blood running from both sides of his head in consequence thereof.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which the colonel was tied; it was made of small hickory poles, burnt quite through in the middle, each end of the poles remaining about six feet in length. Three or four Indians, by turns, would take up, individually, one of these burning pieces of wood, and apply it to his naked body, already burnt black with powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him with the burning fagots and poles. Some of the squaws took broad boards, upon which they would carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and throw on him, so that in a short time, he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon. In the midst of these extreme tortures, he called to Simon Girty, and begged of him to shoot him; but Girty making no answer, he called to him again. Girty then, by way of derision, told the colonel that he had no gun, at the same time turning about to an Indian who was behind him, laughed heartily, and by all his gestures, seemed delighted with the horrid scene. Girty then came up to me and bade me prepare for death. He said, however, I was not to die at that place, but to be burnt at the Shawnese towns. He swore by G—d I need not expect to escape death, but should suffer it in all its extremities.

Col. Crawford, at this period of his sufferings, besought the Almighty to have mercy on his soul, spoke very low, and bore his torments with the most manly fortitude. He continued in all the extremities of pain for an hour and three quarters or two hours longer, as near as I can judge, when at last, being almost exhausted, he lay down on his belly; they then scalped him, and repeatedly threw the scalp in my face, telling me, "that was my great captain." An old squaw (whose appearance every way answered the ideas people entertain of the devil) got a board, took a parcel of coals and ashes and laid them on his back and head, after he had been scalped; he then raised himself upon his feet and began to walk

Near the town of Upper Sandusky stands the old Wyandot Mission Church, built about the year 1824, from government funds, by Rev. James B. Finley. The Methodists here sustained the mission among the Indians for many years. In 1816, John Stewart, a mulatto, a Methodist, came here, and gain-



WYANDOT MISSION CHURCH.

ing much influence over the natives, paved the way for a regular mission, which was soon after formed by Mr. Finley, who established both a church and a school. This was the first Indian mission formed by the Methodists in the Mississippi Valley. Mr. Finley was very happy in his efforts, and in his interesting history of the mission, gives the following touching anecdote of the chief Summundewat, one of his converts, who was subsequently murdered by some vagabond whites in Hancock county, while extending to them hospitalities:

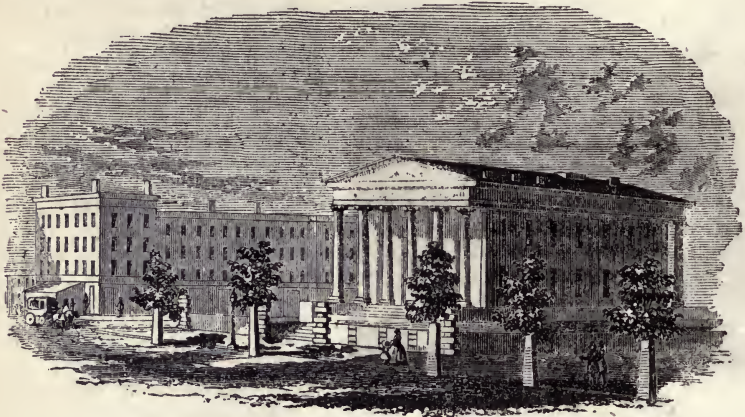
"Sum-mun-de-wat amused me after he came home by relating a circumstance that transpired one cold evening, just before sun-down. 'I met,' said he, 'on a small path, not far from my camp, a man who ask me if I could talk English.' I said, 'Little.' He ask me, 'How far is it to a house?' I answer, 'I don't know—may be 10 miles—may be 8 miles.' 'Is there a path leading to it?' 'No—by and by dis go out (pointing to the path they were on), den all woods. You go home me—sleep—me go show you to-morrow.' Then he come my camp—so take horse—tie—give him some corn and brush—then my wife give him supper. He ask where I come. I say, 'Sandusky.' He say, 'You know Finley?' 'Yes,' I say, 'he is my brother—my father.' Then he say, 'He is my brother.' Then I feel something in my heart burn. I say, 'You preacher?' He say, 'Yes,' and I shook hands and say, 'My brother!' Then we try talk. Then I say, 'You sing and pray.' So he did. Then he say to me, 'Sing and pray.' So I did; and I so much cry I can't pray. No go to sleep—I can't—I wake—my heart full. All night I pray and praise God, for his send me preacher to sleep my camp. Next morning soon come, and he want to go. Then I go show him through the woods, until come to big road. Then he took my hand and say, 'Farewell, brother; by and by we meet up in heaven.' Then me cry, and my brother cry. We part—I go hunt. All day I cry, and no see deer jump up and run away. Then I go and pray by some log. My heart so full of joy, that I can not walk much. I say, 'I can not hunt.' Sometimes I sing—then I stop and clap my hands, and look up to God, my heavenly Father. Then the love come so fast in my heart, I can hardly stand. So I went home, and said, 'This is my happiest day.'"

DAYTON, a city, and capital of Montgomery county, is situated on the E. bank of the Great Miami, at the mouth of Mad River, 60 miles from Cincinnati, 67 from Columbus, and 110 from Indianapolis. This is the

round the post; they next put a burning stick to him, as usual, but he seemed more insensible of pain than before.

The Indian fellow who had me in charge, now took me away to Captain Pipe's house, about three quarters of a mile from the place of the colonel's execution. I was bound all right, and thus prevented from seeing the last of the horrid spectacle. Next morning, being June 12th, the Indian untied me; painted me black, and we set off for the Shawnee town, which he told me was somewhat less than forty miles distant from that place. We soon came to the spot where the colonel had been burnt, as it was partly in our way; I saw his bones lying among the remains of the fire, almost burnt to ashes; I suppose, after he was dead, they laid his body on the fire. The Indian told me that was my big captain, and gave the scalp halloo.

third city in Ohio, in population and wealth, and has extensive manufactures and respectable commerce. Its manufactures consist principally of railroad equipments, iron ware, paper, cotton, and woolen fabrics, etc. The city is laid out with streets 100 feet wide, crossing each other at right



North-eastern view of the Court House, Dayton.

Erected at an expense of about \$100,000, and 127 feet in length by 62 in breadth. The style of architecture is that of the Parthenon, with some slight variations.

angles. The public buildings are excellent, and much taste is displayed in the construction of private residences, many of which are ornamented by fine gardens and shrubbery. The abundant water power which Dayton possesses is one of the elements of its prosperity. In 1845, a hydraulic canal was made, by which the water of Mad River is brought through the city. Numerous macadamized roads diverge from the town, and radiate in all directions; several railroads terminate at Dayton, and by this means communication is had with every point in the Union. The Southern Ohio Lunatic Asylum is established here. There are 27 churches, in 7 of which the German language is used. Population in 1860, 20,132.

The first families who made a permanent residence in the place, arrived on the 1st day of April, 1796. The first 19 settlers of Dayton, were Wm. Gahagan, Samuel Thompson, Benj. Van Cleve, Wm. Van Cleve, Solomon Goss, Thomas Davis, John Davis, James M'Clure, John M'Clure, Daniel Ferrell, William Hamer, Solomon Hamer, Thomas Hamer, Abraham Glassmire, John Dorough, Wm. Chenoweth, Jas. Morris, Wm. Newcom and George Newcom.

In 1803, on the organization of the state government, Montgomery county was established. Dayton was made the seat of justice, at which time only five families resided in the town, the other settlers having gone on to farms in the vicinity, or removed to other parts of the country. The increase of the town was gradual, until the war of 1812, which made a thoroughfare for the troops and stores on their way to the frontier.

Springfield, a beautiful city and capital of Clarke county, is situated on the National Road, on Mad River, 43 miles W. from Columbus, and 84 N. from Cincinnati. It has great water power, well improved by a variety of mills and manufacturing establishments. It is surrounded by a rich and populous country. Several macadamized roads terminate here, and railroads

connect it with the principal towns in the state. Wittenberg College, under the patronage of the Lutheran Church, chartered in 1845, is a short distance without the town, and is surrounded with spacious grounds. Population, 8,000.

Springfield was laid out in 1803, by James Demint. The old Indian town, Piqua, the ancient Piqua of the Shawnees, and the birth-place of TECUMSEH, the celebrated Indian warrior, was situated on the N. side of Mad River, about five miles W. from Springfield.

Xenia, the county seat of Green, is a well built town on the Little Miami Railroad, 64 miles north of Cincinnati, in a rich country. The town was laid off in 1803, by Joseph C. Vance. The name, Xenia, is said to be an old French word, signifying a New Year's gift. Wilberforce University is three and a half miles north-east of Xenia, an institution under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, for the special purpose of educating colored youth of both sexes. Population about 5,000.

About three miles north, on the Little Miami, is the site of the Shawnee town, Old Chillicothe. It was a place of note in the early history of the country, and a point to which Daniel Boone, with 27 other Kentuckians, were brought prisoners in 1778.

Antioch College is at Yellow Springs, 9 miles north of Xenia. It is an institution of considerable celebrity, the one over which the late Horace Mann presided, with so much reputation to himself and benefit to his pupils.



First Court House in Greene county.

The engraving is a correct representation of the first court house in Greene. It was erected five and a half miles north of the site of Xenia, near the Dayton road. It was built by Gen. Benj. Whiteman, as a residence for Peter Borders.

The first court for the trial of causes was held in it, in August, 1803, Francis Dunlavy, presiding judge. A grand jury of inquest were sworn "for the body of Greene county." After receiving the charge, "they retired out of court"—a circumstance not to be wondered at, as there was but one room in the house. Their place of retirement, or jury room, was a little squat shaped pole hut, shown on the right of the view. But it appears there was nothing for them to do.

"But they were not permitted to remain idle long: the spectators in attendance promptly took the matter into consideration. They, doubtless, thought it a great

pity to have a learned court and nothing for it to do; so they set to and cut out employment for their honors by engaging in divers hard fights at fisticuffs, right on the ground. So it seems our pioneers fought for the benefit of the court. At all events, while their honors were waiting to settle differences according to law, they were making up issues and settling them by trial "*by combat*"—a process by which they avoided the much complained of "laws' delay," and incurred no other damages than black eyes and bloody noses, which were regarded as mere trifles, of course. Among the incidents of the day, characteristic of the times, was this: A Mr. —, of Warren county, was in attendance. Owen Davis, the owner of a mill near by, and a brave Indian fighter, as well as a kind-hearted, obliging man, charged this Warren county man with *speculating in pork*, alias stealing his neighbor's hogs. The insult was resented—a combat took place forthwith, in which Davis proved victorious. He then went into court, and planting himself in front of the judges, he observed, addressing himself particularly to one of them, '*Well, Ben, I've whipped that — hog thief—what's the damage—what's to pay? and, thereupon, suiting the action to the word, he drew out his buckskin purse, containing 8 or 10 dollars, and slammed it down on the table—then shaking his fist at the judge whom he addressed, he continued, 'Yes, Ben, and if you'd steal a hog, — you, I'd whip you too.'* He had, doubtless, come to the conclusion, that, as there was a court, the luxury of fighting could not be indulged in gratis, and he was for paying up as he went. Seventeen witnesses were sworn and sent before the grand jury, and nine bills of indictment were found the same day—all for affrays and assaults and batteries committed *after* the court was organized. To these indictments the parties all pleaded guilty, and were fined—Davis among the rest, who was fined eight dollars for his share in the transactions of the day."

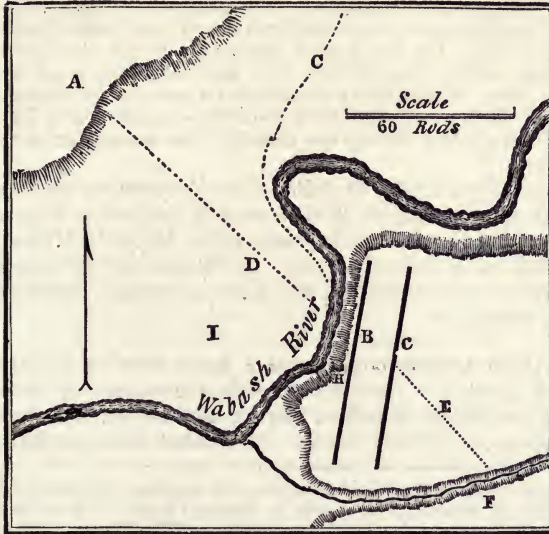
Greenville, the capital of Darke county, on the Greenville and Miami Railroad, is about 121 miles W. from Columbus. It contains some 1,500 inhabitants. In 1793, Gen. Wayne built Fort Greenville on the site of the present town, and here the treaty of Greenville was concluded, between Gen. Wayne and the Indians. Gen. St. Clair, at the head of 1,400 men, was defeated by the Indians in the north-west corner of Darke county, upward of 20 miles from Greenville, Nov. 4, 1791. The great object of St. Clair's campaign was to establish a line of military posts between Fort Washington (Cincinnati), and the junction of St. Mary and St. Joseph Rivers, now Fort Wayne. The description of the battle is from Monette's history:

On the 3d of November, the army encamped in a wooded plain, among the sources of a Wabash tributary, upon the banks of several small creeks, about fifty miles south of the Miami towns. The winter had already commenced, and the ground was covered with snow three inches deep.

Next morning, Nov. 4th, just before sunrise, and immediately after the troops had been dismissed from parade, the Indians made a furious attack upon the militia, whose camp was about a quarter of a mile in advance of the main camp of the regular troops. The militia immediately gave way, and fled with great precipitation and disorder, with the Indians in close pursuit; and, rushing through the camp, they threw the battalions of Majors Butler and Clark into confusion. The utmost exertions of those officers failed to restore complete order. The Indians, pressing close upon the militia, immediately engaged Butler's command with great intrepidity and fury. The attack soon became general both in the front and second lines, but the weight of the enemy's fire was directed against the center of each line, where the artillery was stationed. Such was the intensity of the enemy's fire, that the men were repeatedly driven from their guns with great loss. Confusion was spreading among the troops, from the great numbers who were constantly falling, while no impression was made by their fire upon the enemy. "At length resort was had to the bayonet.—Col. Darke was ordered to charge with part of the second line, and endeavor to turn the left flank of the enemy. This order was executed with great spirit. The Indians instantly gave way, and were driven back three or four hundred yards; but, for want of a sufficient number of riflemen to pursue this advantage, they soon rallied, and the troops were obliged in turn to

fall back. At this moment, the Indians had entered our camp by the left flank, having driven back the troops that were posted there. Another charge was made here by the second regiment, Butler's and Clark's battalions, with equal effect, and it was repeated several times, and always with success; but in each charge several men were lost, and particularly the officers; which, with raw troops, was a loss

altogether irremediable.* In the last charge Major Butler was dangerously wounded, and every officer of the second regiment fell except three. The artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed except Capt. Ford, who was severely wounded, and more than half the army having fallen, it became necessary to make a retreat, if possible. This was immediately done, while Major Clark protected the rear with his battalion. The retreat was precipitous: it was a perfect flight. The camp and artillery was abandoned; not a horse was alive to draw the cannon. The men, in their flight and conster-



PLAN OF ST. CLAIR'S BATTLE FIELD.*

nation, threw away their arms and accouterments after pursuit had ceased, and the road was strewn with them for more than four miles. The rout continued to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles. The action began half an hour before sunrise, the retreat commenced at half past nine o'clock, and the remnant of the army reached Fort Jefferson just after sunset. The savages continued the pursuit for four miles, when, fortunately, they returned to the scene of action for scalps and plunder.

In this most disastrous battle, thirty-eight commissioned officers were killed on the field. Six hundred non-commissioned officers and privates were either killed or missing. Among the wounded were twenty-one commissioned officers, and two hundred and forty-two non-commissioned officers and privates. Many of the wounded died subsequently of their wounds. The Indian loss did not exceed sixty warriors killed.

The grand error in this campaign was the impolicy of urging forward on a dangerous service, far into the Indian country, an army of raw troops, who were unwilling to enter upon the campaign, as was fully evinced by frequent desertions as they approached the hostile towns. The army was fatally reduced by the detachment sent to overtake the deserters from the Kentucky militia; and Gen. St. Clair

* *References.*—A—High ground, on which the militia were encamped at the commencement of the action. B C—Encampment of the main army. D—Retreat of the militia at the beginning of the battle. E—St. Clair's trace, on which the defeated army retreated. F—Place where Gen. Butler and other officers were buried. G—Trail to Girty's Town, on the River St. Marys, at what is now the village of St. Marys. H—Site of Fort Recovery, built by Wayne; the line of Darke and Mercer runs within a few rods of the site of the fort. I—Place where a brass cannon was found buried, in 1830; it is on the bottom where the Indians were three times driven to the high land with the bayonet.

himself was quite infirm, and often unable to attend to his duties as commander-in-chief. On the fatal day of his defeat, he was scarcely able to be mounted upon his horse, either from physical infirmity or culpable intemperance.*

The Indians engaged in this terrible battle comprised about nine hundred warriors. Among them were about four hundred Shawnee, commanded by Blue Jacket, and chiefly from the waters of the Wabash. The remainder were commanded by Little Turtle, Buckongahelas, consisting of Delawares, Wyandots, Potawatamies, and Mingoes. The Delawares alone numbered nearly four hundred warriors, who fought with great fury. On the ground, during the battle, were seen several British officers in full uniform from Detroit, who had come to witness the strife which they had instigated. Simon Girty commanded a party of Wyandots.

Among the camp-followers in this campaign were nearly two hundred and fifty women, of whom fifty-six were killed during the carnage; the remainder were chiefly captured the Indians.

Wayne's troops subsequently built a fort, called *Fort Recovery*, on the site of the battle ground. In the summer of 1794, a second battle was fought under the walls of the fort, between 140 Americans, under Major McMahon, and a party of Indians, led on by British officers. McMahon and 22 others were killed, but the survivors gained the fort, which the enemy also attacked but were driven off with severe loss.

Within Ohio, beside those already noticed are a large number of city-like towns, most of which are on the lines of railroads, are capitals of their respective counties, have numerous churches, literary institutions, manufactories, and varied branches of industry—some are lighted with gas, have

* St. Clair was an unfortunate officer in the Revolution, but still retained the confidence and friendship of Washington. In Rush's "Washington in Domestic Life," is an account of the interview between Mr. Tobias Lear, his private secretary, and Washington, immediately after the reception by the latter of the news of St. Clair's defeat:

"The general now walked backward and forward slowly for some minutes without speaking. Then he sat down on a sofa by the fire, telling Mr. Lear to sit down. To this moment there had been no change in his manner since his interruption at table. Mr. Lear now perceived emotion. This rising in him, he broke out suddenly, 'It's all over—St. Clair's defeated—routed; the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete—too shocking to think of—and a surprise in the bargain!'

He uttered all this with great vehemence. Then he paused, got up from the sofa and walked about the room several times, agitated but saying nothing. Near the door he stopped short, and stood still a few seconds, when his wrath became terrible.

'Yes,' he burst forth, '*here* on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor; you have your instructions, I said, from the secretary of war, I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—*beware of a surprise*. I repeat it, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE—you know how the Indians fight us. He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet! to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hack'd, butchered, tomahaw'd by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against!! Oh, God, oh, God, he's worse than a murderer! how can he answer it to his country!—the blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of Heaven?'

This torrent came out in tones appalling. His very frame shook. It was awful, said Mr. Lear. More than once he threw his hands up as he hurled imprecations upon St. Clair. Mr. Lear remained speechless, awed into breathless silence.

Washington sat down on the sofa once more. He seemed conscious of his passion, and uncomfortable. He was silent. His warmth beginning to subside, he at length said in an altered voice: 'This must not go beyond this room.' Another pause followed—a longer one—when he said, in a tone quite low, 'General St. Clair shall have justice; I looked hastily through the dispatches, saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars; I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice.'

He was now, said Mr. Lear, perfectly calm. Half an hour had gone by. The storm was over; and no sign of it was afterward seen in his conduct, or heard in his conversation. The result is known. The whole case was investigated by congress. St. Clair was exculpated and regained the confidence Washington had in him when appointing him to that command. He had put himself into the thickest of the fight and escaped unhurt, though so ill as to be carried on a litter, and unable to mount his horse without help."

fire companies, and are, indeed, small cities. We mention the more prominent, giving their populations, according to the census of 1860.

Mount Vernon City, Knox county. Population 4,147. Five miles east of it, is *Grambler*, the seat of *Kenyon College*, founded in 1827, and named after Lord Kenyon, one of its principal benefactors.

Mansfield City, Richland county, a manufacturing town, a great railroad center, with 11 churches, 70 stores, six manufactories, and a population of 4,540. *Wooster*, Wayne county, has 60 stores, 10 churches, and in 1858, 4,837 inhabitants. *Canton*, Stark county, has 4,042 people. *Massillon*, in the same county, has a population of 3,680. *Youngstown*, in Mahoning county has 2,758 inhabitants. All of the above are in the northern section of the state, in the richest WHEAT counties of Ohio.

Akron, Summit county, has 50 stores of various kinds, and 3,520 inhabitants. It is on the summit level of the Ohio canal, and has abundance of water power from the canal and Cuyahoga River, which is employed in a variety of manufactures. The manufacturing village of Cuyahoga Falls, is six miles north-east of Akron: the river falls there, in the space of two and a half miles, more than 200 feet. Western Reserve College is at Hudson, eight and a half miles northerly from the last. *Norwalk*, Huron county, has 2,867 inhabitants. *Elyria*, Lorain county, has 1,615 inhabitants, *Oberlin* in the same county, 2,012 inhabitants: the collegiate institute at Oberlin is a flourishing institution, numbering several hundred pupils of both sexes.*

Warren, Trumbull county, has 2,402 inhabitants. *Ravenna*, Portage county, has 36 stores, and a population of 1,797. *Painesville*, Lake county, has 2,615 inhabitants. *Ashtabula*, in Ashtabula county, 1,427 inhabitants. The above are on the WESTERN RESERVE.

Tiffin, Seneca county, is the seat of *Heidelberg College*, and a theological seminary of the German Reformed Church. It has 12 churches and 4,010 inhabitants. *Bucyrus*, Crawford county, has 40 stores and 2,210 inhabitants. *Delaware*, Delaware county, has 14 churches and 3,895 inhabitants. It is the seat of the Ohio Wesleyan University and two female colleges. *Bellefontaine*, Logan county, has 2,600 inhabitants. *Sidney*, Shelby county, has 2,055 inhabitants. *Urbana*, Champaign county, the seat of *Urbana University* and a female seminary, has a population of 3,429. *Piqua*, Miami county, has 40 stores, numerous manufactories, mechanic shops, and 4,620 inhabitants. *Troy*, in the same county, has 2,640 inhabitants. *Lima*, in Allen

* Many of the pupils at Oberlin, male and female, are of African origin, and mingle on terms of social equality with the others. This singularity is in accordance with the annexed published synopsis of the institution:

1. To educate youths of both sexes, so as to secure the development of a strong mind in a sound body, connected with a permanent, vigorous, progressive piety—all to be aided by a judicious system of manual labor.

2. To beget and to confirm in the process of education the habit of self-denial, patient endurance, a chastened moral courage, and a devout consecration of the whole being to God, in seeking the best good of man.

3. To establish universal liberty by the abolition of every form of sin.

4. To avoid the debasing association of the heathen classics, and make the bible a text-book in all the departments of education.

5. To raise up a church and ministers who shall be known and read of all men in deep sympathy with Christ, in holy living, and in efficient action against all which God forbids.

6. To furnish a seminary, affording thorough instruction in all the branches of an education for both sexes, and in which colored persons, of both sexes, shall be freely admitted, and on the terms of equality and brotherhood.

county, has 2079 inhabitants. All of the above are in the north-western quarter of the state, north of the national road and west of Columbus.

Lebanon, Warren county, has 2,498 inhabitants. *Eaton*, Preble county, and *Germantown*, Montgomery county, have each about 1,500 inhabitants, as also have *Wilmington*, *Hillsboro'* and *Greenfield*. *Ripley*, on the Ohio River in Brown county, has 2,715 inhabitants. The above are all in the south-western quarter of Ohio.

Lancaster, Fairfield county, has 4,320 inhabitants. *Logan*, Hocking county, *M'Connellsville*, in Morgan, *Wellsville*, in Columbiana, *New Lisbon*, in Columbiana, and *Cambridge*, in Guernsey county, have each about 1500 inhabitants. *Pomeroy*, on the Ohio River, in Meigs county, is in the midst of the great coal producing region of the state, to which it owes its importance; its population is 6,480. *Ironton*, on the Ohio River, in Lawrence county has 3,700 inhabitants. This town was laid out in 1849, by the Ohio Iron and Coal Company, and derives its importance from the iron business, the principal furnaces of the Ohio iron district being in its vicinity. All of the above, excepting Wellsville and New Lisbon, are in the south-eastern quarter of Ohio.

Beside the above, Ohio contains many villages ranging from 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, MISCELLANIES, ETC.

Tecumseh, the renowned warrior and chieftain of the Shawnees, was born about the year 1768, at the Indian town of Piqua, situated on the north side



SITE OF PIQUA.

An Indian village and the birth-place of Tecumseh.

of Mad River, some five miles west of the site of Springfield, Clarke county. He early showed a passion for war, and at 17 years evinced signal prowess in the capture of some boats on the Ohio; but when his party burned a prisoner, he was struck with horror, and by his eloquence persuaded them never to be guilty of a like act again. In

1795, he became a chief, and soon rose to distinction among his people.

In 1805, Tecumseh and his brother Laulewasikaw, the prophet, established themselves at Greenville and gained a great influence over the Indians, through the pretended sorcery of the latter. Shortly after the great project of Tecumseh was formed of a confederacy of all the western tribes against the whites. In this he was backed, it is supposed, by the insidious influence of British agents, who presented the Indians with ammunition, in anticipation, perhaps, of hostilities between the two countries, in which event the union of all the tribes against the Americans was desirable.

The battle of Tippecanoe, fought Nov. 7, 1811, with the brother of Tecumseh, in which the prophet was defeated, for a time annihilated the hopes of the brothers. Tecumseh was not in this battle. In the war which soon after ensued with England, Tecumseh was the ally of King George, and held the rank of brigadier-general, having, under his command, about 2,000 Indians. He was present at several engagements, and was eventually killed in the battle of Moravian towns, in Canada, near Detroit, Oct. 5, 1813.

“Thus fell the Indian warrior Tecumseh, in the 44th year of his age. He was five feet ten inches high, and with more than usual stoutness, possessed all the agility and nerse-

verance of the Indian character. His carriage was dignified, his eye penetrating, his countenance, which even in death, betrayed the indications of a lofty spirit, rather of the sterner cast. Had he not possessed a certain austerity of manners, he could never have controlled the wayward passions of those who followed him to battle. He was of a silent habit; but when his eloquence became roused into action by the reiterated encroachment of the Americans, his strong intellect could supply him with a flow of oratory that enabled him, as he governed in the field, so to prescribe in the council."

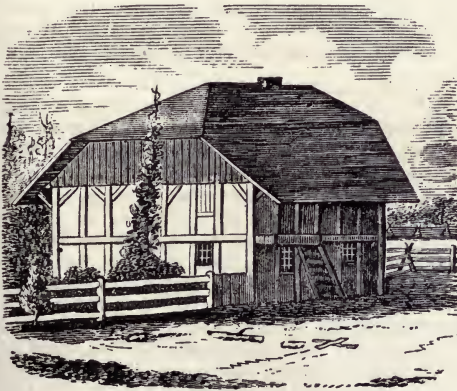
"*William Henry Harrison* was born in Charles county, Virginia, Feb. 9, 1773; was educated at Hampden Sidney College, and afterward studied medicine. He

W. H. Harrison

received, from Washington, a military commission in 1791, and fought under Wayne in 1792. After the battle of Maumee Rapids, he was made captain, and placed in command of Fort Washington. In 1797, he was appointed

secretary of the North-west Territory; and in 1799 and 1800, he was a delegate to congress. Being appointed governor of Indiana, he was also superintendent of Indian affairs, and negotiated thirteen treaties. He gained a great victory in the battle of Tippecanoe, Nov. 7, 1811. In the war with Great Britain, he was commander of the North-west army, and was distinguished in the defense of Fort Meigs, and the victory of the Thames. From 1816 to 1819, he was a representative in congress, from Ohio; and from 1825 to 1828, United States Senator. In 1828, he was minister to the Republic of Colombia; and on his return he resided upon his farm, at North Bend, Ohio. In 1840, he was elected president of the United States, by 234 votes out of 294, and inaugurated March 4, 1841. He died in the presidential mansion, April 4, 1841."

In traveling through the west, one often meets with scenes that remind him of another land. The foreigner who makes his home upon American



SWISS EMIGRANT'S COTTAGE.

soil, does not at once assimilate in language, modes of life, and current of thought with those congenial to his adopted country. The German emigrant is peculiar in this respect, and so much attached is he to his fatherland, that years often elapse ere there is any perceptible change. The annexed engraving, from Howe's Ohio, illustrates these remarks: "It shows the mud cottage of a German Swiss emigrant, now standing in the neighborhood of others of like character, in the north-western part of Columbiana county, Ohio. The frame work is of wood, with the interstices filled with light colored clay, and the whole surmounted by a ponderous shingled roof, of a picturesque form. Beside the tenement, hop vines are clustering around their slender supporters, while hard by stands the abandoned log dwelling of the emigrant—deserted for one more congenial with his early predilections."

Return Jonathan Meigs * was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1740. He

* *Lossing* gives this pleasant anecdote of the origin of his name, *RETURN*. "A bright-eyed Connecticut girl was disposed to coquette with her lover, *Jonathan Meigs*; and on one oc-

was a colonel in the army of the revolution, and saw much service. He was with Arnold at Quebec, was one of the first to mount the parapet at the storming of Stony Point, and received an elegant sword and a vote of thanks for a gallant exploit at Sagg Harbor, where, with 70 of his "Leather Cap Battalion," composed of Connecticut men, he stormed a British post, and carried off nearly a hundred prisoners. After the war he became a surveyor for the Ohio Land Company, and was one of the first settlers of Marietta. He drew up a system of laws for the first emigrants, which were posted on a large oak near the mouth of the Muskingum. He was appointed a judge by Gen. St. Clair, and in 1801 Indian agent by Jefferson among the Cherokees, among whom he continued to reside until his death, in 1823, at the age of 83 years. The Indians loved and revered him as a father. His son, Return Jonathan Meigs, represented Ohio in the United States Senate, from 1808 to 1810; was governor of the state from 1810 to 1814, and post-master-general of the United States from 1814 to 1823. He died at Marietta in 1825.

Rufus Putnam, who has been styled "the FATHER OF OHIO," was born at Sutton, Massachusetts, in 1738. He was distinguished in the war of the revolution, holding the office of brigadier-general. From 1783 to 1787, he was busy organizing a company for emigrating to, and settling, the Ohio country. On the 7th of April, 1788, he landed with the first pioneer party at the mouth of the Muskingum, and there founded Marietta, the first settlement in Ohio. He was appointed surveyor-general of the United States by Washington, in 1796, was a member of the convention which formed the first Constitution of Ohio, and died in 1824.

Gen. Duncan McArthur, was born of Scotch parentage, in Dutchess county, N. Y., in 1782, and at the age of 18 entered the army, and was in several Indian campaigns. By force of talent he rose, in 1808, to the post of major general of the state militia. At Hull's surrender he was second in command, but on his release as a prisoner of war, the democratic party, by an overwhelming majority, elected him to congress. On the resignation of Gen. Harrison, in 1814, he was in supreme command of the north-west army, and projected an expedition into Canada, where, at or near Malcolm's Mill, he defeated a body of Canadians. He was a representative in congress again from 1823 to 1825; in 1830, was chosen governor of the state, and died a few years later. He was a strong-minded, energetic man, and possessed a will of iron.

Gen. Nathaniel Massie was born in Virginia, in 1763, and was bred a surveyor. In 1791, he made the first settlement within the Virginia Military District, the fourth in Ohio, and the only one between the Scioto and Little Miami, until after the treaty of Greenville in 1795. This was at Manchester, on the Ohio, opposite Maysville, Ky. His business, for years, was the surveying of lands in the military district. His payments were liberal, as he received in many cases one half of the land for making the locations; yet the risk was immense, for, during the Indian hostilities, every creek that was explored and every line that was run, was done by stealth and at the risk of life from the lurking Indians, from whom he had several narrow escapes.

After the defeat of the Indians by Wayne, the surveyors were not interrupted by the Indians; but on one of their excursions, still remembered as "*the starving tour*," the whole party, consisting of 28 men, suffered extremely in a driving snow storm for about four days. They were in a wilderness, exposed to this severe storm, without hut, tent, or covering, and what was still more appalling, without provision, and without any road or even track to retreat on, and were nearly 100 miles from any place of shelter. On the third day of the storm, they luckily killed

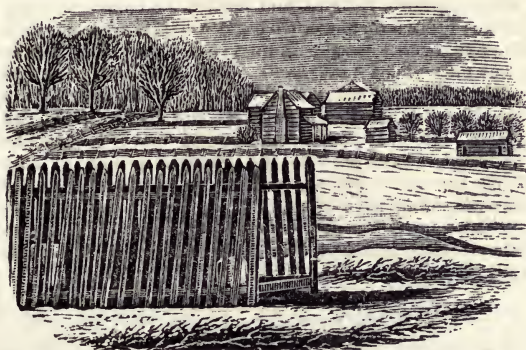
casion, when he had pressed his suit with great earnestness, and asked for a positive answer, she feigned coolness, and would give him no satisfaction. The lover resolved to be trifled with no longer, and bade her farewell, forever. She perceived her error, but he was allowed to go far down the lane before her pride would yield to the more tender emotions of her heart. Then she ran to the gate and cried, "*Return, Jonathan! Return, Jonathan!*" He did return, they were joined in wedlock, and in commemoration of these happy words of the sorrowing girl, they named their first child, Return Jonathan—afterward a hero in our war for independence, a noble western pioneer, and a devoted friend of the Cherokees."

two wild turkeys, which were boiled and divided into 28 parts, and devoured with great avidity, heads, feet, entrails and all.

In 1796, Massie laid the foundation of the settlement of the Scioto valley, by laying out on his own land the now large and beautiful town of Chillicothe. The progress of the settlements brought large quantities of his land into market.

Gen. Massie was a member of the convention which formed the first state constitution. In 1807, he was a competitor with Return Jonathan Meigs for governor, they being the two most popular men in Ohio. Meigs was elected by a slight majority. Massie contested the election, Meigs having lost his residence by absence. The legislature decided in Massie's favor, whereupon he magnanimously resigned. In 1813, this noble pioneer was gathered to his fathers.

Simon Kenton, a native of Culpepper county, Virginia, and one of the bravest and noblest of western pioneers, and the friend of Daniel Boone, resided in the latter part of his life, on the head waters of Mad River, about five miles north of Bellefontaine, in Logan county. His dwelling was the small log house shown on the extreme right of the annexed view. There he died, in 1836, at the advanced age of 81 years. When 16 years of age, he had an affray



GRAVE OF SIMON KENTON.

with a young man who had married his lady love. Supposing, erroneously, that he had killed his rival, he fled to the wilderness of Kentucky. This was in the year 1771. From that time, during the whole of the revolutionary war, down to the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, he was probably in more expeditions against the Indians, encountered greater peril, performed more heroic feats, and had more narrow escapes from death, than any man of his time.

In 1778, he was captured by the Indians, compelled to run the gauntlet, and then condemned to be burnt at the stake. He was saved by the interposition of Simon Girty, a renegade white, who had known Kenton in Dunmore's campaign. Shortly after he was again sentenced to death, and a second time was saved by a Canadian Frenchman, who prevailed upon the Indians to send him to the British at Detroit. From thence he finally escaped, and again engaged in Indian warfare.

In 1782, hearing he had not killed his rival in love, he returned to Virginia, in order to remove his father's family to his new home in Kentucky. Notwithstanding the great services he had rendered his country, on account of some defect in his land titles, he lost his property, and was imprisoned twelve months for debt, on the very spot where he had built his cabin in 1775. In 1802, he settled in Urbana, Ohio, where he remained some years, and was elected brigadier general of militia. He was in the war of 1812, under Harrison, at the battle of Moravian town, where he displayed his usual intrepidity. About the year 1820, he removed to the head of Mad River. At the time of his death the frosts of more than 80 winters had fallen on his head without entirely whitening his locks. His biographer thus describes his personal appearance and character:

"General Kenton was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked very erect; and, in the prime of life, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice, very pleasing to

the hearer. He had laughing gray eyes, which seemed to fascinate the beholder. He was a pleasant, good-humored and obliging companion. When excited, or provoked to anger (which was seldom the case), the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His rage, when roused, was a tornado. In his dealing, he was perfectly honest; his confidence in man, and his credulity, were such, that the same man might cheat him twenty times; and if he professed friendship, he might cheat him still."

Jacob Burnet was born in Newark, N. J., in 1770, educated at Princeton, and in 1796 admitted to the bar. He then emigrated to Cincinnati, and commenced the practice of his profession. Until the formation of the constitution of Ohio, in 1802, he attended court regularly at Cincinnati, Marietta and Detroit, the last of which was then the seat of justice for Wayne county. The jaunts between these remote places were attended with exposure, fatigue, and hazard, and were usually performed on horseback, in parties of two or more, through a wilderness country. At that period the whole white population between Pennsylvania and the Mississippi, the Ohio and the lakes, was only about 5,000 souls. Mr. Burnet at once rose to the front rank in his profession. He was appointed, in 1799, a member of the first territorial legislature of the North-West Territory; and the first code of laws were almost wholly framed by him. In 1821, he became one of the judges of the supreme court of Ohio; and in 1828, was elected to the national senate, as successor of Gen. Harrison. Nearly his entire life was passed in positions of honor and responsibility. On the recommendation of Lafayette, he was elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences. His Notes upon the North-West Territory are among the most valuable contributions to the history of the west extant. Judge Burnet died in 1853, aged 83 years.

BRADY'S LEAP.

It was across the Cuyahoga River, in northern Ohio, near the site of Franklin Mills, and a few miles east of the village of Cuyahoga Falls, that the noted Capt. Sam'l Brady



BRADY'S POND.

made his famous leap for life, about the year 1780, when pursued by a party of Indians. Brady was the Daniel Boone of the north-east part of the valley of the Ohio, which is full of traditions of his hardy adventures and hair breadth escapes. Brady's Pond is the spot where Brady concealed himself after his leap, the circumstances of which we quote below. It is a small, beautiful sheet of water, two and a half miles from the village, a little north of the Ravenna road:

"Having in peaceable times often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only 22 feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in high more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened, that on the opposite cliff, the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive for torture, and to glut their long delayed revenge, they forbore to use the rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him: one bullet severely wounded

him in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree, beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of '*Brady's Leap.*'"

In the center of the beautiful public square in Cleveland stands the statue of Oliver Hazard Perry, the "Hero of Lake Erie." It was inaugurated with



THE PERRY STATUE, AT CLEVELAND.

great ceremony on the 10th of September, 1860, the anniversary of his signal victory. Among those present were the governor and legislature of Rhode Island, Perry's native state, soldiers of the last war, survivors of the battle of Lake Erie, military from Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, and about 70,000 visitors from the surrounding country. Among the ceremonies of the occasion was a mock battle on the lake in imitation of that which terminated in the victory of Perry. Hon. Geo. Bancroft was the orator of the day.

The statue is of Carrara marble, standing upon a high pedestal of Rhode Island granite. The figure can not be better described than in the words of Mr. Walcutt, the artist, after he

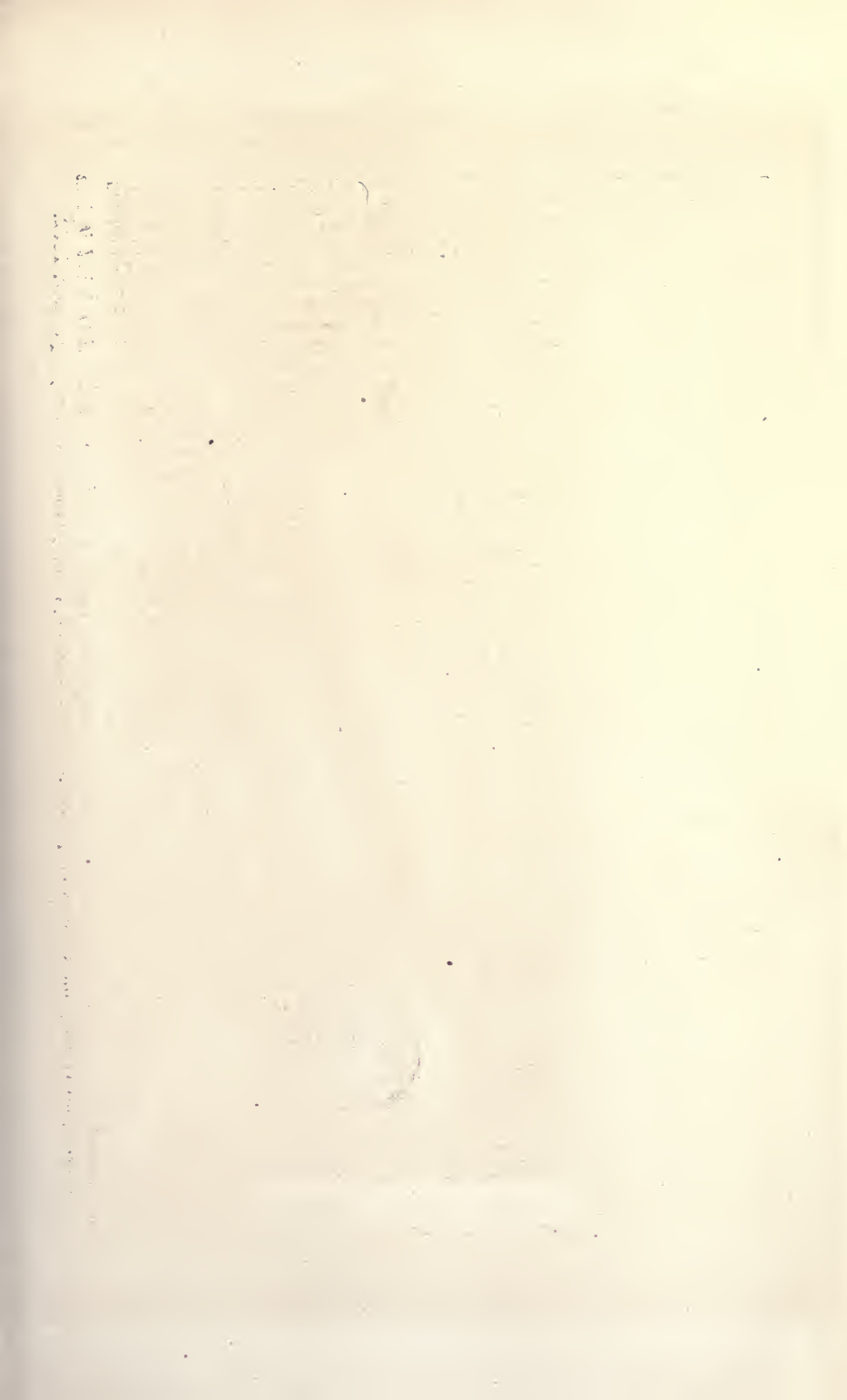
had unveiled the statue: "It is the Commander—bold and confident—giving directions to his men, while watching through the smoke of battle the effect of his broadsides on the enemy. Figuratively, it is the impersonation of the triumphant hero, gazing with pride and enthusiasm over the beautiful land he saved by his valor, and pointing to the lake as if reminding us of the scene of his victory." The drapery represents the official dress of a commodore in the United States navy. On the front of the pedestal is an alto-relievo, representing the incident of Perry's passage from the Lawrence to the Niagara, with an inscription recording the date of the engagement. On either side of the pedestal is a figure, representing a sailor-boy and midshipman.

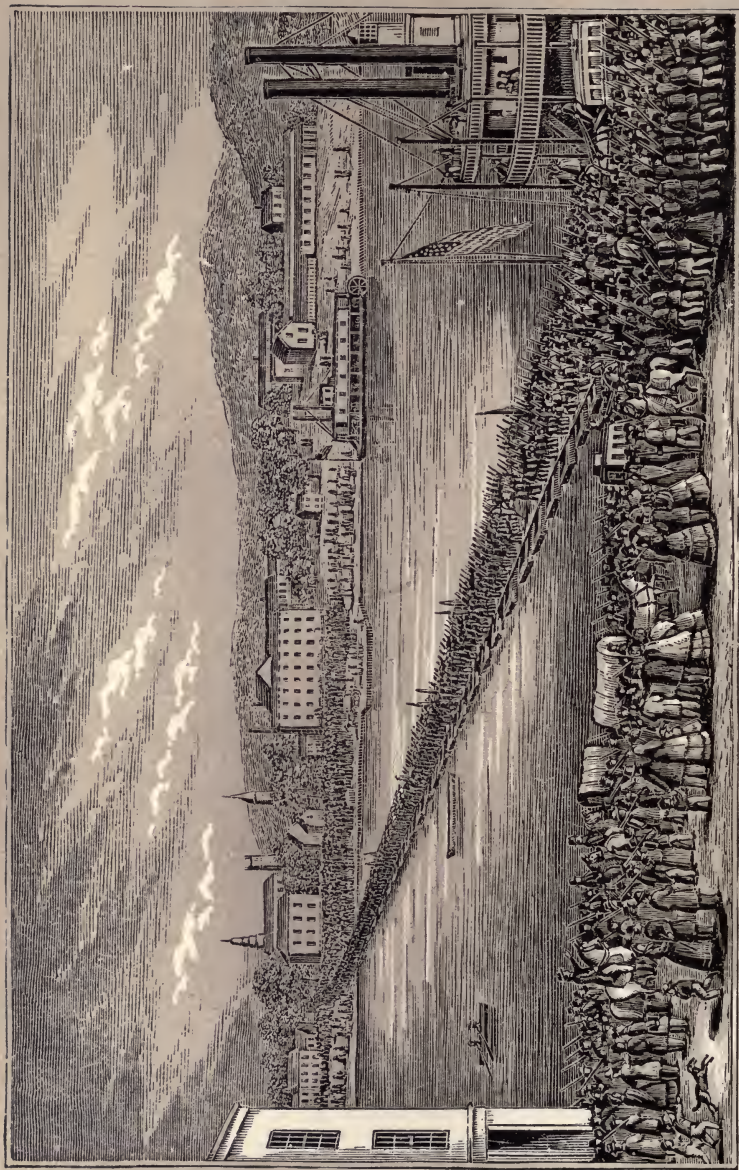
Arthur St. Clair, the first governor of the North-west Territory, was a native of Scotland. He was a lieutenant under Wolfe, and a major general in the Revolution; subsequently was a delegate to congress from Pennsylvania, and, in 1787, was chosen its president. While governor of the North-west Territory, from 1788 to 1802, he was much esteemed by the people, being easy and frank in his address, of great integrity and uprightness of purpose, and of extensive information. He had the respect and friendship of Washington. The great misfortune of his life was his sore defeat by the Indians, Nov. 4, 1791. He died in abject poverty, in 1818, in a cabin among the mountains of Pennsylvania.

Col. Jared Mansfield was born in New Haven, Conn., in 1759. He was educated at Yale College, and was subsequently professor of natural philosophy at West Point. He was appointed, by President Jefferson, surveyor general of the United States, upon which he introduced and perfected the present admirable system of dividing the public land, by north and south and east and west lines, into ranges, townships and sections. This simple plan has been of an untold benefit to the rapid and easy settlement of the west. He died in 1830. Ed. D. Mansfield, Esq., the commissioner of statistics for the state of Ohio, is his son.

Charles Hammond was born in Maryland in 1779, and died in Cincinnati in 1840, where most of his life was passed. He was one of the most able of lawyers and as a journalist acquired a greater reputation than any man who ever resided in the west. For many years he edited the Cincinnati Gazette.

Nathan Guilford, lawyer and journalist of Cincinnati, was born in Spencer, Mass., in 1786, and died in 1854. His memory is especially revered for his long and eminent services in laying the foundation of the common schools of Ohio—"a state which has one third of a million of men capable of bearing arms, but keeps no standing army but her school teachers, of whom she pays more than 20,000, which provides a library for every school district, and registers as students more than 600,000 children. These growing in beauty and strength in this land of the wheat, the corn and the vine, where the purity of domestic morals is maintained by the virtue and dignity of woman, constitutes its present glory and its future hope."





The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio and Indiana, many thousand strong, having poured into Cincinnati to defend it from Invasion, are crossing the Ohio on the pontoons to meet the enemy, only five miles distant, September, 1862.

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

OHIO.

No state has more cause to be gratified with her record during the life and death struggle of the nation than Ohio. Her sons have been among the bravest in the field, and the wisest in the council. Her patriotic governors, who have ever given such a warm support to all measures affecting the public good, and the cabinet officer, who so wisely devised means for furnishing the sinews of war, have rendered service not less efficient than that of her generals, who have marshaled vast armies, and achieved great victories.

But not less honor is due to those who, with their bayonets in the field, and their ballots at home, have done so much for the union and perpetuity of our government.

How freely she contributed blood and treasure is manifest from the following facts. At the beginning of 1865, she had 100,000 men enlisted in the military service of the general government; and the grand total furnished, from the beginning of the war, then amounted to 346,326. The total loss of Ohio soldiers to January, 1865, was estimated at 30,000.

The state pays one tenth of the internal revenue tax. For the year ending November 1, 1865, this was placed at \$24,000,000. The total landed property in the state was, in value, exclusive of town lots, \$500,000,000, divided among 277,000 owners.

The early days of the rebellion were marked, in Ohio, by the same features of enthusiastic uprising of the people as in the other loyal states: but it was not until the last days of the summer of 1862, that the sensation of danger from the presence of the enemy on her soil was experienced. This was the threatened invasion of Cincinnati by Kirby Smith.

THE SIEGE OF CINCINNATI.—After the unfortunate battle of Richmond, on the 29th of August, Kirby Smith, with his 15,000 rebel veterans, advanced into the heart of Kentucky, took possession of Lexington, Frankfort, and Maysville. Bragg, with his large army, was then crossing the Kentucky line; while Morgan, with his guerrilla cavalry, was already joined to Smith. Ponderous-proportioned Humphrey Marshall was also busy swelling the rebel ranks with recruits from the fiery young Kentuckians. Affairs looked threateningly on the border.

General Lewis Wallace was at once placed in command at Cincinnati, by order of Major-General Wright. Soon as he arrived in the city, on Thursday, the 4th of September, he put Cincinnati, and the two cities on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, Newport and Covington, under marshal law, and, within half an hour of his arrival, he issued a proclamation suspending all business, stopping the ferry-boats from plying the river, and summoning all citizens to enrol themselves for defense. It was most effective. It totally closed business, and sent every citizen, without distinction, to the ranks or into the trenches. Nor was it needless, for the enemy, within a few days thereafter, advanced to within five miles of the city, on the Kentucky side, and skirmished with our outposts. A painter, of the time, draws this picture of the events.

The ten days ensuing will be forever memorable in the annals of the city of Cincinnati. The cheerful alacrity with which the people rose *en masse* to swell the ranks and crowd into the trenches was a sight worth seeing. Of course, there were a few timid creatures who feared to obey the summons. Sudden illness overtook some. Others were hunted up by armed men with fixed bayonets; ferreted from back kitchens, garrets and cellars where they were hiding. One peacefully excited individual was found in his wife's clothes, scrubbing at the wash-tub. He was put in one of the German working parties, who received him with shouts of laughter.

The citizens thus collected were the representatives of all classes and many nationalities. The man of money, the man of law, the merchant, the artist, and the artisan swelled the lines, hastening to the scene of action, armed either with musket, pick or spade.

But the pleasantest and most picturesque sight of those remarkable days was the almost endless stream of sturdy men who rushed to the rescue from the rural districts of the state. These were known as the "*squirrel-hunters*." They came in files, numbering thousands upon thousands, in all kinds of costumes, and armed with all kinds of fire-arms, but chiefly the deadly rifle, which they knew so well how to use.

Old men, middle-aged men, and often mere boys, like the "minute men" of the old Revolution, they dropped all their peculiar avocations, and with their leathern pouches full of bullets, and their ox-horns full of powder, by every railroad and by-way, in such numbers that it seemed as if the whole State of Ohio were peopled only with hunters, and that the spirit of Daniel Boone stood upon the hills opposite the town beckoning them into Kentucky.

The pontoon bridge over the Ohio, which had been begun and completed between sundown and sundown, groaned day and night with the perpetual stream of life, all setting southward. In three days, there were ten miles of intrenchments lining the Kentucky hills, making a semi-circle from the river above the city to the banks of the river below; and these were thickly manned, from end to end, and made terrible to the astonished enemy by black and frowning cannon.

General Heth, with his 15,000 veterans, flushed with their late success at Richmond, drew up before these formidable preparations, and deemed it prudent to take the matter into serious consideration, before making the attack.

Our men were eagerly awaiting their approach, thousands in rifle-pits and tens of thousands along the whole line of fortifications, while our scouts and pickets were skirmishing with their outposts in the plains in front. Should the foe make a sudden dash and carry any point of our lines, it was thought by some that nothing would prevent them from entering Cincinnati.

But for this, provision was also made. The city, above and below, was well-protected by a flotilla of gun-boats, improvised from the swarm of steamers which lay at the wharves. The shrewd leaders of the rebel army were probably kept well-posted, by traitors within our own lines, in regard to the reception prepared for them, and taking advantage of the darkness of night and the violence of a

thunder storm, made a hasty and ruinous retreat. Wallace was anxious to follow, and was confident of success, but was overruled by those higher in authority.

To the above general view of the siege, we contribute our individual experience. Such an experience of the entire war in a diary by a citizen, of the genius of Defoe, would outlive a hundred common histories; centuries hence be preserved among the choice collections of American historic literature. It would illustrate, as nothing else could, the inner life of our people in this momentous period—their varying emotions and sentiments; their surprise and indignation at the treason to the beautiful country of their love; their never-equalled patriotism and generosity; their unquenchable hope; the almost despair that, at times, settled upon them, when all seemed but lost, through the timidity and irresolution of weak generals in the field; the intrigues and intended treachery of demagogues at home. Then the groping forward, like children in the dark, of millions of loyal hearts for some mighty arm to guide; some mighty intellect to reveal and thus relieve the awful suspense as to the future; as though any mere man had an attribute that alone is of God. Finally, through the agony of sore adversities came the looking upward to the only power that could help. Thus the religious instincts became deepened. Visions of the higher life, dwarfed the large things of this: and through faith came greater blessings, than the wisest among the good had hoped.

On the morning the city was put under martial law, I found the streets full of armed police in army blue, and all, without respect to age, compelled to report at the headquarters of their respective districts for enrolment. An unwilling citizen, seeing the bayonet leveled at him, could but yield to the inexorable logic of military despotism. It was perilous to walk the streets without a pass. At every corner stood a sentinel.

The colored men were roughly handled by the Irish police. From hotels and barber-shops, in the midst of their labors, these helpless people were pounced upon and often bareheaded and in shirtsleeves, just as seized, driven in squads, at the point of the bayonet, and gathered in vacant yards and guarded. What rendered this act more than ordinarily atrocious was, that they, through their head men, had, at the first alarm, been the earliest to volunteer their services to our mayor, for the defense of our common homes. It was a sad sight to see human beings treated like reptiles. The undying hate of a low Irishman to an oppressed race is but a measure of his own degradation and villainess.

Enrolled in companies, we were daily drilled. One of these, in our ward, was composed of old men, termed "Silver Grays." Among its members were the venerable Judge Leavitt of the United States Supreme Court, and other eminent citizens. Grandfathers were seen practicing the manual, and lifting alternate feet to the cadence of mark-time.

At this stage of affairs, the idea that our colored citizens possessed warlike qualities was a subject for scoffing; the scoffers forgetting that the race in ancestral Africa including even the women had been in war since the days of Ham; strangely oblivious also to the fact that our foreign born city police could only by furious onslaughts, made with Hibernian love of the thing, quell the frequent pugnacious outbreaks of the crispy-haired denizens of our own Bucktown. From this view, or more probably a delicate sentiment of tenderness, instead of being armed and sent forth to the dangers of the battle, they were consolidated into a peaceful brigade of workers in the trenches back of Newport, under the philanthropic guidance of the Hon. Wm. M. Dickson.

The daily morning march of the corps down Broadway to labor was a species of the mottled picturesque. At their head was the stalwart, manly form of the land-

lord of the Dumas house. Starting back on the honest, substantial, coal-black foundation, all shades of color were exhibited, degenerating out through successive gradations to an ashy white; the index of Anglo-saxon fatherhood of the chivalrous American type. Arrayed for dirt-work in their oldest clothes; apparently the fags of every conceivable kind of cast-off, kicked about and faded out garments; crownless and lop-eared hats, diverse boots; with shouldered pick, shovel and hoe; this merry, chattering, piebald, grotesque body, shuffled along amid grins and jeers, reminding us of the ancient nursery distich:

"Hark! hark! hear the dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Tuesday night, September 9th, 1862, was starlight; the air soft and balmy. With others, I was on guard at an improvised armory,—the old American Express buildings, on Third-street near Broadway. Three hours past midnight, from a signal-tower three blocks east of us, a rocket suddenly shot high in the air; then the fire-bell pealed an alarm. All was again quiet. Half an hour passed. Hurrying footsteps neared us. They were those of the indefatigable, public-spirited John D. C. "Kirby Smith," said he, quickly, "is advancing on the city. The military are to muster on the landing and cross the river at sunrise."

Six o'clock struck as I entered my own door. The good woman was up. The four little innocents—two of a kind—were asleep; in the bliss of ignorance, happy in quiet slumber. A few moments of hurried preparation, and I was ready for the campaign. The provisions these: a heavy blanket-shawl; a few good cigars; a haversack loaded with eatables, and a black bottle of medicinal liquid—cherry bounce, very choice.

As I stepped out on the pavement, my neighbor did the same. He, too, was off for the war. At each of our adjoining chamber-windows, stood a solitary female. Neither could see the other though not ten feet apart: a wall intervening. Sadness and merriment were personified. Tears bedewed and apprehension elongated the face of the one. Laughter dimpled and shortened the face of the other. The one thought of her protector as going forth to encounter the terrors of battle: visions of wounds and death were before her. The other thought of hers with only a prospect of a little season of rural refreshment on the Kentucky hills, to return in safety with an appetite ravenous as a wolf's for freshly-dug pink-eyes, and Beresford's choice cuts.

We joined our regiment at the landing. This expanse of acres was crowded with armed citizens, in companies and regiments. Two or three of our frail, egg-shell river steamers, converted into gun-boats, were receiving from drays bales of hay for bulworks. The pontoon was a moving panorama of newly made warriors, and wagons of munitions hastening southward. Back of the plain of Covington and Newport, rose the softly-rounded hills: beyond these were our blood thirsty foe. Our officers tried to maneuver our regiment. They were too ignorant to maneuver themselves: it was like handling a rope of sand. Drums beat; fifes squeaked, and we crossed the pontoon. The people of Covington filled their doorways and windows to gaze at the passing pageant. To my fancy, they looked scowlingly. No cheers, no smiles greeted us. It was a staring silence. The rebel army had been largely recruited from the town.

March! march! march! We struck the hills. The way up seemed interminable. The broiling September sun poured upon us like a furnace. The road was an ash heap. Clouds of limestone dust whitened us like millers, filling our nostrils and throats with impalpable powder. The cry went up, water! water! Little or none was to be had. The unusual excitement and exertion told upon me. Years before, I had, bearing my knapsack, performed pedestrian tours of thousands of miles. Had twice walked across New York; once from the Hudson to the lake: in the hottest of summer had footed it from Richmond to Lynchburg. No forty or fifty miles a day had ever wilted me like this march of only four. But my muscles had been relaxed by years of continuous office labor. I had been on my feet on guard duty all night. Everything unaccustomed I had

about me felt heavy; my musket, my blanket-shawl, my haversack; all but my black bottle. Reluctantly I drew on my reserve, making the bottle still lighter. The reminiscence to this hour is to me, a bronchial benefit.

Near the top of the hills, some 500 feet above the Ohio level, our regiment halted, when our officers galloped ahead. We broke ranks and laid down under the wayside fence. Five minutes elapsed. Back cantered the cortege. "Fall into line! Fall into line! *Quick, men!*" was the cry. They rode among us. Our colonel exclaimed—"you are now going into battle! The enemy are advancing! You will receive sixty rounds of cartridges! Do your duty, men! do your duty!" I fancied it a ruse to test our courage: and so experienced a sense of shame. I looked upon the men around me. Not a word was spoken: not one smiled. No visible emotion of any kind appeared, only weary faces, dirty, sweaty and blowsy with the burning heat.

I dropped my cartridges into my haversack along with my bread and butter. Our captain, in his musical, pleasant voice, gave us instructions, though he had never studied Vauban. *Gentlemen!* these cartridges are *peculiar*; you put the ball in first, and the powder on top!" Some one whispered in his ear. "*Gentlemen,*" he again exclaimed, with a significant scowl and a shake of the head, "I was mistaken: you must put the powder in first and the ball on top." We did so. We had elected Billy captain for he was genial and of a good family.

We again shuffled upward. Suddenly as the drawing up of a curtain, a fine, open, rolling country with undulating ravines burst upon us. Two or three farm mansions, with half-concealing foliage and corn-fields appeared in the distance; beyond, a mile away, the fringed line of a forest; above, a cloudless sky and a noonday sun. The road we were on penetrated these woods. In these were concealed the unknown thousands of our war-hardened, desperate foe.

On the summit of the hills we had so laboriously gained, defending the approach by the road, ran our line of earthworks. On our right a few rods, was Fort Mitchell; to our left, for hundreds of yards, rifle-pits. The fort and pits were filled with armed citizens; and a regiment or two of green soldiers in their new suits. Vociferous cheers greeted our appearing. "How are you, H.?" struck my attention. It was the cheerful voice of a tall, slender gentleman in glasses who does my legal business.

Turning off to the left into the fields in front of these, and away beyond, we halted an hour or so in line of battle, the nearest regiment to the enemy. We waited in expectation of an attack, too exhausted to fight, or, perhaps, even to run. Thence we moved back into an orchard, behind a rail fence, on rather low ground; our left, and the extreme left of all our forces, resting on a farm-house. Our pioneers went to work strengthening our permanent position, cutting down brush and small trees, and piling them against the fence. Here, we were in plain view, a mile in front, of the ominous forest. When night came on, in caution, our camp-fires were extinguished. We slept on hay in the open air, with our loaded muskets by our sides, and our guards and pickets doubled.

At 4 o'clock reveille sounded, and we were up in line. I then enjoyed what I had not before seen in years—the first coming on of morning in the country. Most of the day we were in line of battle, behind the fence. Regiments to the right of us; and more in the rifle-pits farther on, and beyond, it seemed a mile to the right, the artilleryists in Fort Mitchell—all those on hills above us, also stood waiting for the enemy. Constant picket-firing was going on in front. The rebels were feeling our lines. Pop! pop! pop! one—two—three, then half a dozen in quick succession: followed by a lull with intervals of three or four minutes, broken perhaps by a solitary pop. Again continuous pops, like a *feu-de-joie*, with another lull: and so on through the long hours. Some of our men were wounded, and others, it was reported, killed. With the naked eye we caught occasional glimpses of the skirmishers, in a corn-field near the woods. With a glass a man by my side said he saw the butternut-colored garments of the foe.

Toward evening a furious thunder storm drove us to our tents of blankets, and brushwood bowers. It wet us through, and destroyed the cartridges in our cotton haversacks. Just as the storm was closing, a tremendous fusilade on our right, and the cries of our officers, "*the enemy are upon us; turn out! turn out!*"

brought us to the fence again. The rebels, we thought, had surprised us and would be dashing down in a moment with their cavalry through the orchard in our rear. Several of our companies fired off their muskets in that direction, and to the manifest danger of a line of our own sentinels. Ours held fast. It was a false alarm, and arose in the 110th Ohio, camped on the hill to our right.

You may ask what my sensations as I thus stood, back to the fence, with uplifted musket in expectant attitude? To be honest—my teeth chattered uncontrollably. I never boasted of courage. Drenched to the marrow by the cold rain, I was shivering before the alarm. I reasoned in this way: "Our men are all raw; our officers in the doughy condition. We are armed with the old, condemned Austrian rifle. Not one in ten can be discharged. All my reading in history has ground the fact into me, that militia, situated like us, are worthless when attacked by veterans. An hundred experienced cavalymen, dashing down with drawn sabers, revolvers and *secesh* yells will scatter us in a twinkling. When the others run,—and I know they will, I won't. I'll drop beside this fence, simulate death, and open an eye to the culminating circumstances." I was not aching for a fight. Ambitious youths going in on their muscles, alas!—are apt to come out on their backs.

Unlike Norval, I could not say:

"I had heard of battles and longed
To follow to the field some warlike *chap*."

When at school, I never fought excepting when my pugnacity was aroused on seeing large boys tyrannize over small ones. I never slew anything larger than a cat, which had scratched me; and at this, as soon as done, I child like, as child I was, repenting, sat down and cried. I am soft-hearted as my uncle Toby with the fly—"Go, poor devil! the world is large enough for both you and I." To pit my valuable life against one of these low southern whites; half animals, fierce as hyenas, degraded as Serbs, appeared a manifest incongruity. It never seemed so plain before. It was tackling the beast in the only point where he was strong, and in one where I was weak.

Some things were revealed to me by this soldier-life. The alarming rumors current. The restraints upon one's liberty; imprisoned within the lines of the regiment. The sensation of being ordered around by small men in high places; and despicable in any. The waste of war; piles of bread, water-soaked by rain into worthless pulp. The vacuity of mind from the want of business for continuous thought. The picturesque attitudes of scores of men sleeping on heaps of straw, seen by the uncertain light of night. The importance of an officer's horse beyond that of a common soldier, shown by the refusal of hay on which to sleep on the night of our arrival, because the colonel's beast wanted it. Didn't our good mother earth furnish a bed?

In our company were three of us,—W. J. F., S. D., and H. H.—not relatives in any way, who, in a New England city, distant nearly a thousand miles, had, over thirty years before been school-mates. It illustrated a peculiar phase of American habits. We had some odd characters. Among us Gentiles, was a large shoal of Jews caught at last by the remorseless net of universal conscription. Feeding and fattening in the disturbed currents of the times, all their wriggling to escape excited no sympathy. Our fifer, a short, square-built, warm-faced man, had been in the British Army—had seen service in Afghanistan, the other side of the globe. Another, a German lieutenant, had experience of war in our country—was at Shiloh. He was imaginative. I talked with him in the night. To my query of the probability of a night attack, he replied, "yes! the *secesh* always attack in that way." Past midnight, as he was going the rounds of the pickets as officer of the guard, he saw crouching in the shadow of a ravine a large body of rebels. He ran to headquarters and aroused our colonel and staff; but when they arrived at the seeing point, lo! the foe had vanished. A fat, gray-headed captain with protuberant abdomen, came to me soon after our arrival and with an impressive countenance discoursed of the perils of our position. In this, I quite agreed with him. Then putting his hand to his stomach and giving his head a turn to one side, after the usual manner of invalids in detailing their woes,

he uttered in lugubrious tones—"I am very sick: the march over has been too much for me: I feel a severe attack of my old complaint, *cholera morbus* coming on." After this, I missed him. He had got a permit from the surgeon and returned home to be nursed. Our medical man, Dr. D., was old Virginia born; and I had, notwithstanding his generous qualities, suspected him of secesh sympathies. I wish to be charitable, but I must say this confirmed my suspicion: it was evident he wished to get the fighting men out of the way!

Saturday noon, the 13th, we began our return march. The militia were no longer needed; for the rebels had fallen back, and thousands of regular soldiers had been pouring into the city and spreading over the hills. Our return was an ovation. The landing was black with men, women and children. We re-crossed the pontoon amid cheers and the boom of cannon. Here, on the safe side of the river, the sick captain, now recovered, joined his regiment. With freshly-shaven face, spotless collar and bright uniform he appeared, like a bandbox soldier among dust-covered warriors. Escaping our perils, he shared our glories as, with drawn sword, he strutted through street after street amid cheers of the multitude, smiles of admiring women, and waving of kerchiefs. Weary and dirt-begrimmed, we were, in a tedious, circuitous march, duly shown off by our officers to all their lady acquaintances, until night came to our relief, kindly covered us with her mantle, and stopped the tom-foolery. The lambs led forth to slaughter, thus returned safely to their folds, because the butchers hadn't come.

MORGAN'S RAID INTO OHIO.

In the year following, 1863, Ohio was invaded by the guerrilla chief, John Morgan. He crossed from Kentucky into Indiana with a cavalry force of about 4000, and moved nearly parallel with the Ohio river. He approached within a few miles of Cincinnati, and caused some little stir there, but thought it not prudent to visit the city. He was closely pursued by the federal forces. The following are some of the particulars of his march and capture.

The only battle worthy of the name took place near Buffington Island, where the raiders made an attempt to cross into Virginia, but were prevented by the gun-boats. We present the particulars as published at the time:

Buffington Island lies in the Ohio river, close to the Ohio shore, about thirty-five miles above Pomeroy, and was chosen by the rebels as a place of crossing into Virginia, on account of the shoals between it and Blannerhasset's Island, twenty miles above.

Our gun-boats, viz: Moose (flag-boat), Reindeer, Springfield, Naumbeag and Victory, in command of Lieutenant-Commander Le Roy Fitch, were patrolling the river from an accessible point below Ripley to Portsmouth; but as soon as it was definitely ascertained that Morgan was pushing eastward, the Moose, towed by the Imperial, started up stream, followed at proper distances by the other boats. The Moose made the foot of Buffington Island on Saturday night, and remained until next morning, without changing position, on account of a dense fog.

The rebel force made the shore opposite, and above the island, as before stated, at two o'clock, and took position, under cover of artillery, in an extensive corn and wheat field, skirted by hills and woods on its north and east sides. The position was a good one, and might have been held to advantage for a much longer time than it was, but for the co-operation of the gun-boat Moose, the only one of the fleet which arrived in time to participate.

The Fight.—The rebels had their artillery placed on the highest elevation on the east and completely commanded the Pomeroy road, over which Gen. Judah's force came filing along, unaware of the close proximity of the enemy. It should be noted here, that the old stage road to Pomeroy, over which Morgan came, and the lower road traveled by Judah met in an acute angle three quarters of a mile

from the battle-field. Our column came along the lower road within range at six o'clock, having marched all night, having started from Pomeroy, and was not as fresh by five or six hours' rest as the enemy.

The rebels met us in solid column, and moved in battalions, and at the first fire repulsed our advance, which was too far ahead to be assisted by our artillery. This was the best opportunity they had to make a successful fight, but we fell back to bring forward our artillery, and the enemy did not seem to care to follow up the advantage. During this encounter, Capt. Jno. J. Grafton, of Gen. Judah's staff, became separated from the advance and narrowly escaped capture, by shooting the rebel cavalryman who seized him. He was dismounted, and being left on the ground, made his way with considerable difficulty to the river, where he hailed the Moose and got aboard. Meantime the fight progressed, but in a desultory manner, until our artillery got into position, and our lines were drawn closely around the enemy. A furious onset was made on our side, and the enemy was driven over the field eastward, and sought the shelter of the woods beyond.

Co-operation of the Gun-boat.—No more fortunate circumstance could have transpired for the union force than the escape of Captain Grafton to the gun-boat Moose, for he pointed out to Lieutenant-Commander Fitch the exact position of the rebels, and enabled that officer to so direct his guns as to throw shell in their very midst. The Moose is armed with twenty-four pounder Dahlgren guns—the most accurate and effective gun in the service for operation against exposed bodies of men—and on this occasion the weapon did not belie its character. A dense fog, however, prevailed, which prevented Lieut. Fitch doing as great execution in the rebel works as he desired; but his shots from the larboard and forward guns told, and an extensive scattering took place. The Moose opened at seven o'clock, and as the rebels were driven she kept steadily moving up stream, throwing shell and shrapnel over the heads of our lads into the ranks of the enemy.

It now became evident that the rebels were being pressed in all directions, and that hard fighting would not save them from destruction.

A simultaneous rush was then made for the river, and throwing away arms and even clothing, a large body ran down to the shore, some with horses and some without, and plunged into the stream. The point chosen to effect the crossing was one mile and a half above the head of Buffington Island, and the movement would undoubtedly have been attended with considerable success but for the presence and performance of the gun-boat. The crossing was covered by a twenty-pounder Parrott and a twelve-pound howitzer dragged into position by the rebels in their hasty retreat, but before the guns could be loaded and sighted the bow guns of the Moose opened on the rebel guns and drove the gunners away, after which the pieces were captured. Some twenty or thirty men only succeeded in crossing into Virginia at this point. Several were killed in the water, and many returned to the shore. While this was transpiring on the river, the roar of battle was still raging on the shore and back into the country. Basil Duke, under whose generalship the fight was conducted, was evidently getting the worst of it, and his wearied gang of horse-thieves, cut-throats and nondescripts began to bethink them only of escape. Many threw down their arms, were taken prisoners and sent to the rear. Others sought the shelter of trees, or ran wildly from one point to another, and thus exposed themselves far more to the deadly chances of the field than if they had displayed courage and stood up to the fight.

The scene of the battle was one of the most composite, perhaps, in the panorama of the war. The rebels were dressed in every possible manner peculiar to civilized man, but generally speaking their attire was very good. They wore in many instances large slouch hats peculiar to the slave states, and had their pantaloons stuck in their boots. A dirty, gray-colored coat was the most prevalent, although white "dusters" were to be seen.

They were armed with carbines, Enfield rifles, sabers and revolvers, were well-mounted and looked in good health, although jaded and tired. The battle-field and the roads surrounding it, were strewn with a thousand articles never seen, perhaps, on a battle-field before. One is accustomed to see broken swords, muskets and bayonets, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, belts, pistols, gun-carriages, cais-

sons, cannon, wagons upset, wounded, dead and dying on a battle field, but beside all these on the battle field of Buffington Island, one could pick up almost any article in the dry goods, hardware, house-furnishing, or ladies' or gentlemen's furnishing line. Hats, boots, gloves, knives, forks, spoons, calico, ribbons, drinking-cups, buggies, carriages, market-wagons, circus-wagons, and an almost endless variety of articles useful, and more or less valuable. An inventory of Morgan's plunder would tax the patience of an auctioneer's clerk, and I question if one man's life would be long enough to minutely catalogue the articles picked up during his raid.

The carnage of the field was not remarkable, although little groups of rebels were found, slain by the deadly fragments of shell.

Nearly 1,700 prisoners are now in our hands, under guard of the 8th Michigan cavalry, and others are constantly arriving by our scouts and pursuing parties.

Prisoners admit a loss of 200 killed and wounded on the field, while our loss will not exceed a fourth of that number. The saddest incident of the fight is the mortally wounding of Major McCook, father of the lamented Brigadier-General McCook, murdered in the summer of 1862, by guerrillas, in Kentucky.

Another writer gives some characteristic incidents of this raid, which he derived from Major Raney, the chief of the party of scouts. Raney was the well-known Cincinnati detective, and, therefore, in the direct line of his profession, though on a somewhat expanded field.

At Miamitown, Raney's scouts first came in direct contact with Morgan's men, forming a portion of his advance guard then heading for Cincinnati. Raney had but 23 men, but these were well armed and posted behind trees and fences, so as to command the road for some distance, without being exposed themselves. As soon as the extreme advance came in sight, 23 rifle balls whistled around its head, and stretched 2 men dead, and wounded 3. These were abandoned; but the return volley killed one of Raney's most valuable men, a member of Collins' battalion, 11th Ohio, recruited for Indian service. While the skirmish was going on, a portion of the rebel force was engaged in pillaging the neighborhood, where they got several hundred dollars in small sums, and a quantity of jewelry and silver spoons. It was not the object nor the business of Raney to fight the rebels, although his ambush certainly turned them from Cincinnati, and as soon as the advance headed off, which it did when fired upon, the scouts mounted and rode forward to pick up stragglers. Three prisoners were taken, among them Lieutenant Kirby of the 10th Kentucky, (rebel.) This chivalrous (?) officer, when taken, swaggered in true Kentucky blackguard style and riding up to Major Raney, demanded to be treated as a prisoner of war, for he was an officer and a gentleman, and from Kentucky, and was, therefore, entitled to respect, etc., etc. Raney replied that he always treated a man as a gentleman until he found him to be otherwise, and always treated a man as honest until he found him to be a thief; and by way of illustrating his principle, he thrust his hand into Kirby's shirtbosom, and drew out half a dozen pairs of ladies' kid gloves, some ribbon, ladies' silk hose, and some other articles of finery stolen from a store or the wardrobe of a lady of means.

The next object of interest encountered by the scouts was an old, feeble man, evidently a discharged soldier, leaning on the arm of a sturdy, sunburned countryman, who, to all appearances, had humanely offered assistance to the returned veteran. This sham would have succeeded had not the sunburned countryman looked a trifle too sharp out of the corners of his eyes as he passed. Raney thought he spied the twinkle of a rogue's eye, and he ordered the fellow to be taken in custody, when, upon examination, he proved to be Ike Snow, one of Morgan's most valuable and efficient scouts.

At Harrison, the rebels were about to set fire to three mills and a distillery, but upon entreaty decided to spare them upon the payment of \$1,000 for each building, which was immediately handed over and pocketed by the ubiquitous John.

At Sharon, the main body, with which Morgan was riding, stopped and honored a butternut tavern-keeper by the name of Myers with a visit. Morgan or-

dered dinner for himself and staff, but Myers demurred, on the ground that he could not make a fire and cook food for so many in a short time. Morgan replied that he could — soon make a fire, and he would see that the cooks were expeditious. At this suggestive intimation the host set about dinner with a will, and by way of showing his devotion to his guests, descended to the cellar and brought forth a bottle of old Otard, and pouring out a liberal "smile," asked Morgan to "take a little trink of pranty py way of pitters pefore tinner." Morgan, not accustomed to be gotten ahead of, said, "Yes, *sir*, but after you." Myers swallowed half the liquor, when Morgan also "smiled." Myers continued to make himself agreeable to his guests, and furnished them with all the information they required, together with a fine horse, and upon their departure received two hundred dollars in "greenbacks," as a cataplasm for his wounded honor and patriotism, for, be it known, that no one so heartily abused Morgan—after he was gone—as Myers.

The most wanton murder, perhaps, perpetrated by Morgan, was that of McDougal, at Picketon. He with two or three others, were taken prisoners, and as he was the best informed of the party, Morgan ordered him to act as scout, or pilot, for a body of the rebels. McDougal refused and expostulated with the ruffians, but they refused to parley, and pushed him toward a fence where they almost riddled his body with bullets.

The arrival at Cincinnati of the prisoners taken in the Buffington fight is thus given in one of the papers of the day.

At 11 A. M., July 23d, the rebel officers, including Dick Morgan and Basil Duke, were brought from the steamer Starlight to the foot of Main-street, on one of the ferry-boats. Morgan being wounded, and Duke lame, temporarily, we believe, they were provided with a carriage, while the balance of the officers formed in their rear in two ranks, when the column, strongly guarded, moved through the city to the city prison, on Ninth-street. The boats containing the privates then proceeded down the river to the foot of Fifth-street, where the prisoners were marched to a special train on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati railroad, and sent to Indianapolis.

As soon as it was known the boats containing the prisoners had arrived, the levee was thronged with men, women and children, anxious to see the noted horse-thieves. Many sympathizers were present, and in several cases undertook to furnish their friends with money, refreshments, etc. This proceeding, however, was soon stopped by their arrest. A number of the prisoners being from Covington, their female relations and friends came over in carriages to see them. They were not permitted to communicate with the prisoners, however.

A pass from General Burnside admitted us to the temporary enjoyment of the society of the rebel officers. Although the prison itself is not a very stronghold, we found the guard sufficient to insure the safety of the captives, for a few days at least. The walls were whitewashed, and they seemed to have been cleaned for the occasion. From the accounts we have read of Libby prison, we should judge the city prison, in which we entertain rebel officers, heavenly, compared to it. None of them have been heard to complain about it; but some of them were presumptuous enough to think we ought to furnish them with a keg of lager beer once a day, and other refreshments in addition.

The following is a list of the officers:

Colonels.—B. W. Duke, W. W. Ward, D. N. Smith, B. O. Morgan; *Lieut.-Col.* J. W. Hoffman.

Majors.—W. P. Elliott, R. S. Bullock.

Captains.—P. Thorpe, G. M. Coleman, T. E. Eastin, T. H. Hines, W. B. Cunningham, Miles Griffin, H. C. Ellis, J. B. Barker, C. G. Campbell, E. W. Terrell, Jno. Hunter, S. C. Mullens, E. T. Rochester, A. J. Bruner, J. L. N. Pickens, J. W. Mitchell, B. A. Tracey.

Surgeons.—Twigg, M. W. Standford, T. B. Lewis, D. Carter, A. M. Conn, D. C. Bedford, A. C. Raines, Rev. T. D. Moore.

Lieutenants.—Litzy, J. W. McMichael, J. H. Green, Ph. Price, A. A. Q. M., W. P. Fogg, J. T. Sinclair, J. B. Talbott, J. P. Webb, R. W. Fenwick, Robert Cunningham, K. F. Peddicore, M. M. Thomason, Tom. Moulard, F. Leathers, D. Care, T. B. Bridges, H.

T. Rucks, J. L. Williamson, T. B. Haines, — Newton, — Wellington, Thos. Palls, J. D. Morris, W. B. Ford, Jno. Parks, B. L. Drake, J. A. Middleton, A. B. Chinn, J. Oldham, J. W. Gordon, C. M. Taylor, J. A. Fox, D. Tribble, W. S. Hickman, J. S. Hughes, Alfred Surber, T. S. Kemper, R. A. Webster, — Munday.

We found Colonel Duke's name headed the list, but from his appearance we should not have taken him to be the head and front of the gang—a position that is now generally conceded to him more than to Morgan. He is a small man, not over thirty years old, we judge; weight about 130 pounds, spare of flesh, features angular, hair and eyes nearly, if not quite, black, the latter sparkling and penetrating, and the former standing out from the head something like porcupine quills. Altogether, he called to mind our picture of a Spanish bandit on a small scale; nevertheless, he has a pleasant voice, and a gracious smile in his conversation, which is free and cordial. But there is nothing commanding in his appearance, his manners, or his words, and it is not strange that Morgan is the acknowledged leader of the horde, even though Duke may be the most quick-witted.

Dick Morgan is about 32 years old, heavy set, inclined to be fleshy, round, plump face, bluish eyes, phlegmatic temperament, and not talkative. He yields to Duke the privilege of carrying on a conversation.

Not one of the seventy officers before us had any indication of his rank in or on his dress. They were all, more or less, in citizen's dress; some of them having blue, and some of them gray pantaloons; some of them had military blouses, but the most of them had on citizen's vests and coats. What there was of military dress among them, was more of the federal style than the confederate. We asked why they dressed in this style—whether it was for convenience in passing themselves off as citizens, when they found it more convenient to be civilians than soldiers? They replied, that they kept flying round so, that they never saw the quartermaster's supplies, and that they found it handier just to take what they could find—whether it was from citizens or from union soldiers.

They stated that most of Morgan's forces were Kentuckians, but that Colonel Ward's men were Tennesseans, and Colonel Hoffman's were Texans. And we learn that the privates, on the boats, improved the opportunity of inquiring of the few visitors who reached them, all about their friends on the other side of the river. One Covingtonian got among them, to look for his son, but not finding him, distributed seventy-five dollars he had brought with him, among the rebel boys, who had been stealing money and horses on this side the river.

John Morgan with the remainder of his followers succeeded in eluding his pursuers for nearly an hundred miles more of flight. They were captured several days after the Buffington fight, in Columbiana county, near the Pennsylvania border. These were the closing scenes of the great chase through Indiana and Ohio.

General Brooks, commanding the department, had gone to Wellsville and established his headquarters in the Cleveland and Pittsburg depot, where he was assisted by the managing officers of the road; who had placed the transportation and telegraphic resources of the road at his disposal. Finding that there was a probability that Morgan would cross the road in the vicinity of Salineville, a train of cars was sent up the road about six o'clock, Sunday morning, July 23d, with a regiment of six months' Pennsylvania infantry, under command of Colonel Gallagher. These were embarked at Salineville, and marched to a point about two miles distant, where the rebels were expected to cross. The infantry were posted on some rising ground commanding the road, with orders to prevent Morgan's passage.

At this time, the utmost alarm existed among the people of Salineville. The houses were closed, doors and windows locked and barred, and women and children stampeded into the country, with whatever portable property could be carried along. The man who had weapons and courage turned out to resist the progress of the dreaded rebel, while all the others fled with the women and children.

In a short time the expected rebels made their appearance, coming around a bend in the road: On coming in sight of the infantry they halted, and turned

their horses' heads in another direction. Before they could get out of the trap they found themselves in, Major Way, with 250 men of the 9th Michigan cavalry, dashed among them and commenced cutting right and left. The rebels made but a brief resistance. A few shots were fired by them, and then the whole party broke in utter confusion. The scene that followed was ludicrous, and could only be matched by the previous stampede at Buffington Island. Men dismounted, threw down their arms and begged for quarter, while others galloped wildly in search of a place of escape, and were "brought to time" by a pistol-shot or a saber stroke.

Morgan himself was riding in a carriage drawn by two white horses. Major Way saw him, and, galloping up, reached for him. Morgan jumped out at the other side of the carriage, leaped over a fence, seized a horse, and galloped off as fast as horseflesh, spurred by frightened heels, could carry him. About a couple of hundred of his men succeeded in breaking away and followed their fugitive leader. In the buggy thus hastily "evacuated" by Morgan, were found his "rations," consisting of a loaf of bread, some hard boiled eggs, and a bottle of whisky.

The number of killed in this fight was much less than at first reported, as we can not learn of more than five or six dead bodies having been found. There was a considerable number of wounded, and about 200 prisoners taken, together with horses and arms. A special train was sent to Wellsville in the afternoon with about 250 prisoners, captured in the fight or picked up in the neighborhood afterward.

A few of our cavalry were wounded, two or three seriously. Lieutenant Fiske was shot through the breast. His wound is dangerous, and he has telegraphed for his wife to come from Michigan.

Morgan and the remainder of his scattered forces pressed three citizens of Salineville into their service as guides, and continued their flight on the New Lisbon road. One of the impressed guides made his escape and rode back, conveying intelligence of the route taken, which, it was believed, was with the ultimate design of reaching the Ohio river higher up. Forces were immediately dispatched from Wellsville to head him off, while another force followed hotly in his rear, and a strong militia force from New Lisbon came down to meet him.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, these various detachments closed in around Morgan, in the vicinity of West Point, about midway between New Lisbon and Wellsville. The rebels were driven to a bluff, from which there was no escape, except by fighting their way through, or leaping from a lofty and almost perpendicular precipice. Finding themselves thus cooped, Morgan concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor." He, with the remainder of the gang, surrendered to Colonel Shackleford, who was well-acquainted with the redoubtable "John," and is said to be a distant relative.

The prisoners were brought back to Wellsville, where their arrival caused great excitement. Morgan retained his side arms, and moved about freely, although always accompanied by Colonel Shackleford. Last night (Sunday) Morgan and his staff slept at the Whittaker house, in Wellsville, and at three o'clock this morning, they, accompanied by Colonel Shackleford and his staff, left on the regular train for Columbus. Later in the morning, a special train was to be sent to Columbus with the remainder of the prisoners and their guards.

The militia are constantly bringing in to the line of road stray prisoners, picked up in the country. The hills are swarming with armed men, hunting for fugitive rebels. Nine of Morgan's party were brought to Bayard Station this morning, who were captured in the neighborhood by the provost marshal's force. They were taken to Alliance, to be sent from that place to Columbus.

Morgan's men were poorly dressed, ragged, dirty, and very badly used up. Some of them wore remnants of gray uniforms, but most of them were attired in spoils gathered during their raid. They were much discouraged at the result of their raid, and the prospect of affairs generally.

Morgan himself appeared in good spirits, and quite unconcerned at his ill luck. He is a well-built man, of fresh complexion and sandy hair and beard. He, last night, enjoyed for the first time in a long while, the comforts of a sound sleep in

a good bed, which was some compensation for his otherwise bad luck. Morgan was attired in a linen coat, black pants, white shirt and light felt hat. No decorations were visible. He has rather a mild face, there being certainly nothing in it to indicate the possession of unusual intellectual qualities.

Colonel Cluke is very tall, rising probably two inches over six feet. He was attired much after the manner of his chief. He is slender, has sandy hair, and looks like a man of invincible determination. His countenance is not devoid of certain savage lines, which correspond well with his barbarities as a leader.

On their arrival at Cincinnati a few days later, a large crowd was assembled at the depot, and as the prisoners moved, immense numbers were constantly added to it. When they marched down Ninth-street not less than 5,000 persons surrounded the famous guerrilla and his aids. Many of these lookers-on seemed excited, and cried, "Hang the cut-throats," "bully for the horse-thieves." Several of the spectators were flourishing pistols, but the guard quickly drove them away.

The capture of Morgan occasioned great rejoicing; and Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, suggested that a salute of *one* gun be fired before every *stable* door in the land.

Morgan and a number of his officers were confined in the state prison, at Columbus, from which the great raider, with several companions made his escape, on the night of the 27th of November. The following particulars of the flight were detailed in a Richmond paper.

It had been previously determined that, on reaching the outer walls, the parties should separate, Morgan and Hines together, and the others to shape their course for themselves. Thus they parted. Hines and the general proceeded at once to the depot to purchase their tickets for Cincinnati. But, lo! where was the money? The inventive Hines had only to touch the magical wand of his ingenuity to be supplied. While in prison he had taken the precaution, after planning his escape, to write to a lady friend in a peculiar cypher, which, when handed to the authorities to read through openly, contained nothing contraband, but which, on the young lady receiving, she, according to instructions, sent him some books, in the back of one of which she concealed some "greenbacks," and across the inside wrote her name to indicate the place where the money was deposited! The books came safe to hand, and Hines was flush! Going boldly up to the ticket office, while Morgan modestly stood back and adjusted a pair of green goggles over his eyes, which one of the men, having weak eyes, had worn in the prison.

They took their seats in the cars without suspicion. How their hearts beat until the locomotive whistled to start! Slowly the wheels turn, and they are off! The cars were due in Cincinnati at 7 o'clock, A. M. At Xenia, they were detained one hour. What keen anguish of suspense did they not suffer? They knew at 5 o'clock, A. M., the convicts would be called, and that their escape would then be discovered, when it would be telegraphed in every direction; consequently, the guards would be ready to greet them on their arrival. They were rapidly nearing the city of abolition hogdom. It was a cool, rainy morning. Just as the train entered the suburbs, about half a mile from the depot, the two escaped prisoners went out on the platform and put on the brakes, checking the cars sufficiently to let them jump off. Hines jumped off first, and fell, considerably stunned. Morgan followed, unhurt. They immediately made for the river. Here they found a boy with a skiff, who had just ferried across some ladies from the Kentucky side. They dared not turn their heads for fear of seeing the guards coming. "Hines," whispered the general, "look and see if any body is coming!" The boy was told they wanted to cross, but he desired to wait for more passengers. The general told him he was in a hurry, and promised to pay double fare. The skiff shot out into the stream—they soon reached the Kentucky shore, and breathed—free!

THE VALLANDIGHAM CAMPAIGN.

From the outbreak of the rebellion the opposition of the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, M. C. from the Dayton district, to the govern-

ment was so marked as to be generally considered as amounting to actual sympathy with the south.

On the 19th of April, 1863, Gen. Burnside, commanding department of the Ohio, issued his famous order No. 38, in which he said, "The habit of declaring sympathies for the enemy will no longer be tolerated in this department. Persons committing such offenses will be at once arrested with a view to being tried as above stated, or sent beyond our lines, into the lines of their friends."

Mr. Vallandigham, in a speech at Mount Vernon, Knox county, on the 1st of May, commented with great bitterness on the above order, which resulted in his arrest at his residence in Dayton on the morning of the 5th of the same month. He was taken to Cincinnati, tried by a military commission, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Warren during the war. This sentence was changed by the president, into banishment beyond the federal lines, which was carried into effect.

Much sympathy was expressed for Vallandigham by his friends and the opposition press; but, on the other hand, there was a general approval of the course pursued by the chief magistrate of the nation. Prominent among the former was Governor Seymour, of New York, and the *Freeman's Journal* said, "Ohio has her exiled hero, Vallandigham."

The sudden rise of the opposition party to the war following the unfortunate issue of McClellan's campaign in Virginia, and Buell's in Kentucky, in the latter part of 1862, together with the issuing of President Lincoln's proclamation, in January, 1863, had emboldened Mr. Vallandigham to urge his peculiar views. This had greatly excited the soldiers in the field, and in their numerous addresses and letters they appealed to the people at home to stand by the union. General Rosecrans, whose signal victory at Stone River, and whose generosity of spirit and fatherly care of his men had endeared him to the people of Ohio, wrote an eloquent, patriotic letter to the legislature, and his Ohio soldiers an address to their friends at home: the latter we have preserved as a part of the history of the times.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF STONE RIVER Feb. 1, 1863.

To the People of Ohio: The Ohio soldiers of the western army, your friends, brothers and sons, address you from this field of renown, in urgent entreaty, upon matters of such grave import to them and to the country, as to demand your calm and patient audience. Exiles from home for long weary months, away from the petty strife of local politics and the influence of selfish demagogues and party leaders, with the pure and steadfast faith in the holy cause of defending our government which brought us into the field, and has sustained us in perils, hardships, toils and exposures, which have scarcely a parallel in history, we feel none of the acrimonious bitterness that now enters into the ignoble contentions of home politics, and calmly view the conditions of the country from the only true standpoint, the soldier's and patriot's devotion to the great republic—once blessed of all nations.

We ask, what means this wild, shameless party strife at home? why any opposition to this war of self-preservation? why any but political demagogues should wish a severance of the republic? wherefore a foolish cry for a cessation of hostilities on our part, to give time to the traitor-rebels to strengthen their defenses and discipline their armies? why should the brave, true men of the great army of the United States, war-broken, toil-worn and battle-stained, be left without sym-

pathy from you, men of Ohio, now enjoying the blessings of peace, careless of dangers of invasion, war's dread terrors, only because we, your brothers and sons, stand "between your loved homes and war's desolation?"

Are we not in war? Is not the whole force of the government employed in defending the nation against a gigantic effort to destroy it? Has not blood flowed like water, and treasure expended enough to make rich a nation? Is it not worth preserving? Can two or more states be carved out peacefully from the present loved republic? Can we give away its rivers, lands and loyal people to its destroyers? Can we afford to divide the republic into contending petty states, and be forever the victims of internecine wars between small principalities? Can we quietly, calmly, even complacently, sit by and see the grand republic of the world thus cut off and destroyed by innate weakness? No honest citizen of Ohio is willing that such should be our fate.

What matters now the cause of the war? By whose fault, or by the adoption of what mistaken policy? It exists! It must be fought out, or ended by giving up all that it is waged for. For the sake of peace; for fear of the shedding of blood; would any basely give up his nation and become the citizen of a ruined and dishonored land?

Then wherefore this opposition to the war? Because a particular party is in power? Because its policy is obnoxious? Because it has committed errors? Because it has thrown to its surface and given prominence to bad or incompetent men, or adopted political theories and sought to make them practical, which are condemned by many good men? No! the remedy for all these evils, if they exist at all, may be sought in the quiet but powerful means of the ballot, which has power in our government to change dynasties, where the armies of the world would fail.

Is it thought that peace and a voluntary restoration of the union may be effected by compromise? All that has been tried. Disdainfully, the rebels flung back in our faces every proffered olive-branch, before peaceful men became armed soldiers and the booming of Fort Sumter's cannon, with its terrible alarm, called a nation to arms. And now, insolent and defiant, they laugh to scorn all thoughts of peace on any other terms than recognition of their false nationality. They are stronger now than then. The despots and money-changers of Europe have given them substantial aid to destroy a republic; they have more powerful armies, abler generals and a firmer determination than when the rebellion began. They know their strength and appeal to it—not to the poor demagogues of the north, who are their allies. They condemn and despise them. Read their proclamations, addresses, army orders and newspapers. At no time have they ever spoken of northern friends, except as allies in the war! They deride the foolish appeals of their northern allies for peace and compromise, and preclude all hope of the restoration of the union on any terms.

What incalculable mischief is being done by these northern allies—their speeches and newspapers are quoted, and results of elections reported in southern papers, as evidence, not of any hope of restoring the union, but to show that the loyal people of the north are becoming willing to submit to any dishonorable and humiliating terms of peace, based even on a full recognition that this fiendish rebellion was right, and that it was well to destroy this government.

People of Ohio! *But one alternative is left you. You must pronounce this a just rebellion; you must say that it was right and justifiable to destroy this republic; that a republic is a weak, helpless government, powerless to sustain itself, and to be destroyed whenever conspirators enough can be allied for the purpose, or you must show to the world the power of self-preservation in the great example of confederated republics. That it has a quiet, dormant force, which, aroused, has gigantic strength and energy. That it not only can protect its citizens in all their rights and privileges, but can sustain itself as well against foreign attack as internal treason.*

We are fighting for the republic—to it we have given our hearts, our arms, our lives. We intend to stand between you and the desolating hosts of the rebels, whose most cherished hope and desire has been, and is, to take possession and

ravage your own beautiful Ohio. Once already we have stood as a living wall between you and this fate, and we may have to do it again.

Men of Ohio! You know not what this western army has suffered. You know not now the hardships and sufferings of your soldiers in their chill tents, their shelterless bivouacs, their long, weary marches, and their battle-thinned ranks. If there be honesty and purity in human motives, it must be found among your long-enduring soldiers. Hear us, and for your country's sake, if not for ours, stop your wild, shameless political strifes, unite for the common cause, and never think or speak of peace and compromise until the now empty terms mean—the republic as it was, peaceably if it may be, but forcibly at all events. It is said war and force can not restore the union! What can?

Is there anything else that has been left untried, short of national dishonor and shame? Nothing. Purely physical power has been invoked to destroy the government, and physical force must meet it. Conquer the rebellious armies, shut in by blockades and victorious armies the deluded people of the rebellious states, and let no peace, no happiness, no prosperity dwell in their land or homes, until they rise against their tyrants, until popular opinion with them overthrows their false government, and dooms their despotic leaders. Whip them and confine them, until "Actæon is devoured by his own dogs."

This is all that can be done, and it must be done with the determined energy of a united people. Thus feel and think the soldiers of the grand army of the United States. Are you with us, or will you now desert us, sell your national birthright for a mess of pottage, and for success in local politics, barter away your country, crawl at the feet and lick the hands of the perfidious, cruel and devilish conspirators, who have organized this rebellion, and who boast of their success in destroying your government, slaying your sons and wasting your treasure, condemned, derided and despised by them, while you are humbly craving their favor? Not waiting or even hoping for returning loyalty in them, or for terms of peace to be tendered by them? Can you thus dishonor yourselves, your soldiers or your state?

We ask you now to stay, support and uphold the hands of your soldiers.

Give some of the wasted sympathy, so illy but freely bestowed upon the old political hacks and demagogues, who seek a blessed martyrdom in Lincoln bastiles, to the suffering but bravely-enduring soldiers who, in the camp, the field and the hospital, bear real hardships uncomplainingly. If treason must run riot in the north, keep it there—insult not your soldiers by sending to them the vile emanations of the traitors who are riding into office, place and power, over the ruins of the government, and making them their stepping-stones. Insult us not by letters, speeches and papers, which tell us we are engaged as hirelings in an unholy, abolition war, which make mob idols of the hour of those whose hypocritical demagoguery takes shape in cowardly, covert treason—whose constant vocation is denunciation of their government and its armed defenders.

The army of the west is in terrible earnest—earnest to conquer and destroy armed rebels—earnest to meet force with force—earnest in its hearty detestation of cowardly traitors at home—earnest in will and power to overcome all who desire the nation's ruin.

Ohio's 100,000 soldiers in the field, citizens at home, potent in either capacity, ask their fathers, brethren and friends, by their firesides and in their peaceful homes, to hear and heed this appeal, and to put an end to covert treason at home, more dangerous now to our national existence than the presence of the armed hosts of misguided rebels in the field.

On the hearing and adoption of this address by the 1st brigade, 3d division, 14th army corps, Colonel Walker also reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Therefore, Resolved, For ourselves, we are resolved to maintain the honor and integrity of our government; from the St Lawrence to the gulf, and between the oceans, there shall be but one supreme political power. We are able to defend our birthright; the blood of our sires is not contaminated in our veins; we are neither to be insulted nor robbed with impunity; the government we defend was formed for noble purposes; we are the executors of a living, a dying testa-

ment written in the blood of our fathers, which we will re-write in our own; to preserve our government, is, to us, a law unalterable in our hearts as the decrees of Heaven; we stop not now to point the finger of scorn at petty traitors who vainly seek to immortalize themselves by acts of treason—too cowardly to sin with an uplifted hand, too dastardly to stake life for life, as more honorable traitors do—let them bear in mind that there is a time coming, when the honest indignation of a loyal people will hurl them headlong into an abyss as bottomless as the pit.’

The banishment of Mr. Vallandigham a few months subsequent to this fermentation among the people, but served to increase it. And so much sympathy was aroused for him that the opposition were constrained to nominate him for governor, at the fall election. Mr. Vallandigham, who had been permitted to leave the southern lines by the rebel leaders, made his way to Canada; and there on the border watched the canvass. In the result, John C. Brough, the union candidate, was elected by the largest majority of any previous candidate for the gubernatorial chair. His total majority was 101,099. Of this, the home majority was 61,920 and the soldiers’ majority 39,179. Out of 43,755 soldiers’ votes only 2,288 were given for Vallandigham: but of the citizens who remained at home, secure from war’s alarms, over 180,000 signified their preference for him; many sincerely regarded him as the subject of oppression. In thousands of cases, the sons in the army voted one way while the fathers on the farms voted the other. The soldiers’ votes was a signal illustration of the heaven-given principle that those who mostly do sacrifice for a cause, mostly do love it. The canvass was the most exciting ever known in any state: and honorable to the defeated minority that they submitted with such equanimity to the adverse verdict.

THE GENERALS OF OHIO.

Ohio is the native state of more eminent generals than any other. Among these are Rosecrans, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Gilmore, McPherson, Custer, Stanley, Granger, Steedman, Weitzell, Crooke, Garfield, Lytle and others. Four of these names—Grant, Rosecrans, Sherman and Sheridan—will forever live.

Grant was born in 1822 at Point Pleasant, in Clermont county, a two hours’ trip by steamboat from, and above, Cincinnati, on the banks of the Ohio. The three others were born in the heart of the state; Rosecrans, in 1819, in Kingston, Delaware county, twenty-five miles north of Columbus; Sherman, in 1818, in Lancaster, Fairfield county, twenty-eight miles southeast of Columbus; Sheridan, in 1831, in Somerset, Perry county, eighteen miles east of Lancaster: all four graduated at West Point.

A vivid pen-picture of Grant and Sherman, drawn in a single frame, by one who saw them when together at Vicksburg, is in place here.

First in rank, as well as notoriety, we have Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT—indifferently known as Grant, Ulysses S. Grant, United States Grant, Uncle Sam Grant, and “Unconditional Surrender” Grant; the same whose “move on the enemy’s works” at Fort Donelson has become national property, and the same man under whose lead our armies have split the confederacy in two, and wrung from their grasp all, or the greater portion, of the Mississippi valley.

Almost at any time, one can see a small but compactly-built man of about forty-two years of age, walking through the camps. He moves with his shoulders

thrust a little forward of the perpendicular, his left hand in the pocket of his pantaloons, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his eyes thrown straight forward, which, from the haze of abstraction that veils them, and a countenance drawn into furrows of thought, would seem to indicate that he is intensely pre-occupied. The soldiers observe him coming, and rise to their feet, gather on each side of the way to see him pass—they do not salute him, they only watch him curiously, with a certain sort of familiar reverence. His abstracted air is not so great, while he is thus moving along, as to prevent his seeing everything without apparently looking at it; you will see this in the fact that however dense the crowd in which you stand, if you are an acquaintance, his eye will for an instant rest on yours with a glance of, and with it a grave nod of, recognition. A plain blue suit, without scarf, sword or trappings of any sort, save the triple-starred shoulder-strap—an indifferently good "Kossuth" hat, with the top battered in close to his head; full beard, of a cross between "light" and "sandy;" a square cut face, whose lines and contour indicate extreme endurance and determination, complete the external appearance of this small man, as one sees him passing along, turning and chewing restlessly the end of his unlighted cigar.

His countenance, in rest, has the rigid immobility of cast-iron; and, while this indicates the unyielding tenacity of a bull-dog, one finds only in his gray eyes the smiles and other evidences of the possession of those other traits seen upon the lips and over the faces of ordinary people. On horseback, he loses all the awkwardness which distinguishes him as he moves about on foot. Erect and graceful, he seems a portion of his steed, without which the full effect would be incomplete. He held in early days the reputation of being the best rider in the Academy, and he seems to have lost none of his excellence in this respect.

Along with the body guard of General Grant is his son Fred., a stout lad of some twelve summers. He endures all the marches, follows his father under fire with all the coolness of an old soldier; and is, in short, a "chip of the old block."

Of General Grant's ability I need say nothing—he has been so long before the public that all can judge for themselves. The south calls his successes "luck;" we in the west believe that he owes them mostly to the possession of a cautious military judgment, assisted by good advisers, and backed by invincible perseverance, endurance and determination.

Almost the exact opposite in every feature of our taciturn, unsmiling chief, is Major-General SHERMAN. Tall, loosely-built, narrow chest, sandy hair and beard, light gray eyes, glancing incessantly in every direction, smiling mouth and rapid utterance, he forms a character as opposite Grant's as zenith to nadir. Grant goes about like a piece of marble, endowed with just sufficient vitality for purposes of locomotion, while Sherman, whether walking, talking or laughing, walks, talks and laughs, "all over." Grant's soul is crusted over with rigidity—Sherman's bursts out at every pour, every agitation of his inner man produces a corresponding agitation of his physical machine. Soul and body seem attuned in such harmony, that a chord struck upon the former communicates its vibrations to one in the latter.

Socially, he is a pleasant man, affable to his inferiors and engaging to his equals, with a mood that changes with the rapidity of the barometer in the tropics. With an utterance rapid almost to incoherency, he, at one instant, is relating some laughable incident, the next unfolding the details of some masterly plan, and the next hurling fierce imprecations upon the head of some offender.

Like Grant, he has courage and endurance in abundance—like him, he will ride into a storm of bullets, and sit there and watch and order as unconcernedly as if the air were filled with roses instead of hissing messengers of death. Of his ability, there is in the army but one opinion, and that is, that among the ablest men that this war has produced, he is entitled to no second rank. His ability is not confined to any specialty; he is equally at home whether drilling a company or division, inspecting a quartermaster's accounts, arranging the details of a battle, making an advance or ordering a retreat; in short, he seems to be, and is, familiar not only with the practical details of war, but the principles which underlie this most intricate and comprehensive art.

"PHIL. SHERIDAN," as his soldiers call him, is the Murat of the American army. One who knew him when his star was rapidly culminating, says:

We have an enthusiastic admiration for "Phil." Sheridan—Brigadier-General Ph. Sheridan. We heard of him first at Corinth, Mississippi. He had been commanding cavalry under Rosecrans—whose estimate of *soldiers* carries weight. He delighted more to talk of "Phil." Sheridan than of any man in the army—General George H. Thomas excepted. Of him he always spoke reverentially—a man who reminded him of Washington. Rosecrans admired Sheridan's curt, decisive way of doing things. "Phil.," he said, "has no surplusage. He *does* things;" and the general was happy in describing the grim, insinuating pleasantry with which Sheridan outwitted the enemy, or hung a spy. Language can't express it, because it lacks the essentials of voice and manner. "Send Phil. Sheridan on an expedition," he was wont to say, "and he will accomplish it, if it is in the power of man—he is ready, fertile in resources, with large executive faculty, and he fights, *fights!*—do you know what that means?"

Fighting was his forte, and yet he is the "mildest-mannered man" that ever slashed a rebel crown with saber. It is related of him, that he fought his way through West Point, and almost fought his way *out*. We have his own confession, that during his last year he had only "five points" to make to be permitted to retire without the honors of the institution. The management of those "five points" was a difficult and delicate operation. Nevertheless, he graduated with distinction, and was one of the most popular men of the academy.

Your first view of him disappoints you a little. Imagination always plays the mischief with your estimate of a hero whom you have not seen—heroic stature, handsome face, commanding presence, all seem associated with heroes. Sheridan is a quiet, wiry, strong little man, not over five feet seven, or a half inch more, but with broad shoulders and strongly-knit frame—weighing, perhaps, one hundred and forty, or a trifle more; short, wiry, black hair, compact head and medium forehead, sharp, gray eyes, a composed and firm countenance—with somewhat Milesian features, and a brownish complexion, shaded with closely-cropped whiskers.

He is only thirty-two, but his weather-beaten face advertises at least five years more. But his stature is soon forgotten in his presence. He grows wonderfully on a horse, and especially on a battle-field. On the dreadful morning of Stone river, when he emerged with his mangled division in solid phalanx from the frightful cedars, he loomed up like a very giant. He was grave, but firm, strong, and, as Rosecrans dashed up to him in the tumult of battle, his deportment seemed to express, "You see, general, it was not the fault of *my* division that we did not stay." He had lost his hat and fought bareheaded until a trooper banded him a hat picked up in the field—a dead soldier's no doubt. Sunday morning afterward—the enemy had gone then—Sheridan, sitting upon an old stump, at general headquarters, told the story quietly, but graphically: "General, I lost 1,796 men, 70 of them officers, with my 3 brigade commanders."

These were noble Sill, Roberts and Shaeffer—than whom more gallant soldiers never fought under the flag. Stone river made Sheridan a major-general, and they always said in the army of the Cumberland, "Phil. Sheridan is the rising man of this army." When Grant put him in command of the cavalry on the Potomac those who knew him recognized the right man in the right place.

At the beginning of the war, General Sheridan was a lieutenant of infantry. Governor Blair, of Michigan, commissioned him as colonel of a regiment of Michigan cavalry, and he was actively engaged in Tennessee and Mississippi, doing valuable service and hard fighting, until he was promoted to brigadier-general, soon after which he was assigned to the command of a division in McCook's corps, where he remained until assigned to the position of commander of the cavalry in the army of the Potomac. His parents are natives of Ireland, but he is a native of Ohio.

In the history of war there is not a single instance of the mere per-

sonal advent of a general upon the field, unsustained by a body of fresh troops, changing, by the simple magic of his presence, a defeat into a victory, excepting in the case of Sheridan at Cedar creek. Our men had given way everywhere, and when, as thus described :

Suddenly there is a dust in the rear, on the Winchester road, and almost before we are aware, a fiery-looking, impetuous, dashing young man in full major-general's uniform, and riding furiously a magnificent black horse, literally "flecked with foam," and no poetic license about it, reins up and springs off by General Crook's side. There is a perfect roar, as everybody recognized Sheridan. He talks with Crook a little while, cutting away at the tops of the weeds with his riding-whip. General Crook speaks half a dozen sentences, that sound a great deal like the whip, and by that time some of the staff are up. They are sent flying in different directions. Sheridan and Crook lie down and seem to be talking, and all is quiet again, except the vicious shells of the different batteries, and the roar of artillery along the line. After a while, Colonel Forsyth comes down in our front and shouts to the general: "The 19th corps is closed up, sir." Sheridan jumps up, gives one more cut with his whip, whirls himself around once, jumps on his horse and starts up the line. Just as he starts he says to our men—" *We are going to have a good thing on them now, boys!*" It don't sound like Cicero, or Daniel Webster, but it *doubled the force* at our end of the line.

And so he rode off, a long wave of yells rolling up to the right with him. We took our posts, the line moved forward—and the balance of that day is already history.

The descriptive poem of Buchanan Read is as stirring as words can paint deeds. Genius in song illustrates genius in war, and the hearts of the nation beat in unison with the music.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flush of morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster ;

The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—
 What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
 Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
 And when their statutes are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the union sky,
 The American soldiers' temple of fame,
 There with the glorious general's name,
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day,
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

The character of ROSECRANS is indicated by the following anecdote, a soldier relates:

On Wednesday, while we were stationed as guard to the ford, Gen. Rosecrans came up to Col. Price, commanding the brigade, and said:

"You're Col. Price, commanding the 32d brigade, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Colonel, will you hold this ford?"

"Well, General, I will if I can."

"That won't do, sir," said Rosecrans. "Will you hold this ford?"

"I'll die in the attempt," responded the cautious colonel.

"That won't do, sir. *Will you hold this ford?*"

"I will," said the colonel, firmly, and General Rosecrans rode off without another word, and left the colonel to fulfill his promise.

The last day of 1862 was a marked one in the history of Rosecrans. He was at Stone river; his army was encamped in line of battle. McCook's corps formed his right, in three divisions—Johnson's, Davis', Sheridan's. Secretly, with the stealthiness of savages, the rebels massed themselves at the extreme right, under cover of the woods.

The unsuspecting soldiers were totally unprepared. Some of the artillery horses were off for water. Advancing through the morning fog, they bounded on like an army of ravenous wolves, screaming, yelling as they ran, striking, first upon Johnson, then upon Davis, and at last upon Sheridan, rolling and crumbling them up, and hurling them, routed and flying, into the cedar thickets which skirt the Nashville turnpike.

Rosecrans would send no help. He was fearful of weakening his left and center, which up to this had not been engaged, for the enemy lay in his front within sight, anxiously watching and ready to pounce upon him. If any part had been weakened they would have attacked, and, if successful, would have destroyed his army. His preparations were to halt the enemy on his defeated right, without exposing his left and center to imminent danger. For this purpose he massed his artillery and troops on the position occupied by the center, one of the most difficult of manoeuvres, and changed his line of battle. There it was that the genius of Rosecrans was displayed. A more vivid description of battle is never seen than this which any eye-witness gives :

Lines upon lines were piled upon each other with matchless skill. Columns were hurled in solid ranks from one side of the field to the other as if they were toys ; the evolutions of the brigades as steady as the movements of a grand review. Thousands acquired an idea of the art of handling masses of which they never dreamed before.

The rebels came nearer and nearer the Nashville turnpike, nearly two miles and a half ; the right wing of our army had been driven in with a loss of twenty-eight pieces of artillery and a thousand of our men. A faintness of heart came over me as the destruction of our whole army seemed to stare us in the face, but Rosecrans stood with the flower of his center and left wing in an array of imposing grandeur along the turnpike and facing the woods. The scene was as grand and awful at this time as anything I ever expect to witness until the day of judgment. Let the rebels ever obtain possession of the turnpike and of the immense train of wagons along it, its line of retreat would be cut off, and nothing could save the union army from utter rout and capture. Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars were enough to appal the stoutest heart. The roar of cannon, the crashing of the shot through the trees, the whizzing and busting of shells, the uninterrupted rattle of thirty thousand muskets, all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sounds ; and above all could be heard the wild cheers of the traitorous troops as body after body of our men gave way and were pushed back toward the turnpike. Nearer and nearer came the storm, louder and louder resounded the tumult of battle. The immense train of wagons packed along the roads suddenly seemed instinct with struggling life, and every species of army vehicle, preceded by frightened mules and horses, rolled and rattled away pell-mell in an opposite direction from that in which the victorious foe were pressing onward. The shouts and cries of terrified teamsters urging teams to the top of their speed, were now mingled with the billows of sounds which swayed and surged over the field. Suddenly the rout became visible, and crowds of ten thousand fugitives, presenting every possible phase of wild and uncontrolled disorder, burst from the cedar thickets, and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Amongst them all, perhaps not half a dozen members of the same regiment could have been found together. Thick and fast the bullets of the enemy fell amongst them, and some of them were shot down, but still the number constantly increased by reason of the thick crowds which every moment burst from the thickets.

Awaiting the coming storm, conspicuous among all the rest, was the well built form of our COMMANDING GENERAL, his countenance unmoved by the tumult around

him, and his thoughtful and animated features expressing a high and patriotic hope which acted like an inspiration on every one that beheld him. As he cast his eye over the grand army which he had mustered to repel the foe, he already felt master of the situation.

At last the long lines of the enemy emerged from the wood rank behind rank, and with a demoniac yell, intended to strike terror into the souls of the Yankees who stood before them, charged with fearful yells to the very muzzle of the cannon, whose dark mouths yawned upon them. A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the union forces. An awful roar shook the earth, a crash rent the atmosphere, and the foremost line of the rebel host was literally swept from the field. For ten minutes the thunder of battle burst from the clouds. When our batteries advanced they found no rebels between the turnpike and the wood, excepting the dead, dying and wounded. The roar of our artillery sounded farther and farther off as our different batteries moved after the routed, flying foe, and we in turn again occupied a considerable portion of the lost ground of the morning.

Since the annihilation of the old guard, in their charge at Waterloo, there probably had not been an instance of so great slaughter in so short a time as in this rebel repulse at Murfreesboro.

That eminent engineer Maj. Gen. QUINCY ADAMS GILMORE was born in 1828, some thirty miles west of Cleveland, on the margin of Lake Erie, in Black river township, Lorrain county.

His surprising skill in gunnery, shown in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, and in the siege of Charleston, has lastingly identified his name with the highest achievements in military science. His "swamp angel," located on the flats, miles away from the doomed city, became a very fiend of destruction, as from its monster mouth huge fiery missiles shot forth, converting entire squares into shapeless ruins, and streets into untrodden, deserted wastes. There, where for thirty years treason had stalked in wicked effrontery, the demon of war meted out righteous retribution.

OHIO'S DEAD! they lay upon every battle field. Tens of thousands mourn fathers, brothers, sons, who have died for us and ours. Beyond the sacred limits of their own homes, they mostly were unknown. But it matters not. The choicest spirits, the most noble natures that God has here created often live but to suffer and die, crushed and bleeding among the obscure of earth. They rise in ethereal brightness, appreciated in the higher immortality.

History groups them in masses, and holds up to the gaze of the living the heroism of their dead. Here and there one, who has been elevated by rank, combined with opportunity and capacity, is singled out for an individual memorial. A few such among Ohio's dead come under our notice.

Major-General James B. McPHERSON, who fell in the battle of Peachtree creek, July 22, 1864, in the campaign against Atlanta, in his 36th year, was born in Sandusky, Ohio. He was educated at West Point. After the battle of Shiloh, he was chief engineer and had charge of all the fortifications erected in the siege of Corinth. He was subsequently assigned to the command of a division, and gained great credit at Vicksburg, as one of the chosen officers of Grant.

His characteristics, as thus described, are beautiful.

In few military men of our army were the qualities of a true gentleman so happily blended with those of a real soldier. Justly regarded as one of the most skillful soldiers in the western army, he was noted for a total absence of that roughness and uncouthness of manner, almost amounting to boorishness, which some officers seem to regard as a *sine qua non* to the make-up of a good com-

mander. No subordinate, whatever his rank or station, whether private soldier or brigadier-general, ever received from him an unkind answer or an uncivil word. He was as courteous to his body-servant as he was respectful to his superiors in rank and position. The writer recollects, on one occasion, an officer said to him, "Why don't you swear at the damned rascals?" alluding to some men who had been guilty of dereliction of duty. The general replied, "I have no more right to swear at them than at you. How would you like to have me damn you a little now and then?" It was a favorite expression of his that politeness was a coin that passed current everywhere, and was never at a discount.

His courage was of a kind most valuable to an army, and to himself as a commander. He was stoical, but never impetuous—calm, cool and self-possessed, no matter what the danger that might surround him. He never lost his presence of mind for a single moment, even in the most desperate situation, or during the progress of the most hotly-contested engagement. His enthusiasm never got the better of his judgment, and he could give as good counsel and advice during the progress of a bayonet charge, led by himself, as if he were enjoying a social *tete a tete* far removed from the scene of hostile operations. He would form his line of battle under the heaviest fire of the enemy, with as much indifference to rebel cannon and sharpshooters as if he were arranging a holiday dress-parade. We think we utter but the verdict of all who knew General McPherson, when we say he was a model soldier and a model gentleman.

General McPherson was killed under the following circumstances: The battle of the 22d was fairly opened about 12 o'clock, M. After it had progressed some time, a gap appeared in our line between the 16th and 17th corps, which the rebels sought to take advantage of and permanently divide the line. Gen. McPherson, perceiving this situation and danger, at once rushed to the front, and, with two or three of his staff, was superintending the location of men to defeat the rebel plan. This brought him within fifty yards of the rebel advance, who fired a volley on him and his few companions. A ball struck him in the right side, and passing through, shattered the spinal column, causing instantaneous death.

Major-General Logan was at once quietly notified of what had occurred, and without the troops knowing their terrible loss, the battle went on, and a victory won by McPherson's troops on the plan devised by him. It was about half an hour after his death before the corpse was fully in our possession, it, in the meantime, lying on the disputed ground between the two armies.

General McPherson rode, on this occasion, a favorite black horse, which he obtained of a surgeon after the battle of Corinth, and which had carried him safely through every battle in which he had since been engaged. So fortunate had both been, that he had come to feel a degree of safety on the back of his noble steed. But in this, their last association, the charm was broken with both of them—the rider was killed, and the charger received three balls, which, however, were not fatal.

The correspondence that ensued between General Grant and the grandmother of McPherson, aged 87 years and 4 months, on the occasion of his death is a most touching souvenir. A good old lady, as her letter shows her to be, is very certain to be, as she was, blessed in the perpetuation of virtue to the second generation.

CLYDE, Ohio, August 3, 1864.

To General Grant:

DEAR SIR—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandma of our beloved General James B. McPherson, who fell in battle.

When it was announced at his funeral, from the public print, that when General Grant heard of his death, he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you.

I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood, he was obedient and kind; in manhood, interesting, noble and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war, others can appreciate his worth more than I can. When it was announced to us, by telegraph, that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder;

out when we heard the commander-in-chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you had been as a father to him, and this whole nation is mourning his early death.

I wish to inform you that, his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening, in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers, an only sister and his aged grandma, who is now trying to write. In the morning, he took his leave at 6 o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit, and his remains are resting in the silent grave, scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father. The grave, no doubt, will be marked, so that passers by will often pause to drop a tear over the departed.

And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you, and go forth with your armies till rebellion shall cease, the union be restored, and the old flag wave over our entire country. With much respect, I remain your friend,

LYDIA SLOCUM,

Aged 87 years and 4 months.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, }
CITY POINT, VA., August 10, 1864. }

Mrs. Lydia Slocum:

MY DEAR MADAM—Your very welcome letter of the 3d inst. has just reached me. I am glad to know the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship existing between him and myself. A nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the nation had more to expect from him than from almost any one living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed for some time one of my military family. I knew him well. To know him was but to love him. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson, felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequaled ability, his amiability, and all the many virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavement is great, but can not exceed mine.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

Brigadier-Gen. ROBERT L. McCook was a member of that heroic Ohio family, that has lost so many members in the war. One of them, a mere boy of seventeen, was killed at Bull Run, at the beginning of the rebellion. Being called upon to surrender,—he replied—"I never surrender to a rebel;" upon uttering which, he was shot. Another son, Brigadier-General Daniel McCook, was mortally wounded at Kennesaw Mountain. The father, a venerable old man, volunteered to assist in driving Morgan's guerrillas from the state, and was killed in action: and Robert McCook himself was assassinated by rebels. A fourth brother is the Major-General Alexander McDowell McCook, an army corps commander at Perryville, Stone river and Chickamauga. Robert at the outbreak of the war, was a lawyer in Cincinnati. Within 48 hours after the President's first call he mustered into the service the 9th Ohio, and had them in camp. It was composed entirely of Germans, became one of the most effective of regiments, and had the distinguished honor of making at Mill Springs the first bayonet charge of the war. He was a large-hearted, impulsive man: and so hated all pretense and show of any kind, that he most unwillingly submitted to the requirement of wearing a military dress. He was murdered in the summer of 1862, while riding, sick and recumbent in a spring-wagon, attended by a small escort of half a dozen cavalymen, who, all but one, cowardly galloped off as the guerrillas appeared. The subsequent particulars are thus stated.

Captain Hunter Brooke, was riding with the general, who, owing to his feeble condition, was lying in the bottom of the box. When the guerrillas opened the fire upon the conveyance, Gen. McCook at once exclaimed, "The bushwhackers ●

are upon us," ordered the driver, his negro servant John, to turn quickly around, and rose to his knees to assist him in holding the frightened horses. The team was just fairly started, when the murderer of the general came up and ordered it to halt. It being impossible to check the spirited horses at once, the team kept moving, when the guerrilla again ordered it to halt, but almost instantaneously fired the fatal shot from his carbine, although Captain Brooke begged him not to fire upon a sick man. Another rebel rode up at the same time and aimed his gun, when the general told him, reproachfully, "You need'n't shoot, I am already fatally wounded." The bullet passed entirely through his body, fatally tearing the intestines.

The main body of the rebels pursued the flying escort, and but three or four remained with their victim. The general was driven to, and taken into, the house at which he died, by Captain Brooke and John. He stated afterward, that when the party came up to the house, *the occupants, women and children, clapped their hands in approbation of the rebel achievement.* In a few minutes, those that had gone in pursuit, came tearing back, and hurried off with Captain Brooke. John, upon the advice of the general, had previously managed to escape out of the house and through a corn-field.

The general lived about twenty-four hours after being wounded. He was conscious to the last, although frequently unable to speak from the dreadful pain he was suffering. Whenever able, he uttered words of advice, gratitude and consolation to those around him.

His dying moments showed the nobility of the man. In a lull of his paroxysms of anguish, he said to young Captain Burt, "Andy, the problem of life will soon be solved for me. My good friend, may your life be longer and to a better purpose than mine." In reply to Father Beatty, the brigade wagon-master, if he had any message for his brother, Alex., he answered: "Tell him and the rest, I have tried to live as a man, and die attempting to do my duty." Finally, clasping his hands in the death struggle, the dying man exclaimed: "I am done with life; yes, this ends all. You and I part now, but the loss of ten thousand such lives as yours and mine would be nothing, if their sacrifice would but save such a government as ours."

The whole brigade arrived at the house about an hour after he was wounded. The men came up in double-quick, panting and shouting for vengeance. The effect of the sad sight of their mortally-wounded general upon them was most distressing. All day and night the faithful soldiery were grouped about the house, waiting their turn to bid a last farewell to their commander. Neither among the officers nor the men was there a dry eye, or a lip, not quivering with anguish. A more moving scene, it is said, was never beheld. The brigade did not resume its march until the general had breathed his last.

Retribution—terrible retribution was dealt by the 9th Ohio. With fire, and sword, and bayonet, the scene of the foul assassination was reduced to a state of desolation. Every house in the neighborhood, and over 70 of rebel citizens, men, were shot or hung.

Major Gen. O. M. MITCHELL was born in Kentucky in 1810; but when a boy removed to Ohio, and from that time was identified with this state. At fifteen years of age he received a cadet warrant; and, being poor, earned the money that paid his expenses to West Point. But his manner of traveling was humble; for, bearing his knapsack, he footed it all the way from home, in Lebenon, Warren county, Ohio, and arrived there in June, 1825, with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Soon after graduating he settled in Cincinnati, founding in 1845, the first Astronomical Observatory ever erected on the globe by the contributions of the people. When the war broke out, he said: "He was ready to fight in the ranks, or out of it; and he only asked permission from his country to have *something to do.*" This sentence was the key note to his character—patriotism and intense activity.

In August, 1861, he was created general. After the occupation of Nashville, he was given command of an independent expedition; when, with incredible celerity, he marched across the country and took possession of the whole of the railroad running across north Alabama, and at the same time guarding that from Nashville to Stevenson, making in all 352 miles of railroad, besides 120 miles of river patrolling, to prevent the rebels getting up ferries and crossing the Tennessee; with his pickets extending over hundreds of miles, he knew almost every hour what was transpiring in that large district. From Corinth, on the West, to Chattanooga, on the east, he kept the rebels in continual excitement by his rapid movements. No sooner had he planned and started an expedition in one direction than he followed it by the instant execution of a new one in another. One day he was threatening the rebel general at Chattanooga, and had him telegraphing all over the South for help. Another, he was on the left wing of the Corinth army, driving their guerrillas across the Tennessee. The moving force of Mitchell, aside from those left to guard the railroads was less than 3,000 men, and but one regiment of cavalry,—John Kennett's 4th Ohio. These were always in advance, scattered over a territory of 300 miles, and so continually moving, that Kirby Smith, at Chattanooga, could not refrain from asking, "How many thousand of the 4th Ohio cavalry are there? We can't put our foot down anywhere but we find them." So active and daring was Mitchell, and so much was accomplished, that the enemy fancied he must have had thirty thousand men!

In all his operations, Mitchell never threw up a single spadeful of earth, unless it was to hold a railroad bridge; and he never allowed the enemy to attack him in any position or in any single instance, while he harassed them continually by skirmishes and assaults. Sleeping but four hours out of the twenty-four, with all the energies of a most ardent temperament enlisted in the cause, he formed a contrast to the slow-moving Buell. This officer, after the evacuation of Corinth, marched with his army corps of nearly 40,000 men, and took chief command.

In the fall (1862) Mitchell was put in command of the department of the south, and was preparing for a vigorous campaign against Charleston when he was seized with yellow fever, and died on the 30th of October.

General Mitchell was the author of several valuable astronomical works; and as a lecturer on astronomy, so far surpassed all others, as to have been pronounced the only lecturer on the subject the country ever had. His religious instincts were very strong; he was all alive with feeling; he possessed great fluency and command of language, and he electrified his audiences with this most sublime, elevating topic, as probably no man living or dead had ever done before.

His "*Words for Poor Boys*," show what were his early struggles, and the spirit that enabled him to rise above obstacles. Poor boys, some of them, we trust, will read these pages. Here is encouragement from the lips of a good and eminent man.

When I was a boy of twelve years, I was working for twenty-five cents a week, with an old lady, and I had my hands full, but I did my work faithfully. I used to cut wood, fetch water, make fires, scrub and scour in the mornings, for her, before the real work of the day commenced; my clothes were bad, and I had no means of buying shoes, so was often barefooted.

One morning I got through my work early, and the old lady, who thought I had not done it, or was especially ill-humored then, was displeased, scolded me, and said I was idle and had not worked. I said I had; she called me a "liar." I felt my spirit rise indignantly against this, and standing erect I told her that she could never have the chance of applying that word to me again. I walked out of the house, to re-enter it no more.

I had not a cent in my pocket when I stepped into the world. What do you think I did then, boys? I met a countryman with a team, I addressed him boldly and earnestly, and offered to drive the leader, if he would only take me on. He looked at me in surprise, but said he did not think I'd be of any use to him. "O yes, I will," said I; "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you, if you will only let me try." He no longer objected. I got on the horse's back. It was hard traveling, for the roads were deep, and we could only get on at the rate of twenty miles per day. This was, however, my starting-point. I went ahead after this. An independent spirit,

and a steady, honest conduct, with what capacity God has given me—as he has given you—have carried me successfully through the world.

Don't be down-hearted at being poor, or having no friends. Try, and try again. You can cut your way through, if you live, so please God. I know it's a hard time for some of you. You are often hungry and wet with the rain or snow, and it seems dreary to have no one in the city to care for you. But trust in Christ, and he will be your friend. Keep up good heart, and be determined to make your own way, honestly and truly, through the world. As I said, I feel for you, because I have gone through it all—I know what it is. God bless you.

General WM. H. LYTLE was born in Cincinnati, on the 2d of Nov. 1826, and bred to the law. He served in the Mexican war; and at the breaking out of the rebellion was chosen colonel of the 10th Ohio volunteer infantry, almost entirely composed of Irishmen,—a fighting regiment, of course. He was wounded at Carnifex Ferry, also at the battle of Chaplin's hills, Ky.; and finally, killed while leading a charge at Chickamauga, September, 20, 1863. He was a man singularly gifted, and sincerely mourned. The following is a faithful tribute to his memory.

Lines to the Memory of WM. H. LYTLE.

The flag was draped with funeral hues—
The flag he loved so well;
'Neath which he marched to battle off—
'Neath which he proudly fell.
Its glorious folds were wound around
The noble warrior's breast;
Together they were in the fight,
Together let them rest.

Dead marches on the muffled drums
For soldier true and tried,
For poet sweet, bring lyre and sword,
And lay them by his side.
Though strong of hand, of gentle heart,
If prayers and sighs could save,
We had not followed him in tears,
To his untimely grave.

Untimely! No—his country called,
For her he shed his blood;
But left these glorious names behind,
The Gallant and the Good!
Gallant and Good, yes—Gifted, too;
Ohio's crown of pride
Ne'er lost a brighter star, than when
The noble Lytle died.

Yet long upon the storied page,
His honored name shall stand,
Not last and least among the great
And worthy of our land.
As he remembers Lytle's sword,
The patriot shall be strong;
And bards shall inspiration catch
From Lytle's fervid song.

But Lytle needed no lines from stranger-pen to perpetuate his fame. The poet's own does that in these sad strains, as plaintive as those of an Eolian.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O Queen, unfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
'Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let Cæsar's servile minions
Mark the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming; quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

INDIANA.

INDIANA was originally included in the limits of "New France," and afterward in the "North-west Territory." Its territory was traversed by the

French traders and Catholic missionaries at an early period. According to some historians, Vincennes was occupied as a French military post in 1716, and as a missionary station as early as 1700. The first original settlers were, probably, mostly, or entirely, French soldiers from Canada, belonging to the army of Louis XIV. Their descendants remained an almost isolated community, increasing very slowly for nearly one hundred years, and in the mean time they imbibed a taste for savage life, from habits of intercourse with their Indian neighbors exclusively, with whom they often intermarried. In consequence of this fraternization with the In-



ARMS OF INDIANA.

dians, they became somewhat degenerated as a civilized community.

By the treaty of peace between France and Great Britain in 1763, all the French possessions in this region were transferred to Great Britain, but the settlers still retained their original rights. During the revolutionary war, the French settlers displayed their hereditary animosity against the English. In 1778, a Spanish resident gave such information respecting the strength and position of the British force at Vincennes, that by his directions, Gen. Clark, of Virginia, easily obtained possession. By the treaty of 1783, the territory comprised in the limits of Indiana came into the possession of the United States.

In the Indian war which succeeded the first settlement of what is now the state of Ohio, several military expeditions were sent into the present limits of Indiana. The first, in order of time, was that of Gen. Harmar, who marched, in the autumn of 1790, with a large body of troops from Fort Washington, at Cincinnati, against the Indian towns on the Maumee, on or near the site of Fort Wayne. The towns were destroyed, but detached parties of the army were defeated in two separate engagements.

In May, of the next year, 750 Kentuckians, under Gen. Charles Scott, rendezvoused at the mouth of the Kentucky River, and, crossing the Ohio on the 23d, marched northward with great rapidity. In about three weeks the expedition returned to Kentucky, without the loss of a man, after having surprised and destroyed several towns on the Wabash and Eel Rivers, killed 32 of the enemy in skirmishes, and taken 58 prisoners.

In the succeeding August, Col. James Wilkinson left Fort Washington with 550 mounted Kentucky volunteers, to complete the work which had been so successfully begun by Gen. Scott, against the Indians on the Wabash and its tributaries. The expedition was successful. Several towns were destroyed, the corn was cut up and 34 prisoners taken.

By the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, the United States obtained valuable tracts of land, for which they paid the Indians money and goods. Other tracts were obtained, afterward, in the same manner. But, notwithstanding this, a part of the Indians still remained hostile, and being excited by the eloquence of Tecumseh, the celebrated Shawnee warrior, several of the Indian tribes united in resistance to the progress of the whites at the west.

Although by the ordinance of 1787, slavery was forever prohibited in the territory north-west of the Ohio, strong and repeated efforts were made to establish the institution temporarily within the Indiana Territory. The first of these was made in 1802-3, through the instrumentality of a convention presided over by the territorial governor, William Henry Harrison, which petitioned congress to temporarily suspend the operation of the anti-slavery clause of the ordinance. These attempts were repeated through a succession of years, until the winter of 1806-7, when a final effort was made by the territorial legislature to this end. All were without avail, although some of the committees of congress, to whom the subject was referred, reported in favor of the measure.*

Just previous to the war of 1812, with Great Britain, Indiana was harassed by the hostile movements of the Shawnees, led on by Tecumseh and his brother the Prophet. To oppose these proceedings, bodies of regular troops and militia were concentrated at Vincennes, and placed under the command of William Henry Harrison, then governor. On Nov. 7, 1811, the governor appeared before Prophet's town, or *Tippecanoe*, on the Wabash, and demanded restitution of the property which the Indians had carried off. After a conference it was agreed that hostilities should not commence until

* The arguments by which this policy was advocated, are thus set forth in the following extract of a report of a congressional committee, made in favor of the prayer of the petitioners on the 14th of February, 1806. "That, having attentively considered the facts stated in the said petitions and memorials, they are of opinion that a qualified suspension, for a limited time, of the sixth article of compact between the original states, and the people and states west of the River Ohio, would be beneficial to the people of the Indiana Territory. The suspension of this article is an object almost universally desired in that territory.

It appears to your committee to be a question entirely different from that between slavery and freedom; inasmuch as it would merely occasion the removal of persons, already slaves, from one part of the country to another. The good effects of this suspension, in the present instance, would be to accelerate the population of that territory, hitherto retarded by the operation of that article of compact, as slave-holders emigrating into the western country might then indulge any preference which they might feel for a settlement in the Indiana Territory, instead of seeking, as they are now compelled to do, settlements in other states or countries permitting the introduction of slaves. The condition of the slaves themselves would be much ameliorated by it, as it is evident, from experience, that the more they are separated and diffused, the more care and attention are bestowed on them by their masters, each proprietor having it in his power to increase their comforts and conveniences, in proportion to the smallness of their numbers."

next morning. The enemy, however, attempted to take Harrison by surprise the night after the conference. The governor knowing the character of his wily foe, arranged his troops in battle order as they encamped. Just before day they were attacked by the Indians, but the Americans being prepared for the onset, they successfully repelled the savages. The conflict, though short, was unusually severe; the Indians fought with desperate courage, but the fate of the battle was soon decided, and the Indians fled in every direction, having lost, it is supposed, about 150 of their number. Harrison now laid waste their country, and soon afterward the tribes sued for peace.*

The war of 1812, with Great Britain, gave a fresh impetus to Indian hostilities. Seduced into the British service, the Indians, after committing great cruelties, received full retribution from the Americans; their villages were destroyed and their country laid waste.

The outline of the military events which occurred within the present boundaries of the state, are as follows:

Fort Harrison, situated on the Wabash, 60 miles above Vincennes, was attacked on the night of the 4th of September, 1812, by several hundred Indians from the Prophet's town. In the evening previous, 30 or 40 Indians appeared before the fort with a flag, under the pretense of obtaining provisions. The commander, Capt. Zachary Taylor (since president), made preparations for the expected attack. In the night, about 11 o'clock, the Indians commenced the attack by firing on the sentinel. Almost immediately, the lower block-house was discovered to have been set on fire. As this building joined the barracks which made part of the fortifications, most of the men panic stricken, gave themselves up for lost. In the mean time, the yells of several hundred savages, the cries of the women and children, and the despondency of the soldiers, rendered it a scene of confusion. But the presence of mind of the captain, did not forsake him. By the most strenuous exertions on his part, the fire was prevented from spreading, and before day the men had erected a temporary breast-work seven feet high, within the spot where the building was consumed. The Indians kept up the attack until morning, when, finding their efforts ineffectual, they retired. At this time, there were not more than 20 men in the garrison fit for duty.

Shortly after, Gen. Hopkins, with a large force, engaged in two different expeditions against the Indians on the head waters of the Wabash and the Illinois. The first was in October. With 4,000 mounted volunteers from Kentucky, Illinois and Indiana, he left Vincennes early in the month, relieved Fort Harrison on the 10th, and from thence, marched for the Kickapoo villages, and the Peoria towns—the first 100, and the last 160 miles distant. But his men mutinizing, he was obliged to return before reaching the hostile towns. On the 11th of November, he marched from Fort Harrison, on his second expedition, with a detachment of regular troops and volunteers. On the 20th, he arrived at the Prophet's town, at which place and vicinity, he destroyed 300 wigwams, and large quantities of Indian corn. Several other expeditions were successfully accomplished, against the Indians on the Wabash, the Illinois, and their tributaries, by which the security of that frontier was effected.

Immediately after the massacre at Chicago, Fort Wayne was closely besieged by several hundred Miami and Pottawatomie Indians. The garrison numbered only some 60 or 70 effective men. The siege continued until near the middle of September, when Gen. Harrison marched to its relief with 2,500 men, upon which the Indians fled.

From Franklinton, in Central Ohio, Harrison, in November, sent Col. Campbell, with 600 men, against the Indian towns on the Missininneway, a branch of the Wabash. They destroyed several of their towns, and defeated the Indians in a hard fought battle, but the severity of the weather compelled them to return.

Until 1800, the territory now included in Indiana, remained a portion of the North-west Territory. In this year it was, including the present state

of Illinois, organized under the name of *Indiana Territory*. In 1809, the western part of the territory was set off as "Illinois Territory." In 1816, Indiana was admitted into the Union as a sovereign state. In 1851, a new constitution was adopted by the people.

Until 1818, the central part of Indiana was an unbroken wilderness, inhabited by the Miami, Delaware and Shawnee Indians. By a treaty at St. Mary's, Ohio, October 2, 1818, between Lewis Cass, Jonathan Jennings, and Benjamin Park, commissioners, and the Delaware Indians, the latter ceded all their territory in Indiana to the United States, covenanting to deliver the possession in 1821. This region was afterward called "the New Purchase." Its reported fertility and beauty attracted settlers, who immediately entered the country and made settlements at various points.

Indiana is bounded N. by Michigan and Lake Michigan, W. by Illinois, E. by Ohio, and S. by the Ohio River. It lies between $37^{\circ} 45'$ and $41^{\circ} 52'$ N. Lat., and $85^{\circ} 49' 30''$ and $88^{\circ} 2' 30''$ W. Long. Its extreme length from north to south is 276 miles, and its greatest width 176, containing 33,809 square miles, or 21, 637,760 acres. The soil of the state is generally good, and much of it highly fertile. The richest lands are found in the river bottoms, where the soil is very deep. This is especially the case in the valleys of the Wabash and its tributaries, and in some parts of the Ohio valley.

There are no mountains in Indiana, but the country bordering on the Ohio, and in some other parts is hilly and broken. It is estimated that about two thirds of the state is level, or at most slightly undulating. Bordering on all the principal streams, except the Ohio, are strips of bottom and prairie land from three to five miles in width. Remote from the rivers, the country is broken and the soil light. Between the Wabash and Lake Michigan, the surface is generally level, interspersed with woodlands, prairies and swamps. On the shores of Lake Michigan are sand hills 210 feet high, back of which are sandy hillocks with a growth of pine. The prairies bordering on the Wabash have a soil from two to five feet in depth.

The principal agricultural production of Indiana is Indian corn: great quantities of pork and flour are annually exported. It is stated that Indiana has beds of coal within her limits covering 7,700 square miles, capable of yielding 50,000,000 bushels to the square mile. The population of Indiana in 1800 was 4,875; in 1820, 147,178; in 1840, 685,886; in 1850, 988,393; and in 1860, 1,359,802.

VINCENNES, the county seat of Knox county, is pleasantly situated on the left bank of Wabash River, 120 miles S.W. of Indianapolis, 192 from Cincinnati, 147 from St. Louis, and 56 N. of Evansville, on the Ohio. It is on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and is connected with Evansville at the south, and with Terra Haute and other places at the north, by railroad. The town is regularly laid out on a fertile level prairie. The Wabash is navigable for steamboats to this point. Vincennes contains eight churches. It is the seat of a Catholic bishopric, and a large, spacious Cathedral is erected here. Considerable attention is paid to education, and of the principal institutions, several are Catholic, viz: an ecclesiastical seminary, female academy, and two orphan asylums. The Vincennes University has 125 students. Population about 6,000.

Vincennes is the oldest town in the state: it was settled by a colony of French emigrants from Canada, in 1735. Some historians claim that it was occupied as a French post as early as 1720. It received its present name in

1735, from *M. de Vincennes*, a French officer who was killed that year among the Chickasaws. For a long period nothing of much moment seems to have occurred in the history of St. Vincent, as Vincennes was sometimes called. At the commencement of the American Revolution, most of the old French



South view of the Harrison House, Vincennes.

The house here represented was erected by Gen. Harrison, when governor of the territory. It stands on the banks of the Wabash, a few rods easterly from the railroad bridge. The grove in which Tecumseh met the council is immediately in front of the house, two trees of which, seen on the left, are the only ones remaining. The track of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad appears in the foreground.

posts were garrisoned with British troops, who incited the Indian tribes in their vicinity to take up arms against the Americans. In 1778, Col. George Rogers Clark was sent by the legislature of Virginia, with a small force, to take possession of the British posts on the western frontiers. By his address he succeeded in obtaining possession of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes, without bloodshed.

In Dec., 1778, Hamilton, the British governor at Detroit, came down upon St. Vincent, or Vincennes, with a large body of troops in an unexpected manner. At this time, Post Vincennes was garrisoned by two men only, Capt. Helm, of Virginia, and one Henry. "Helm, however, was not disposed to yield, absolutely, to any odds; so, loading his single cannon, he stood by it with a lighted match. When the British came nigh he bade them stand, and demanded to know what terms would be granted the garrison, as otherwise he should not surrender. The governor, unwilling to lose time and men, offered the usual honors of war, and could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw the threatening garrison to be only one officer and one private." On the 24th of Feb., 1779, Col. Clark, with a force of one hundred and seventy men, including pack-horsemen, etc., re-appeared before Vincennes, and demanded its surrender. It was garrisoned at this time by seventy-nine men, under the command of Lieut. Gov. Hamilton, who was called the "*hair buyer*," for his offering the Indians a certain sum for each scalp they brought in. He was compelled to give up "Fort Sackville," and with some others, was sent prisoner to Virginia.

With the capture of Vincennes and the other British posts, of Kaskaskia,

Cahokia, etc., in the Illinois country, by Clark, Virginia acquired the country then known as the North-west Territory, which she ceded to the general government, in 1789. When the Indiana Territory was organized in 1800, Vincennes was made the capital, and so remained until 1813, when Corydon became the capital of the Territory and in 1816 of the state. In 1825, Indianapolis, within the "New Purchase," became the state capital.

The following account of the celebrated interview between Tecumseh and Gen. Harrison, in front of the Harrison House, now standing in Vincennes, is from Judge Law's "Colonial History of Post Vincennes, etc.:"

In the spring of 1810, Gen. Harrison, being governor of the North-western Territory, and residing at Vincennes—the seat of government—had learned from various quarters that Tecumseh had been visiting the different Indian tribes, scattered along the valleys of the Wabash and Illinois, with a view of forming an alliance and making common cause against the whites, and that there was great probability that his mission had been successful. Aware, as he was, that if this was the case, and that if the combination had been formed, such as was represented, the settlements in the southern portion of Indiana and Illinois were in great danger; that Vincennes itself would be the first object of attack, and that, with a handful of troops in the territory, a successful resistance might not be made; and not probably fully aware of the extent of the organization attempted by Tecumseh, and desirous of avoiding, if he could, the necessity of a call to arms, he sent a message to him, then residing at the "Prophet's Town," inviting him to a council, to be held at as early a period as possible, for the purpose of talking over and amicably settling all difficulties which might exist between the whites and the Shawnees. It was not until the month of August of the same year, that Tecumseh, accompanied by about seventy of his warriors made his appearance. They encamped on the banks of the Wabash, just above the town, and Tecumseh gave notice to the governor that, in pursuance of his invitation, he had come to hold a talk "with him and his braves." The succeeding day was appointed for the meeting. The governor made all suitable preparations for it. The officers of the territory and the leading citizens of the town were invited to be present, while a portion of a company of militia was detailed as a guard—fully armed and equipped for any emergency. Notice had been sent to Tecumseh, previous to the meeting, that it was expected that himself and a portion of his principal warriors would be present at the council. The council was held in the open lawn before the governor's house, in a grove of trees which then surrounded it. But two of these, I regret to say, are now remaining. At the time appointed, Tecumseh and some fifteen or twenty of his warriors made their appearance. With a firm and elastic step, and with a proud and somewhat defiant look, he advanced to the place where the governor and those who had been invited to attend the conference were sitting. This place had been fenced in, with a view of preventing the crowd from encroaching upon the council during its deliberations. As he stepped forward he seemed to scan the preparations which had been made for his reception, particularly the military part of it, with an eye of suspicion—by no means, however, of fear. As he came in front of the *dais*, an elevated portion of the place upon which the governor and the officers of the territory were seated, the governor invited him, through his interpreter, to come forward and take a seat with him and his counsellors, premising the invitation by saying: "That it was the wish of *their* 'Great Father,' the President of the United States, that he should do so." The chief paused for a moment, as the words were uttered and the sentence finished, and raising his tall form to its greatest height, surveyed the troops and the crowd around him. Then with his keen eyes fixed upon the governor for a single moment, and turning them to the sky above, with his sinewy arm pointing toward the heavens, and with a tone and manner indicative of supreme contempt for the paternity assigned him, said, in a voice whose clarion tone was heard throughout the whole assembly:

"My Father?—The sun is my father—the earth is my mother—and on her bosom

I will recline." Having finished, he stretched himself with his warriors on the green sward. The effect, it is said, was electrical, and for some moments there was perfect silence.

The governor, through the interpreter, then informed him, "that he had understood he had complaints to make and redress to ask for certain wrongs which he, Tecumseh, supposed had been done his tribe, as well as the others; that he felt disposed to listen to the one and make satisfaction for the other, if it was proper he should do so. That in all his intercourse and negotiations with the Indians, he had endeavored to act justly and honorably with them, and believed he had done so, and had learned of no complaint of his conduct until he learned that Tecumseh was endeavoring to create dissatisfaction toward the government, not only among the Shawnees, but among the other tribes dwelling on the Wabash and Illinois; and had, in so doing, produced a great deal of trouble between them and the whites, by averring that the tribes whose land the government had lately purchased, had no right to sell, nor their chiefs any authority to convey. That he, the governor, had invited him to attend the council, with a view of learning from his own lips, whether there was any truth in the reports which he had heard, and to learn whether he, or his tribe, had any just cause of complaint against the whites, and, if so, as a man and a warrior, openly to avow it. That as between himself and as great a warrior as Tecumseh, there should be no concealment—all should be done by them under a clear sky, and in an open path, and with these feelings on his own part, he was glad to meet him in council." Tecumseh arose as soon as the governor had finished. Those who knew him speak of him as one of the most splendid specimens of his tribe—celebrated for their physical proportions and fine forms, even among the nations who surrounded them. Tall, athletic and manly, dignified, but graceful, he seemed the beau ideal of an Indian chieftain. In a voice first low, but with all its indistinctness, musical, he commenced his reply. As he warmed with his subject, his clear tones might be heard, as if "trumpet-tongued," to the utmost limits of the assembled crowd who surrounded him. The most perfect silence prevailed, except when the warriors who surrounded him gave their guttural assent to some eloquent recital of the red man's wrong and the white man's injustice. Well instructed in the traditions of his tribe, fully acquainted with their history, the councils, treaties, and battles of the two races for half a century, he recapitulated the wrongs of the red man from the massacre of the Moravian Indians, during the revolutionary war, down to the period he had met the governor in council. He told him "he did not know how he could ever again be the friend of the white man." In reference to the public domain, he asserted "that the Great Spirit had given all the country from the Miami to the Mississippi, from the lakes to the Ohio, as a common property to all the tribes that dwelt within those borders, and that the land could not, and should not be sold without the consent of all. That all the tribes on the continent formed but one nation. That if the United States would not give up the lands they had bought of the Miamis, the Delawares, the Pottowatomies, and other tribes, that those united with him were determined to fall on those tribes and annihilate them. That they were determined to have no more chiefs, but in future to be governed by their warriors. That their tribes had been driven toward the setting sun, like a galloping horse (Ne-kat-a-cush-e Ka-top-o-lin-to.) That for himself and his warriors, he had determined to resist all further aggressions of the whites, and that with his consent, or that of the Shawnees, they should never acquire another foot of land. To those who have never heard of the Shawnee language, I may here remark it is the most musical and euphonious of all the Indian languages of the west. When spoken rapidly by a fluent speaker, it sounds more like the scanning of Greek and Latin verse, than anything I can compare it to. The effect of this address, of which I have simply given the outline, and which occupied an hour in the delivery, may be readily imagined.

William Henry Harrison was as brave a man as ever lived. All who knew him will acknowledge his courage, moral and physical, but he was wholly unprepared for such a speech as this. There was a coolness, an independence, a defiance in the whole manner and matter of the chieftain's speech which astonished even him. He knew Tecumseh well. He had learned to appreciate his high qualities as a

man and warrior. He knew his power, his skill, his influence, not only over his own tribe, but over those who dwelt on the waters of the Wabash and Illinois. He knew he was no braggart—that what he said he meant—what he promised he intended to perform. He was fully aware that he was a foe not to be treated light—an enemy to be conciliated not scorned—one to be met with kindness not contempt. There was a stillness throughout the assembly when Tecumseh had done speaking which was painful. Not a whisper was to be heard—all eyes were turned from the speaker to the governor. The unwarranted and unwarrantable pretensions of the chief, and the bold and defiant tone in which he had announced them, staggered even him. It was some moments before he arose. Addressing Tecumseh, who had taken his seat with his warriors, he said: "That the charges of bad faith made against the government, and the assertion that injustice had been done the Indians in any treaty ever made, or any council ever held with them by the United States, had no foundation in fact. That in all their dealings with the red man, they had ever been governed by the strictest rules of right and justice. That while other civilized nations had treated them with contumely and contempt, ours had always acted in good faith with them. That so far as he individually was concerned, he could say in the presence of the 'Great Spirit,' who was watching over their deliberations, that his conduct, even with the most insignificant tribe, had been marked with kindness, and all his acts governed by honor, integrity and fair dealing. That he had uniformly been the friend of the red man, and that it was the first time in his life that his motives had been questioned or his actions impeached. It was the first time in his life that he had ever heard such unfounded claims put forth, as Tecumseh had set up, by any chief, or any Indian, having the least regard for truth, or the slightest knowledge of the intercourse between the Indian and the white man, from the time this continent was first discovered." What the governor had said thus far had been interpreted by Barron, the interpreter to the Shawnees, and he was about interpreting it to the Miamis and Pottawatomies, who formed part of the cavalcade, when Tecumseh, addressing the interpreter in Shawnee, said, "*he lies!*" Barron, who had, as all subordinates (especially in the Indian department) have, a great reverence and respect for the "powers that be," commenced interpreting the language of Tecumseh to the governor, but not exactly in the terms made use of, when Tecumseh, who understood but little English, perceived from his embarrassment and awkwardness, that he was not giving his words, interrupted him and again addressing him in Shawnee, said: "No, no; *tell him he lies.*" The guttural assent of his party showed they coincided with their chief's opinion. Gen. Gibson, secretary of the territory, who understood Shawnee, had not been an inattentive spectator of the scene, and understanding the import of the language made use of, and from the excited state of Tecumseh and his party, was apprehensive of violence, made a signal to the troops in attendance to shoulder their arms and advance. They did so. The speech of Tecumseh was literally translated to the governor. He directed Barron to say to him, "*he would hold no further council with him,*" and the meeting broke up.

One can hardly imagine a more exciting scene—one which would be a finer subject for an "historical painting," to adorn the rotunda of the capitol, around which not a single picture commemorative of western history is to be found. On the succeeding day, Tecumseh requested another interview with the governor, which was granted on condition that he should make an apology to the governor for his language the day before. This he made through the interpreter. Measures for defense and protection were however taken, lest there should be another outbreak. Two companies of militia were ordered from the country, and the one in town added to them, while the governor and his friends went into council fully armed and prepared for any contingency. The conduct of Tecumseh upon this occasion was entirely different from that of the day before. Firm and intrepid, showing not the slightest fear or alarm, surrounded as he was with the military force quadrupling his own, he preserved the utmost composure and equanimity. No one could have discerned from his looks, although he must have fully understood the object of calling in the troops, that he was in the slightest degree disconcerted. He was cautious in his bearing, dignified in his manner, and no one from observ-

ing him would for a moment have supposed he was the principal actor in the thrilling scene of the previous day.

In the interval between the sessions of the first and second council, Tecumseh had told Barron, the interpreter, "that he had been informed by the *whites*, that the people of the territory were almost equally divided, half in favor of Tecumseh, and the other adhering to the governor." The same statement he made in council. He said "that two *Americans* had made him a visit, one in the course of the preceding winter, the other lately, and informed him that Governor Harrison had purchased land from the Indians without any authority from the government, and that one half of the people were opposed to the purchase. He also told the governor that he, Harrison, had but two years more to remain in office, and if *he*, Tecumseh, could prevail upon the Indians who sold the lands not to receive their annuities for that time, that when the governor was displaced, as he would be, and a good man appointed as his successor, he would restore to the Indians all the lands purchased from them." After Tecumseh had concluded his speech, a Wyandot, a Kickapoo, a Pottawatomie, an Ottawa, and a Winnebago chief, severally spoke, and declared that their tribes had entered into the "Shawnee Confederacy," and would support the principles laid down by Tecumseh, whom they had appointed their leader.

At the conclusion of the council, the governor informed Tecumseh "that he would immediately transmit his speech to the president, and as soon as his answer was received would send it to him; but as a person had been appointed to run the boundary line of the new purchase, he wished to know whether there would be danger in his proceeding to run the line." Tecumseh replied, "that he and his allies were determined that the old boundary line should continue, and that if the whites crossed it, it would be at their peril." The governor replied, "that since Tecumseh had been thus candid in stating his determination, he would be equally so with him. The president, he was convinced, would never allow that the lands on the Wabash were the property of any other tribes than those who had occupied them, and lived on them since the white people came to America. And as the title to the lands lately purchased was derived from those tribes by fair purchase, he might rest assured that the right of the United States would be supported by the sword."

"So be it," was the stern and haughty reply of the "Shawnee chieftain," as he and his braves took leave of the governor and wended their way in Indian file to their camping ground. And thus ended the last conference on earth between the chivalrous and gallant Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief, and he who since the period alluded to has ruled the destinies of the nation as its chief magistrate. The bones of the first lie bleaching on the battle-field of the Thames—those of the last are deposited in the mausoleum that covers them on the banks of the Ohio.

INDIANAPOLIS, the capital of Indiana, and seat of justice for Marion county, is on the west fork of White River, at the crossing of the National Road, 109 miles N.W. from Cincinnati, 86 N.N.W. from Madison, on the Ohio, and 573 W. by N. from Washington. The city is located on a fertile and extensive plain, two miles N.W. of the geographical center of the state, which was formerly covered with a dense growth of timber. The original town plat was a mile square, but it has extended itself on all sides. Washington-street through which the National Road passes, the principal street in the city, is 120 feet wide, Circle-street 80 feet, the others 90 feet. On the 1st of Jan., 1825, the public offices of the state were removed from Corydon, the former capital, to Indianapolis, and the seat of government established here; but the legislature held its sessions in the county court house, until Dec., 1834, when the state house was completed. This showy structure, 180 feet long by 80 wide, is on the model of the Parthenon at Athens, and was built at a cost of about \$60,000.

Indianapolis is one of the greatest railroad centers in the world, nearly *one hundred* different trains pass in and out of the city daily, and from 3,000 to 5,000 persons visit the place in twenty-four hours. It is stated that the citizens of 80 of the 91 counties in the state, can come to Indianapolis, attend



View of the State House, from Washington-street, Indianapolis.

to business, and return the same day. The completion of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad gave a great impetus to the growth of the place: then the population was about 4,000, in 1860, 18,612.

The streets of the city are broad, laid out at right angles, well shaded and adorned with a number of very superior buildings. The benevolent institutions of the state, for the insane, deaf and dumb, and the blind, are located at this place, and are an ornament to the city and state. The city has 16 churches, a system of free graded schools, and is the seat of the North-western Christian University, a flourishing institution under the patronage of the Christian Church. The university building is an elegant edifice in the Gothic style.

The following historical items are extracted from Howard's Historical Sketch of Indianapolis, in the city directory for 1857:

In 1818, Dr. Douglass ascended White River from the lower counties, tarrying at the bluffs for a short time, and Col. James Paxton descended it from its headwaters, reaching this place in January or February, 1819. He again returned in 1820, and made some preparations for settlement, but never completed them. The honor due to the 'first settler,' belongs to John Pogue, who came from White-water and settled here on the 2d day of March, 1819. His cabin stood by a large spring, close to the east bank of 'Pogue's Run,' near the present residence of W. P. Noble. Its ruins were visible until within a few years, and perhaps exist at this time. Pogue was killed by the Indians in April, 1821. His horses were missing one morning in that month, and as some disturbance had been heard among them during the night, he concluded the Indians had stolen them, and armed himself for pursuit. When last seen he was near the Indian camp, and as his horses and clothes were afterward seen in their possession, little doubt re-

mained as to his fate. His death greatly excited the settlers, but their numerical weakness prevented an effort to avenge it. The little stream which once pursued a very tortuous course through the south-east part of the city, alarming the few inhabitants of that section by its high floods, but which is now so changed that its old character is utterly lost, was named after Pogue, and will be a memorial of him as 'the first settler' of Indianapolis.



Main Passenger Railroad Station, Union Depot, Indianapolis.

Showing the appearance of the Station as it is entered from the west.

In February, 1820, John and James McCormick built a cabin near the present river bridge. In the early part of March, John Maxwell and John Cowen built cabins in the north-west corner of the donation, near the Michigan road, Fall creek bridge. In April, 1821, Mr. Maxwell was appointed a justice of the peace by Gov. Jennings, and was the first judicial officer in 'the New Purchase.' He retained the office until June, and then resigned. The citizens held an informal election, and selected James Melvaine, who was thereupon appointed a justice by Gov. Jennings, in Oct., 1821.

In the latter part of March, and in April and May of 1820, a number of emigrants arrived, and at the end of the latter month there were 15 families on the donation. Among them were Messrs. Davis, Bainhill, Corbley, Wilson, Van Blaricum and Harding. Emigrants now began to turn their faces toward the infant settlement, and it slowly and steadily increased for a year afterward.

The eagerness of the settlers to appropriate lands in the New Purchase, found its counterpart in the action of the state, concerning the location of the new seat of government. The act of Congress, of April 19, 1816, authorizing the formation of a state government, donated four sections of the unsold public lands to the state, for a permanent seat of government, giving the privilege of selection. The subject was considered immediately after the treaty at St. Marys, and on the 11th of January, 1820, the legislature, by law, appointed George Hunt, John Conner, John Gilliland, Stephen Ludlow, Joseph Bartholomew, John Tipton, Jesse B. Dunham, Frederick Rapp, Wm. Prince, and Thomas Emerson, commissioners to select a location for a permanent seat of government. * * * The present site was selected, which gave the place instant reputation, and in the spring, and summer, and fall of 1819, it rapidly increased in population. Morris Morris, Dr. S. G. Mitchell, J. and J. Given, Wm. Reagan, M. Nowland, J. M. Ray, James Blake, Nathaniel Cox, Thomas Anderson, John Hawkins, Dr. Dunlap, David Wood, D. Yandes, Col. Russell, N. M. Clearty, Dr. Coe, D. Maguire, and many others arrived, and the cabins

rapidly increased along the river bank. On January 6, 1821, the legislature confirmed the selection of the site and named it Indianapolis.

The settlement afterward moved east, the unparalleled sickness of 1821 convincing the settlers that a residence away from the river was the best for them. A fine grove of tall straight sugar trees stood on the 'Governor's Circle.' On Sundays the early settlers assembled there to hear preaching by Rev. John McClung. They sat on the logs and grass about him in Indian style. This gentleman was probably the first preacher in the place, and preached the first sermon on this spot in the summer or fall of 1821. Other authorities say that the first sermon was preached this year where the state house now stands, by Rev. Risen Hammond.

Calvin Fletcher, Esq., who now lives just north of the city, was then the only attorney-at-law in the new settlement, and the ultimate judge in all knotty cases. There was no jail nearer than Connersville, and the culprit sentenced to imprisonment, had to be conveyed by the constable and his posse, on horseback through the woods to that place. This involved much time, trouble and expense, and the shorter plan was afterward adopted to scare them away. An instance occurred on Christmas day, 1821. Four Kentucky boatmen, who had 'whipped their weight in wild-cats,' came from 'the bluffs' to 'Naples' (as they called the town), to have a jolly Christmas spree. The 'spree' began early, and the settlers were aroused before the dawn, by a terrible racket at Daniel Larken's grocery. A hasty reconnaissance revealed the four heroes busily engaged in the laudable work of 'taking it down.' A request to desist provoked strong expletives, attended by a display of large knives, which demonstration caused the citizens to 'retire' to consult. They were interested in the grocery, and besides that, such lawless proceedings could not be tolerated. They therefore determined to conquer at all hazards. James Blake volunteered to grapple the ring leader, a man of herculean size and strength, if the rest would take the three others. The attack was made at once, the party conquered, and marched under guard through the woods to Justice Melvaine's cabin. They were tried and heavily fined, and in default of payment ordered to jail. They could not pay, and it was deemed impossible to take them through the woods to Connersville at that season of the year. A guard was, therefore, placed over them, with the requisite instructions, and during the night the doughty heroes escaped to more congenial climes.

Toward the end of the summer [1821], and during the fall, epidemic, remittent, and intermittent fevers and agues assailed the people, and scarcely a person was left untouched. Although several hundred cases occurred, not more than five terminated fatally.

After escaping death by disease, the people were threatened with starvation. In consequence of sickness, the influx of people and the small amount of grain raised, the supply of provisions in the settlement became very meager in the fall and winter of 1821. No roads had been opened to the town, and all goods and provisions had to be packed on horseback, 50 or 60 miles through the woods, or brought up the river in keel boats. The latter method was adopted in 1822, and the arrival of each boat was greeted by a concourse of 'the whole people,' and duly announced in the 'Indianapolis Gazette.' Coffee was worth 50 cents a pound, tea, \$2 00; corn, \$1 00 per bushel; flour, \$4 00 to \$5 00 per hundred; coarse muslin, 45 cents per yard, and other goods in proportion. To relieve the people and prevent starvation, flour and other articles were brought from the Whitewater Valley, and corn was purchased at the Indian villages up the river and boated down to the town. The nearest mill was Goodlandin on Whitewater River, and the arrival of a cargo of meal and flour, or of other articles from that quarter, produced general joy in the settlement. The settlers generously relieved each other's distress in this case, as in the preceding sickness, and many pecks of meal, sacks of flour, parcels of fish, meat, and other articles of food, were distributed to some more destitute neighbor.

After the October sale of lots, the weather, which, during the summer, had been very wet and changeable, and in the fall cold and gloomy, changed, and a long and beautiful Indian summer began. The sick quickly recovered their health, strength and spirits. The settlement rapidly tended to the east, for the sickness had been worse near the river, and the new comers and older settlers built their cabins

along Washington street much farther from it than before. The dreary appearance of the settlement during the fall, no longer clung to it, and notwithstanding the threatened famine, the hopes of the settlers rose higher than ever. Washington-street was the first street cleared, and during the fall of 1821, was completely blocked up by felled trees and prickly ash bushes. John Hawkins built a large log tavern where the Capitol House now stands, using logs cut from the site and adjoining street in its erection. The main settlement was still west of the canal, near the spot now occupied by the Carlisle House. A group of cabins in this vicinity, was dignified by 'Wilmot's Row,' from a man of that name who kept a store in the vicinity, and who was one of the first merchants of the place. The first merchant was a man named Nicholas Shaffer. He had a little store on the high ground, south of Pogue's Run, commencing in the spring of 1821. He was the first person who died on the donation. He died in May or June, 1821, and was buried in Pogue's Run Valley, near the present site of the sixth ward school house.

The first marriage, the first birth, and the first death, occurred in 1821. The first wedding was between Miss Reagan and Jeremiah Johnson. He walked to Connersville and back, 120 miles, for his marriage license; and others did the same until the county was organized. . . . The first Presbyterian minister was O. P. Gaines, who came in Aug. 1821: the first Baptist minister was John Water, who came in the fall of 1821: the first Methodist minister was James Scott, who came in Oct. 1822. The first physician was Isaac Coe, who came in 1821. The first attorney was Calvin Fletcher, who came in Sept., 1821. Joseph C. Reed, who came in 1821, was the first school teacher: the first school house stood just north of the State Bank, near a large pond. The first market house was built in 1822, in the maple grove on the Governor's Circle. The first brick house was built in 1822, by John Johnson, on the lot east of Robert's Chapel: the first frame house was built by James Blake, in 1821-2, on the lot east of the Masonic Hall, it was also the first plastered house. . . . On Jan. 28, 1822, the first number of the 'Indiana Gazette' was published in a cabin south-east of the Carlisle House, and west of the canal. This paper, the first in the town or in the 'New Purchase,' was edited and printed by George Smith and Nathaniel Botton. In 1823, the Presbyterians erected the first church on the lot just north of Maj. A. F. Morrison's residence. It cost, with the lot, about \$1,200, and was regarded as a very fine and expensive one for the town. It now forms part of a carriage manufactory.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the grave-yard in this place:

NOAH NOBLE, born in Virginia, Jan. 15, A. D., 1794. Governor of Indiana from 1831 to 1837. Died at Indianapolis Feb. A. D. 1844.

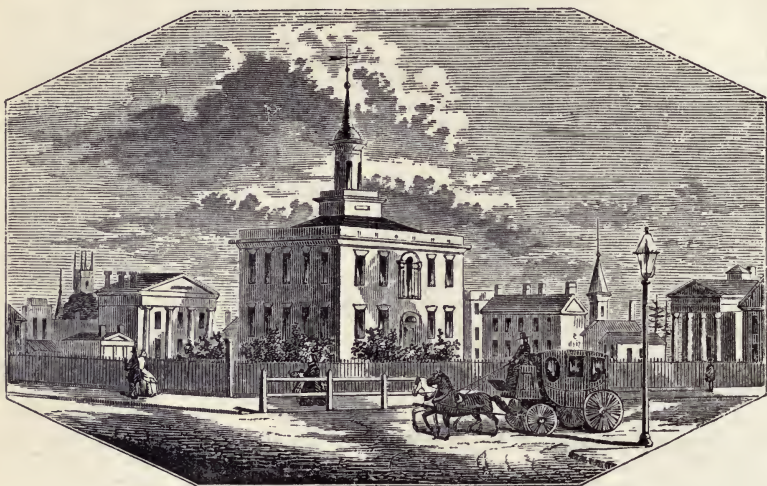
ANDREW KENNEDY, late a Representative to Congress from Indiana, born July 24, 1810. Died Dec. 31, 1847. This stone is erected to his memory by his friends, in token of their love of the man, and their respect for his ability and integrity as a Statesman.

JAMES WHITCOMB, a native of Vermont, Born Dec. 1795, brought to Ohio when 11 years old. SELF-TAUGHT, commenced practice of Law 1822, at Bloomington, Indiana, was State and Circuit Attorney; State Senator; Commissioner of General Land Office; twice Governor of Indiana. Died Oct. 1852, at the City of New York, while Senator of the United States. Eminent in learning, Devoted to Country and God.

ISAAC COE, M.D., born July 25, 1782, died July 30, 1855, the founder of Sabbath Schools in Indianapolis.

TERRE HAUTE, city, and the county seat for Vigo county, is situated on the left or eastern bank of the Wabash River, 73 miles west of Indianapolis; 109 N. from Evansville; 69 N. from Vincennes, and 187 E. from St. Louis

The town site is elevated about 60 feet above low water, and somewhat above the contiguous prairie which is about 10 miles long and two wide. It is on the line of the Wabash and Erie Canal. The National Road here crosses the river on a fine bridge. Being situated in a fertile district, having steamboat and railroad communication in various directions, Terre Haute is the



Court House and other buildings, Terre Haute.

As seen from the north-west corner of the Public Square. The State Bank and the spire of the Methodist Church appear on the right; the Mayor's office, or Town Hall, and the tower of the Universalist Church on the left. A grove of Locust trees formerly surrounded the Court House.

center of large business operations, among which pork packing is extensively carried on. Several fine educational establishments are also in operation, among which are two female colleges. In the vicinity, some three or four miles distant, is the nunnery and highly popular Catholic Female College, named "St. Mary of the Woods." Great taste is displayed here in the grounds, shrubbery and lawns surrounding the private dwellings. Its early settlers made their homes attractive by a generous attention to the planting of shade trées on the streets, and throughout the public grounds.

Terre Haute offers great inducements for all kinds of manufacturing business; fuel and labor are cheap and abundant. It is surrounded by extensive coal fields; good quarries of building stone lie near; iron ores of superior quality are in close proximity, and with every facility for transportation by canal, river and railroad. The city contains 10 churches, and about 10,000 inhabitants.

Terre Haute (French words for *high land*), was founded in 1816; in 1830 it contained 600 inhabitants: in 1840, about 2,000. The first settlement was made on the river bank. Fort Harrison was situated about three miles to the north: and in the war of 1812, was successfully defended by Capt. Zachary Taylor, from an attack by the Indians as related on page 1017.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the grave yard at this place:

WILLIAM C. LINTON, born in 1795, died Jan. 31, 1835. He was one of the earliest settlers

of Terra Haute, one of the most successful merchants. The Friend and Patron of the young. Hundreds yet survive to revere his memory; and their children rise up to call it blessed. The impress of his genius and his enterprise, will long survive all that is mortal of the upright citizen, the kind friend and the public benefactor.

Here lie the remains of THOMAS H. BLAKE, born in Calvert Co., Md., July 25, 1792, died in Cincinnati Nov. 28, 1849. He was one of the earliest settlers of this place; had been Presiding Judge of a circuit; a Representative in Congress; Commissioner of the General Land Office; filled other offices of responsibility under the State and General Governments, and was, at the time of his death, the President Trustee of the Wabash and Erie Canal. For honor, frankness, and integrity, as a firm and generous friend, he was extensively known, and died without reproach upon his name, leaving a memory for noble manly virtues that will long be cherished.

RICHMOND, in Wayne county, is situated 4 miles from the eastern boundary of the state, on the east fork of Whitewater River, where it is crossed



FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL.

by the National Road and Central Railroad, 68 miles from Indianapolis, 40 from Dayton, O., and 64 N.N.W. from Cincinnati. It is the center of an active trade, possesses railroad communications in various directions, and has flourishing manufactories of cotton, wool, flour, iron, paper, etc., for which the river affords abundant motive power. In the vicinity are 22 flouring mills and 24 saw mills. A large number of agricultural implements are manufactured here. The principal street is the old National Road, running east and west, which is thickly built upon for about a mile. There is a fine bridge erected here, with stone abut-

ments, over which the National Road passes, containing tablets or monuments erected by the citizens, on which are engraved the names of the contractors and builders of the bridge. The *Friends' Boarding School*, about a mile from the post-office, is the principal literary institution, and has about 100 students of both sexes. Population about 7,000.

The first emigrants to the neighborhood were principally from Kentucky, North Carolina, and Ohio. Richmond was laid out in 1816, and the lands patented to John Smith and Jeremiah Cox. In 1818, Ezra Boswell, Thomas Swain, Robert Morrison, and John McLane were elected trustees, the number of voters at the time being twenty-four. The town was first called *Smithfield*, from the name of the proprietor.

Until 1817, the early emigrants procured their flour at Germantown, or some other distant settlement in the Miami valley. In the year named a "tub mill" was erected by Jeremiah Cox, where the present oil mill stands. The first opening in the forest was made by Woodkirk, on the land now owned by C. W. Starr, near where J. Cox built his brick house. The making of the National Road through Richmond, in 1828, gave an impulse to the place. Dr. J. T. Plummer, in his *Historical Sketch of Richmond*, states, "I hold in distinct remembrance the old log meeting house of 1823, standing near the site of the present large brick one. I re-

member its leaky roof, letting the rain through upon the slab benches with three pair of legs and no backs; its charcoal fires, kept in sugar kettles (for as yet no stoves were procured), and the toes pinched with cold of the young who sat remote from the kettles," etc.

The first post office was established in 1818, Robert Morrison being the first postmaster. The first tavern stood at the north-east corner of Main and Pearl-streets, with the sign of a green tree: it was kept by Jonathan Bayles. The first lawyer, says Dr. Plummer, "was one Hardy, who boarded at Ephraim Lacey's tavern, and walked the pavement (such as it was) with his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his vest, and his head pompously thrown back spouting the phrase '*Qui facit per alium, facit per se*:' but still no business came, and he concluded to go further south where merit was better rewarded." A Dr. Cushman came here in 1820, who afterward returned to Fort Wayne, where he was an associate judge. He opened a distillery at the south part of the town, on the side of the hill on Front-street, near a spring. A large portion of the inhabitants at that time being Friends (commonly called Quakers), this enterprize did not succeed, and the establishment passed into the hands of Dr. Ithamer Warner, who also soon abandoned it, and it went down to rise no more. Dr. Warner was the principal physician for many years. He came into the county about 1815, and died in March, 1835. Dr. Thos. Carroll, now of Cincinnati, settled in Richmond in 1819, and left in 1823; he was probably the first regular physician in Richmond.

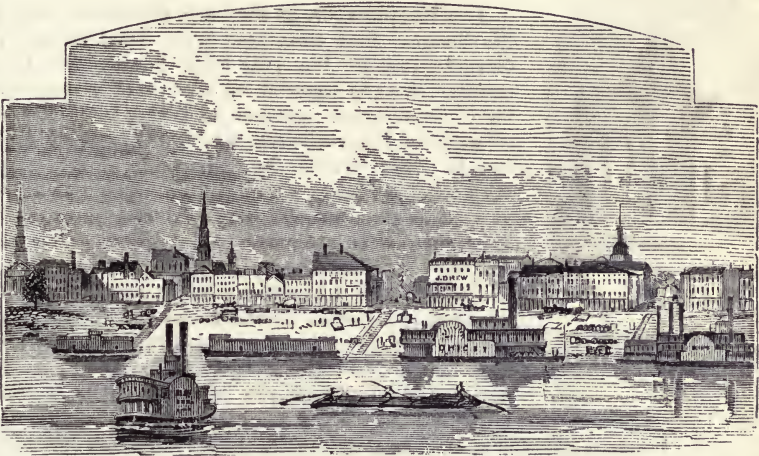
The first newspaper published in Richmond was the *Richmond Weekly Intelligencer*. This was in 1821. The printing office was on Front-street; the editor was Elijah Lacy. The second was the *Public Ledger*, first issued in 1824; the *Richmond Palladium* was first issued in 1831. The *Jeffersonian* was established in 1836, by a democratic association, under the title of "Hickory Club," and was principally edited by S. E. Perkins, now a judge of the supreme court. The *Indiana Farmer* was commenced in 1851: the *Broad Axe of Freedom* was first issued by Jamison & Johnson, in 1855. The Richmond Library was incorporated and established in 1826. In 1853 a railroad communication was opened to Cincinnati, by way of Dayton.

Most of the earliest residents of Wayne county, were members of the Society of Friends. The first meeting of the society was held in 1807, in a log building vacated by Jeremiah Cox. Jesse Bond, John Morrow and Wm. Williams were among their earliest ministers. The next religious society was the Methodist Episcopal, who held their first meeting in 1819, in a small log house on Front-street. Daniel Fraley was, perhaps, the first Methodist preacher in this section. John W. Sullivan was the first stationed minister in Richmond. The first Presbyterian church was established in 1837, by T. E. Hughes and P. H. Golliday, with 28 members; their first preacher was Charles Sturdevant. The English Evangelical Lutheran congregation was organized in 1853. The Catholic church was organized in 1846. St. Paul's Episcopal church was organized in 1838. George Fiske was their first minister. The German Evangelical Lutheran was organized in 1845. The African Methodist Episcopal church was organized in 1836. The gas works were built in 1855.

EVANSVILLE, the county seat of Vanderburgh county, is situated on the high northern bank of the Ohio River, 200 miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, 200 miles below Louisville, Ky., and 144 S.S.W. of Indianapolis. The Wabash and Erie Canal, 462 miles in extent, the longest on the continent, terminates here. It is a place of much trade, being the chief mart of the rich valley of Green River, in Kentucky. The annual exports of the city exceed seven millions of dollars in value, of which pork, lard and tobacco are the principal articles. It has four extensive iron founderies, several large flour mills, a brass foundry, and upward of sixty steam engines are employed in the various manufactories. The Bodian coal mine, about a mile from the court house, supplies the work-shops with fuel. It contains 14 churches, in about half of which the German language is used. The

Marine Hospital here is a fine building, erected at a cost of \$75,000. Population about 13,000.

Evansville received its name from Robert Morgan Evans, a native of Virginia, who, with James W. Jones, of Kentucky, and Hugh McGary, were the three original proprietors of the place. The plat of the city was laid out in 1836, by these proprietors, and was originally covered by a dense forest. The first house in



South-western view of Evansville.

As it appears from the Kentucky side of the Ohio River. The side-walk in front of the line of houses, seen in the view, is 21 inches above the highest rise of water ever known.

Evansville was built by Hugh McGary, the patentee of the land. It was a log structure, occupying the site of the Pavilion House, shown in the view; the second house was built by Jonathan Robinson, on the river bank, between Mulberry and Green-streets. David Hart, of Fayette county, Ky., Isaac Blackford, now judge of the court of claims, in Washington, and Elisha Harrison, from Ohio, were among the first settlers of the place.

The first school house was erected, in 1831, by joint stock, and stood directly in the rear of the Washington House, opposite the court house. The New School Presbyterian church, now standing, was erected in 1832, and was the first house of worship built in the place. It was used at first as a kind of union house, where ministers of various denominations preached. Rev. Calvin Butler, a Congregational clergyman from the east, was the first regular preacher who occupied the pulpit. The Freewill Baptists, in or about 1837, erected the next church building; Rev. Benoni Stinson was their first minister. The German Lutheran and Catholic churches were established at or about the same period. The court house was erected in 1856. The first tavern was kept by — Wood, on Main, between Second and Third-streets.

The city limits extend to Pigeon creek, the village of Lamasco being included. The name La-mas-co is compounded of the names of *Law*, *McCall* and *Scott*, the original proprietors of the tract on both sides of Pigeon creek. The village was laid out in 1856, and the Bodian coal mine opened the same year. This mine received its appellation from the maiden name of Mrs. Kersteman, the wife of the superintendent. It is opened 280 feet below the surface, about 200 feet lower than the bed of the river. The vein is 5 feet thick. The coal is delivered to the inhabitants of the city at ten cents per bushel, fixed by law at 75 pounds to the bushel.

NEW HARMONY is a village of about 800 inhabitants, in Posey county, in that part of Indiana called "*the Pocket*." It stands on the Wabash, about 100 miles from its mouth, following its meanders, but only 15 from the Ohio at Mount Vernon, its nearest point, and the south-westernmost town of the state. The place has acquired a wide reputation from two *socialistic experiments*—the first by George Rapp, of Germany, and the last by Robert Owen, of Scotland.



RAPP'S CHURCH.

From a pencil sketch, made about the year 1830, by Prof. Richard Owen. The church is cruciform in shape, about 110 by 100 feet, and is yet standing, though divested of the cupola.

The Rappites, or, as they are sometimes called, *Harmonites*, first emigrated from Wirtemberg, in Germany, about the year 1803, having left their country, as they asserted, on account of persecution for their religious opinions, and first built a town in western Pennsylvania, which they called Harmony. But having the cultivation of the grape very much at heart, which did not appear to thrive as well as they wished, they sold out their establishment at Harmony, and in 1814, under the guidance of their pastor, Rev. George Rapp, moved to the Wabash, where the climate was supposed to be more congenial to their wishes. There they cleared the land, built a beautiful village, which they called New Harmony, containing about 150 houses, planted orchards and vineyards, erected mills and factories of various kinds, and made "the wilderness blossom like the rose." According to their system, all property was held in common, there being no such thing known to them as an individual owning any. After remaining some eight or ten years, the Rappites discovered that the unhealthiness of this then new country, called for a change of climate, so they beat a speedy retreat. The society, therefore, returned to Pennsylvania in 1825, and selecting a site on the Ohio, 18 miles below Pittsburgh, cleared the land, and built the present handsome town of Economy, which contains some 500 inhabitants. It is yet a thriving community, and since the death of its founder, is governed by nine trustees. The Duke of Saxe Weimer, who visited Economy about the year 1826, has left some interesting facts, upon the peculiarities of the Rappites :

At the inn, a fine large frame house, we were received by Mr. Rapp, the principal, at the head of the community. He is a gray-headed and venerable old man; most of the members emigrated 21 years ago from Wirtemberg along with him.

The elder Rapp is a large man of 70 years old, whose powers age seems not to have diminished; his hair is gray, but his blue eyes, overshadowed by strong brows, are full of life and fire. Rapp's system is nearly the same as Owen's community of goods, and all members of the society work together for the common interest, by which the welfare of each individual is secured. Rapp does not hold his society together by these hopes alone, but also by the tie of religion, which is entirely wanting in Owen's community; and results declare that Rapp's system is the better. No great results can be expected from Owen's plan; and a sight of it is very little in its favor. What is most striking and wonderful of all is, that so plain a man as Rapp can so successfully bring and keep together a society of nearly 700 persons, who, in a manner, honor him as a prophet. Equally so for example is his power of government, which can *suspend the intercourse of the sexes*. He found that the society was becoming too numerous, wherefore the members agreed to *live with their wives as sisters*. All nearer intercourse is forbidden, as well as marriage; both are discouraged. However, some marriages constantly occur, and children are born every year, for whom there is provided a school and

a teacher. The members of the community manifest the very highest degree of veneration for the elder Rapp, whom they address and treat as a father. Mr. Frederick Rapp is a large, good-looking personage, of 40 years of age. He possesses profound mercantile knowledge, and is the temporal, as his father is the spiritual chief of the community. All business passes through his hands; he represents the society, which, notwithstanding the change in the name of residence, is called the Harmony Society, in all their dealings with the world. They found that the farming and cattle raising, to which the society exclusively attended in both their former places of residence, were not sufficiently productive for their industry, they therefore have established factories.

The warehouse was shown to us, where the articles made here for sale or use are preserved, and I admired the excellence of all. The articles for the use of the society are kept by themselves, as the members have no private possessions, and everything is in common; so must they in relation to all their personal wants be supplied from the common stock. The clothing and food they make use of is of the best quality. Of the latter, flour, salt meat, and all long keeping articles, are served out monthly; fresh meat, on the contrary, and whatever spoils readily, is distributed whenever it is killed, according to the size of the family, etc. As every house has a garden, each family raises its own vegetables, and some poultry, and each family has its own bake oven. For such things as are not raised in Economy, there is a store provided, from which the members, with the knowledge of the directors, may purchase what is necessary, and the people of the vicinity may also do the same.

Mr. Rapp finally conducted us into the factory again, and said that the girls had especially requested this visit, that I might hear them sing. When their work is done, they collect in one of the factory rooms, to the number of 60 or 70, to sing spiritual and other songs. They have a peculiar hymn book, containing hymns from the Wirttemberg psalm book, and others written by the elder Rapp. A chair was placed for the old patriarch, who sat amidst the girls, and they commenced a hymn in a very delightful manner. It was naturally symphonious and exceedingly well arranged. The girls sang four pieces, at first sacred, but afterward, by Mr. Rapp's desire, of a gay character. With real emotion did I witness this interesting scene. The factories and workshops are warmed during winter by means of pipes connected with the steam-engine. All the workmen, and especially the females, had very healthy complexions, and moved me deeply by the warm-hearted friendliness with which they saluted the elder Rapp. I was also much gratified to see vessels containing fresh sweet-smelling flowers standing on all the machines. The neatness which universally reigns here is in every respect worthy of praise.

The second socialistic experiment here, proved less successful than the first. We give its history in the annexed communication from a correspondent familiar with the details:

In 1824, the village of the Rappites, including 20,000 acres of land, was purchased by Mr. Robert Owen, of New Lanark, Scotland, who, after a most successful experiment in ameliorating the physical and moral condition of the laboring classes in that manufacturing village, believed that New Harmony would be a highly suitable place for testing his "social system," as explained in his "New Views of Society." As soon, therefore, as the Harmonites had removed, to establish themselves at Economy, Pennsylvania, he gave a general invitation for those favorable to the community, in opposition to the competitive system, to give its practicability a fair trial at New Harmony. The call was responded to by about seven or eight hundred persons, and Mr. Owen was also joined by another wealthy gentleman from Scotland, Mr. William Maclure, who purchased from Mr. Owen part of the property; and for one year the community progressed, in some respects, rather favorably, but chiefly at their expense, under the name of "The Preliminary Society." As all institutions, however, to be permanent, must be self-sustaining, unless largely endowed, the above society, hoping better to effect the desired object by a division into departments having more immediately similar views and interests, formed agricultural, educational, and other similar subdivisions, or communities, which sustained themselves, at the furthest, two years more; being

broken up partly by designing individuals, who joined the society only from selfish motives; partly also from inexperience in so novel an experiment; and partly, doubtless, from the difficulty of any large number of persons ever having views sufficiently similar to enable them to co-operate successfully for the common good.

Since that social experiment, a period to which (although a failure as regards its pecuniary sustaining power) many of the older inhabitants still look back with pleasure, as a promotive of benevolent, unselfish feeling, the houses, lots and adjoining lands have passed into the hands of individuals; and New Harmony progresses gradually, on the old system, being a quiet, orderly country town, geographically out of the great commercial thoroughfare.

The entire surviving family of the late Robert Owen, comprising three sons, one daughter, and numerous grandchildren, still resides there. The eldest son, Robert Dale Owen, represented the first district in congress, and has since been minister to Naples; the second son, William, died there some years since. The third son, Dr. D. D. Owen, has conducted two geological surveys for the United States, and is state geologist for three western states; he possesses, in New Harmony, one of the best scientific collections in the west, and a well-appointed laboratory. The fourth son, Dr. Richard Owen, was for nearly ten years professor of geology in the Western Military Institute (latterly the literary department of the University of Nashville, Tennessee), and later connected with the geological survey of Indiana. The daughter, Mrs. Fauntleroy, is widow of the late R. H. Fauntleroy, who lost his life in the service of the U. S. coast survey.

New Harmony was, at one period, the home of various distinguished individuals, who united in the social experiment, such as: Dr. G. Troost, the celebrated mineralogist, afterward state geologist of Tennessee, and professor in the University of Nashville; of Wm. P. D'Arusmont, who married Miss Frances Wright; of Thomas Say, the naturalist, to whose memory a fine monument was erected in New Harmony; of Joseph Neef, formerly an associate with Pestalozzi; of C. A. Lesneur, the ichthyologist, who was naturalist in the voyage of La Perouse to New Holland, afterward curator of the Havre museum; and the town is still the residence of several scientific persons, and the seat of the Indiana School of Practical Sciences.

As noted above, the celebrated Fanny Wright was connected with the social scheme of Mr. Owen, at New Harmony. Thirty years ago her name was in the public papers of the day, as the most prominent of "the strong minded" of her sex in all the land. She was gifted with mental powers which impressed every one who approached her. The annexed sketch of this extraordinary woman is from a published source:

She was born at Dundee, in Scotland, it is believed, in 1796, and was better known by her maiden name, Fanny Wright, than by that of her husband, Darusmont. Her father, Mr. Wright, was intimate with Dr. Adam Smith, Dr. Cullen, and other men of literary and scientific eminence in his day. Hence, probably, his daughter, Fanny, became tinctured with an ambition to distinguish herself as a propagandist of social and political novelties. At the age of eighteen she wrote a little book, called "A Few Days in Athens," in which she defended the opinions and character of Epicurus.

In 1818 she visited America, where she remained three years, and soon after published her observations under the title of "Views on Society and Manners in America." She afterward visited Paris in compliance with an invitation from La Fayette. After her return to America, about the year 1825, she purchased 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee, subsequently the site of Memphis, and peopled it with a number of slave families whom she had redeemed.

In 1833, she appeared as a public lecturer. Her deep soprano voice, her commanding figure, and marvelous eloquence, combined with her zealous attacks on negro slavery, and some other prominent features in American institutions, soon made her famous throughout our country. Her powers of oratory drew crowds of listeners, especially in New York: Fanny Wright Societies were formed, resembling those of the French Communists.

Elated by her powers of oratory, she visited all the principal cities of the Amer-

ican Union; but as she too frequently made the philosophy of her "Few Days in Athens" the groundwork of her discourses, she aroused the hostility of the press and the clergy. During two years she battled, as it were single-handed, by means of her pen and verbally, with her powerful foes, and kept her name ringing throughout the country. Meanwhile she had her redeemed slaves taught agricultural pursuits, and educated in general knowledge; but although for a time promising well, from some cause not generally known, the experiment failed, and the slaves were sent to Hayti.

She then joined Robert Owen in his Communist scheme at New Harmony, editing the Gazette, and lecturing in behalf of the enterprise, in some of the large cities and towns of the western states, but with a success which did not equal her expectations. Subsequently, Miss Wright married M. A' Drusmont, a man who professed her own system of philosophy; but they soon separated, and she resided during the remainder of her life in America, with an only daughter, the fruit of her marriage. Her husband's suit at law, to obtain possession of her property, added still further to her notoriety.

This circumstance, and her ill health, tended to cool her political enthusiasm, if not to modify her opinions. Her experience did not, on the whole, afford much cause for self-gratulation, or furnish encouragement to others to embark in any similar enterprises for the reformation of society. She died at Cincinnati, January 13, 1853, aged 57 years.



South-eastern view in Calhoun-street, Fort Wayne.

FORT WAYNE, the county seat of Allen county, is situated on the line of the Wabash and Erie Canal, at the confluence of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Rivers, which here unite and form the Maumee, 112 miles N.E. from Indianapolis, 110 E.N.E. from Lafayette, and 96 W. from Toledo. It is a flourishing place, and by means of its railroad, canal and plank road communications, is quite a center of business. It is regularly laid out on level and fertile prairie land. About half the population are of recent foreign descent. Four newspapers are published in this place, one of which is in the German language. Population in 1860, 10,388.

The Twightees, a branch of the Miami tribe, had a village at Fort Wayne, in their language called *Ke-ki-o-que*. At one time it was called "French Store," as it was for a long time a trading post of that nation, and the site of a military post. About the year 1764 the English built a fort here. Old Fort Wayne was erected here in 1794, and was continued a military post until 1819, until the removal of the Miamis and Pottawatomes, in 1841: it was resorted to by them for the disposal of their furs, and to spend their

annuities. It was against the Indian villages in this vicinity, that Harmar's expedition was directed, the particulars of which we annex:

"In the autumn of 1790, about 1,300 troops, of whom less than one fourth were regulars, marched from Cincinnati, under General Harmer, against the Indian towns on the Maumee, near the site of Fort Wayne. When within a short distance of their point of destination, Col. Hardin was detached with six hundred and fifty men. This advance, on reaching the Indian villages found them deserted. The next day, the main body having arrived, their towns, containing three hundred wigwams, were burnt, the fruit trees girdled, and 20,000 bushels of corn destroyed. While the troops were at the villages, a detachment of one hundred and fifty Kentucky militia and thirty regulars, under Col. Hardin, were sent on an Indian trail, when they fell into an ambush of seven hundred warriors under Little Turtle. At the first fire the militia fled without firing a shot, but the thirty regulars resisted with the greatest obstinacy until all were killed, except two officers and two or three privates. Ensign Armstrong was saved by falling behind a log while on the retreat, which screened him from his pursuers; while Captain Armstrong was preserved by plunging up to his neck in a swamp. There he remained all night a spectator of the war dance over the bodies of the dead and wounded soldiers, and the shrieks of the latter, as they were tortured, mingling with the yells of the savages.

When the army had proceeded one day on the return march, Col. Hardin and Maj. Willis were sent back with four hundred men, of whom sixty were regulars, to surprise the Indians, whom it was supposed would return. On entering the town a few of the enemy were seen, who immediately fled, and decoyed the militia into an irregular pursuit in different directions. This being accomplished, Little Turtle fell, with his main body, upon the regulars with great fury. They threw down their guns, and with their tomahawks, rushed upon the bayonets of the soldiers. While a soldier was engaged in the use of his bayonet upon one Indian, two others would sink their tomahawks in his head. The result was that every regular fell, together with their gallant major. Ere the conflict was over, a part of the militia who had returned from the pursuit, joined in the contest, but were compelled to retreat, leaving the dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy.

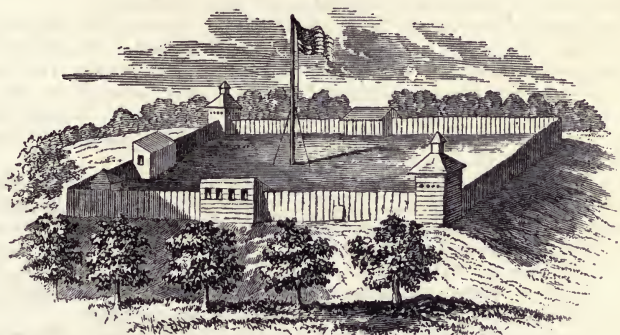
The expedition, in destroying the Indian villages, had accomplished the great object of its mission, although under circumstances of misfortune. It was succeeded by such vigorous exertions, on the part of the savages, that they must have succeeded in breaking up the American settlements, were it not for the total destruction of their property and provisions just at the approach of winter."

The siege of Fort Wayne, in the war of 1812, was a memorable event in the history of this region, the particulars of which we derive from Howe's "Great West:—"

In August, 1812, immediately after the disgraceful surrender of Hull, about five hundred Indian warriors laid siege to Fort Wayne, a dilapidated structure of wood which had been built in Wayne's campaign, near the north-eastern corner of Indiana, at the junction of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Rivers, main branches of the Maumee. The garrison, amounting to less than one seventh of their number, was commanded by Capt. Rhea, an old officer broken down by intemperance, and of a timid disposition. As at that period the whole surrounding region was a wilderness, and they were far from succor, their danger was imminent.

They were finally saved from the horrors of an Indian massacre, by the daring bravery and address of a young Virginian, named William Oliver. This young man, scarce twenty-one years of age, to a slender and delicate, though active figure, united in a high degree the qualities of undaunted courage, enthusiasm, firmness, and sagacity. A resident of Fort Wayne, he was at this time, temporarily absent at Cincinnati, and learning on his return route that the Indians had appeared before the fort, he voluntarily hurried back to the city to urge the troops stationed at that point to hasten to its relief. This being accomplished, he set out again with all speed toward the fort, intending to reach it, and penetrate through its swarm of surrounding savages in advance of the relief, for the purpose of encouraging the garrison to persevere in its defense until their arrival.

At St. Mary's River he came to an encampment of Ohio militia, with whom was Thomas Worthington, of Chillicothe (afterward governor of Ohio), then on the frontier as Indian commissioner, to whom Oliver communicated his intention of entering the fort, or of perishing in the attempt. Worthington had been originally opposed to the policy of declaring war; but now that it had been commenced, was zealous for its vigorous prosecution; yet this did not save him from the taunt of an ill-bred brother officer, who accused him of a want of patriotism. Being a high



View of old Fort Wayne.

[Copied from E. P. Abbott's Map of the city of Fort Wayne, published in 1855.]

spirited man of the keenest sense of honor, this accusation stung Worthington to the quick, and he felt eager to embark in any enterprise, howsoever desperate, to show the unjustness of the charge, and his willingness to peril his all for his country. In him Oliver found a zealous confederate, notwithstanding old experienced frontiersmen endeavored to dissuade him from the dangerous undertaking. Unitedly, they induced sixty-eight of the militia, and sixteen Shawnee Indians, to accompany them.

On the second day's march, thirty-six of the party, consulting their fears, secretly deserted their companions, and returned to the main body. The remainder continued their route, and at sunset in their camp, heard the evening gun from the fort, through an intervening forest of twenty-four miles. As the reduced party was not strong enough to encounter the enemy, Worthington was very reluctantly induced to remain at this point with his men, while Oliver, with three friendly Indians, pushed on. Being well armed and mounted, they started at day-break the next morning, proceeding with great caution. When within five miles of the fort, they perceived holes which the Indians had dug on each side of the road for concealment, and to cut off all who should approach toward the place. Upon observing these, they abandoned the main road, struck off across the country, and reached the Maumee one and a half miles below the fort. Tying their horses in a thicket, they stole cautiously along through the forest to ascertain if the Indians had obtained possession. Oliver at length discovered, with feelings of joy, the American flag waving above the fort; but not deeming even this as conclusive, he approached on the east side so near as not only to discern the blue uniform of a sentinel, but to recognize in his countenance that of an acquaintance.

Having satisfied himself on this point, they returned, remounted their horses, and taking the main road, moved rapidly onward. Upon reaching the gate of the esplanade, they found it locked, and were thus compelled to pass down the river bank, and then ascend it at the northern gate. They were favored in doing so, by the withdrawal of the savages from this point, in carrying out a plan, then on the point of consummation, for taking the fort by an ingenious stratagem.

For several days previous to this time, the hostile chiefs, under a flag of truce, had been holding intercourse with the garrison. In their interviews with Captain Rhea, that officer had shown such a spirit of timidity, that they felt persuaded that

it could be made available at the proper moment, to put him and his men in their power. They had, accordingly, arranged their warriors in a semicircle on the west and south sides of the fort, and at a short distance from it. Five of the chiefs, under pretense of treating with the officers of the garrison, were to pass into the fort, and gain admittance into the council-room with scalping-knives and pistols secreted under their blankets. Then, at a certain signal, they were to assassinate the two subaltern officers, seize Captain Rhea, and with threats of instant death, if he did not comply, and promises of safety, if he did, compel him to order the gates to be thrown open for the admission of their warriors.

The plan, thus arranged, was in the act of being carried into execution, at the moment when Oliver and his companions reached the gate. Their safe arrival at that particular moment, may be justly considered as miraculous. One hour sooner or one hour later would have, no doubt, been inevitable destruction both to himself and escort; the parties of Indians who had kept close guard, for eight days previous, upon the roads and passes in different directions, having all, at that moment, been called in to aid in carrying the fort.

Winnemac, Five Medals, and three other hostile chiefs, bearing the flag of truce, under which they were to gain admittance to carry out their treacherous intentions, were surprised by suddenly meeting at the gate Oliver and his companions. Coming from different directions, and screened by the angles of the fort, they were not visible to each other until that moment. Winnemac showed great chagrin, uttered an ejaculation of disappointment, and hastily returning to the Indian camp, informed the chiefs and warriors that the stratagem was defeated.

Oliver immediately upon his arrival, wrote a hasty letter to Worthington, describing the situation of the fort, which he sent by the Indians. Luckily their movements were not observed, until they had actually started from the garrison gate. They now put spurs to their horses, and dashed off at full speed. The hostile Indians were instantly in motion to intercept them; the race was a severe and perilous one, but they cleared the enemy's line in safety, and then their loud shout of triumph rose high in the air, and fell like music upon the ears of the beleaguered garrison. They safely delivered the letter, and a few days after Gen. Harrison arrived with reinforcements, the enemy having continued the siege until within a few hours of his arrival, and that, too, with such perseverance, that the vigilance of the garrison alone saved them from a general conflagration from the burning arrows of the savages.*

In the year 1830, Fort Wayne contained about 100 inhabitants. The old fort was situated in the north-eastern section of the city; the Wabash and Erie Canal passes through a part of its site. The first church erected was built by the Old School Presbyterians; this house is still standing, and is now occupied by the English Lutherans. The Methodists erected the second church, the Baptists the third. The Catholics erected their first house of worship on Calhoun-street, and it is now standing. The first regular Protestant clergyman was Rev. James Chute, from Columbus, Ohio. The Rev. Stephen R. Ball and N. B. Griffiths were the first Methodist preachers; they preached at first in the north-west part of the place, in a brick school-house, long since taken down. This school-house was the first built. Benjamin Cushman and Lewis G. Thompson were among the early physicians. David H. Colerick and Henry P. Cooper were among the early lawyers. The "Fort Wayne Sentinel" was established about 1833, by Noel & Tigar; their office stood at the east end of the canal basin, near or on the spot where the warehouse of Messrs. Hill & Orbison now stands. The "Fort Wayne Weekly Times" was established as a whig journal, in 1840.

Little Turtle, the celebrated Indian chieftain, died at this place in 1812, his grave, near Fort Wayne, used to be shown to visitors, and was formerly

*Oliver was postmaster at Cincinnati, in Taylor's administration. He died there a few years since.

much visited by the Indians, who cherished his memory with great respect and veneration. He commanded the Indians at the defeat of St. Clair. The following notice appeared in the public prints at the time of his death: "Fort Wayne, July 21, 1812.—On the 14th inst., the celebrated Miami chief, the *Little Turtle*, died at this place, at the age of 65 years. Perhaps there is not left on this continent one of his color so distinguished in council and in war. His disorder was the gout. He died in a camp, because he chose to be in the open air. He met death with great firmness. The agent for Indian affairs had him buried with the honors of war, and other marks of distinction suited to his character."

The following inscriptions are from monuments in the graveyard at Fort Wayne:

Sacred to the memory of COL. ALEXANDER EWING, one of the bravest soldiers of the Revolution: from the year 1780 to the peace of 1783, he was actively engaged in the Ranger service on the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania. He was a volunteer at the battle of the Thames, in 1813, and among the first who broke the British lines on that occasion, so glorious to the arms of his country. Died at Fort Wayne, Jan. 1, 1827, aged 60 years.

Sacred to the memory of CHARLES W. EWING, eldest son of Col. A. and Mrs. C. Ewing, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and President Judge of the 9th Judicial Circuit of the State of Indiana. Died at Fort Wayne, Jan. 9, 1843, aged 45 years.

SAMUEL BIGGER, late Governor of this State, died Sept. 9, 1846. A patriot and a Christian, he died in the full hope of a glorious immortality.

I would not live always, no, welcome the tomb:

Since Jesus has been there, I dread not its gloom.

Optatum, meum suavius, quod. Te in terram retinevit, condonato.

REV. SAMUEL BRENTON, A.M., died March 29, 1857, aged 46 yrs. 4 mo. 7 da. He was a devoted minister of the M. E. church, and 4 years a member of Congress. He was faithful to his Country, the Church, and his God. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Rejoice in the Lord always.

SAMUEL LEWIS, born June 13, 1796, died Jan. 2, 1843. He filled with distinction important civil offices, and was eminent as a Christian.

In memory of MARY, wife of REV. A. T. RANKIN, Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Fort Wayne, Ia., who departed this life July 19, 1841, aged 31 years. Here rests all that can die of a Home Missionary. Her work is done. She sleeps in Jesus.

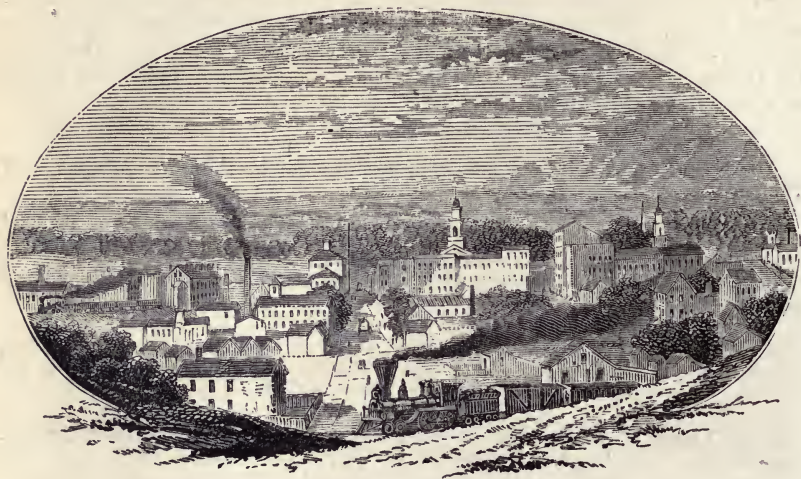
REV. JESSE HOOVER, died May 24, 1838, aged 28 years. Organizer of the first German Evangelical Church at Fort Wayne, in the year 1836, and was its faithful pastor till God called him home.

Mir nach spricht Christus unser Held.

Hier ruhe in Gott ADAM H. WEFEL, geb, am 7 Jun 1802, gett am Mai, 1852. Sammt seinen 6 vereits vor ihm entfehlenen kindern harret er nun der seligen und froehlichen Nuffersteding der Todten. Wenn Gottes Mort nicht ware mein Troft gewesen so ware ich vergangen meinen elende.

LAFAYETTE, the capital of Tippecanoe county, is next to Indianapolis, the most important city of Central Indiana. It is on the Wabash River, and on the Wabash and Erie Canal, with three or four important railroad lines passing through it, and distant 64 miles north-west of Indianapolis. By river, canal, and railroad, it is united with 78 counties of the state. Immediately around the city for miles, lie some of the richest portions of In-

diana. It also possesses all the elements necessary to a flourishing manufacturing city. By river, canal and creeks, sites for machinery propelled by water can be obtained of any amount of power, while by railroad and canal it is brought into the immediate neighborhood of inexhaustible mines of



Southern View of Lafayette from near the Valley Railroad.

The Wabash River, canal, etc., pass by the distant buildings which are on the extreme left. Ohio-street, passing the two principal Hotels and the Court House, appears in the central part. The Presbyterian and other churches on the right.

coal, iron and clay, and other materials necessary to carry on successfully all kinds of manufactures. Lafayette was laid out, on government land, May 17, 1825, by William Digby: it has 14 churches and in 1860, 9,426 inhabitants.

In the heart of the city on the public square, a few years since, while boring for pure water at the depth of 230 feet, a stream of medicinal water was struck. A careful analysis proves it of immense value, and to compare favorably with the most celebrated mineral waters of Europe. It is similar to the Blue Lick Springs of Kentucky, and is a salt sulphur water. It is applicable to numerous diseases, viz: bronchitis, rheumatism, dyspepsia, diseases of the liver, kidneys, sexual organs, and in general for disturbances of the secretive organs or surfaces. The stream is constant and ample for all bathing and drinking purposes.

Seven miles north of Lafayette, on the line of the railroad to Chicago, is the Battle Field of Tippecanoe, where, just before the gray of morning, Nov. 7, 1811, Gen. William Henry Harrison, then governor of the territory of Indiana, at the head of 900 men, principally militia and volunteers, defeated an equal body of Indians under the Prophet, Tenskwautawa, the brother of Tecumseh. The town of the Prophet, *Keth-tip-e-ca-nunk*, corrupted in modern orthography, to *Tippecanoe*, stood over a mile distant, on the Wabash: it extended along the stream from the site of Davis' Ferry to the mouth of the Tippecanoe. Tecumseh was not present in the action, being absent at the south among the Creeks and Seminoles, to unite them with the northern

tribes in his grand confederacy against the whites. The subjoined narrative of the battle is from Drake's *Tecumseh*:

On the 5th of November, 1811, Gov. Harrison, with about 900 effective troops, composed of 250 of the 4th regiment United States infantry, 130 volunteers, and a body of militia, encamped within 10 miles of the Prophet's town. On the next



Eastern View of the Battle Field of Tippecanoe.

The place of Harrison's encampment is shown by the inclosed fence, within which is six or eight acres of ground. The main body of the savages were in the wheat field in front, this side of the railroad. It was then a marsh, covered with tall grass, in which they were concealed.

day, when the army was within five miles of the village, reconnoitering parties of the Indians were seen, but they refused to hold any conversation with the interpreters sent forward by the governor to open a communication with them. When within a mile and a half of the town, a halt was made, for the purpose of encamping for the night. Several of the field officers urged the governor to make an immediate assault on the village; but this he declined, as his instructions from the president were positive, not to attack the Indians, as long as there was a probability of their complying with the demands of government. Upon ascertaining, however, that the ground continued favorable for the disposition of his troops, quite up to the town, he determined to approach still nearer to it. In the meantime, Capt. Dubois, with an interpreter, was sent forward to ascertain whether the Prophet would comply with the terms proposed by the governor. The Indians, however, would make no reply to these inquiries, but endeavored to cut off the messengers from the army. When this fact was reported to the governor, he determined to consider the Indians as enemies, and at once march upon their town. He had proceeded but a short distance, however, before he was met by three Indians, one of them a principal counselor to the Prophet, who stated that they were sent to know why the army was marching upon their town—that the Prophet was desirous of avoiding hostilities—that he had sent a pacific message to Gov. Harrison by the Miami and Potawatomie chiefs, but that those chiefs had unfortunately gone down on the south side of the Wabash, and had thus failed to meet him. Accordingly, a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, and the terms of peace

were to be settled on the following morning by the governor and the chiefs. In moving the army toward the Wabash, to encamp for the night, the Indians became again alarmed, supposing that an attack was about to be made on the town, notwithstanding the armistice which had just been concluded. They accordingly began to prepare for defense, and some of them sallied out, calling upon the advanced corps, to halt. The governor immediately rode forward, and assured the Indians that it was not his intention to attack them, but that he was only in search of a suitable piece of ground on which to encamp his troops. He inquired if there was any other water convenient, beside that which the river afforded; and an Indian, with whom he was well acquainted, answered, that the creek which had been crossed two miles back, ran through the prairie to the north of the village. A halt was then ordered, and Majors Piatt, Clark and Taylor, were sent to examine this creek, as well as the river above the town, to ascertain the correctness of the information, and decide on the best ground for an encampment. In the course of half an hour, the two latter reported that they had found, on the creek, everything that could be desirable in an encampment—an elevated spot, nearly surrounded by an open prairie, with water convenient, and a sufficiency of wood for fuel.* The army was now marched to this spot, and encamped "on a dry piece of ground, which rose about 10 feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front toward the town; and, about twice as high above a similar prairie in the rear; through which, near the foot of the hill, ran a small stream clothed with willows and brushwood. On the left of the encampment, this bench of land became wider; on the right, it gradually narrowed, and terminated in an abrupt point, about 150 yards from the right bank."†

The encampment was about three fourths of a mile from the Prophet's town; and orders were given, in the event of a night attack, for each corps to maintain its position, at all hazards, until relieved or further orders were given to it. The whole army was kept, during the night, in the military position, which is called, lying on their arms. The regular troops lay in their tents, with their accoutrements on, and their arms by their sides. The militia had no tents, but slept with their clothes and pouches on, and their guns under them, to keep them dry. The order of the encampment was the order of battle, for a night attack; and as every man slept opposite to his post in the line, there was nothing for the troops to do, in case of an assault, but to rise and take their positions a few steps in the rear of the fires around which they had reposed. The guard of the night consisted of two captain's commands of 42 men, and four non-commissioned officers each; and two subaltern's guards of 20 men and non-commissioned officers each—the whole amounting to about 130 men, under the command of a field officer of the day. The night was dark and cloudy, and after midnight there was a drizzling rain. It was not anticipated by the governor or his officers, that an attack would be made during the night: it was supposed that if the Indians had intended, to act offensively, it would have been done on the march of the army, where situations presented themselves that would have given the Indians a great advantage. Indeed, within three miles of the town, the army had passed over ground so broken and unfavorable to its march, that the position of the troops was necessarily changed several times, in the course of a mile. The enemy, moreover, had fortified their town with care and great labor, as if they intended to act alone on the defensive. It was a favorite spot with the Indians, having long been the scene of those mysterious rites, performed by their Prophet, and by which they had been taught to believe that it was impregnable to the assaults of the white man.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 7th, Gov. Harrison, according to his practice, had risen, preparatory to the calling up the troops; and was engaged, while drawing on his boots by the fire, in conversation with Gen. Wells, Col. Owen, and Majors Taylor and Hurst. The orderly-drum had been roused for the purpose of giving the signal for the troops to turn out, when the attack of the Indians suddenly commenced upon the left flank of the camp. The whole army was instantly on its feet; the camp-fires were extinguished; the governor mounted his horse and

proceeded to the point of attack. Several of the companies had taken their places in the line within forty seconds from the report of the first gun; and the whole of the troops were prepared for action in the course of two minutes; a fact as creditable to their own activity and bravery, as to the skill and energy of their officers. The battle soon became general, and was maintained on both sides with signal and even desperate valor. The Indians advanced and retreated by the aid of a rattling noise, made with deer hoofs, and persevered in their treacherous attack with an apparent determination to conquer or die upon the spot. The battle raged with unabated fury and mutual slaughter, until daylight, when a gallant and successful charge by our troops, drove the enemy into the swamp, and put an end to the conflict.

Prior to the assault, the Prophet had given assurances to his followers, that in the coming contest, the Great Spirit would render the arms of the Americans unavailing; that their bullets would fall harmless at the feet of the Indians; that the latter should have light in abundance, while the former would be involved in thick darkness. Availing himself of the privilege conferred by his peculiar office, and, perhaps, unwilling in his own person to attest at once the rival powers of a sham prophecy and a real American bullet, he prudently took a position on an adjacent eminence; and, when the action began, he entered upon the performance of certain mystic rites, at the same time singing a war-song. In the course of the engagement, he was informed that his men were falling: he told them to fight on, it would soon be as he had predicted; and then, in louder and wilder strains, his inspiring battle-song was heard commingling with the sharp crack of the rifle and the shrill war-hoop of his brave but deluded followers.

Throughout the action, the Indians manifested more boldness and perseverance than had, perhaps, ever been exhibited by them on any former occasion. This was owing, it is supposed, to the influence of the Prophet, who, by the aid of his incantations, had inspired them with a belief that they would certainly overcome their enemy: the supposition, likewise, that they had taken the governor's army by surprise, doubtless contributed to the desperate character of their assaults. They were commanded by some daring chiefs, and although their spiritual leader was not actually in the battle, he did much to encourage his followers in their gallant attack. Of the force of the Indians engaged, there is no certain account. The ordinary number at the Prophet's town during the preceding summer, was 450; but a few days before the action, they had been joined by all the Kickapoos of the prairie, and by several bands of the Pottawatomies, from the Illinois River, and the St. Joseph's, of Lake Michigan. Their number on the night of the engagement was probably between 800 and 1,000. Some of the Indians who were in the action, subsequently informed the agent at Fort Wayne, that there were more than 1,000 warriors in the battle, and that the number of wounded was unusually great. In the precipitation of their retreat, they left 38 on the field; some were buried during the engagement in their town, others, no doubt, died subsequently of their wounds. The whole number of their killed, was probably not less than 50.

Of the army under Gov. Harrison, 35 were killed in the action, and 25 died subsequently of their wounds: the total number of killed and wounded was one hundred and eighty-eight.

Both officers and men behaved with much coolness and bravery—qualities which, in an eminent degree, marked the conduct of Gov. Harrison throughout the engagement. The peril to which he was subjected may be inferred from the fact that a ball passed through his stock, slightly bruising his neck; another struck his saddle, and glancing hit his thigh; and a third wounded the horse on which he was riding.

Peace on the frontiers was one of the happy results of this severe and brilliant action. The tribes which had already joined in the confederacy were dismayed; and those which had remained neutral, now decided against it.

During the two succeeding days, the victorious army remained in camp, for the purpose of burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. In the meantime, Col. Wells, with the mounted riflemen, visited the Prophet's town, and found it deserted by all the Indians except one, whose leg had been broken in the action.

The houses were mostly burnt, and the corn around the village destroyed.* On the 9th, the army commenced its return to Vincennes, having broken up or committed to the flames all their unnecessary baggage, in order that the wagons might be used for the transportation of the wounded.

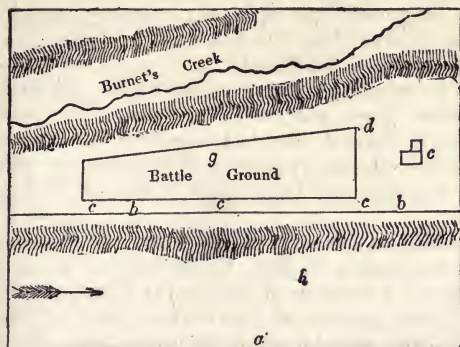
The defeated Indians were greatly exasperated with the Prophet: they reproached him in bitter terms for the calamity he had brought upon them, and accused him of the murder of their friends who had fallen in the action. It seems, that after pronouncing some incantations over a certain composition, which he had prepared on the night preceding the action, he assured his followers, that by the power of his art, half of the invading army was already dead, and the other half in a state of distraction; and that the Indians would have little to do but rush into their camp, and complete the work of destruction with their tomahawks. "*You are a liar*" said one of the surviving Winnebagoes to him, after the action, "for you told us that the white people were dead or crazy, when they were all in their senses and *fought like the devil*." The Prophet appeared dejected, and sought to excuse himself on the plea that the virtue of his composition had been lost by a circumstance of which he had no knowledge, until after the battle was over. His sacred character, however, was so far forfeited, that the Indians actually bound him with cords, and threatened to put him to death. After leaving the Prophet's town, they marched about 20 miles and encamped on the bank of Wild Cat creek.

With the battle of Tippecanoe, the Prophet lost his popularity and power among the Indians. His magic wand was broken, and the mysterious charm, by means of which he had for years, played upon the superstitious minds of this wild people, scattered through a vast extent of country, was dissipated forever. It was not alone to the character of his prophetic office that he was indebted for his influence over his followers. The position which he maintained in regard to the Indian lands, and the encroachments of the white people upon their hunting grounds, increased his popularity, which was likewise greatly strengthened by the respect and deference with which the politic Tecumseh—the master spirit of his day—uniformly treated him. He had, moreover, nimble wit, quickness of apprehension, much cunning and a captivating eloquence of speech. These qualities fitted him for playing his part with great success; and sustaining for a series of years, the character of one inspired by the Great Spirit. He was, however, rash, presumptuous and deficient in judgment. And no sooner was he left without the sagacious counsel and positive control of Tecumseh, than he foolishly annihilated his own power, and suddenly crushed the grand confederacy upon which he and his brother had expended years of labor, and in the organization of which they had incurred much personal peril and endured great privation.

Tecumseh returned from the south through Missouri, visited the tribes on the Des Moines, and crossing the head-waters of the Illinois, reached the Wabash a few days after the disastrous battle of Tippecanoe. It is believed that he made a strong impression upon all the tribes visited by him in his extended mission; and that he had laid the foundation of numerous accessions to his confederacy. He reached the banks of the Tippecanoe, just in time to witness the dispersion of his followers, the disgrace of his brother, and the final overthrow of the great object of his ambition, a union of all the Indian tribes against the United States: and all this, the result of a disregard to his positive commands. His mortification was extreme; and it is related on good authority, that when he first met the Prophet, he reproached him in bitter terms for having departed from his instructions to preserve peace with the United States at all hazards. The attempt of the Prophet to palliate his own conduct, excited the haughty chieftain still more, and seizing him by the hair and shaking him violently, he threatened to take his life.

* The village had been destroyed in 1791, by Gen. Charles Scott, of Kentucky. In his report of the expedition, he says that "many of the inhabitants of the village were French, and lived in a state of civilization. By the books, letters, and other documents found there, it is evident that the place was in close connection with, and dependent on, Detroit:" the village "consisted of about 70 houses, many of them well finished." In November, 1812, the village was destroyed the third time in the second expedition of Gen. Hopkins.

[*Explanations.*—*a*, point from whence the engraved view was drawn; *b b*, line of railroad to Chicago; *c*, position of Battle Ground Institute; *d*, place where the Indians first began the attack; *e e*, front line where occurred the main conflict; *f*, Gen. Harrison's marquee; *h*, point where Maj. Daviess is said to have been slain; *g*, grave of Daviess. The black lines indicate the fence now inclosing the battle ground.]



BATTLE FIELD OF TIPPECANOE.

The highest officers among the Americans slain at Tippecanoe, were two Kentucky majors—Abraham Owen and Joseph Hamilton Daviess. The particulars of the death of Abraham Owen we give below, from Smith's *Indiana Sketches*:

Gen. Harrison rode a beautiful fleet gray mare, that he had tied with the saddle on, to a stake near his marquee, to be ready at a moment in case of alarm. Maj. Owen, of Kentucky, rode a bay horse. After the gray mare was hitched, it became necessary, in order to pass a baggage wagon, to remove her and tie her at another place; without the knowledge of Gen. Harrison, the bay horse of Maj. Owen was afterward tied to the post where the gray mare had been.

The moment the alarm was given, every soldier was upon his feet, and the mounted officers in their saddles. Gen. Harrison ran to the post where he left his gray mare; finding Maj. Owen's bay horse he mounted, leaving the gray for the major if he could find her. The general dashed down to where he heard the firing, rode up to Capt. Spencer's position, at the point of the high ground around which the prairies meet; there the enemy had made the first main attack—deadly in effect. There stood the brave ensign John Tipton, and a few of the surviving men of the company. *Gen. Harrison.* "Where is the captain of this company?" *Ensign Tipton.* "Dead." "Where are the lieutenants?" "Dead." "Where is the ensign?" "I am here." "Stand fast, my brave fellow, and I will relieve you in a minute." Gen. Tipton told me, in after years, that a cooler and braver man, on the field of battle, than Gen. Harrison, never lived. It was a deadly night, the Indians with rifles in their hands, concealed from view, in the darkness of the night, fighting to desperation, under the inspiration of their superstition—being the attacking party, and knowing where their enemy lay, had great advantages, which nothing but the indomitable courage of our brave men could have met and finally repelled. The moment the alarm was given, the brave Maj. Owen ran to his stake, but his horse was gone; near by he found and mounted the gray mare of the General. He was scarcely in the saddle, before he fell mortally wounded, pierced with rifle balls, which were intended, no doubt, for Gen. Harrison, as the Indians knew he rode a gray, and must have been in ambush near. The men and officers that fell that dreadful night were the bravest of the brave.

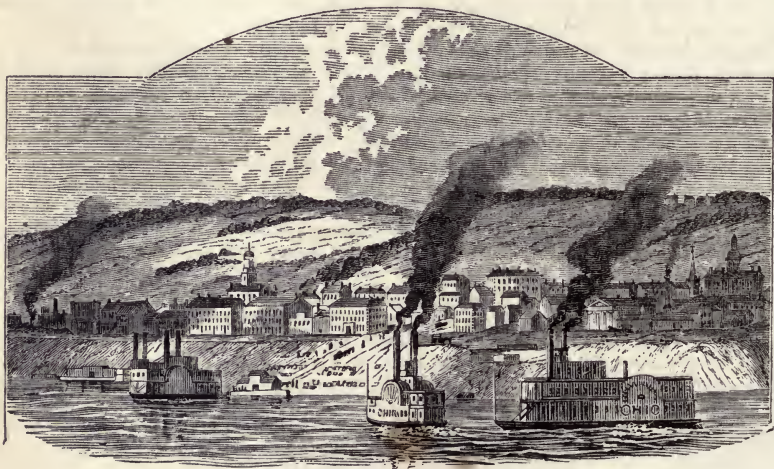
I visited the common grave of these brave dead, who fell in that terrible battle only a few years since. You will find it in a grove of white oak trees perforated by balls, standing near the center of the inclosed grounds.

Maj. Daviess was a colleague of Henry Clay at the Kentucky bar, where he stood very high as an advocate. At the time of his death he was 37 years of age. It is the tradition that he was killed in the marsh at the point indicated on the map; but from Gen. Harrison's report of the action, we infer that this event took place on high ground, on or near where the railroad line lays; that states that it was during the execution of an order to dislodge

some Indians from trees 15 or 20 paces in front of the left line, that Daviess became outflanked, and fell mortally wounded.

The land on which the battle was fought, was purchased by Gen. John Tipton, and presented to the state of Indiana, as a burial place for his fallen comrades. Tipton was the brave ensign of Capt. Spencer's company, noticed above. His name is most honorably identified with the history of the state. He was a senator in congress from 1832 to 1839, and chairman of the Committee of Indian Affairs, an office for which he was peculiarly well qualified, having been, for many years, Indian agent, and well acquainted with most of the Indian tribes. He was a warm hearted man, and possessed uncommon force of character: he was one of the original projectors of the Wabash and Erie Canal, and also one of the founders of Logansport, where he died in 1839.

The reader will notice the building on the right of the view. This is the Battle Ground Institute, under the charge of Rev. E. H. Staley. It is a flourishing seminary for both sexes. A number of small neat houses stand above it, erected, some of them, by the parents of the children, many of the latter brothers and sisters, who here live together, obtaining, away from their homes, a double education, that of house keeping, with that derived from books.



South-eastern view of Madison.

As seen from the Kentucky side of the Ohio, near Milton ferry. The terminus of the Railroad is seen on the left, the Court House on the right.

MADISON, the county seat of Jefferson county, is situated 86 miles S.S.E. from Indianapolis, 50 above Louisville, and 100 below Cincinnati. It is located in a beautiful and picturesque valley, which, with the hills on the Kentucky shore and those of Indiana, and the bold curve and broad sweep of the Ohio River, affords a panorama rarely equaled. The valley in which the city is situated, is nearly three miles long, which is inclosed on the north by steep and rugged hills about 400 feet high. This place has very superior advantages for trade, and the navigation is usually open in ordinary seasons. Great quantities of breadstuffs are exported, and a large amount of capital is employed in founderies, machine shops, etc., and the establishments for

packing pork are very extensive. Madison has gas and water works, the latter of which is owned by the city. The annual value of sales of produce and merchandise, and industrial products, is eight millions of dollars. Within five miles of the city is the well known Hanover College. Population is about 12,000.

The site of Madison was originally a dense growth of poplars, beech and walnut, and the present landing was covered with a growth of cottonwood, the water's edge being fringed with willows. The original proprietors were John Paul and Jonathan Lyon. A few families had settled here on Mount Glad, now a part of North Madison, in 1807-8. Col. John Vawter first came to Madison in 1806, and moved into the country in March, 1807; he held the first public sale of lots in Feb., 1811. The first white child born in Madison was Dawson Blackmore, Jr. His father came here from western Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1809, and located himself in a framed log-house, now standing in Walnut-street. The first sermon preached in Madison is said to have been delivered in Mr. Blackmore's house, by a Methodist itinerant preacher. The first regular house of worship was built on East-street, on the site of the present St. John's church.

The following are the names of a number of the earlier settlers of Madison, previous to 1820: Milton Stapp, Jeremiah Sullivan, C. P. J. Arvin, Daniel Wilson, Thomas Brown, Nicholas D. Grover, Geo. W. Leonard, Moody Park, Victor King, Chas. W. Basnett, William Brown, D. Blackmore, sen., D. Blackmore, jr., Silas Ritchie, John Sering, John G. Sering, William G. Wharton, W. J. McClure, John Ritchie, S. C. Stephens, Howard Watts, John Haney, Rufus Gale, William Randall, Gamaliel Taylor, E. G. Whitney, M. Shannon, Edward Shannon, Jesse D. Bright, Michael G. Bright, David Bright, Jacob Wildman, George Wagoner, Andrew Woodfill, Alexander Washer, Williamson Dunn, Wm. McKee Dunn, James Vawter, Jno. Hunt, Simeon Hunt, Cornelius Vaile, Geo. Short, and David McClure.

One of the first sermons ever preached in Madison, was by that celebrated and eccentric itinerant, *Lorenzo Dow*, who "held forth" standing on a poplar log, near the site of the court house. He was born in Coventry, Connecticut, in —, and died at Washington City, in —, aged — years, where his grave is now to be seen. He traveled through the United States from fifteen to twenty times, visiting the wilderness parts, often preaching where a sermon was never heard before. Occasionally he went to Canada, and made three voyages to England and Ireland, where, as elsewhere, he drew crowds around him, attracted by his long flowing beard and hair, singularly wild demeanor, and pungency of speech. During the thirty years of his public life, he must have traveled nearly two hundred thousand miles.

Pickett, in his History of Alabama, avers that he was the earliest Protestant preacher in that state; says he: "Down to this period (in 1803), no Protestant preacher had ever raised his voice, to remind the Tombigbee and Tensas settlers of their duty to the Most HIGH. Hundreds, born and bred in the wilderness, and now adult men and women, had never even seen a preacher. The mysterious and eccentric Lorenzo Dow, one day, suddenly appeared at the Boat Yard. He came from Georgia, across the Creek nation, encountering its dangers almost alone. He proclaimed the truths of the gospel here, to a large audience, crossed over the Alabama, and preached two sermons to the 'Bigbee settlers,' and went from thence to the Natchez settlements, where he also exhorted the people to 'turn from the error of their ways.' He then visited the Cumberland region and Kentucky, and came back to the Tombigbee, filling his appointments to the very day. Again

plunging into the Creek nation, this holy man of God once more appeared among the people of Georgia."

When Dow was in Indiana, Judge O. H. Smith had the pleasure of listening to a discourse from him, some items of which he has thus preserved among his Sketches: "In the year 1819," states the judge, "I was one of a congregation assembled in the woods back of Rising Sun, anxiously await-



South-western view of New Albany.

The view shows the appearance of the city, as seen from the high bluff which rises immediately south of it. The Ohio River appears on the right, with Portland, a station for steamboats, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, at the foot of the Canal around the Falls, three miles from Louisville.

ing the arrival of Lorenzo Dow. Time passed away, we had all become impatient, when in the distance we saw him approaching at a rapid rate through the trees on his pacing pony. He rode up to the log on which I was sitting, threw the reins over the neck of the pony, and stepped upon the log, took off his hat, his hair parted in the middle of his head, and flowing on either side to his shoulders, his beard resting on his breast. In a minute, at the top of his voice, he said:

'Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me.' My subject is repentance. We sing, 'while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return.' That idea has done much harm, and should be received with many grains of allowance. There are cases where it would be easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a man to repent unto salvation. Let me illustrate: Do you suppose that the man among you who went out last fall to kill his deer and bear for winter meat, and instead killed his neighbor's hogs, salted them down, and is *now living on the meat, can repent while it is unpaid for?* I tell you nay. Except he restores a just compensation, his attempt at repentance will be the basest hypocrisy. *Except ye repent, truly ye shall all likewise perish.*

He preached some thirty minutes. Down he stepped, mounted his pony, and in a few minutes was moving on through the woods at a rapid pace to meet another appointment."

NEW ALBANY, the county seat of Floyd county, is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Ohio River, at the termination of the New Albany and Salem Railroad, 2 miles below the falls of the Ohio, 3 miles below Louisville, about 140 below Cincinnati, and 100 S. by E. from Indianapolis. The city has wide straight streets, running parallel with the river, and crossed at right angles by others. A large business is done here in building and repairing steamboats, etc. There are also large iron foundries, machine shops and factories. It has two seminaries, a theological college under the patronage of the Presbyterians, and about 10,000 inhabitants.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the grave yard in New Albany:

"The citizens of FLOYD COUNTY have erected this monument in memory of their HONORED DEAD.

'Glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor.'

Here rest the bodies of Francis Bailey, aged 35; Apollos J. Stephens, 27; Warren B. Robinson, 24; Charles H. Goff, 23; members of the '*Spencer Greys*,' company A, 2d Reg't Indiana Volunteers, who fell at the battle of BUENA VISTA, Mexico, Feb. 22 and 23, 1847.

'The soldier is his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.'

'How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?'

John T. Lewis, aged 21; Martin Howard, 18; Joseph Morgan, 19; Laiken Cunningham, 22; members of the '*Spencer Greys*,' died in the Mexican campaign, 1846-7; also Henry W. Walker, aged 37; Thos. J. Tyler, aged 19, of the same com-



MILITARY MONUMENT, NEW ALBANY.

pany, who returned home and died of disease contracted in the service."

REV. JOHN MATTHEWS, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at New Albany, Ia. Born in Guilford county, N. C., Jan. 19, 1772; died in New Albany, May 18, 1848, ætat 76 years and 4 mo. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

LEONIDAS SHACKELFORD, of Glasgow, Missouri, born Jan. 7, 1833, died Aug. 5, 1852. In whose memory this monument is erected by his brothers and sisters. Without earthly friends, he died in a strange land, realizing in full a sainted mother's prayer, that a precious Bible which she had given him would be his guide through life, and in death his consolation. Prov. verses 17 to 23.

Logansport, the county seat of Cass county, is situated on the Wabash River and Canal, at the mouth of Eel River, and is intersected by the Toledo, Wabash and Western and the Cincinnati, Logansport and Chicago Railroads, 70 miles N. by W. from Indianapolis, 166 W. of Toledo, and 42 N.E. from Lafayette. It is at the head of steamboat navigation, and just below the falls, which furnish immense water power, and has a large trade by river, canal and plank roads with the fertile region on every side, the products of which are sent to the eastern and southern markets. Logansport has a city

charter, 3 banks, 6 churches, and a fine court house of hewn stone. West Logansport, on the west bank of Eel River, is included in the corporate limits. Population, in 1860, 3,690.

Jeffersonville is a flourishing town, opposite Louisville, Ky., on the Ohio River, which is here about three fourths of a mile wide, 108 miles S. by E. of Indianapolis, and 48 below Madison. It is at the terminus of the Jeffersonville and Indianapolis Railroad, and on the site of old Fort Steuben, and is beautifully situated just above the falls in the Ohio, which descend 22 feet in two miles, producing a rapid current, which, in time, by the immense water power it affords, will, if a canal is made around the falls on the Indiana side, render this a large and prosperous manufacturing city. Jeffersonville has great facilities for doing business, and is said to possess the best landing place on the Ohio River. The state penitentiary is located here. Population about 3,500.

Lawrenceburg, city and county seat of Dearborn, is on the Ohio, 22 miles below Cincinnati, and two miles below the mouth of the Big Miami, the line of separation between Ohio and Indiana. The Ohio and Mississippi, and Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroads, intersect at this point. Population about 4,000.

A few miles below Lawrenceburg, is a small stream emptying into the Ohio, known as Laughery's creek. It derived its name from the calamitous defeat of Col. Archibald Laughery by the Indians. This took place in the spring of 1782, and was the most disastrous military event that ever occurred upon the soil of Indiana. The annexed account is from Day's Hist. Collections, of Pa.:

Col. Laughery had been requested, by Col. Clark, to raise 100 volunteers in the county of Westmoreland, Pa., to aid him against the Ohio Indians. The company was raised principally at his own expense, and he also provided the outfit and munitions for the expedition. In this he was aided by the late Robert Orr, by birth an Irishman, but who manifested a deep and generous interest in his adopted country. Mr. Orr was one of the officers, and next in command under Col. Laughery.

There were 107 men in the expedition, who proceeded in boats down the Ohio, to meet Gen. Clark, at the Falls. At the mouth of a creek in the south-eastern part of Indiana, that bears the name of the commander, the boats were attacked by the Indians. Of the whole detachment, not one escaped. Col. Laughery was killed, and most of his officers. Capt. Orr, who commanded a company, had his arm broken with a ball. The wounded, who were unable to travel, were dispatched with the tomahawk, and the few who escaped with their lives, were driven through the wilderness to Sandusky. Capt. Orr was taken to Detroit, where he lay in the hospital for several months, and, with the remnant who lived, was exchanged, in the spring of 1783.

South Bend, the county seat of St. Joseph, is on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, 85 miles easterly from Chicago; also on St. Joseph River, which furnishes, by means of a dam at this point, a vast water power. It has some 30 stores, 6 churches, 2 Catholic Female Seminaries, and in 1860, 4,013 inhabitants.

Michigan City is on Lake Michigan, in La Porte county, 54 miles by railroad from Chicago, and 154 from Indianapolis. It has communication by the Michigan Central, and New Albany and Salem Railroads, and the lake with all parts of the country. It is noted for the manufacture of railroad cars, and has about 4,000 inhabitants.

Laporte, the county seat of Laporte county, in the north-western part of the state, is at the junction of the Cincinnati, Peru and Chicago, with the

Michigan Southern and Northern Railroads, 58 miles from Chicago, on the northern margin of the beautiful and fertile Door Prairie, so named from an Indian chief. It was first organized as a city in 1853, is a very flourishing business place, and has 9 churches and 6,000 inhabitants.

Bloomington, the county seat of Monroe county, is on the line of the New Albany and Salem Railroad, 96 miles north from New Albany. It was



UNIVERSITY OF INDIANA, BLOOMINGTON.

laid out in 1818, by Benjamin Park, agent for the county commissioners. Its public buildings are substantial, and the public square pleasantly ornamented with shade trees and shrubbery. It is noted as a place of education. It has two female seminaries, and is the seat of the *State University*, founded in 1835. *Greencastle*, capital of the neighboring county of Putnam, 40 miles by railroad west of Indianapolis, is the seat of the *Indiana Asbury University*, founded in 1837, and which is not excelled by any institution in the state. Unusual attention is given in this vicinity to the cultivation of fruit, the apple, pear, peach and grape, for which the soil is well adapted. *Crawfordsville*, the county seat of Montgomery, which adjoins Putnam on the north, is on the New Albany and Salem Railroad, and 45 miles northwest of Indianapolis. It is in a rich country, and is the seat of *Wabash College*, founded in 1835, an institution of excellent repute. Bloomington, Greencastle, and Crawfordsville, have each about 2,500 inhabitants.

Corydon, the county seat of Harrison county, in southern Indiana, is a town of about 1,200 inhabitants. In 1813, the seat of government of the Territory of Indiana was removed from Vincennes to this place. When, in 1816, Indiana was erected into a state, Corydon was made the capital, and so remained until 1825, when it was removed to Indianapolis. The court house here, built of stone, was the original state house, and the edifice in which was formed the first constitution of Indiana.

Vevay, the county seat of Switzerland county, is a small town on the Ohio River, about half way between Cincinnati and Louisville. The place is of note, from its having been one of the first settlements in the state, and for the attempt made there to cultivate the grape for the purpose of manufacturing wine.

It was laid out in the year 1813, by John Francis Denfour and Daniel Denfour, emigrants from Switzerland, who, in remembrance of their native town, gave it its present name. Part of the land was entered by John James Denfour and his associates, in the beginning of the present century, and an extended credit given, by an act of congress, with a view of encouraging the culture of the grape.



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

Situated in Corydon, the original capital of Indiana.

In the south part of Indiana are some curiosities of nature. Eleven miles from Corydon, and in Crawford county, is the *Wyandot Cave*, which is considered by many to equal the celebrated Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. It has been explored for several miles, and found to contain magnificent chambers and galleries, rich in stalactites and other lime concretions. Two other curiosities, which are near the line of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, have only come into notice since the construction of that work. The *Jug Rock* is at Shoal Station, in Martin county, 150 miles west of Cincinnati, and derives its name from its resemblance in form to a homely and useful utensil. It is a lone standing pillar of sandstone, of about seventy feet in height, in the midst of a forest of beech and sugar trees. It is an unusual object for this region; but in the valley of the Upper Missouri and on the high table lands farther west such formations abound. Lieut. Simpson, in his explorations in New Mexico, found at one spot "high sandstone rocks of almost every shape and character imaginable. There were to be seen at once, domes, pillars, turrets, pinnacles, spires, castles, vases, tables, pitched roofs, and a number of other objects of a well defined figurative character."



THE JUG ROCK,

About seventy feet high.

28 miles east of the above, is *Hamer's Mill Stream Cave*. Water flows out at all seasons sufficient to furnish motive power for a saw mill, grist mill, and a distillery located about a quarter of a mile from the opening. It is owned by Mr. Hugh Hamer. The source of the stream has never been ascertained. At the time of

the construction of the railroad, two of the surveyors attempted to explore it to its source. They entered it in a canoe, and were absent two days and the intervening night, penetrating it, as they judged, about nine miles, and without reaching its termination. No particular change was found in the dimensions of the cavity, excepting an occasional opening out into large chambers. Such an exploration in certain seasons would be perilous. Often, after a hard shower of rain, the water suddenly rises and pours out in such a volume as to completely fill up the mouth of the cavern, issuing from it like water from the pipe of a fire engine. In 1856, Capt. John Pope, of the corps of U. S. topographical engineers, discovered a similar curiosity near the base of the Rocky Mountains, in about lat. 32 deg. and long. 105 deg., which he named *Phantom River*. A stream of some 60 feet in width came out of one cave, ran 150 feet in daylight, and then plunging into another by a cascade of a great but unknown depth, was seen no more.



HAMER'S MILL STREAM CAVE.

It has been explored about nine miles in a canoe. It furnishes motive power for two mills and a distillery.

Beside the towns described, Indiana contains numerous others of from 1,500 to 2,500 each. These are mostly county seats, some of them on railroad lines, and places of active business. They are, *Attica*, in Fountain

county; *Aurora*, in Dearborn county; *Cambridge City*, in Wayne county; *Cannelton*, in Perry county; *Columbus*, in Bartholomew county; *Connersville*, in Fayette county; *Delphi*, in Carroll county; *Franklin*, in Johnson county; *Goshen*, in Elkhart county; *Greensburg*, in Decatur county; *Huntington*, in Huntington county; *Mishawaka*, in St. Joseph county; *Mt. Vernon*, in Posey county; *Muncie*, in Delaware county; *Peru*, in Miami county; *Princeton*, in Gibson county; *Rising Sun*, in Ohio county; *Rockville*, in Parke county; and *Shelbyville*, in Shelby county.





Volunteers of Indiana, at the State Capitol, on their departure for the War, swearing to "Remember Buena Vista."

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

INDIANA.

INDIANA has been most prominent in her endeavors to preserve the integrity of the union, the proof of this is found in the fact that up to January 1, 1865, she had furnished 165,314 men for the suppression of the rebellion.

A stigma of cowardice cast upon Indiana troops by Jeff. Davis during the Mexican war, has been effectually avenged by their conduct on many a bloody field. More than one regiment on departing from the state capital for the seat of war, on bended knees, with unbared heads and raised hands, took an oath to "REMEMBER BUENA VISTA." How that vow was kept was learned in sorrow wherever the enemies of the union met the heroic men of Indiana. Her patriotic and energetic governor thus truly speaks of them:

"It affords me great gratification to state that the Indiana officers, as a body, have been found equal to those of any other state; that they have, upon every battle-field, nobly sustained the great cause, and shed luster upon the flag under which they fought. Many have been appointed to high commands, in which they acquitted themselves with the greatest honor and ability, and very many have nobly laid down their lives in battle for their country. Our private soldiers have behaved with uniform and distinguished gallantry in every action in which they have been engaged. They form a part of every army in the field, and have been among the foremost in deeds of daring, while their blood has hallowed every soil. Hitherto engaged in the peaceful pursuits of trade and agriculture, they have manifested that lofty courage and high-toned chivalry of which others have talked so much and possessed so little, and which belongs only to the intelligent patriot who understands well the sacred cause in which he draws his sword. Thousands have fallen the victims of an unnatural rebellion. They were fighting from deep convictions of duty and the love they bore their country. Their unlettered graves mark an hundred battle-fields, and our country can never discharge to their memory and their posterity the debt of gratitude it owes. That gratitude should be testified by the tender care we take of their families and

dependent ones whom they have left behind, and by the education of their children."

Much that he praises was the result of his own exertions, for rarely has any man possessed the power to infuse so much of his own spirit into the loyal masses as OLIVER P. MORTON, "the SOLDIERS' FRIEND;" and not only the men of his own state, but, as has been said, all the loyal men of the country owe him a debt of gratitude. "His oratorical labors during the war were grandly faithful and effective. The splendid canvass he made in the fall of 1864 was a fitting climax to an administration distinguished above that of all other governors for its success as well as arduousness. With a legislature against him of the most factious and disloyal character, which did its utmost to bind his hands, with a most formidable organization of traitors in his midst, all the while plotting insurrection, with a party opposition of unequaled virulence, he has yet kept Indiana the very foremost of all the western states—we may in truth say of all the states—in filling its quotas and meeting every call of the government. His peculiar success has been owing to great executive abilities, combined with a public devotion, which not only nerved him to tireless endeavor, but which elevated him above all personal jealousies and challenged universal respect."

The prompt aid rendered by him when Kirby Smith threatened Cincinnati was acknowledged by the action of the city council, in procuring his portrait to adorn their place of meeting. It was by the well-known poet-painter, T. B. Read, who, in a public address, delivered in Indianapolis, thus stated the origin of the order for the picture he had made.

When the rebels advanced through Kentucky, crushing with overwhelming might our gallant but undisciplined forces, at Richmond, and the border was threatened—Cincinnati exposed to pillage—the fair fields of the north open to ravage and robbery—Governor Morton, at the call of the distressed neighbors of Ohio, poured over a flood of the heroic men who have since won honor on every line of latitude north of the Gulf, helped to check the rebel advance, supplied ammunition, no where else to be procured, and saved the northwest, and Cincinnati especially, from the horrors of sack, rapine, robbery and flames. For this timely service, the city council of Cincinnati unanimously resolved to do him such honor as they could by placing his portrait in their hall, as the embodiment of the patriotism and neighborly love of Indiana, and as a precious heirloom to posterity, and paid me the compliment (perhaps unwisely) of selecting me to paint it. Thus called to your city, I can not forbear some further allusion to one whose services and honors constitute her proudest boast—and not her alone, but your state; and whose efforts, rising always to the level of any emergency, directed by a sagacity never dimmed by clouds of failure or fear, will yet make him, as his glory, widening and deepening, as it moves on toward the future, the equal pride of our whole country.

MORGAN'S INVASION OF INDIANA.

On the 7th of July, 1863, the steamer J. T. McCombs landed at Brandenburg, Kentucky, just as Morgan's advance-guard entered the town. They seized the boat, robbed the passengers, and then taking her into the middle of the river, cast anchor, and by the stratagem of hoisting a signal of distress, succeeded in capturing the Alice Dean, which was then passing up the river. By means of these vessels, Morgan transported his army to the Indiana side, and immediately be-

gan his work of plunder and ruin. When the report reached the capital, that Morgan with 6,000 men had entered the state, the governor called on the citizens to turn out for its defense; and within forty-eight hours 65,000 men had tendered their services to drive the invader from the soil. The correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* thus tells what he saw and heard in the hoosier state, during this exciting period.

Journeying down the Ohio and Mississippi road last Friday evening, we had barely cleared the border of Ohio when we observed knots of rustic men, armed with shot-guns or squirrel-rifles, climbing about the train. Many were mere strip-lings, wearing on their hands and cheeks the sun's livery; many were old men, whose features wore the bronze of half a century of harvests. They did not know where to stop. The conductor would not tell them. At each station this scene would be repeated; and it must be remembered that the regular militia-trains had all day been drumming recruits together and bearing them to strategic points. The squads of whom we write had walked many weary miles from the interior, with no other solicitation than a vague knowledge of the exigency. The rebels were in Indiana somewhere; that brought down the battered old fowling pieces.

At Seymour, on Friday evening, some 2,500 militia were assembled, and in command of General Love. An artillery company from Aurora, with two 6-pounders, was present. This place was really threatened on that evening, Morgan having taken a northeasterly road from Salem in the afternoon. It has since been ascertained that he arrived at the two very important structures on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, over White river, but the hardy farmers among the knobs in that vicinity obstructed the roads so thoroughly, by fallen timber, that the detachment sent for the purpose, lost its way, and barely managed to return to the main body. All trains were halted at Seymour that night. Morgan was known to be moving in the southwest angle formed by the junction of the Jeffersonville and the Ohio and Mississippi railroads, and was certain to strike one or the other before morning. The blow fell on the former, lightly.

At daybreak, our train was ordered to proceed cautiously westward. The engine prowled stealthily over the dew-drenched rails, with its great, dazzling eye darting into the gray obscurity of morning—a reconnoitering automaton, fearless of ambushade. The bridges were safe. We taxed the raiders with lack of enterprise, while we rejoiced at the preservation of a vital spot in western railroad economy.

At Mitchell, the militia were assembled some 2,000 strong. Washington county was represented by a full regiment, and contiguous counties in proportion. Here we saw several companies sworn to national allegiance and obedience to superior officers. It was an impressive sight. They stood with heads bared and hands uplifted at awkward angles, but with an appearance of feeling a sacred sincerity. The youngsters went through the ceremony with diffident graveness; but in some of the old grandsires' eyes we caught the proud flash of souls which had hurled defiance at Indian and Britton, and having grandly protected the flag through the weakness of infancy, were not willing to have it go down, and least of all in the valleys that their pioneer hands had opened and enriched. We noticed among the militia at all points, a large number clad either wholly or partly in federal uniform; many, indeed, had full accoutrements. These were the discharged and resigned of our regular armies. A practiced eye could have told this without the aid of their clothes and equipments. They carried their guns on the shoulder, at the precise angle which the old soldier falls into after trying all others. It swings lightly with his motions, and perches there jauntily after long marches. Some of the ex-privates were captains now; all were subjects of numberless inquiries, and, between drilling and teaching the neophytes how to harness themselves, their time was completely occupied.

It became evident that there would be no fighting at Mitchell. Having the newspaperial Sunday (which is also the Israelite day of rest) before us, we con

cluded that a visit to Salem, the scene of rebel pillage on the preceding day, would afford a *point d'appui* for a little effective correspondence. We soon found a construction train bound for the first burnt bridge on the New Albany and Chicago road, and were permitted to accompany it.

Salem is the county-seat of Washington, some forty miles north of New Albany. It is not an attractive town in appearance, though having the marks of thrift and enterprise. Morgan entered it on Friday, at ten o'clock, A. M., having moved rapidly from his landing-place opposite Brandenburg by obscure roads. Col. Heffren, a resident of the town and its leading political spirit, heard of his approach in time to partially organize some three or four hundred horsemen, just in time to find the guerrillas in range with artillery planted. The militia force was but partially armed, and it was forced to comply with the demand to surrender. A number skedaddled during the parley, but the majority were turned over by Colonel Heffren to Morgan, who paroled and released them. The rebel forces entered the town in fine order, and a sort of half organized system of pillage indulged in forthwith. Clothing stores were robbed, and the rebels replaced their tatters with their contents, making the transfer shamelessly in the open streets. Whatever struck the fancy of a rebel, found a speedy route to his possession. The depot, a roomy and substantial brick edifice, was fired and consumed, with a fine, new passenger car and four box cars. The flames spread to an adjoining livery stable, but Morgan ordered out a strong detachment, with buckets, and had it extinguished. From Wash. Depaw, and Knight, and Smith, he demanded \$1,000 each, threatening to destroy their mills if the requisition was not filled. The money was paid and formally receipted.

A squad destroyed five small bridges, burned two fine water tanks, and burned all cattle guards and drains for eight miles on the railroad. A train barely escaped capture, but finally did so by dint of hard running to the rear. The engineer assured us, that the rebels rode magnificently, and leaped over the highest fences without hesitation: This is about all the visible damage done the town, though the losses of the merchants must be considerable. A well-to-do farmer, named John Wyble, residing near Livonia, in Washington county, was ordered to halt, while riding away from town, but, being hard of hearing, he did not obey. He was shot down and killed instantly. Another, named Puthoff, was shot for breaking his gun, but will probably recover. A man named Vance was also seriously wounded.

During the halt in the town, Morgan sat in front of the leading hotel, with feet cocked in the air, smoking expensive cheroots. Colonel Heffren conversed with him, and told the rebel that he would find the state ready for him. Morgan said he didn't care a —; he had marked out his route and would pursue it; to that end would fight everything that came in his way.

Attached to the rebel band, were about one hundred negroes who acted as waiters. Morgan's black waiter rode immediately in the rear of the staff. One of the darkies seemed to be in high favor with the entire command. This negro, about noon, procured a national flag, tied it to a mule's tail and rode through the streets at a break-neck pace, swearing at the yellow, lantern-jawed Yankees, as he termed them, whenever he came near a citizen. The negroes were all exceedingly impertinent, and this trait seemed to confer infinite pleasure on their masters.

At four o'clock P. M. they left the town, taking one of the roads to the northward. They had demanded and received the choicest food, and had almost entirely re-uniformed themselves. They gathered during the halt, including those captured from the militia, several hundred horses, and left the "played out" animals wherever it was convenient to unsaddle them. Even antiquated brood mares were stolen, and young, though dilapidated, horses left in their stead.

At daylight on Saturday, General Hobson's forces passed through Salem in pursuit. They had ridden fifty miles the previous day, and their horses were badly jaded. They impressed what horses Morgan had not appropriated, and pushed straight on.

After leaving Salem and Vienna, Morgan's main force felt its way steadily out of the state. Detachments on his flank and rear committed all subsequent depre-

dations, and, with the exception of the loss of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad bridges, he achieved nothing to add to his reputation as an adroit and subtle partisan leader. The New Albany and Salem road was fully repaired on Monday, and trains passed over as usual. The Louisville and Jeffersonville, and the Indianapolis and Cincinnati roads are again intact, and likely to remain so. Damages on the Ohio and Mississippi road will be repaired during the week.

The record of the guerrilla in the state does him no credit. He has refused to fight the despised militia, time and again, and appears, when pretty well-cornered, to take the first dirt road or bridle-path that offers. If he has not deviated from his projected route, he certainly entertained great respect for our internal improvements when he fixed upon it.

The voice of the peace democracy in Indiana on this occasion was for war. None, held back debating whether it would be constitutional to shoot at a rebel in Indiana, whatever it might be in Virginia. But it must be kept in mind that, butternuts have horses and milk-houses to defend, and bitter experience has taught them that the ungrateful rebels jayhawk from all alike. The guerrillas did not attempt to disguise the contempt they felt for their cowardly half-way friends. Lieutenant Adams, of Morgan's band, with a squad, after burning a bridge north of Salem, went to a quaker-farmer's house hard by, and asked for some milk. The friend demurely accompanied the lieutenant to the spring-house and told him to help himself and men. While drinking the milk, the following conversation occurred:

Lieutenant Adams—"You're a Quaker, ain't you?"

Friend, (very soberly)—"Yea."

Lieut. A.—"Then you're an abolitionist?"

Friend, (soberly)—"Yea."

Lieut. A. (fiercely)—"A staunch union man?"

Friend, (emphatically)—"Yea."

Lieut. A. (after a pause)—"Got any butternuts around here?"

Friend—"Yea."

Lieut. A.—"Then why in —, don't you hang them? We have a way of choking such people down our way."

The ignorant classes in the rural districts talk of nothing but "*gerillus*," and are in fearful tremor lest the "reebils should come and burn more breedges." We saw a rascally trick played on an old farmer, by some of the railroad boys attached to the construction train. The old man was plodding his way homeward from mill, and had his sack of meal thrown over his saddle before him. The railroaders ambushed themselves, and, as he approached, they went for him with a terrific whoop. The old man wheeled his horse around, and, dropping his meal and hat, galloped off hotly in the opposite direction, ducking his horrified countenance, and yelling at his equally terrified horse. The boys kept up the chase for nearly a mile, but the old gentleman had distanced them by that time. One of the militia secreted himself in a wheat-field, and remained there for two days. These, and like incidents, are facts, and are current food for laughter among the more enlightened residents of Washington county.

From other sources we gather some

Incidents.—Upon reaching Corydon, a general thieving commenced. Watches, pocketbooks, knives, jewelry and liquors were seized everywhere. Hon. Mr. Wolf lost his watch and purse, and there was no respect paid to party, so long as a man had plunder. The liquors of the hospital, where some of their own wounded lay, shared the same fate with those of the drug stores, hotels and saloons. For a space of ten miles in width every horse was stolen, and individual resistants were insulted or killed. The same policy was pursued at Salem, and all along the route. Ransom-money or the flames were the alternatives presented to every wealthy manufacturer or miller, and everything was merged in the one desire—plunder. Singularly enough, greenbacks only were current, and all money was required to be in treasury notes. Nearly one thousand horses were taken between the river and Vienna, and in Salem alone three citizens were each put to a ransom of one thousand dollars to save their mills.

Two things are to be noticed. Morgan knew, before he crossed the river, who were his friends and who had arms. Upon entering Corydon *he showed a list* (and so at Salem) *of every citizen who had a Henry rifle* or other improved arm, and immediately sent patrols to bring them in. In Corydon the spy was a young man who visited there three weeks before, and returned with Morgan. At Salem, a deserter from the 66th Indiana boldly joined Morgan, and was armed by him, but was subsequently captured and is now in the Salem jail.

Good guides were always found, and, strange as it was, money, in specific sums, was demanded from persons who thought only their best friends knew they had it. Yet, with much of local treason, the people as a mass were true, and Morgan himself, in some instances, swore roundly at some who boasted that they were opposed to the war, and repeatedly showed favors to others who bravely maintained their attachment to the union. With here and there an exception, there was no favor shown the copperheads or those who skulked from the defense of their homes in avowed sympathy with the south. Where the Knights of the Golden Circle were thickest, there was full information in Morgan's possession of all he wished to know; but, when he got what he wanted, he treated his tools as badly as he did his enemies, and bade them good-bye by taking the horses with which they had followed to guide him.

A squad of three rebels, at Salem, went to the stable in which was the splendid stallion, Tempest, owned by Mr. George Lyman, of New Albany. On entering the stable, Tempest gave the first rebel a furious kick. On the other two he made demonstrations with his teeth, which kept them at bay. An officer then went off, swearing that he would bring a squad of men which could take him. He started for the new squad of men, but, in his absence, the groom jumped on the back of Tempest, rode away in a gallop, and soon passed beyond the rebel lines. The animal was valued at \$1,000.

Mr. William Clark and another man were sent out south of Salem, for the purpose of learning what the pickets had heard of the coming rebels. They fell in with the enemy, some of whom proposed to trade horses. The two men swapped horses with them over twenty times, and one of them came out with a better horse than he began with. They both said it was the greatest day of horse-trading they ever had.

In Clark county, there was found a man, who, thinking to save his horse, professed to be a southern rights' man. Morgan told him he ought to be willing to do something for "the cause," and asked what he would give to have his horse spared. He answered, "Forty dollars," which was paid; but, to the sympathizer's chagrin, the horse was taken also.

Morgan's invasion of Indiana was but a flight from the union troops of Gen. Hobson. He left the state on the Ohio border, and the further history of his ride is given elsewhere in this work.

Indiana suffered somewhat from the disloyal elements upon her own soil. Governor Morton, in his message of 1864, gives this brief sketch of what has been termed the "*great conspiracy*" of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which, for a time, appeared ominous of evil.

Some misguided persons who mistook the bitterness of party for patriotism, and ceased to feel the obligations of allegiance to our country and government, conspired against the state and national governments, and sought by military force to plunge us into the horrors of revolution. A secret organization had been formed, which, by its lectures and rituals, included doctrines subversive of the government, and which, carried to their consequences, would evidently result in the disruption and destruction of the nation. The members of this organization were united by solemn oaths, which, if observed, bound them to execute the orders of their grand commanders without delay or question, however treasonable or criminal might be their character. I am glad to believe that the great majority of its members regarded it merely as a political machine, and did not suspect the ulterior treasonable action contemplated by its leaders, and upon the discovery of its true character, hastened to abjure all connection with it.

Some of the chief conspirators have been arrested and tried by the government, and others have fled; their schemes have been exposed and baffled, and we may reasonably hope that our state may never again be endangered and dishonored by the renewal of these insane and criminal designs.

On the 20th of May, 1864, a butternut mass meeting was held at Indianapolis. This had long been preparing, and was dreaded as an event likely to bring the horrors of civil war upon the state. From far and near the disloyal and disappointed elements had been gathering for this great meeting. In the result, however, the apprehended opening of bloody tragedies, partook of much of the comic in its nature, judging from the account given of it, the next day, in the *Indianapolis Journal*, which properly belongs to the history of the times.

We do not know whether the managers of the mass meeting (May 20,) are satisfied with its numbers or result, but are sure that union men have no cause for discouragement in either. It was a large meeting, and it contained a most offensively visible element of as mean treason as ever went unpunished, but it was not large enough to be alarming, and its action was by no means as unanimous or mischievous as those who called it together hoped to make it. There were probably ten thousand persons present—certainly not more—and these included, as the progress of the proceeding proved, a very large proportion of union men. We expected a larger crowd, and we strongly suspect that the more sanguine and sanguinary of the copperheads regard it as a failure. There was but one stand for speakers, and the crowd around that was at no time larger than the crowd around the same stand at the union convention in February, 1864, when Governor Johnson was speaking, and two other stands were occupied and surrounded by immense audiences at the same time. The chief speakers, too, who were to have given character and impulse to the affair, did not come. Seymour excused himself, Vallandigham was prevented by "circumstances over which he had no control," and Cox and Pendleton, of Ohio, staid away without an excuse. The short-comings of orators and audience were about equal. Voorhees and Hendricks had to fill the breach, assisted by a Mr. Merrick, of Chicago, and a Mr. Eden, also of Illinois, the two latter men unknown this side of the state line till yesterday, and not likely to acquire, during the remainder of this century, a reputation robust enough to bear transplanting outside of the little patch it was cultivated in at home. The entertainment was certainly not luxurious, but it was good enough, what there was of it, for the crowd, and there was enough of it, such as it was.

But if the meeting was incomplete, its result was no less so. It began with an exhibition of loyal feeling that would have constipated the verbal flatulency of Voorhees for a week, and it ended in a regular out-and-out union meeting. On each side of the stand was nailed a national flag of rebel disaster. On the right, was the old flag of the gallant 7th, with "Winchester" inscribed on it, and the bullet-holes of its rebel enemies shining through it. On the left, was the flag of the "old guard," the noble 13th, torn and faded in many a battle and march. We could not help wondering what those brave, true men would say, if they could see their flags made to do honor to a party against whom they had uttered the severest censure that any party ever endured, in solemn and unanimous resolutions, with whose sentiments they have no sympathy, and whose conduct they denounce without measure. It was well that the 7th was on the Rappahannock, and the 13th on the Blackwater, or those flags would have speedily gone back to their honored rest in the state library. But we must go on with our story.

While the misused flags were flapping about in the morning breeze, and probably a thousand persons were gathered around the stand, or scattered through the grove, a union man mounted the platform and shouted, "Three cheers for these flags, the government they represent and the war they have done such gallant service to!" and about half the crowd cheered heartily. The other half stood silent and angry. Thus the meeting began. It ended still more strangely, and disgustingly to all genuine copperhead feeling. When the question was put

on the adoption of the resolutions a loud and astoundingly-strong negative vote was heard, followed immediately by "three cheers for Lincoln," "*three cheers for the war*," and "three cheers for the conscription act," all of them given with a will and strength that showed how big a kernel of loyalty that butternut had contained.

The meeting adjourned in disgust, and the union men at once took possession of the stand, and several speeches were made, the most striking of which was an account of the treatment of our prisoners by the rebels, by a sargeant of the 85th regiment, whose name we could not learn. Thus the meeting ended. Its resolutions, like its body, were an unfinished production. We are informed that in the committee no less than three sets were introduced, one rabidly treasonable, one moderate, and the other tolerably loyal. The first set was rejected at once. The other two were finally patched into a report, which is more remarkable for what it don't say than what it does. It denounces arbitrary arrests, and military usurpations, and denounces the arrest of Vallandigham, but it *don't* denounce the rebels, it *don't* denounce the war, it *don't* declare opposition to the conscription act, and it *don't* indorse the repudiation of the interest on the public debt, nor it *don't* demand that the interest shall be paid. It is a queer medley. The meeting was a queer medley. There was disloyal feeling in it, and enough of it, but it didn't get to say what it wanted to, or do what it came for.

Incidents.—While the great body of the meeting was orderly, evidently indisposed to excite a disturbance, and evidently in no expectation of encountering one—a fact which we gladly attest—there was a considerable section of it eager for a row, and well-armed to make a row a serious affair.

The number of revolvers seen, fired and captured during the day is almost incredible. At the police court about forty were taken from persons arrested for "carrying concealed weapons." On the Lafayette train, as it was returning in the evening, pistols were fired in such numbers as to resemble the "fire-at-will" practice of a regiment. It was a perfect fusillade till the weapons were emptied, and that they had to be emptied at all is an ugly proof that they were brought here for no pacific purpose. On the Terre Haute train fully five hundred shots were fired. This occurred just west of the soldier's home, and the bullets flew over, around and into the home as thickly as if it were a union hospital in range of rebel rifles. They rattled on the roof, fell on the floor and whizzed through the trees, and the adjacent buildings received a liberal share of the same storm. It may have been accidental, but the bullets didn't get into the pistols accidentally. The soldiers, used as they were to being shot at, were no little surprised at this unexpected volley. From one of them, we learn the facts we have stated.

On the Cincinnati train, also, a great many shots were fired, and in a part of the city where lives might have been lost by it. So, too, on the Peru train. These little exhibitions of copperhead sentiment were not lost on the military authorities. A gun was placed on the track of the Central road near New Jersey street, before the excursion train left, to stop it if any such dangerous demonstrations were made. The train came up loaded, inside and out, but halted before it reached the gun, and backed down to Virginia avenue. There, an infantry party surrounded it, and a policeman boarded it and demanded the surrender of all the pistols on it. They were handed over to the number of nearly 200.

The Peru and Cincinnati trains were also intercepted and nearly 200 revolvers taken from each one. Altogether about 1,000 pistols were thus taken from persons attending the meeting. Undoubtedly, the owners were Knights of the Golden Circle, with whom a large portion of the democratic party have no sympathy. During the progress of the meeting revolvers were frequently exhibited, in two cases drawn in anger on the guards in the state-house yard, and most of the arrests made in the yard were for carrying concealed weapons.

The anticipation of trouble from these Knights of the Golden Circle, of whose purposes full warning has been received, and the probability of a collision occurring, which might spread into a general riot, induced General Hascall to order out a considerable body of troops to protect the arsenal and other public property, and to suppress any riotous demonstrations. Four companies of the 71st regi-

ment were stationed in the governor's circle all day, on account of its central location, but none of them were called on for service, and they had a jolly good time pic-nicking on the soft green in the shade. A few soldiers were placed in, and near, the state-house yard to protect the meeting, or suppress disorder, but no military force, except these patrols, was allowed near the meeting, though a good many soldiers, on leave, contrary to orders, were there unarmed.

The proceedings of the meeting till 12 o'clock were undisturbed. After that time, an occasional scuffle, or arrest for carrying concealed weapons, made a disturbance on the skirts of the crowd, but did not interfere with the meeting.

About half-past twelve, Samuel Hamill, of Sullivan county, who had been upon the stand from the first, and had got himself loaded with a speech, seeing but little chance to blow off his swivel among so many big guns, started another meeting on his own hook, near the south fence. Mounting a dry goods box, he commenced to speak. He said, "he was a genuine, live butternut," and followed this interesting declaration with his opinion of the condition of the country. He said that "we had a revolutionary government at Richmond, and a revolutionary government at Washington, and that there was as much oppression of the people by the Washington government as by the Richmond government."

At this point he was interrupted by cries of "Come down!" "Come down!" "Come down, butternut." Some of the butternuts asked those who were thus vociferating, why the speaker ought to "come down?" "Because he compares our government to Jeff. Davis," was the answer. The excitement increased and the speaker stopped. Some soldiers in the crowd "went for him." He made no attempt to proceed further, but quietly said, that he had no desire to raise a fuss, and stepped from the stand amid loud applause and cheers for the union. No more speeches were made from that stand.

There was no disturbance after this, of any consequence, till Mr. Hendricks had been speaking some time. Then, in reply to some mean, disloyal remark of his, a union man in the crowd called out something which we did not hear. A copperhead seized him, and he rushed toward the stand. A scuffle followed, which was ended by the soldiers entering the crowd and taking off the man who committed the assault. Mr. Hendricks finished his speech, though interrupted occasionally and improperly, and the resolutions of the committee were read by Mr. Buskirk and adopted, and the meeting adjourned *sine die*, regularly, and without any row at all. It was then that the union men and soldiers took possession of the stand, and held a meeting of their own.

We learn that about 1,500 revolvers have been taken, with a large number of knives. One knife, two feet long, was found and taken out of the stove in one of the cars of the Cincinnati train. On one woman no less than seven revolvers were found. They had been deposited with her for safe-keeping, under the impression that she would not give them up. But she did. A large number of pistols were thrown out of the windows of the cars, when it was found that their possession was likely to prove troublesome, and many were found by boys on the track, or in the creek which borders the other side of the track. The service of capturing these implements of Knights-of-the-Golden-Circle loyalty was performed chiefly by the 71st boys.

The firing from the cars, which forced the military to the search for weapons, was more serious than we at first supposed. From the Cincinnati train a number of shots struck the dwelling houses on New Jersey street, East and Noble streets, and several persons narrowly escaped death. One ball passed between the head of a woman sitting in her front yard, and the head of her little baby whom she was holding in her arms, just grazing the temple of the child.

We also heard that a man was wounded by one of the shots from the Bellefontaine cars, but we could not learn the truth of the report. The bullets that rattled so rapidly around and through the soldier's home, we were told, were fired from the Lafayette train instead of the Terre Haute. The whole number of pistols taken will reach 1,500 or 2,000.



ILLINOIS.

THE name of this state, *Illinois*, is partly Indian and partly French: it signifies *real men*, and was originally applied to the Indians who dwelt on the banks of the river of that name.



ARMS OF ILLINOIS.

For a long period the great tract of territory lying N.W. of the Ohio, was termed the "Illinois country." The first white men of whom we have any authentic knowledge, who traversed any part within the present limits of Illinois, were *James Marquette*, a Catholic missionary, and *M. Joliet*, both Frenchmen from Canada. This was in 1673. The next were *Robert de la Salle*, a young Frenchman of noble family, and *Louis Hennepin*, a Franciscan friar. After leaving Chicago, La Salle and his companions proceeded down Illinois River, and reached Peoria Jan. 4, 1680.

The first settlements in Illinois were made by the French, at Kaskas-

kia, Cahokia, and Peoria. It clearly appears that Father Gravier began a mission among the Illinois before 1693, and became the founder of Kaskaskia. At first it was merely a missionary station, and the inhabitants of the village consisted entirely of natives; the other villages, Peoria and Cahokia, seem at first to have been of the same kind.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the settlements in Illinois are represented to have been in a flourishing condition. Kaskaskia had become a considerable town before any great progress had been made on the lower Mississippi. The French writers of this period give glowing descriptions of the beauty, fertility, and mineral wealth of the country, and to add to its attractions, a monastery of Jesuits was established at Kaskaskia.

From the beginning to the middle of the eighteenth century, but little is related. Disputes arose, between England and France, respecting the boundaries of their different colonies, which, unhappily, had never been sufficiently defined. The French, anticipating a struggle for the preservation of their American possessions, strengthened their fortifications on the Great Lakes, on the Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, and in other parts of the valley of

the Mississippi. The British, on the other hand, claimed the country on the Ohio, and in the vicinity, by virtue of their ancient discoveries and the charters which they had granted. The Ohio Company, which was formed soon after, produced hostilities between the two nations. On the termination of the French war, by which Great Britain obtained possession of Canada, the whole of the Illinois country also came into their possession. The total white population could not then have exceeded 3,000.

The following descriptions of the French settlements at this period, and there were none other in Illinois, we find in Perkins' Annals, the edition by J. M. Peck. It is there copied from "The Present State of the European Settlements on the Mississippi, by Capt. Philip Pitman," published in London in 1770:

"The village of Notre Dame de Cascasquias (Kaskaskia), is by far the most considerable settlement in the country of the Illinois, as well from its number of inhabitants, as from its advantageous situation. * * *

Mons. Paget was the first who introduced water-mills in this country, and he constructed a very fine one on the River Cascasquias, which was both for grinding corn and sawing boards. It lies about one mile from the village. The mill proved fatal to him, being killed as he was working it, with two negroes, by a party of the Cherokees, in the year 1764.

The principal buildings are, the church and the Jesuits' house, which has a small chapel adjoining it; these, as well as some other houses in the village, are built of stone, and, considering this part of the world, make a very good appearance. The Jesuits' plantation consisted of two hundred and forty arpents (a little over 200 acres) of cultivated land, a very good stock of cattle, and a brewery; which was sold by the French commandant, after the country was ceded to the English, for the crown, in consequence of the suppression of the order.

Mons. Beauvais was the purchaser, who is the richest of the English subjects in this country; he keeps eighty slaves; he furnishes eighty-six thousand weight of flour to the king's magazine, which was only a part of the harvest he reaped in one year.

Sixty-five families reside in this village, besides merchants, other casual people, and slaves. The fort, which was burnt down in October, 1766, stood on the summit of a high rock opposite the village, and on the opposite side of the (Kaskaskia) river. It was an oblongular quadrangle, of which the exterior polygon measured two hundred and ninety by two hundred and fifty-one feet. It was built of very thick squared timber, and dove-tailed at the angles. An officer and twenty soldiers are quartered in the village. The officer governs the inhabitants, under the direction of the commandant at Chartres. Here also are two companies of militia."

Prairie du Rocher, or "La Prairie de Roches," as Captain Pitman has it, is next described—

"As about seventeen (fourteen) miles from Cascasquias. It is a small village, consisting of twelve dwelling-houses, all of which are inhabited by as many families. Here is a little chapel, formerly a chapel of ease to the church at Fort Chartres. The inhabitants here are very industrious, and raise a great deal of corn and every kind of stock. The village is two miles from Fort Chartres. [This means *Little Village*, which was a mile, or more, nearer than the fort.] It takes its name from its situation, being built under a rock that runs parallel with the River Mississippi at a league distance, for forty miles up. Here is a company of militia, the captain of which regulates the police of the village."

Saint Phillippe is a small village about five miles from Fort Chartres, on the road to Kaoquias. There are about sixteen houses and a small church standing; all of the inhabitants, except the captain of the militia, deserted it in 1765, and went to the French side (Missouri). The captain of the militia has about twenty slaves, a good stock of cattle, and a water-mill for corn and planks. This village stands in a very fine meadow, about one mile from the Mississippi."

"The village of Saint Famille de Kaoquias," so Pitman writes, "is generally

reckoned fifteen leagues from Fort Chartres, and six leagues below the mouth of the Missouri. It stands near the side of the Mississippi, and is marked from the river by an island of two leagues long. The village is opposite the center of this island; it is long and straggling, being three quarters of a mile from one end to the other. It contains forty-five dwelling-houses, and a church near its center. The situation is not well chosen, as in the floods it is generally overflowed two or three feet. This was the first settlement on the Mississippi. The land was purchased of the savages by a few Canadians, some of whom married women of the Kאוquias nation, and others brought wives from Canada, and then resided there, leaving their children to succeed them.

The inhabitants of this place depend more on hunting, and their Indian trade, than on agriculture, as they scarcely raise corn enough for their own consumption; they have a great plenty of poultry, and good stocks of horned cattle.

The mission of St. Sulpice had a very fine plantation here, and an excellent house built on it. They sold this estate and a very good mill for corn and planks, to a Frenchman who chose to remain under the English government. They also disposed of thirty negroes and a good stock of cattle to different people in the country, and returned to France in 1764. What is called the fort is a small house standing in the center of the village. It differs nothing from the other houses, except in being one of the poorest. It was formerly inclosed with high pallisades, but these were torn down and burnt. Indeed, a fort at this place could be of but little use."

The conquest of Illinois from the British, in 1778, by Gen. Geo. Rogers Clark, when he took possession of the forts of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and St. Vincent, the latter now the Vincennes of Indiana, was one of the most romantic episodes in our western history. It made known the fertile plains of Illinois to the people of the Atlantic states, exciting an emigration to the banks of the Mississippi. Some of those in that expedition afterward were among the first emigrants. Prior to this, the only settlements in Illinois, were the old French villages of Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Peoria, Prairie du Rocher, Fort Chartres, Fort Massac, Village a Cote, Prairie du Pont, and a few families scattered along the Wabash and Illinois. In October, 1778, the general assembly of Virginia passed an act to organize the county of Illinois. In 1784, Virginia ceded her claims to the territory north-west of the Ohio to the United States. This, by the ordinance of 1787, was erected into the *North-west Territory*. Still the Illinois country remained without any organized government until March, 1790, when Gov. St. Clair organized St. Clair county.

The first settlement in Illinois by emigrants from the United States, was in 1781, near Bellefontaine, Monroe county, in the south-western part of the state. It was made by James Moore, with his family, accompanied by James Garrison, Robert Kidd, Shadrach Bond, and Larken Rutherford. Their route out was through the wilderness from Virginia to the Ohio, then down that stream to the Mississippi, and up the latter to Kaskaskia. Part of them settled in the American bottom, near Harrisonville. This station afterward became known as the block-house fort. Other parties joined them and the settlements increased. They, however, suffered much from the Indians until Wayne's treaty, in 1795, brought peace. Many were killed, others taken captives, and often while laboring in the field they were obliged to carry their rifles, and also often at night compelled to keep guard.

In 1800, Illinois formed part of a separate territory by the name of *Indiana*, in conjunction with the state now bearing that name. A second division took place in 1809, and the western portion of Indiana was formed into a separate territory bearing the name of Illinois. In 1818, Illinois was erected into a separate state. Hon. Ninian Edwards, chief justice of Kentucky, was chosen governor, and Nathaniel Pope, Esq., secretary. Since that period it has rapidly gone forward, increasing in population, wealth and power.

In the year 1812, Gen. Hull, who surrendered Detroit into the hands of the British, directed Capt. Heald, who commanded Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, to distribute his stores to the Indians, and retire to Fort Wayne. Not having full confidence in the Indians, he threw the powder into the well and wasted the whisky. As these were the articles they most wanted, they were so exasperated that they fell upon the garrison, after they had proceeded two miles from the fort, and massacred 41 of them, with 2 women and 12 children, the latter tomahawked in a wagon by one young savage.

In 1840, the Mormons being driven out of Missouri, located a city on the east bank of the Mississippi River, which they called *Nauvoo*. They had extraordinary privileges granted them by the state. But here, as elsewhere, numerous difficulties arose between them and the inhabitants in the vicinity. The military were called out by the governor to suppress the disorders which arose. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet and leader, with his brother Hiram, were imprisoned in a jail in Carthage. On June 27, 1844, they were both killed by a mob, which broke into their place of confinement. The Mormons, soon after this event, began their movement toward the Rocky Mountains.

At the time of the first settlement of Illinois by the French, it is supposed that within the present limits of the state, there were some eight or nine thousand Indians. They are described, by travelers, as having been remarkably handsome, kind, and well mannered. When the French first came they were feasted by the natives in four courses, the first of hominy, the second of fish, the third of dog, which the Frenchmen appear to have declined, and the whole concluded with roasted buffalo. Few or none of the descendants of the tribes occupying this region, now linger within or around it, their titles having been extinguished from time to time by treaties with the United States government. The white inhabitants were somewhat annoyed by hostile Indians during the war of 1812, and also in 1832, during the prevalence of the "Black Hawk war," which created much distress and alarm in the northern part of the state.

Illinois is bounded N. by Wisconsin, E. by the southern portion of Lake Michigan, by the state of Indiana, and by the Ohio River, S. by the Ohio River, dividing it from Kentucky, and W. by the Mississippi River, dividing it from Missouri and Iowa. It lies between 37° and $42^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat., and $87^{\circ} 17'$ and $91^{\circ} 50'$ W. long., being about 380 miles in its extreme length from N. to S., and about 200 in its greatest and 140 in its average breadth from E. to W., containing upward of 35,000,000 of acres, of which, in 1850, only 5,175,173 acres were improved, showing an immense capability for increase of population in this very fertile state, which has scarcely any soil but that is capable of cultivation.

The surface is generally level, and it has no mountains. About two thirds of it consists of immense prairies, presenting to view, in some places, immense plains extending as far as the eye can reach, beautifully covered with grass, herbage and flowers. These prairies are generally skirted with wood, near which are settlements. They are also, in many places, interspersed with groups of trees.

The largest prairie in Illinois is denominated the *Grand Prairie*. Under this general name is embraced the country lying between the waters falling into the Mississippi, and those which enter the Wabash Rivers. It does not consist of one vast tract, but is made up of continuous tracts with points of timber projecting inward, and long arms of prairie extending between. The

southern points of the Grand Prairie are formed in Jackson county, and extend in a north-eastern course, varying in width from one to twelve miles, through Perry, Washington, Jefferson, Marion, Fayette, Effingham, Coles, Champaign, and Iroquois counties, where it becomes connected with the prairies that project eastward from the Illinois River. A large arm lies in Marion county, between the waters of Crooked creek and the east fork of the Kaskaskia River, where the Vincennes road passes through. This part alone is frequently called the Grand Prairie.

For agricultural purposes, Illinois is unsurpassed by any state in the Union. In some of her river bottoms the rich soil is 25 feet deep. The great American bottom, lying on the Mississippi, 80 miles in length, is of exceeding fertility, and has been cultivated for 100 years without apparent deterioration. Illinois is the greatest corn producing state in the Union; its yield in 1860 was estimated at 100,000,000 of bushels, and the average yield per acre at over 50 bushels.

Illinois is rich in minerals. In the north-west part of the state vast beds of lead ore abound. Bituminous coal is found in almost every county, and may be often obtained without excavation. Iron ore is found in many localities, and copper, zinc, etc. There are salt springs in the southern part of the state from which salt is manufactured, and also medicinal springs in various places. Illinois is most favorably situated for internal commerce. By means of the great rivers on her borders, Lake Michigan at the north-east, and by her magnificent system of railroads, she has great facilities for communication in every direction. Population, in 1810, was 12,282; in 1830, 157,445; in 1850, 851,470; in 1860, 1,691,238.

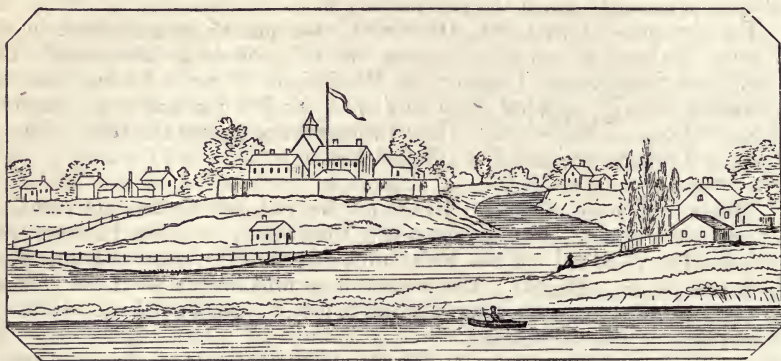
CHICAGO, the most populous commercial city of the north-west, is on the western side of Lake Michigan, about 30 miles northward from its south end, at the mouth of Chicago River, on the margin of a prairie of several miles in width. It is 928 miles from New York, 278 from Detroit, 180 from Galena, 285 from St. Louis, 300 from Cincinnati, and 183 from Springfield. Population, in 1840, 4,853; in 1850, 29,963; and in 1860, 109,420.

The following sketch of the history of Chicago is given in a recent publication:

The first explorers of Lake Michigan, the first white men to pitch their tents on the Chicago prairie, and to haul up their boats upon its river banks and lake shore, were the French Jesuit missionaries and fur traders, under the guidance of Nicholas Perrot, who was also acting as the agent of the government in the west. This was in the latter part of the year 1669. At that time this territory was in the possession of the Miami tribe of Indians, but subsequently the Pottawatomes crowded back the Miamis, and became the sole possessors, until the year 1795, when they became parties to the treaty with Wayne, by which a tract of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago River, was ceded to the United States—the first extinction of Indian title to the land on which Chicago is built. For nearly a hundred years during the time of the French possession, and after its cession to the English, Chicago has little mention in history.

During this time it is only known from incidental circumstances, that in those dark days of French possession, there was a fort near the mouth of the river, that there were Indian villages near the Calumet and on the Des Plaines, that here were the roving grounds of the Pottawatomes, and that from the head waters of the Illinois to the Chicago River, was the common portage for the trade and transit of the goods and furs between the Indians and the traders, and that the shipping point was from the port at Chicago. The few white men who were there,

were there not for the purpose of making settlements, but simply to carry on a trade with the Indians, the gain from which must have been of no inconsiderable amount. They were men of limited education, and could not have been expected to have any accounts of their adventures. This state of things existed until the close of the general western Indian war, soon after the termination of the war of the revolution. During this war the intrigue of the English was constantly exciting the Indians to warfare, to such a degree that, after peace was declared between



Chicago in 1831.

Fort Dearborn is seen in the central part, on a slightly elevated point, on the south side of Chicago River, near the lake shore shown in front.

the old and the new country, a general war of the Indians against the United States broke out. This war continued until 1795, when, after having been severely punished by Gen. Wayne, the chiefs of the several tribes assembled, by his invitation, at Greenville, Ohio, and there effected a treaty of peace, thus closing the war of the west. In this treaty numerous small tracts of land were ceded by the Indians to the states, and among them was one described as "one piece of land six miles square, at the mouth of Chicago (Chicago) River, emptying into the south-west end of Lake Michigan, *where a fort formerly stood.*"

This may be called the first "land sale," and which has been the precursor to a business which has entailed to its participants independence and wealth. But little time passed before the proprietors thought best to enter upon active possession, and in 1804 a fort was built upon the spot by government. This fort remained until the year 1816, when it was destroyed by the Indians, at the time of the massacre. This fort was called Fort Dearborn, a name which it retained during its existence. Its location was upon a slightly elevated point on the south side of the river, near the lake shore, and commanded a good view of the lake, the prairie extending to the south, the belt of timber along the south branch and the north branch, and the white sand hills to the north and south, which had for so many years been the sport of the lake winds. Up to the time of the erection of this fort, no white man had made here his home, the Pottawatomie Indians having undisputed sway. After the establishment of the garrison, there gathered here a few families of French Canadians and half-breeds, none of whom possessed more than ordinary intelligence.

The only link in the chain of civilization which admits of identity, existed in the Kinzie family, who came here to reside in 1804, the same year in which the fort was built. John Kinzie, then an Indian trader in the St. Joseph country, Michigan, in that year became the first permanent white resident of Chicago, and to him is due the honor of establishing many of the improvements which have made Chicago what it is. For nearly twenty years he was, with the exception of the military, the only white inhabitant of northern Illinois. During the years from 1804 to 1820, the lake trade was carried on by a small sail vessel, coming in in the

fall and spring, bringing the season's supply of goods and stores for the fort, and taking away the stock of furs and peltries which had accumulated. Mr. Kinzie pursued the business of fur trading until the breaking out of hostilities with the Indians, which resulted in the massacre of 1812. The friendly feelings which had been cultivated between himself and the Indians, preserved himself and family from the fate which befell his neighbors of the fort. Removing for a time, in 1816 he returned to Chicago, and reopened the trade with the Indians, residing there until the time of his death, in 1828.

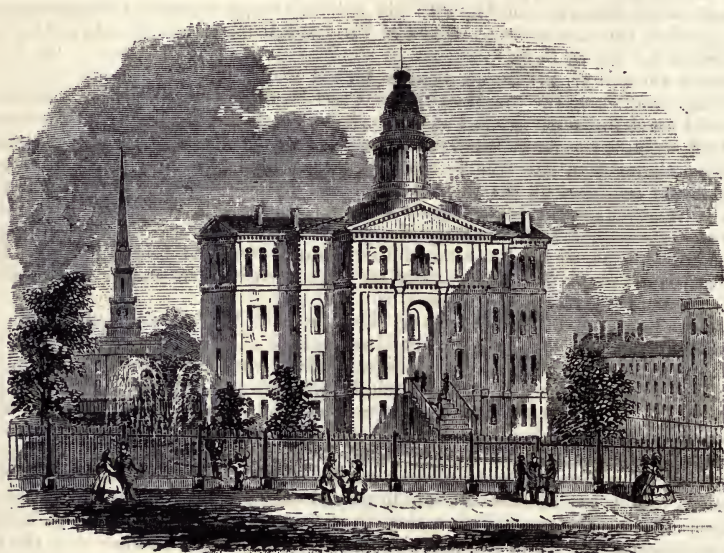
It was a saying with the Indians that "the first white man who settled there was a negro," by which was meant Jean Baptiste Point-au-Sable, who, in 1796, built the first house in Chicago, which he afterward sold to Le Mai, who subsequently sold it to Mr. Kinzie. In 1812 there were but five houses outside of the fort, all of which, with the exception of that owned by Mr. Kinzie, were destroyed at the time of the massacre. In August, 1816, a treaty was concluded by commissioners appointed by the government, with the various Indian tribes, by which the country between Chicago and the waters of the Illinois River was ceded to the United States on the 4th of July.

In the same year, the troops again returned to their former locality, and a new fort was erected, under the direction of Capt. Hezekiah Bradley, then commander. It stood upon the same ground as the former one, and remained until the summer of 1856, when it was demolished to make room for the increasing amount of business. The reoccupancy of the fort by the troops continued until May, 1823, after which time it was occupied by the Indian agent, and used for the temporary accommodation of families of residents recently arrived. On the 10th of August, 1828, the fort was again occupied by a company of volunteers, and afterward by two companies of regular troops, under the command of Major Fowle and Captain Scott. These last remained until May, 1831, when the fort was given in charge of George W. Dole, as agent for the government.

On the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, in 1832, it was reoccupied by a detachment under Gen. Scott, until the removal of the Indians, in 1836, and, until near the time of its demolition, was held by the government for the occasional use of its army officers, engineers and agents connected with the public works. From 1816 to 1830, Chicago had gained the number of twelve or fifteen houses, with a population of less than one hundred. In 1818, the public square, where now stands the court house, was a pond, on whose banks the Indians had trapped the muskrat, and where the first settlers hunted ducks. This pond had an outlet in a "slough," as it was then called, which passed over the present site of the Tremont House, entering the river at the end of State-street. Along the shores of the river the wild onion was found in great abundance, to which the Indians gave the name *Chi-ka-jo*, and from which the city doubtless derived its name. In the autumn of 1829, the town of Chicago was laid out, which is the part now known on the maps as the "original town."

The site of Chicago is low, being but about five feet above the lake, but sufficiently elevated to prevent inundation. "The general direction of the lake shore here, is north and south. The water, except at the mouth of the river, is shoal, and vessels missing the entrance ground, go to pieces in a storm, within 100 rods of the shore. The harbor of Chicago is the river, and nothing more. It is a short, deep, sluggish stream, creeping through the black, fat mud of the prairie, and in some places would hardly be thought worthy of a name; but it makes itself wonderfully useful here. Outside of its mouth a vessel has no protection, nor are there any piers or wharves. The mouth of the river has been docked and dredged out, to afford a more easy entrance; but, after you are once in, it narrows to a mere canal, from 50 to 75 yards in width. The general course of the river, for about three fourths of a mile, is at right angles with the lake shore, and this portion is what is known as *the Chicago River*. It here divides, or, more properly, two branches unite to form it, coming from opposite directions, and at nearly

right angles to the main stream. These are called, respectively, the 'North Branch' and the 'South Branch,' and are each navigable for some four miles, giving, in the aggregate, a river front of some 15 or 16 miles, capable of being increased by canals and slips, some of which have already been constructed. Into the 'South Branch' comes the Illinois canal, extending from this point 100 miles to LaSalle, on the Illinois River, forming water communication between the lakes and the Mississippi. For the want of a map, take the letter H; call the upright column on the right hand the lake shore; let the cross-bar represent Chicago River, the left hand column will stand for the two branches, and you have a plan of the water lines of the city of Chicago, which will answer very well for all purposes of general description.



The Court House, Chicago.

The view is from the north. The material is of blue lime stone, from Lockport, New York. On the left is the Mechanic's Institute Hall.

The three divisions thus formed are called, respectively, 'North Side,' 'South Side,' 'West Side.' In this narrow, muddy river, lie the heart and strength of Chicago. Dry this up, and Chicago would dry up with it, mean and dirty as it looks. From the mouth of the St. Joseph River, in Michigan, round to Milwaukee, in the state of Wisconsin, a distance, by the lake shore, of more than 250 miles, Chicago is the only place where 20 vessels can be loaded or unloaded, or find shelter in a storm. A glance at the map, then, will show that it is the only accessible port—and hence the commercial center—of a vast territory, measuring thousands of square miles of the richest agricultural country in the world. On this fact, and not on the present actual value, are really based those fabulous prices of corner lots and wharf improvements, which have sometimes provoked the sneers of the skeptic."

Chicago is regularly laid out with streets crossing at right angles, and is adorned with many magnificent buildings of brick and stone, public and

private, comparing well with any city in this country or any other. The shore of the lake and northern parts of the city, are occupied with the finest of residences. Some of the most remarkable public buildings are, the Court House, the Merchants Exchange, the Marine Hospital, the Medical College, the Second Presbyterian Church, etc. Burch's and Wadsworth's blocks, on Lake-street, are rows of iron front stores, that, in extent and beauty, have no equal in any business houses in any city of Europe.

A very elegant building material has recently been brought into use. It is found in great abundance about 20 miles from the city, on the line of the Illinois canal. "It is a compact lime-stone, of a pale yellow shade, somewhat lighter than the celebrated Caen stone of France, now so fashionable in New York. The grain is so fine that the fracture, or cut surface, resembles that of chalk in texture. It is durable, is easily wrought, and the color is peculiarly pleasing and grateful to the eye. There is another stone of similar texture, of the color of freshly fractured slate, or of the mark made on a slate by a pencil; but it is not so beautiful as the kind before mentioned. It soils readily, and has, at a short distance, the effect of a dirty white. There are also other architectural stones in considerable abundance and variety; but none of great beauty or importance have come under our observation. The Presbyterian Church on Wabash Avenue, is built of a blue, bituminous lime-stone, the pitchy matter of which has exuded and run down the sides, giving the building the appearance of having a partial coat of tar. The general impression it produces, is that of great antiquity; and if this idea could be preserved and harmonized by the early pointed gothic, and a good growth of ivy, the effect would be very fine."

Until 1856, most of the streets of Chicago were planked, and the buildings then erected were generally without cellars. As a consequence, in the spring of the year, the ground asserted its original character of swamp. The planks actually floated, and as the heavy wagons passed along, the muddy water gushed out on every side. Since 1856, such a grade has been established, that when finished, will raise the entire city from two to five feet.

"There is, with almost every block of buildings, a change of grade, sometimes of one foot, sometimes of three feet, sometimes of five. These ascents or descents are made by steps, or by short, steep, inclined planes of boards, with or without cleats or cross pieces, to prevent slipping, according to the fancy of the adjoining proprietor who erects them. The profile of a Chicago sidewalk would resemble the profile of the Erie canal, where the locks are most plenty. It is one continual succession of ups and downs. The reason of this diversity is, that it was found necessary, at an early period in the history of the place, to raise the grade of the streets. It was afterward found necessary to raise the grade still higher, and again still higher—as each building is erected, its foundation and the sidewalk adjoining have been made to correspond to the grade then last established, and so it will not happen until the city is entirely rebuilt, that the proper grade will be uniformly attained. In the mean time, the present state of things will repress undue curiosity in the streets, and keep fire-engines off the sidewalks, which is a great point gained."

The process of *raising* of the houses and stores, in Chicago, is one of great interest, literally, a method of digging a great city out of the mud. "Buildings of brick or stone, 150 feet by 200, and five stories high, are raised up several feet by a system of screws, without a crack or the displacement of a single thing. A hotel contracts to be lifted up. In a short time 2,000

screws are under it, and little by little the house rises. Nothing is changed within. The kitchen cooks, the dining-room eats, the bar drinks, and all the rooms smoke, as if nothing was going on! A block of stores and offices



Raising a Block of Buildings in Chicago.

The entire block on the north side of Lake-street, extending from Clark to La Salle-street, having a front of 320 feet—is shown in the process of being raised up four feet and two thirds, by 6,000 screws placed under it; turned, at signals, by a force of 600 men. Most of the stores are 180 feet deep, and five days were consumed in the task.

begins this new process of growth, and all the tenants maintain their usual functions; and, except the outrageous heaps of dirt and piles of lumber, everything goes on as before. The plank into the door gets a little steeper every day. But goods come in and go out, and customers haunt the usual places."

The most remarkable feat of the kind occurred in Chicago, in the spring of 1860, when an immense block was raised. This is shown in our engraving, and thus described in the Chicago Press and Tribune of the time, under the caption of "*The Great Building Raising.*"

For the past week the marvel and the wonder of our citizens and visitors has been the spectacle of a solid front of first-class business blocks, comprising the entire block on the north side of Lake-street, between Clark and La Salle-streets, a length of 320 feet, being raised about four feet by the almost resistless lifting force of 6,000 screws.

The block comprises 13 first class stores, and a large double marble structure, the Marine Bank Building. Its subdivisions are a five-story marble front block

of three stores; a second four-story block of three stores, and a five-story block of four stores, at the corner of Clark-street—these all presenting an unbroken front, in the heart of our city, and filled with occupants.

This absence from annoyance to the merchants and the public is due to the skill with which the contractors have hung the sidewalks to the block itself, and carried up the same with the rise of the building. The block has been raised four feet eight inches, the required height, in five days, ending with Friday last, and the masons are now busy putting in the permanent supports. The entire work will occupy about four weeks.

An estimate from a reliable source makes the entire weight thus raised to be about 35,000 tons. So carefully has it been done, that not a pane of glass has been broken, nor a crack in masonry appeared. The internal order of the block has prevailed undisturbed.

The process of raising, as indicated above, is by the screw, at 6,000 of which, three inches in diameter and of three eighths thread, 600 men have been employed, each man in charge of from eight to ten screws. A complete system of signals was kept in operation, and by these the workmen passed, each through his series, giving each screw a quarter turn, then returning to repeat the same. Five days' labor saw the immense weight rise through four feet eight inches, to where it now stands on temporary supports, rapidly being replaced by permanent foundations. The work, as it stands, is worth going miles to see, and has drawn the admiration of thousands within the past week.

The bridges of Chicago are among the curiosities of the place. The numerous branches of the river require a large number of bridges. The river being navigable, and but little below the level of the streets, compels all of these to be made draw bridges. These are hung in the middle, and turn



South-west View of the Railroad Depot, Grain Houses, Chicago.

The Illinois Central Passenger, and the freight depot, etc., are seen in the central part. Sturges and Buckingham's grain houses standing on the lake shore, appear on the right; each of which will contain 750,000 bushels of grain; enough, it is estimated, to feed the entire population of the city for five years; 225,000 bushels can be received and stored in each of them in a single day.

on a pivot, the motive power being two men standing there with a cross bar. The operation of turning a bridge, occupies about two minutes. While the process is going on, a closely packed row of vehicles, sometimes, accumulates of a quarter of a mile in length. Policemen are stationed at either end, to prevent persons from driving, jumping, or being pushed into the water.

The manufacturing establishments of Chicago are numerous, consisting of

iron foundries and machine shops, steam flouring, saw and planing mills, manufactories of agricultural implements, etc. Numerous steamboats and vessels ply between this place and Buffalo, and the various places on the Upper Lakes, and a direct trade is had, by sailing vessels, with Europe, via the lakes, Welland canal, River St. Lawrence, and the Atlantic Ocean. The city is a great shipping point for an immense and fertile region. The Illinois and Michigan canal is 60 feet wide at the top, six feet deep, and 107 miles long, including five miles of river navigation. Through this is brought a large amount of produce from the south and south-west. This and the railroads radiating from Chicago, add to the vast accumulation which is shipped here for the Atlantic sea-board. Chicago is within a short distance from extensive coal fields, and is the natural outlet for the produce of one of the richest agricultural sections of the Union. Great quantities of lumber are also brought here by lake navigation.

The imports of Chicago, in 1858, a year of general depression, were \$91,000,000, and the exports \$83,000,000 in value, equal to one quarter of the whole foreign commerce of the United States. The tonnage was 67,000 tuns, seven eighths of which was in sailing crafts, and the remainder by steamers.

The grain-trade of Chicago is, perhaps, the greatest of any place in the world, averaging, at present, about 30,000,000 of bushels yearly. The grain houses are all situated on the bank of the river and its branches, with railroad tracks running in the rear, so that a train of cars loaded with grain may be standing opposite one end of a large elevating warehouse, being emptied by elevators, at the rate of from 6 to 8,000 bushels per hour, while at the other end the same grain may be running into a couple of propellers, and be on its way to Buffalo, Montreal, and other places within six or seven hours.

The Illinois Central Railroad grain warehouses can discharge 12 cars loaded with grain, and also load two vessels at once, at the rate of 24,000 bushels per hour; or receive from 24 cars at once, at the rate of 8,000 bushels per hour. With the present conveniences, it is estimated that in every 10 hours half a million of bushels of grain can be handled.

The university of Chicago, a well endowed institution, originated in 1854, in a generous donation from the Hon. Stephen A. Douglass of 10 acres, comprising part of a beautiful grove, adjacent to the southern limits of the city. It has, in all its departments, about 200 students. John C Burroughs, D.D., is president.

The most thrilling event in the history of Illinois, was the "*massacre at Chicago*," in the last war with Great Britain. There were then but five houses outside of the fort, at this point, then the trading station of John Kinzie, "the Father of Chicago." The garrison numbered about 75 men, many of them old and inefficient soldiers. The officers in command, were Capt. Heald, Lieut. Helm, and Ensign Ronan, the latter a very young man, high spirited and honorable.

On Aug. 7, 1812, Catfish, a distinguished Pottawatomie chief, arrived from Detroit, bringing dispatches from Gen. Hull, giving orders to Capt. Heald to evacuate the fort and distribute all the United States property, in the fort and factory, to the Indians, and then retire to Fort Wayne, on the site of the city of that name in Indiana.

These ill timed, and as it proved afterward, fatal orders of Hull, were obeyed, so far as to evacuate the fort; but even this was done by Heald, in spite of the remonstrances of his officers, who were satisfied of the evil designs of the Indians. On the 12th, a council was held with the Indians, at which Capt. Heald informed them of his intention to distribute among them the goods stored in the factory, together with the ammunition and provisions of the garrison. On the next day the goods were disposed of as promised; but fearing the Indians might make a bad use of liquor and ammunition, Heald gave orders for their destruction. During the night the contents of the liquor barrels were poured into the river, and the powder thrown into the well. This coming to the knowledge of the Indians, exasperated them to a high degree, as they prized these articles more than all the rest.

The 15th of August was the day fixed for leaving the post. The day previous, Capt. Wells, a relative of Capt. Heald, arrived with an escort of 15 friendly Miami Indians from Fort Wayne. He had heard of the orders for the evacuation of the fort, and realizing the danger of the garrison incumbered with the women and children, marching through the territory of the hostile Pottawatomies, hastened to dissuade his relative from leaving the fort. But he arrived too late, steps had been taken, which made it as equally dangerous to remain.

"The fatal morning of the 15th, at length arrived. All things were in readiness, and nine o'clock was the hour named for starting. Mr. Kinzie had volunteered to accompany the troops in their march, and had entrusted his family to the care of some friendly Indians, who had promised to convey them in a boat around the head of Lake Michigan to a point on the St. Joseph's River; there to be joined by the troops, should the prosecution of their march be permitted them. Early in the morning Mr. Kinzie received a message from To-pee-nee-bee, a chief of the St. Joseph's band, informing him that mischief was intended by the Pottawatomies who had engaged to escort the detachment; and urging him to relinquish his design of accompanying the troops by land, promising him that the boat containing himself and family, should be permitted to pass in safety to St. Joseph's.

Mr. Kinzie declined, according to this proposal, as he believed that his presence might operate as a restraint upon the fury of the savages, so warmly were the greater part of them attached to himself and his family. The party in the boat consisted of Mrs. Kinzie and her four younger children, their nurse Grutte, a clerk of Mr. Kinzie's, two servants and the boatmen, beside the two Indians who acted as their protectors. The boat started, but had scarcely reached the mouth of the river, which, it will be recollected, was here half a mile below the fort, when another messenger from To-pee-nee-bee arrived, to detain them where they were. In breathless expectation sat the wife and mother. She was a woman of uncommon energy and strength of character, yet her heart died within her as she folded her arms around her helpless infants, and gazed upon the march of her husband and eldest child to certain destruction.

As the troops left the fort, the band struck up the *Dead March*. On they came in military array, but with solemn mien. Capt. Wells took the lead at the head of his little band of Miamis. He had blackened his face before leaving the garrison, in token of his impending fate. They took their route along the lake shore. When they reached the point where commenced a range of sand hills, intervening between the prairie and the beach, the escort of Pottawatomies, in number about 500, kept the level of the prairie, instead of continuing along the beach with the Americans and Miamis. They had marched about half a mile south of the present site of the Round House of the Illinois Central Railroad, when Capt. Wells, who had kept somewhat in advance with his Miamis, came riding furiously back. 'They are about to attack us,' shouted he; 'form, instantly, and charge upon them.' Scarcely were the words uttered, when a volley was showered from among the sand hills. The troops were hastily brought into line, and

charged up the bank. One man, a veteran of 70 winters, fell as they ascended. The remainder of the scene is best described in the words of an eye-witness and participator in the tragedy, Mrs. Helm, the wife of Capt. (then Lieutenant) Helm, and step-daughter of Mr. Kinzie."

"After we had left the bank, the firing became general. The Miamis fled at the outset. Their chief rode up to the Pottawatomies and said: 'You have deceived the Americans and us. You have done a bad action, and (brandishing his tomahawk) I will be first to head a party of Americans to return and punish your treachery.' So saying, he galloped after his companions, who were now scouring across the prairies.

The troops behaved most gallantly. They were but a handful, but they seemed resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Our horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained as the balls whistled among them. I drew off a little, and gazed upon my husband and father, who were yet unharmed. I felt that my hour was come, and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate.

"While I was thus engaged, the surgeon, Dr. Van Voorhees, came up. He was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his face was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me—'Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is *any* chance?'

"'Dr. Van Voorhees,' said I, 'do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us, in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable. In a few moments we must appear before the bar of God. Let us make what preparation is yet in our power.'

"'Oh! I can not die,' exclaimed he, 'I am not fit to die—if I had but a short time to prepare—death is awful!' I pointed to Ensign Ronan, who, though mortally wounded and nearly down, was still fighting, with desperation, on one knee.

"'Look at that man,' said I, 'at least he dies like a soldier.' 'Yes,' replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive gasp, 'but he has no terrors of the future—he is an unbeliever!'

"At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside, I avoided the blow which was intended for my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I siezed him around the neck, and while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, which hung in a scabbard over his breast, I was dragged from his grasp by another and an older Indian. The latter bore me, struggling and resisting, toward the lake. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized, as I passed them, the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him. I was immediately plunged into the water and held there with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, for he held me firmly, in such a position as to place my head above water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, *The Black Partridge*.

"When the firing had nearly subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sand-banks. It was a burning August morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition, was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stooped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand, with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw siezed and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them.

"When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe but slightly wounded. They led me gently back toward the Chicago River, along the southern bank of which was the Pottawatomie encampment. At one time I was placed upon a horse without a saddle, but finding the motion insupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, *Black Partridge*, and partly by another Indian, Pee-so-tum, who held dangling in

his hand a scalp, which by the black ribbon around the queue, I recognized as that of Capt. Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

"The wife of Wau-bee-nee-mah, a chief from the Illinois River, was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition she siezed a kettle, dipped up some water from a stream that flowed near, threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand gave it me to drink. This act of kindness, in the midst of so many many horrors, touched me most sensibly, but my attention was soon diverted to other objects.

"The fort had become a scene of plunder to such as remained after the troops marched out. The cattle had been shot down as they ran at large, and lay dead or dying around. This work of butchery had commenced just as we were leaving the fort. I well remembered a remark of Ensign Ronan, as the firing went on. 'Such,' turning to me, 'is to be our fate—to be shot down like brutes!' 'Well sir,' said the commanding officer, who overheard him, 'are you afraid?' 'No,' replied the high spirited young man, 'I can march up to the enemy where you dare not show your face,' and his subsequent gallant behavior showed this to be no idle boast.

"As the noise of the firing grew gradually less, and the stragglers from the victorious party came dropping in, I received confirmation of what my father had hurriedly communicated in our *rencontre* on the lake shore; namely, that the whites had surrendered after the loss of about two thirds of their number. They had stipulated, through the interpreter, Peresh Leclerc, for the preservation of their lives, and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in the stipulation, and a horrible scene ensued upon their being brought into camp.

"An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed by a demoniac ferocity. She siezed a stable fork and assaulted one miserable victim, who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected under such circumstances, Wau-bee-nee-mah stretched a mat across two poles, between me and this dreadful scene. I was thus spared, in some degree, a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer. The following night five more of the wounded prisoners were tomahawked.

"The Americans, after their first attack by the Indians, charged upon those who had concealed themselves in a sort of ravine, intervening between the sand banks and the prairie. The latter gathered themselves into a body, and after some hard fighting, in which the number of whites had become reduced to 28, this little band succeeded in breaking through the enemy, and gaining a rising ground, not far from the Oak Woods. The contest now seemed hopeless, and Lieut. Helm sent Peresh Leclerc, a half-breed boy in the service of Mr. Kinzie, who had accompanied the detachment and fought manfully on their side, to propose terms of capitulation. It was stipulated that the lives of all the survivors should be spared, and a ransom permitted as soon as practicable.

"But, in the mean time, a horrible scene had been enacted. One young savage, climbing into the baggage-wagon, containing the children of the white families, 12 in number, tomahawked the children of the entire group. This was during the engagement near the sand hills. When Capt. Wells, who was fighting near, beheld it, he exclaimed: 'Is that their game, butchering the women and children? *Then I will kill too!*' So saying, he turned his horse's head, and started for the Indian camp, near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children.

"Several Indians pursued him as he galloped along. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position, as he would occasionally turn on his pursurers. At length their balls took effect, killing his horse, and severely wounding himself. At this moment he was met by *Winnemeg* and *Wau-ben-see*, who endeavored to save him from the savages who had now overtaken him. As they supported him along, after having disengaged him from his horse, he received his death-blow from another Indian, *Pee-so-tum*, who stabbed him in the back.

"The heroic resolution of one of the soldier's wives deserves to be recorded. She was a Mrs. Corbin, and had, from the first, expressed the determination never to fall into the hands of the savages, believing that their prisoners were always subjected to tortures worse than death. When, therefore, a party came upon her, to make her a prisoner, she fought with desperation, refusing to surrender, although assured, by signs, of safety and kind treatment, and literally suffered herself to be cut to pieces, rather than become their captive.

"There was a Sergeant Holt, who, early in the engagement, received a ball in the neck. Finding himself badly wounded, he gave his sword to his wife, who was on horseback near him, telling her to defend herself—he then made for the lake, to keep out of the way of the balls. Mrs. Holt rode a very fine horse, which the Indians were desirous of possessing, and they therefore attacked her, in hopes of dismounting her. They fought only with the butt-ends of their guns, for their object was not to kill her. She hacked and hewed at their pieces as they were thrust against her, now on this side, now on that. Finally, she broke loose from them, and dashed out into the prairie. The Indians pursued her, shouting and laughing, and now and then calling out: 'The brave woman! do not hurt her!' At length they overtook her again, and while she was engaged with two or three in front, one succeeded in siezing her by the neck behind, and dragging her, although a large and powerful woman, from her horse. Notwithstanding that their guns had been so hacked and injured, and even themselves cut severely, they seemed to regard her only with admiration. They took her to a trader on the Illinois River, by whom she was restored to her friends, after having received every kindness during her captivity."

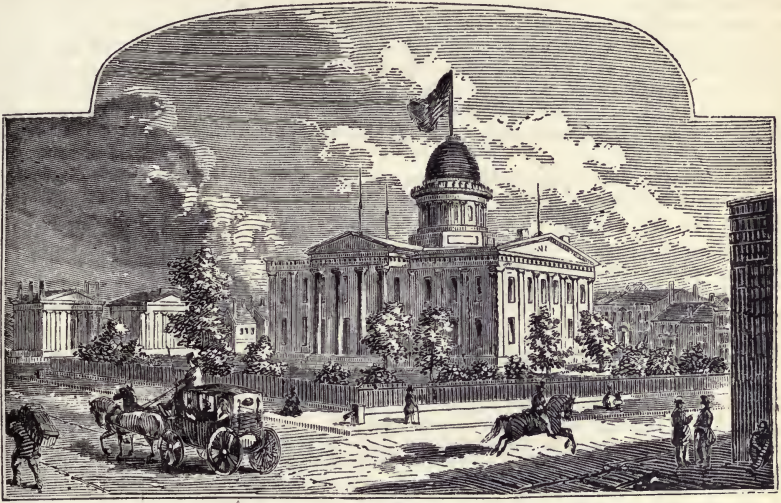
"The heart of Capt. Wells was taken out, and cut into pieces, and distributed among the tribes. His mutilated remains remained unburied until the next day, when Billy Caldwell gathered up his head in one place, and mangled body in another, and buried them in the sand. The family of Mr. Kinzie had been taken from the boat to their home, by friendly Indians, and there strictly guarded. Very soon a very hostile party of the Pottawatomie nation arrived from the Wabash, and it required all the skill and bravery of *Black Partridge*, *Wau-ben-see*, *Billy Caldwell* (who arrived at a critical moment), and other friendly Indians, to protect them. Runners had been sent by the hostile chiefs to all the Indian villages, to apprise them of the intended evacuation of the fort, and of their plan of attacking the troops. In eager thirst to participate in such a scene of blood, but arrived too late to participate in the massacre. They were infuriated at their disappointment, and sought to glut their vengeance on the wounded and prisoners.

On the third day after the massacre, the family of Mr. Kinzie, with the *attaches* of the establishment, under the care of Francois, a half-breed interpreter, were taken to St. Joseph's in a boat, where they remained until the following November, under the protection of *To-pee-nee-bee*, and his band. They were then carried to Detroit, under the escort of *Chandonnai*, a friendly chief by the name of *Kee-po-tah*, and, with their servants, delivered up, as prisoners of war, to the British commanding officer. Of the other prisoners, Capt. Heald and Mrs. Heald were sent across to the lake of St. Joseph's, the day after the battle. Capt. Heald had received two wounds, and Mrs. Heald seven, the ball of one of which was cut from her arm by Mr. Kinzie, with a pen-knife, after the engagement. Mrs. H. was ransomed on the battle field, by *Chandonnai*, a half-breed from St. Joseph's, for a mule he had just taken, and the promise of ten bottles of whisky. Capt. Heald was taken prisoner by an Indian from the Kankakee, who, seeing the wounded and enfeebled state of Mrs. Heald, generously released his prisoner, that he might accompany his wife.

Lieut. Helm was wounded in the action and taken prisoner; and afterward taken by some friendly Indians to the Au-sable, and from thence to St. Louis, and liberated from captivity through the agency of the late Thomas Forsyth, Esq. Mrs. Helm received a slight wound in the ankle; had her horse shot from under her; and after passing through the agonizing scenes described, went with the family of Mr. Kinzie to Detroit. The soldiers with their wives and children, were dispersed among the different villages of the Pottawatomes, upon the Illinois, Wabash, Rock

River and Milwaukie. The largest proportion were taken to Detroit, and ransomed the following spring. Some, however, remained in captivity another year, and experienced more kindness than was expected from an enemy so merciless.

Captain (subsequently Major) Heald, his wife and family, settled in the county of St. Charles, Mo., after the war, about 1817, where he died about 15 years since. He was respected and beloved by his acquaintances. His health was impaired from the wounds he received."



North-western view of the State House, Springfield.

The engraving shows the appearance of the State Capitol, as seen from the Mayor's office, in Washington-street. The Court House and the Bank building are seen on the left.

SPRINGFIELD, the capital of Illinois, is situated near the center of the state, four miles S. from Sangamon River, on the border of a rich and beautiful prairie, 97 miles from St. Louis, 75 N.E. from Alton, and 188 S.W. from Chicago. It is laid out with great regularity on what was formerly an open prairie, the streets being wide and straight, and ornamented with shade trees. The state capitol stands on a square of three acres in the center of the city, which is beautifully adorned with trees, shrubbery and flowers. From the unusual attention given to the cultivation of shrubbery and flowers, Springfield is sometimes fancifully and pleasantly termed the "*Flower City*." It contains the governor's house, court house, 12 churches, 4 banking houses, the Illinois State University, and in 1860 6,499 inhabitants.

The first settlers of Springfield appear to have been several members of a family by the name of Kelly, who, sometime during the year 1818 or 1819, settled upon the present site of the city; one of them, John Kelly, erected his rude cabin upon the spot where stands the building known as the "Garrett House;" this was the first habitation erected in the city, and, perhaps, also, in the county of Sangamon. Another of the Kellys built his cabin westward of the first, and near the spot where stands the residence of Mrs. Torrey; and the third near or upon the spot where A. G. Herndon resides. A second family, by the name of Duggett, settled in that portion of the western part of the city known by the early inhabitants as "Newsonville," sometime in the early part of 1820; and some half dozen other families were added to the new settlement during the year 1821.

The original name of Springfield was Calhoun. At a special term of the county commissioners' court, held in April, 1821, at Kelly's house, they designated a certain point in the prairie, near John Kelly's field, on the waters of Spring creek, as a temporary seat of justice for the county, and that "said county seat should be called and known by the name of Springfield." The first court house and jail was built in the latter part of 1821, at the N.W. corner of Second and Jefferson-streets. The town was surveyed and platted by James C. Stephenson, Esq., and he is said to have received block 21 for his services. Town lots, at that period, could not have been considered very valuable, as tradition says he proposed to give Dr. Merryman one fourth of the block for his pointer dog to which he took a fancy, and which offer was rejected. In 1823, Springfield did not contain more than a dozen log cabins, which were scattered about in the vicinity of where the court house then stood, and the Sangamon River was the boundary line of settlements in the northern part of the state. The site of Springfield was originally an open prairie, destitute of trees or shrubbery: where the state house now stands, was formerly a kind of swamp, where, during the winter, the boys amused themselves in skating.

The first tavern in Springfield was an old-fashioned two story log house, kept by a person named Price, which stood where the residence of Charles Lorsh now stands. The first tavern of much pretension was the old "Indian Queen Hotel," built by A. G. Herndon. The first store, for the sale of dry goods, in Springfield, was opened by Elijah Iles, now occupied by John Hay.

In 1837, the seat of government for the state was removed from Vandalia to Springfield, and the first session of the legislature here was in the winter of 1839-40. The senate held its session in the old Methodist church, and the house of representatives met in the second Presbyterian church. In 1840, Springfield received a city charter. Benjamin S. Clement was elected the first mayor, and Jas. R. Gray, Joseph Klein, Washington Iles, and Wm. Prentiss, aldermen. The St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroad was commenced in Aug., 1850, and was finished from Alton to Springfield, Sept., 1852: from this period Springfield has rapidly advanced in wealth and population.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the city cemetery:

NINIAN EDWARDS, chief justice of Ky., 1808; governor Ill. Territory, 1809 to 1818; U. S. senator, 1818 to 1824; governor state of Ill., 1826 to 1830; died July 20, 1833, in the 59th year of his age.

PASCAL PAOLI ENOS, a native of Windsor, Conn., emigrated to the valley of the Mississippi in 1816; with three others founded the city of Springfield in 1824, and died A.D. 1832, aged sixty-two. The pioneers acknowledge his virtues.

Erected by the Whigs of Springfield in memory of JOHN BRODIE, who departed this life on the 3d of Aug., 1844, in the 42d year of his age. [Second monument.]—The grave of JOHN BRODIE, a native of Perth, Scotland, who departed this life on the 3d of Aug., 1844, in the 42d year of his age.

Far from his native isle he lies,
 Wrapped in the vestments of the grave.

[In the old graveyard.] Sacred to the memory of Rev. JACOB M. EARLY, a native of Virginia, and for seven years a resident of Springfield, Ill., combining in his character splendid natural endowments, a highly cultivated mind, undaunted moral courage, and the graces of the Christian religion. Eminent in the profession of his choice, and successful in his ministry, he enjoyed a large share of the respect and affections of an extensive and respectable acquaintance. Though called suddenly from life, he met death with a calm and amazing fortitude, in the certain hope of a blissful immortality, through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He was born Feb. 22, 1806, and died March 11, 1838, aged 32 yrs. 18 days.

Springfield is noted as having been the home of Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States. He is a descendant of the pioneers of Kentucky.



RESIDENCE OF AB'M. LINCOLN,

His grandfather removed from Virginia at an early day, and finally fell on the frontiers beneath the tomahawk of the savage. His son, Thomas, and the father of Abraham, traveled about from neighborhood to neighborhood, working as a laborer, until he finally settled in what was then Hardin, now Larue county, Ky., and there, in 1809, was born the subject of this sketch. When in his eighth year, the family removed to Spencer Co., Ind. When Abra-

ham was 21 years of age, they again emigrated to Macon, Illinois. Soon after he engaged as a flat boatman on the Mississippi, then he took charge of a store and a mill at New Salem, and on the outbreak of the Black Hawk war he was chosen captain of a company of volunteers. In 1834 he was, for the first time, elected to the legislature of Illinois, and soon after commenced the study of law. In 1837 he removed to Springfield and entered upon his professional career. In 1840, and again in 1844, he was one of the electors on the Whig ticket in Illinois; in 1846 was elected to congress from the Springfield district. In 1858, he was brought prominently before the public by his memorable senatorial contest with the distinguished Stephen A. Douglass. This was the final point in his career which led to his nomination and subsequent election, by the Republican party, to the Presidency. His history illustrates the power of natural capacity, joined to industry, to overcome poverty and other obstacles in the way of obtaining an education, in a country whose institutions give full freedom to the exercise of all manly faculties.

Kaskaskia, a small village and the county seat of Randolph county, is on Kaskaskia River, 10 miles above its confluence with the Mississippi, and on a neck of land between them, two miles from the latter, and 142 miles S. of Springfield. It has the distinction of being the oldest town in Illinois, and, perhaps, in the whole western states. It was founded by Father Gravier, a Catholic missionary, some where about the year 1693. It was, at first, merely a missionary station inhabited by the natives. In 1763, when ceded by the French to the English, it contained about 130 families. It was the first capital of the territory, and retained that rank until 1818.

Judge Hall, in his "Sketches of the West," gives a pleasant picture of the characteristics of the French settlers in this region. Says he:

They made no attempt to acquire land from the Indians, to organize a social system, to introduce municipal regulations, or to establish military defenses; but cheerfully obeyed the priests and the king's officers, and enjoyed the present, without troubling their heads about the future. They seem to have been even careless as to the acquisition of property, and its transmission to their heirs. Finding themselves in a fruitful country, abounding in game, where the necessities of life could be procured with little labor, where no restraints were imposed by government, and neither tribute nor personal service was exacted, they were content to live in unambitious peace, and comfortable poverty. They took possession of so much of the vacant land around them as they were disposed to till, and no more.

Their agriculture was rude; and even to this day, some of the implements of husbandry and modes of cultivation, brought from France a century ago, remain unchanged by the *march of mind*, or the hand of innovation. Their houses were comfortable, and they reared fruits and flowers; evincing, in this respect, an attention to comfort and luxury, which has not been practiced among the English or American first settlers; but in the accumulation of property, and in all the essentials of industry, they were indolent and improvident, rearing only the bare necessities of life, and living from generation to generation without change or improvement.

The only new articles which the French adopted, in consequence of their change of residence, were those connected with the fur trade. The few who were engaged in merchandise turned their attention almost exclusively to the traffic with the Indians, while a large number became hunters and boatmen. The *voyageurs*, *engagees*, and *couriers des bois*, as they are called, form a peculiar race of men. They were active, sprightly, and remarkably expert in their vocation. With all the vivacity of the French character, they have little of the intemperance and brutal coarseness usually found among the boatmen and mariners. They are patient under fatigue, and endure an astonishing degree of toil and exposure to the weather. Accustomed to live in the open air, they pass through every extreme, and all the sudden vicissitudes of climate, with little apparent inconvenience. Their boats are managed with expertness, and even grace, and their toil enlivened by the song. As hunters, they have roved over the whole of the wide plain of the west, to the Rocky Mountains, sharing the hospitality of the Indians, abiding for long periods, and even permanently, with the tribes, and sometimes seeking their alliance by marriage. As boatmen, they navigate the birch canoe to the sources of the longest rivers, and pass from one river to another, by laboriously carrying the packages of merchandise, and the boat itself, across mountains, or through swamps or woods, so that no obstacle stops their progress. Like the Indian, they can live on game, without condiment or bread; like him they sleep in the open air, or plunge into the water at any season, without injury.

The French had also a fort on the Ohio, about thirty-six miles above the junction of that river with the Mississippi, of which the Indians obtained possession by a singular stratagem. This was just above the site of Metropolis City, and was a mission station as early as 1711. A number of them appeared in the day time on the opposite side of the river, each covered with a bear-skin, and walking on all-fours, and imitating the motions of that animal. The French supposed them to be bears, and a party crossed the river in pursuit of them. The remainder of the troops left their quarters, and resorted to the bank of the river, in front of the garrison, to observe the sport. In the meantime, a large body of Indian warriors, who were concealed in the woods near by, came silently up behind the fort, entered it without opposition, and very few of the French escaped the carnage. They afterward built another fort on the same ground, which they called *Massacre*, in memory of this disastrous event, and which retained the name of *Fort Massac*, after it passed into the hands of the American government.

These paragraphs of Hall are quoted by Peck, in the *Western Annals*, and to them are appended these additional facts from his own pen:

The style of agriculture in all the French settlements was simple. Both the Spanish and French governments, in forming settlements on the Mississippi, had special regard to convenience of social intercourse, and protection from the Indians. All their settlements were required to be in the form of villages or towns, and lots of a convenient size for a door yard, garden and stable yard, were provided for each family. To each village were granted two tracts of land at convenient distances for "*common fields*" and "*commons*."

A common field is a tract of land of several hundred acres, inclosed in common by the villagers, each person furnishing his proportion of labor, and each family possessing individual interest in a portion of the field, marked off and bounded from the rest. Ordinances were made to regulate the repairs of fences, the time of excluding cattle in the spring, and the time of gathering the crop and opening the field for the range of cattle in the fall. Each plat of ground in the common field was owned in fee simple by the person to whom granted, subject to sale and conveyance, the same as any landed property.

A common is a tract of land granted to the town for wood and pasturage, in which each

owner of a village lot has a common, but not an individual right. In some cases this tract embraced several thousand acres.

By this arrangement, something like a community system existed in their intercourse. If the head of a family was sick, met with a casualty, or was absent as an *engagee*, his family sustained little inconvenience. His plat in the common field was cultivated by his neighbors, and the crop gathered. A pleasant custom existed in these French villages not thirty years since, and which had come down from the remotest period.

The husbandman on his return at evening from his daily toil, was always met by his affectionate *femme* with the friendly kiss, and very commonly with one, perhaps two of the youngest children, to receive the same salutation from *le pere*. This daily interview was at the gate of the door yard, and in view of all the villagers. The simple-hearted people were a happy and contented race. A few traits of these ancient characteristics remain, but most of the descendants of the French are fully Americanized.

The romantic details of the conquest of Kaskaskia, in the war of the Revolution, by the Virginians, under Clark, we take from Monette :

The whole of the Illinois country being, at that time, within the chartered limits of Virginia, Col. George Rogers Clark, an officer of extraordinary genius, who had recently emigrated to Kentucky, with slight aid from the mother state, projected and carried out a secret expedition for the reduction of these posts, the great fountains of Indian massacre.

About the middle of June (1778), Clark, by extraordinary exertions, assembled at the Falls of the Ohio six incomplete companies. From these he selected about 150 frontier men, and descended the Ohio in keel-boats *en route* for Kaskaskia; on their way down they learned, by a messenger, of the alliance of France with the United States. About forty miles from the mouth of the Ohio, having first concealed their boats by sinking them in the river, they commenced their march toward Kaskaskia. Their route was through a pathless wilderness, interspersed with morasses, and almost impassable to any except backwoodsmen. After several days of great fatigue and hardships, they arrived, unperceived, in the evening of the 4th of July, in the vicinity of the town. In the dead of night Clark divided his little force into two divisions. One division took possession of the town while the inhabitants were asleep; with the other Clark in person crossed to the opposite side of the Kaskaskia River, and secured possession of Fort Gage. So little apprehensive was he of danger, that the commandant, Rocheblave, had not even posted a solitary sentinel, and that officer was awakened by the side of his wife to find himself a prisoner of war.

The town, containing about 250 dwellings, was completely surrounded, and all avenues of escape carefully guarded. The British had cunningly impressed the French with a horror of Virginians, representing them as bloodthirsty and cruel in the extreme. Clark took measures, for ultimate good, to increase this feeling. During the night the troops filled the air with war-whoops; every house was entered and the inhabitants disarmed; all intercourse between them was prohibited; the people were ordered not to appear in the streets under the penalty of instant death. The whole town was filled with terror, and the minds of the poor Frenchmen were agitated by the most horrid apprehensions. At last, when hope had nearly vanished, a deputation, headed by Father Gibault, the village priest, obtained permission to wait upon Col. Clark. Surprised as they had been, by the sudden capture of their town, and by such an enemy as their imagination had painted, they were still more so when admitted to his presence. Their clothes were dirty and torn by the briars, and their whole aspect frightful and savage. The priest, in a trembling, subdued tone, said to Clark:

"That the inhabitants expected to be separated, never to meet again on earth, and they begged for permission, through him, to assemble once more in the church, to take a final leave of each other." Clark, aware that they suspected him of hostility to their religion, carelessly told them, that he had nothing to say against their church; that religion was a matter which the Americans left every one for himself to settle with his God; that the people might assemble in the church, if they wished, but they must not leave the town. Some further conversation was attempted, but Clark, in order that the alarm might be raised to its utmost height, repelled it with sternness, and told them at once that he had not leisure for further

intereourse. The whole town immediately assembled at the church; the old and the young, the women and the children, and the houses were all deserted. The people remained in church for a long time—after which the priest, accompanied by several gentlemen, waited upon Col. Clark, and expressed, in the name of the village, “their thanks for the indulgence they had received.” The deputation then desired, at the request of the inhabitants, to address their conqueror on a subject which was dearer to them than any other. “They were sensible,” they said, “that their present situation was the fate of war; and they could submit to the loss of property, but solicited that they might not be separated from their wives and children, and that some clothes and provisions might be allowed for their future support.” They assured Col. Clark, that their conduct had been influenced by the British commandants, whom they supposed they were bound to obey—that they were not certain that they understood the nature of the contest between Great Britain and the colonies—that their remote situation was unfavorable to accurate information—that some of their number had expressed themselves in favor of the Americans, and others would have done so had they durst. Clark, having wound up their terror to the highest pitch, resolved now to try the effect of that lenity, which he had all along intended to grant. He therefore abruptly addressed them: “Do you,” said he, “mistake us for savages? I am almost certain you do from your language. Do you think that Americans intend to strip women and children, or take the bread out of their mouths? My countrymen disdain to make war upon helpless innocence. It was to prevent the horrors of Indian butchery upon our own wives and children, that we have taken up arms, and penetrated into this stronghold of British and Indian barbarity, and not the despicable prospect of plunder. That since the King of France had united his arms with those of America, the war, in all probability, would shortly cease. That the inhabitants of Kaskaskia, however, were at liberty to take which side they pleased, without danger to themselves, their property, or their families. That all religions were regarded by the Americans with equal respect; and that insult offered to theirs, would be immediately punished. And now,” continued he, “to prove my sincerity, you will please inform your fellow-citizens that they are at liberty to go wherever they please, without any apprehension. That he was now convinced they had been misinformed, and prejudiced against the Americans, by British officers; and that their friends in confinement should immediately be released.” The joy of the villagers, on hearing the speech of Col. Clark, may be imagined. The contrast of feeling among the people, on learning these generous and magnanimous intentions of Col. Clark, verified his anticipations. The gloom which had overspread the town was immediately dispersed. The bells rung a merry peal; the church was at once filled, and thanks offered up to God for deliverance from the terrors they had feared. Freedom to come and go, as they pleased, was immediately given; knowing that their reports would advance the success and glory of his arms.

So great an effect had this leniency of Clark upon them, that, on the evening of the same day, a detachment, under Capt. Bowman, being detached to surprise Cahokia, the Kaskaskians offered to go with it, and secure the submission of their neighbors. This having been accomplished, the two chief posts in Illinois had passed, without bloodshed, from the possession of England into that of Virginia.

But St. Vincennes, upon the Wabash, the most important post in the west, except Detroit, still remained in possession of the enemy. Clark thereupon accepted the offer of Father Gibault, who, in company with another Kaskaskian, proceeded on a mission of peace to St. Vincennes, and by the 1st of August, returned with the intelligence that the inhabitants of that post had taken the oath of allegiance to the American cause.

Clark next established courts, garrisoned three conquered towns, commenced a fort which proved the foundation of the flourishing city of Louisville, and sent the ill-natured Rocheblave a prisoner to Virginia. In October, Virginia extended her jurisdiction over the settlements of the Upper Mississippi and the Wabash, by the organization of the county of Illinois, the largest, at that time, in the world. Had it not been for the conquest of the Illinois country by Clark, it would have remained in the possession of England at the close of the Revolution, and continued, like Canada, to the present day, an English province.

Having reduced these English posts to submission, Clark opened negotiations with the Indians, showing throughout that masterly insight into their character that was ever so wonderfully displayed by him in dealing with men, white or red. Among the incidents of his diplomacy is this one, given by Mr. Peck :

A party of Indians, known as Meadow Indians, had come to attend the council with their neighbors. These, by some means, were induced to attempt the murder of the invaders, and tried to obtain an opportunity to commit the crime proposed, by surprising Clark and his officers in their quarters. In this plan they failed, and their purpose was discovered by the sagacity of the French in attendance; when this was done, Clark gave them to the French to deal with as they pleased, but with a hint that some of the leaders would be as well in irons. Thus fettered and foiled, the chiefs were brought daily to the council house, where he whom they proposed to kill, was engaged in forming friendly relations with their red brethren. At length, when, by these means, the futility of their project had been sufficiently impressed upon them, the American commander ordered their irons to be struck off, and in his quiet way, full of scorn, said,

"Every body thinks you ought to die for your treachery upon my life, amidst the sacred deliberations of a council. I had determined to inflict death upon you for your base attempt, and you yourselves must be sensible that you have justly forfeited your lives; but on considering the meanness of watching a bear and catching him asleep, I have found out that you are not warriors, *only old women, and too mean to be killed by the Big Knife*. But," continued he, "as you ought to be punished for putting on breech cloths like men, they shall be taken away from you, plenty of provisions shall be given for your journey home, *as women don't know how to hunt, and during your stay you shall be treated in every respect as squaws.*"

These few cutting words concluded, the colonel turned away to converse with others. The children of the prairie, who had looked for anger, not contempt—punishment, not freedom—were unaccountably stirred by this treatment. They took counsel together, and presently a chief came forward with a belt and pipe of peace, which, with proper words, he laid upon the table. The interpreter stood ready to translate the words of friendship, but, with curling lip, the American said he did not wish to hear them, and lifting a sword which lay before him, he shattered the offered pipe, with the cutting expression that "*he did not treat with women.*" The bewildered and overwhelmed Meadow Indians next asked the intercession of other red men, already admitted to friendship, but the only reply was, "*The Big Knife has made no war upon these people; they are of a kind that we shoot like wolves when we meet them in the woods, lest they eat the deer.*"

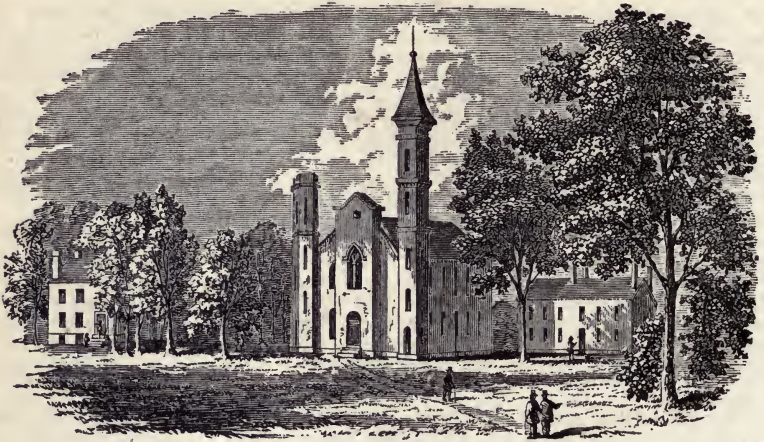
All this wrought more and more upon the offending tribe; again they took counsel, and then two young men came forward, and, covering their heads with their blankets, sat down before the impenetrable commander; then two chiefs arose, and stated that these young warriors offered their lives as an atonement for the misdoings of their relatives, again they presented the pipe of peace. Silence reigned in the assembly, while the fate of the proffered victims hung in suspense: all watched the countenance of the American leader, who could scarce master the emotion which the incident excited. Still all sat noiseless, nothing heard but the deep breathing of those whose lives thus hung by a thread. Presently, he upon whom all depended, arose, and, approaching the young men, he bade them be uncovered and stand up. They sprang to their feet.

"I am glad to find," said Clark, warmly, "that there are *men* among all nations. With you, who alone are fit to be chiefs of your tribe, I am willing to treat; through you I am ready to grant peace to your brothers; *I take you by the hands as chiefs, worthy of being such.*"

Here again the fearless generosity, and the generous fearlessness of Clark, proved perfectly successful, and while the tribe in question became the allies of America, the fame of the occurrence, which spread far and wide through the north-west, made the name of the white negotiator every where respected.

JACKSONVILLE, the capital of Morgan county, is on the line of the Great Western Railroad, 34 miles W. from Springfield, and 222 from Chicago. It is beautifully situated in the midst of an undulating and fertile prairie, in the vicinity of Mauvaisterre creek, an affluent of Illinois River. Perhaps no place of its size contains a greater number of churches, charitable institutions, seminaries of learning, and the town has been denominated "the school-house of Illinois." It contains the Illinois College, which occupies

a beautiful situation, and is one of the best and most flourishing in the state; the Illinois Conference Female College, under the patronage of the Methodists, having had at one time 400 pupils; the Berean College, under the patronage of the Christian denomination; and the Jacksonville Female Seminary. The



North-eastern view of Illinois College, Jacksonville.

The Illinois College building is seen in the central part. The structure on the right was formerly used as a chapel, library, etc.; that on the left is a wing remaining of the former College building.

state institutions are the Insane Asylum, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Institution for the Blind. These state asylums are situated relatively on three sides of a quadrangle around the town, each about a mile from the center. All of the buildings for these institutions, together with those for literary purposes, are of the first order, and some of them make an imposing appearance. The state asylums are supported by the state tax, and all citizens of the state are entitled to their benefits without charge.

One of the first originators of the Illinois College was the late Rev. John M. Ellis, who was sent by the American Home Missionary Society, to the infant settlements of this state. He early conceived the idea of founding a seminary devoted to the purposes of education, on a somewhat peculiar plan. The first attempt was at Shoal creek, in Bond county, where the people took quite an interest in the undertaking. A committee was afterward appointed by the Presbytery of Missouri (with which the Presbyterian churches of this state were then connected), to consider the subject and make a report. A tour in connection with this subject was taken by Messrs. Ellis and Lippincott, in Jan., 1828. Having visited several places, Saturday night overtook them on the south side of Sandy creek, some four or five miles south from Jacksonville.

Mr. Ellis, in order to fulfill his appointment to preach, continued his journey on Sunday morning. "It was a bright splendid morning. The winter rain had covered every twig and blade of prairie grass with ice, and as the rising sun threw his clear rays athwart the plain, myriads of gems sparkled with living light, and *Diamond Grove* might almost have been fancied a vast crystal chandelier." The name of *Diamond Grove* was considerably more ancient than the name or existence of Jacksonville, and was used as a designation of the region around it.

The most convenient place for the people, at that time, to assemble on that Sabbath, was at the house of Judge Leeper, which was about a mile south-east from the public square, in the immediate vicinity of the woodland, which borders on

the Mauvaisterre creek, and nearly east of the spot where the Insane Hospital now stands. He was one of the first members of the Presbyterian Church in Jacksonville. The principal sites which attracted the notice of the commissioners when here, was the spot now known as the mound and the site on which the college stands.

Mr. Ellis removed his residence from Kaskaskia to Jacksonville, in 1828, and the same year made a report to the society respecting the seminary. About this period seven members of the theological department of Yale College, Conn., seeing the report of Mr. Ellis, pledged themselves to devote their lives to the cause of Christianity in the distant and then wild state of Illinois. The names of these young men were, Theoron M. Grosvenor, Theoron Baldwin, J. M. Sturtevant (now president of the college), J. T. Brooks, Elisha Jenney, William Kirby and Asa Turner. The following is extracted from President Sturtevant's Historical Discourse, delivered in Jacksonville on the Quarter Century Celebration at Illinois College, July 11, 1855, being relative to his first visit to Jacksonville:

"It was on a bright Sabbath morning, the 15th day of November, a little after sunrise, that we came in sight of Jacksonville. It was already called, in the ordinary speech of the people, a beautiful place. I had often heard it called so myself; and beautiful it was, when the bright face of spring was again spread over it, though its beauty was God's work, and not man's. It was at that time little better than a group of log cabins. The prairie was in the sombre brown of autumn, with scarce a tree or shrub to relieve the monotony. To the north-west, however, the view was shut in by an elevation, which a New Englander might almost recognize as a hill. It was crowned with a natural grove. Against the front of the grove was already projected an edifice of brick, which, at that distance, and on such an elevation, made an appearance of considerable dignity and magnificence. The site on which it stood charmed every beholder. It was the south half of what is now our college buildings, then in process of erection. We were most cordially welcomed at the humble, but none the less hospitable, dwelling of Mr. Ellis. * *

Our arrival was expected, and preaching was appointed. At the proper hour we repaired to the place of worship. What would our people say now, if we were to invite them to assemble in such a place for public worship? It was a log school house, some 20 feet square, with a floor of split logs, and seats, so far as there were any of the same, with holes bored in them, and sticks driven in for legs. The chimney was of the style and structure most approved for log-cabins, built out of doors, of logs and sticks, and occupying near half of one side of the room. Such was its condition the first time I met the congregation in that place. Before the next Sabbath, the chimney had either fallen down or been removed, in preparation for an arrangement for warming the house by a stove. For two or three Sabbaths we met there, before this vast opening in one side was again closed up. Desk or pulpit there was none, an awkward circumstance to one just from the school of theology, with no faith in the possibility of preaching without a manuscript before him. Yet, on that day, this was the unlucky predicament of your speaker. On the first Sabbath the audience was small, and a chair was set for the preacher in one corner of the room. On the second Sabbath the house was crowded. The chair was missing. The deficiency of seats had been supplied by bringing in rails from a neighboring fence, and laying them across from one seat to another, and thus covering over the whole area with 'sittings.' Those who could not thus be accommodated, crowded around the ample opening where the chimney had been, and heard standing in the open air. There was a state of democratic equality in the congregation, which would have done good to the heart of a thorough-going leveler. The preacher found a seat, where he could, among the congregation: laid his Bible and hymn book on the rail by his side, and rose in his place and addressed the congregation as best he might.

When the day appointed arrived, we repaired to the still unfinished edifice, then a full mile distant from Jacksonville, where we found the room which has ever since been used as a chapel, finished, lacking the desk, the lathing and plastering, and for the most part the seating. The rest of the building was in a still more unfinished condition. Of course its impression was far enough from inviting. Nine pupils presented themselves on that day. They were Alvin M. Dixon, James P.

Stewart, from Bond county, Merrill Rattan and Hampton Rattan, from Greene county, Samuel R. Simms, Chatham H. Simms, Rollin Mears, Charles B. Barton, and a youth by the name of Miller, of Morgan county. They were all to begin their studies in the first rudiments, for it is not known that there was, at that time, in the state, a single youth fitted for the freshman class in an American college. The pupils were called together, a portion of scripture was read, a few remarks were made on the magnitude of the errand which had brought us there."

The first printing office in Jacksonville, was set up by James G. Edwards, of Boston, who afterward removed to Burlington, Iowa. He was the printer and editor of the "Western Observer." His printing office is the building in the rear of that of Dr. Mavo McLean Reed, a native of South Windsor, Connecticut. Dr. Reed emigrated to Jacksonville in 1830, from South Windsor, with Mr. Elihu Wolcott and his family. Mr. W. traveled with his own team from Connecticut, and arrived here on the 5th of November, having been six weeks on the journey.

About 1,000 Portuguese emigrants reside in Jacksonville and its immediate vicinity, being sent here by a society in New York. They are from the Island of Maderia, and were brought to embrace the Protestant faith, through the instrumentality of Dr. Kally, a Scotchman who went to reside in Maderia for the health of his wife. They have a minister named De Mattoes, who preaches in their native language. They are an industrious and frugal people: most of them have houses of their own, with from two to ten acres of land: a few have 30 or 40 acres. They have additions, occasionally, from their native country.

The following inscriptions are from monuments in Jacksonville; the first from the graveyard in the vicinity of the colleges; the others, in the city graveyard. Col. Hardin (the inscription on whose monument is given below) was much esteemed, and represented this district in congress, from 1843 to 1845. Being at the head of the Illinois militia, he was requested, by the governor of the state, to take the command of a regiment of Illinois volunteers. He at first declined, not fully approving of the Mexican War. But being over-persuaded, and desirous of obtaining the approbation of all classes of his fellow-citizens, he finally consented. Tearing himself from his wife and children, he embarked, with his regiment, for Mexico; but as in many other like instances, it proved with him, that

"The paths of Glory lead but to the Grave."

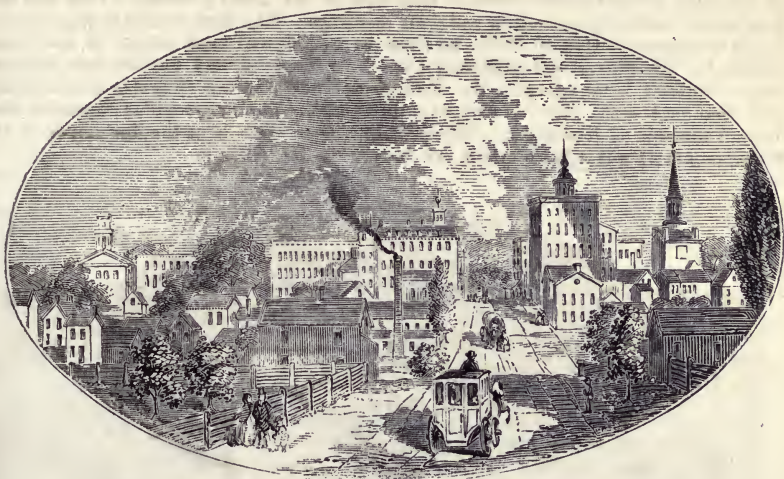
In the battle of Buena Vista, Col. Hardin having obtained permission to march upon the enemy at a certain point, was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming force of Mexicans concealed in a ravine, when he fell pierced with many wounds. His remains were found among the slain, brought home and interred with military honors.

ALEXANDER DUNLOP, born May 6th, A.D. 1791, in Fayette Co., Kentucky. Died Nov. 10, A.D. 1853. Alex. Dunlop volunteered as a private soldier in the war with England in 1812, and was taken prisoner at Dudley's defeat, May 7, 1813. Commanded a company during the Seminole War, also the detachment that captured St. Marks, April 7, 1818, making prisoners, Arbuthnot and Ambrister. Was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Illinois, 1843. Was commissioned Major of the U. S. Army 1816, and was present at the fall of Vera Cruz, March 28, 1847.

Pro patria, COL. JOHN J. HARDIN, of the 1st Reg. of Ill. volunteers, gloriously fell in the battle of Buena Vista, Feb. 23, 1847. Born in Frankfort, Ky., on the 6th day of January, 1810. Died on the field of battle in the 37th year of his age.

WILLIAM E. PIERSON died Sept. 30, 1854, on the eve of his departure to the Cherokee Nation, being under appointment as missionary teacher by the A. B. C. F. M., aged 24. He rests in hope.

BLOOMINGTON, beautifully situated on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, is 61 miles N. E. from Springfield, and 128 S. W. from Chicago. It is regularly laid out on an undulating surface, giving a fine prospect of the fertile prairie lands in the vicinity. The city is generally very neatly



North View in Bloomington.

Showing the appearance of the central part of the place, as it is entered from the north; the new Baptist Church, and the Shafer and Landon Houses, with a portion of the old Court House, are seen on the right of the engraving; the 2d Presbyterian and the Methodist Churches on the left.

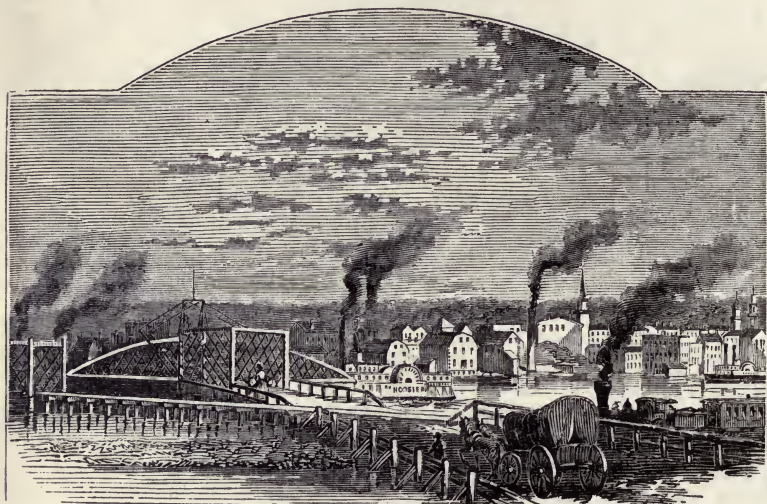
built, having the appearance of thrift and prosperity, and some of the buildings near the public square, are magnificent in their appearance. This place contains the State Normal University, the Illinois Wesleyan University, two female seminaries, several banks, 11 churches, various manufacturing establishments, and a population of about 8,000.

The first settler and father of the town, was John Allin, a native of North Carolina, who was raised in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, he having lived, in the early period of his life in each of those states. He was at first attracted to this spot by the extreme beauty of the groves. Being acquainted with the geography of the country, he found it was on a direct line from the foot of the rapids of the Illinois, near La Salle to Cairo, also from Chicago to Alton and St. Louis. These considerations induced him to locate himself on this point, believing it was destined to become one of importance. It was for a period called *Blooming Grove*, and from this circumstance Mr. Allin gave it its present name. This section of country appears to have been a favorite spot with the Indians. Mr. A. states that he had seen the signs or remains of 30 Indian villages, within a compass of 30 miles around Bloomington. At the time of his arrival, two tribes, the Kickapoos and Delawares, lived within some 15 or 20 miles. The Kickapoos were 5 or 600; the Delawares were about half that number. The Kickapoos left in 1832.

Mr. Allin came in 1829, and erected his log cabin on the edge of the timber opposite where the First Presbyterian Church now stands, and he set out most of the trees growing in that vicinity. He brought a quantity of goods with him, which he kept in a part of his cabin, and opened the first store in Bloomington. Samuel Durley, a young man born in Kentucky, then nearly of age, acted as clerk. Rev. James Latta, the second settler, built his habitation about 20 rods west from Mr. Allin's; he was a Methodist preacher, universally esteemed by all classes. Mr.

Allin found him living in a cabin about four miles south-west of Bloomington, on Sugar creek, and induced him to remove. M. L. Covel, and Col. A. Gridley, merchants from the state of New York, were also prominent men among the first settlers.

The first school house was built in 1830. It was constructed of logs, and stood on the edge of the timber, about 20 rods west of Mr. Allin's house. This was the first public building opened for religious meetings. The first seminary was opened by Rev. Lemuel Foster, in 1836; he lived, preached, and kept school in the same building. Mr. Foster was originally from New England, and was the first Presbyterian minister, if we except a Mr. McGhor or Gear, who was of feeble constitution, and died very soon after his arrival in the place. The first regular physician was John Anderson, of Kentucky. Henry Miller, from Ohio, kept the first house of entertainment: it was a log house a few rods from Mr. Allin's.



South-eastern view of Peoria.

Showing the appearance of the central part of the city, as it is entered from the eastern side of the Illinois River, by the Railroad and the Peoria bridge. Part of the Railroad bridge is seen on the extreme left; the steamboat landing on the right. The draw or swing of the bridge is represented open for the passage of steamboats.

McLean county, named from Judge McLean, of Ohio, was formed in 1831. At this period there were but 30 or 40 families living within the present limits of the county. Mr. Allin donated the site of the town plot for the county seat. The first court house was a small framed building, which stood on the present public square. Mr. Allin was chosen the first senator from the county in 1836, and continued in the office for four years. Jesse W. Fell, distinguished for his enterprise and public spirit, edited and published the BLOOMINGTON OBSERVER, the first newspaper printed in the place. It was printed in a small building on West-street, long since removed. The construction of the Central Railroad with the grants of lands by congress on the route, gave an important impulse to the prosperity of the town.

PEORIA is situated on the right or west bank of Illinois River, at the outlet of Peoria Lake, 70 miles north from Springfield, 193 from the mouth of the Illinois, and 151 south-west of Chicago. It is the most populous town on the river, and one of the most important and commercial in the state. The river is navigable for steamboats in all stages of water, and is the channel of

an immense trade in grain, lumber, pork, etc. It has a regular communication with St. Louis by steamboats, and with Chicago by means of the Illinois and Michigan canal, and by railroads to places in every direction. The city is handsomely situated on an elevation above the flood, and slopes gradually to the river, rendering drainage laws unnecessary, and the grading of the streets an easy task. The streets are all 100 feet wide. Back of the town is a range of bluffs, from 60 to 100 feet high, commanding, from their summits, a most extensive and beautiful prospect. It has numerous steam mills, distilleries, manufactories, etc. It contains 28 churches, and about 16,000 inhabitants.

Peoria derived its name from the Peorias, one of the five tribes known as the *Illini*, or Minnaway nation. In the autumn of 1679, La Salle and his co-voyagers, from Canada, sailed for this region of country, by way of the lakes to Chicago, where he established a fort. Leaving a few men for a garrison, he set out with his canoes, nine in number, with three or four men in each, about the 1st of December, for the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, by ascending St. Joseph River, Michigan, and across the portage to Kan-ka-kee, a main branch of the Illinois River, and then down the river to Peoria. Among La Salle's companions, were M. de Tonti, who acted as historian.

M. de Tonti, in his account of this voyage, says: "The same day (January 4, 1680), we went through a lake formed by the river, about seven leagues long and one broad. The savages call that place *Pimitauii*, that is, in their tongue, 'a place where there is abundance of fat beasts.' After passing through this [Peoria] lake, they came again to the channel of the river, and found themselves between two Indian encampments. This was where the bridges are now built. On perceiving the strangers, the Indians fled; but some were bold enough to return, when one of their chiefs came and inquired who they were, and what were their objects. They were answered by the interpreter, that they were French, and that their object was to make known to them the God of Heaven; to offer them the protection of the King of France, and to trade with them. This was well received, and the calumet, or pipe of peace, was smoked by each party as a token of peace and friendship. A great feast was held, which lasted for several days, attended with dancing, on the part of the natives, and firing of guns and other demonstrations of joy on the part of the French.

M. La Salle erected a fort on the south-eastern bank of the Illinois, which he named *Creve-cœur* [Bursted heart], on account of the grief he felt for the loss of one of his chief trading barks richly laden, and for the mutiny and villainous conduct of some of his companions who first attempted to poison and then desert him. This fort is supposed to have stood on land owned by Mr. Wren, some two or three miles eastward of Peoria. The exact date of the first permanent settlement in Illinois, can not now be ascertained, unless this fort or trading post of *Creve-cœur* be regarded the first, and there is no evidence that this remained a permanent station.

After the conquest of Canada, the Illinois country fell into the possession of Great Britain. In 1766, the "Quebec Bill" passed the British parliament, which placed Illinois and the North-western Territory under the local administration of Canada. The conquest of the North-western Territory, by Col. George Rogers Clark, in 1778, was the next event of importance. It was brought under the jurisdiction of Virginia, and the country of Illinois was organized. In the year 1796, Peoria was described as "an Indian village, composed of pseudo savages," made of the native tribe of "Peoria Indians," and "Canadian French," a few Indian traders and hunters. In Dec., 1812, a Capt. Craig was sent here by Gov. Edwards, to chastise the disorderly Indians and their allies, if any of them might be found at this little French village. Capt. Craig found a pretext for burning this French town, which had been laid out by them, embracing about one half of the 1st ward of the present city, the center of this village being at or about the entrance of the bridge across the Illinois River. Capt. Craig excused himself for this act, by accusing the French of being in league with the Indians, and by alleging

that his boats were fired upon from the town, while lying at anchor before it. This the French inhabitants denied, and charged Craig with unprovoked cruelty. This place was then called "*La ville Maillet*," from its founder, Hypolite Maillet, who moved here in 1778, and commenced the building of this *ville*.

In 1830, John Hamlin and John Sharp built the first flouring mill ever erected in this part of the state, on the Kickapoo, or Red Bud creek, about three miles W. of Peoria. The next was erected in Oct., 1837, by Judge Hale and John Easton, about four miles from the city. In the spring of 1834, the only building W. of the corner of Main and Washington-streets was a barn; the entire town then consisted of but seven framed houses, and about thrice that number of log tenements — but during this season about forty houses and stores were erected. About this time, the old jail, standing on the alley between Monroe and Perry-streets, was built, a hewn log building, only 16 feet square and 14 high; the lower story formed for a cell, entered by a trap door from the second story, which was used for a common prison. The court house was a log building on the bank, in which the jurors slept at night on their blankets on the floor. The courts being usually held in warm weather, after the grand jurors received their charge, in court time, the grand jury sat under the shade of a crab apple tree, and the petit jury in a potato hole (that had been partially filled up) in the vicinity. The venerable Isaac Waters was clerk of the court. His office and dwelling were in a small log cabin, where now stands Toby & Anderson's plow factory. J. L. Bogardus, the postmaster, kept his office in a log cabin near Sweeney & Ham's steam mill.

Peoria was incorporated as a town in 1831, and as a city in 1844. The first city officers were Hon. Wm. Hale, mayor; Peter Sweat, Chester Hamlin, Clark Cleveland, Harvey Lightner, J. L. Knowlton, John Hamlin, Charles Kettelle, and A. P. Bartlett, as aldermen. The Peoria bridge, across the Illinois River, with its abutments, is 2,600 feet long, was finished in 1849, and cost of about \$33,000. In 1818 the first canal boat arrived from Lake Michigan. The first steamboat that arrived at Peoria was the "*Liberty*," in the month of December, 1829. The first newspaper was the "*Illinois Champion*," published by A. S. Buxton and Henry Wolford, March 10, 1834. The first daily paper was called the "*Daily Register*," published by Picket & Woodcock; the first number was issued June 28, 1848.

The Methodist Episcopal church, the first formed in the place, was organized in Aug., 1834, by Rev. Zadock Hall, of the Chicago circuit, Dr. Heath, of St. Louis, and Rev. John St. Clair, of Ottawa. Their meetings, at first, were held in the old court house. The first church edifice, the Main-street Presbyterian church, was erected April, 1836. The church, consisting of eight members, was organized in Dec., 1834, by Rev. Romulus Barnes and Rev. Flavel Bascom. St. Jude's church (Episcopal) was organized here in 1834; St. Paul's church building was erected in Sept., 1850. The Baptist church was constituted in Aug., 1836. The Second Presbyterian church was organized Oct., 1840.

The following sketch of a campaign against the Indians, at Peoria and vicinity, in the war of 1812, is from Peck's edition of Perkins' Annals:

During the campaign in the summer and autumn of 1813, all the companies of rangers, from Illinois and Missouri, were under the command of Gen. Howard. Large parties of hostile Indians were known to have collected about Peoria, and scouting parties traversed the district between the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, then an entire wilderness.

It was from these marauding parties that the frontier settlements of Illinois and Missouri, were harassed. It became an object of no small importance, to penetrate the country over which they ranged, and establish a fort at Peoria, and thus drive them to the northern wilderness. Our authorities for the incidents of the campaign, are a long letter from the honorable John Reynolds, who was a non-commissioned officer in a company of spies, and the '*Missouri Gazette*,' of November 6th. The rendezvous for the Illinois regiment was 'Camp Russell,' two miles north of Edwardsville. The whole party, when collected, made up of the rangers, volunteers and militia, amounted to about 1,400 men, under the command of Gen.

Howard, Robert Wash, Esq., and Dr. Walker, of St. Louis, were of his staff. Colonels Benjamin Stephenson, then of Randolph county, Illinois, and Alexander McNair, of St. Louis, commanded the regiments. W. B. Whiteside and John Moredock, of Illinois, were majors in the second regiment, and William Christy and Nathan Boone, filled the same office in the first, or Missouri regiment. A Maj. Desha, a United States officer from Tennessee, was in the army, but what post he occupied we do not learn. Col. E. B. Clemson, of the United States Army, was inspector. Gov. Reynolds states, there were some United States rangers from Kentucky, and a company from Vincennes. We have no means of ascertaining the names of all the subaltern officers. We know that Samuel Whiteside, Joseph Phillips, Nathaniel Journey and Samuel Judy, were captains in the Illinois companies.

The Illinois regiment lay encamped on the Piasau, opposite Portage de Sioux, waiting for more troops, for three or four weeks. They then commenced the march, and swam their horses over the Illinois River, about two miles above the mouth. On the high ground in Calhoun county, they had a skirmish with a party of Indians. The Missouri troops, with Gen. Howard, crossed the Mississippi from Fort Mason, and formed a junction with the Illinois troops. The baggage and men were transported in canoes, and the horses swam the river.

The army marched for a number of days along the Mississippi bottom. On or near the site of Quincy, was a large Sac village, and an encampment, that must have contained a thousand warriors. It appeared to have been deserted but a short period.

The army continued its march near the Mississippi, some distance above the Lower Rapids, and then struck across the prairies for the Illinois River, which they reached below the mouth of Spoon River, and marched to Peoria village. Here was a small stockade, commanded by Col. Nicholas of the United States Army. Two days previous the Indians had made an attack on the fort, and were repulsed. The army, on its march from the Mississippi to the Illinois River, found numerous fresh trails, all passing northward, which indicated that the savages were fleeing in that direction.

Next morning the general marched his troops to the Senatchwine, a short distance above the head of Peoria Lake, where was an old Indian village, called Gomo's village. Here they found the enemy had taken water and ascended the Illinois. This, and two other villages, were burnt. Finding no enemy to fight, the army was marched back to Peoria, to assist the regular troops in building Fort Clark, so denominated in memory of the old hero of 1778; and Maj. Christy, with a party, was ordered to ascend the river with two keel boats, duly armed and protected, to the foot of the rapids, and break up any Indian establishments that might be in that quarter. Maj. Boone, with a detachment, was dispatched to scour the country on Spoon River, in the direction of Rock River.

The rangers and militia passed to the east side of the Illinois, cut timber, which they hauled on truck wheels by drag ropes to the lake, and rafted it across. The fort was erected by the regular troops under Capt. Phillips. In preparing the timber, the rangers and militia were engaged about two weeks.

Maj. Christy and the boats returned from the rapids without any discovery, except additional proofs of the alarm and fright of the enemy, and Maj. Boone returned with his force with the same observations.

It was the plan of Gen. Howard to return by a tour through the Rock River valley, but the cold weather set in unusually early. By the middle of October it was intensely cold, the troops had no clothing for a winter campaign, and their horses would, in all probability, fail; the Indians had evidently fled a long distance in the interior, so that, all things considered, he resolved to return the direct route to Camp Russell, where the militia and volunteers were disbanded on the 22d of October. Supplies of provisions, and munitions of war had been sent to Peoria, in boats, which had reached there a few days previous to the army.

It may seem to those, who delight in tales of fighting and bloodshed, that this expedition was a very insignificant affair. Very few Indians were killed, very little fighting done, but one or two of the army were lost, and yet, as a means of protecting the frontier settlements of these territories, it was most efficient, and

gave at least six months quiet to the people. After this, Indians shook their heads and said, 'White men like the leaves in the forest—like the grass in the prairies—they grow everywhere.'"



Distant view of Quincy, from the south.

The engraving shows the appearance of Quincy, when first seen on approaching it from the south by the Mississippi. Thayer's Alcohol Factory and Comstock & Co.'s Iron Foundry are seen on the right; the Central Mill and Grain Depot on the left; between these two points is a range of limestone quarries. Just above the Central Mill is the steam and ferry boat landing; also mills, stores, shops, etc. The city is partially seen on the bluff.

QUINCY, the county seat of Adams county and a port of entry, is situated on a beautiful elevation, about 125 feet above the Mississippi, and commands a fine view for five or six miles in each direction. It is 109 miles from Springfield, 268 miles from Chicago, by railroad, and 160 above St. Louis. It contains a large public square, a court house, many beautiful public and private edifices, several banks, a number of extensive flouring and other mills, and manufactories of various kinds, with iron foundries, machine shops, etc. Flour is exported to a great extent, and large quantities of provisions are packed. The bluffs in front of the city may be considered as one vast limestone quarry, from which building stone of a hard and durable quality can be taken and transported to any section of the country, by steamboat and railroad facilities immediately at hand. Five newspapers are printed here, three daily and two in the German language, one of which is daily. Population about 16,000.

The "Quincy English and German Male and Female Seminary," an incorporated and recently established institution, is designed for a male and female college of the highest grade, for which a large and elegant building is already constructed. The streets cross at right angles, those running N. and S. bear the name of the states of the Union. The present bounds of the city extend two and a half miles each way. The river at the landing is one mile wide. Running along and under the N.W. front of the city, lies a beautiful bay, formerly called "Boston Bay," from the circumstance of a

Bostonian having once navigated his craft up this bay, mistaking it for the main channel of the river.

Quincy was originally selected as a town site by John Wood, of the state of New York; for several years he was mayor of this city and lieutenant governor of the state. Mr. Wood built his cabin (18 by 20 feet) in Dec., 1822, without nails or sawed lumber. This building, the first in the place, stood near the foot of Delaware-street, about 15 rods E. of Thayer's alcohol factory. At this time there were only three white inhabitants within the present county of Adams, and these were obliged to go to Atlas, 40 miles distant, to a horse mill for corn meal, their principal breadstuff. In Nov., 1825, the county court ordered a survey and plat of the town to be made, and the lots to be advertised for sale. Henry H. Snow, the clerk, and afterward judge, laid off 230 lots, 99 by 108 feet, reserving a public square in the center of the town. It received its name, Quincy, on the day that John Quincy Adams was inaugurated president of the United States.

On the present site of Quincy once stood an old Sac village. At the time the town was surveyed, it was covered with forest trees and hazel bushes, excepting about two acres of prairie ground where the public square was laid out. In the trees in the vicinity of the place, balls were found which had been shot into them fifty or more years before. A few years since an iron ring and staple were found sixty feet below the earth's surface. In the mounds in and about the city are found Indian bones and armor of ancient date.

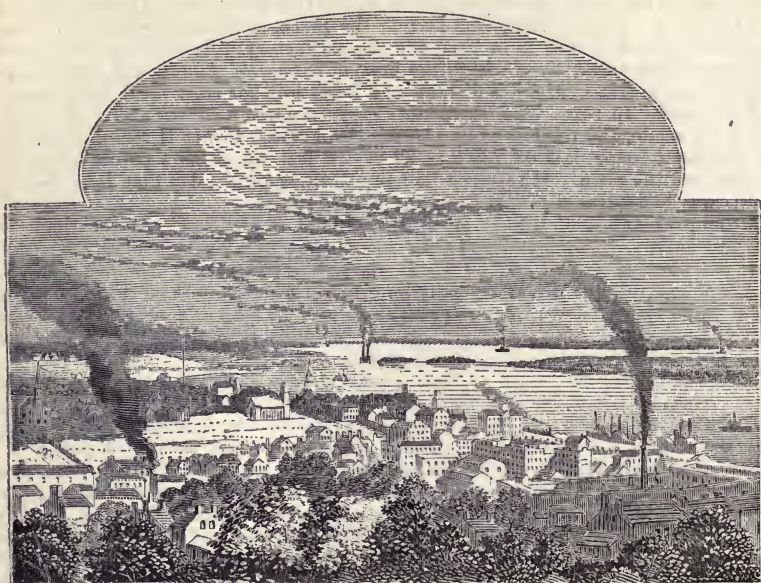
John Wood, from the state of New York; Henry H. Snow, from New Hampshire; Willard Keyes, from Vermont; Jeremiah Rose and Rufus Brown, from New York; and Ashur Anderson, from Pennsylvania, may be considered as prominent men among the first settlers. Drs. J. N. Ralston, from Kentucky, and S. W. Rogers, from New York, were the first physicians in the order of time. The first house of worship in the place, was erected by the First Congregationalist Society, in 1833 and '34: Rev. Asa Turner, from Massachusetts, was the first minister. The building is now used as a carriage shop, on Fourth-street, and stands on the spot where it was first erected. The first school was taught, in 1827, by Mr. Mendall, in a log school house, which stood on a lot fronting Hampshire-street, between Second and Third-streets. The first court house and jail was built of logs, and was nearly on the spot where the present court house is situated. C. M. Wood, from New York, was the first printer; he printed the first paper, the "Illinois Bounty Land Register," in 1835, since merged into the Quincy Herald. The first ferry was established by Willard Keyes. The first store was opened, in 1826, by Ashur Anderson, who opened his stock, valued at \$1,000, in Brown's log tavern. In 1828, Robert Tillson and Charles Holmes established themselves as merchants in a log cabin on the north side of the square, in what was later known as the old "Land Office Hotel." Afterward, they erected for their accommodation the *first framed* building in the town. It still remains, and has long been known as the old "Post Office Corner."

"Without access to market, or to mill, the first settlers of Quincy built their houses without nails, brick, or mortar, the principal utensils used being the axe and the auger. The necessities of life were scarcely attainable, to say nothing of the luxuries. In the cultivation of their land, viz.: 30 acres of corn (without fence) they were obliged to go 30 miles to have their plows sharpened. One man would swing a plowshare on each side of an Indian pony, pile on such other articles of iron as needed repairs, lay in a stock of provisions, mount and set out."

The number of inhabitants during the first year increased to sixteen; from 1825 to 1835, they increased to five hundred; during all which time they continued to import their bacon and flour. As late as 1832, when the Black Hawk war broke out, the Indians, principally of the Sac and Fox tribes, were very numerous, the shores of the river being frequently covered with their wigwams, both above and below the town. Coming in from their hunting excursions, they brought large quantities of feathers, deer-skins, moccasins, beeswax, honey, maple sugar, grass floor mats, venison, muskrat and coon-skins.

ALTON is on the E. bank of the Mississippi, 25 miles N. from St. Louis, 3 miles above the mouth of the Missouri River, 20 below the mouth of the Illinois, and 75 miles S.W. of Springfield. The site of the city is quite un-

even and broken, with high and stony bluffs, and in front of it the Mississippi runs almost a due course from east to west. The city contains a splendid city hall, 10 churches, and a cathedral in its interior superior to anything of the kind in the western states. Five newspapers are published here. As



North-western view of Alton.

The view is from Prospect-street, taken by Mr. Roeder, and designed by him for a large engraving. On the left of the picture is the Railroad Depot, above which is the Methodist church. On the right is the Penitentiary and Steamboat landing. In the central part appear the Unitarian, Episcopal, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches, and the City Hall. On the right, in the distance, is seen the Missouri shore of the Mississippi, also the mouth of the Missouri River, at its entrance into the "Father of Waters."

a manufacturing point, Alton has hardly an equal on the Mississippi River, and the city is now in a flourishing condition, having at hand limestone for building purposes, mines of bituminous coal, beds of the finest clay for brick and earthen ware, with railroad and steamboat communication to every point. The state penitentiary was located here in 1827. Population 1860, 6,333.

Upper Alton is located on the high rolling timber land, in the rear of Alton city, two miles from the Mississippi, and has a population of upward of 2,000. The manufacturing business is considerable, particularly cooperating, potters' ware, etc. The town was laid out, in 1817, by J. Meacham, from Vermont; several additions have been since made. *Shurtleff College*, named from Dr. Shurtleff, of Boston, is in the limits of the town, and is a flourishing institution under the charge of the Baptist denomination.

The *Monticello Female Seminary*, four miles from Alton, founded by Capt. Benjamin Godfrey, was the first female seminary built in Illinois, and is of high reputation. This institution was opened for pupils in 1838. Rev. Thearon Baldwin had the charge of the first scholars. Capt. Godfrey, its founder, was a sea captain, and has been long distinguished for his public spirit, and the sacrifices which he has made for the public good.

The first resident in Alton appears to have been John Bates, a blacksmith, from

Tennessee. He located himself at the head of the American bottom lands in Lower Alton, where he cultivated a small farm, about half a mile below the steamboat landing in Alton. A man in his employ was killed by the Indians while plowing on this farm. The first settlers who located in Upper Alton, about two miles back from the river, came in from 1808 to 1812, and were principally from Kentucky and Tennessee. They lived in block-houses for protection. This place is called Hunter's town on section 13, and is now within the city limits. Col. Rufus Easton, delegate from Missouri, located Alton proper on section 14. He sold a large portion of Lower Alton to Maj. C. W. Hunter, in 1818, together with several other tracts adjoining, which Maj. H. afterward laid out as an addition, and are now within the city limits.

Maj. Charles W. Hunter was a native of Waterford, N. Y., a son of Robert Hunter, of Pennsylvania, a favorite officer under Gen. Wayne, who led the forlorn hope at the storming of Stony Point, in the Revolution, and also accompanied him afterward in the Indian war at the west. Mr. Hunter, in the war of 1812, served as major in the 35th Reg. U. S. infantry. At the close of the war he resigned his commission and went to St. Louis, where he engaged in merchandise and the Indian trade. After his purchase from Col. Easton, he removed his family here, in 1819, and built the first framed house in Alton (now standing), and opened in it the first regular store in the place. He brought his goods here in a barge, which he had used in the New Orleans trade.

The Methodist itinerating preachers appear to have been the first in the order of time who visited Alton; they preached in the school house in Upper Alton, and in private houses. The first Presbyterian church (of stone) was erected by Capt. Godfrey, of the firm of Godfrey, Gilman & Co. Mr. Joseph Meacham, who laid out Upper Alton, was a surveyor from New England. It was laid out on an extensive scale, and lots and blocks were reserved for the support of a free school. The proceeds were accordingly reserved for this purpose, and Alton is entitled to the honor of establishing the *first public free school* in Illinois. The first teacher was Deacon Henry H. Snow, of New Hampshire. Mr. S. has since removed to Quincy, in which place he has held many public offices.

Up to 1827, the "town of Alton" made but very little progress. Upper Alton completely overshadowed it. The location of the penitentiary here gave quite an impulse to the place. In 1831, the Alton Manufacturing Company built the large steam flouring mill, on the river bank, in front of the penitentiary. In 1832, O. M. Adams and Edward Breath started the "Weekly Spectator." In 1836, the Alton and Springfield road was surveyed by Prof. Mitchell, of Cincinnati. In 1836, Treadway and Parks commenced the publication of the "Weekly Alton Telegraph." In the spring of this year, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy commenced the publication of a weekly religious newspaper, called the "Alton Observer." The "Alton Presbytery Reporter" was started in 1845, also the "Courier" newspaper, etc., office, several splendid founderies and machine shops, two German newspapers, and the "Alton National Democrat." The city of Alton was incorporated in 1837.

Alton is the place where Elijah P. Lovejoy, in 1837, fell while defending his press from an attack by a mob. His remains were interred in the Alton cemetery, a beautiful spot donated by Maj. C. W. Hunter to the city. The Anti-Slavery Society of Illinois are taking steps for the erection of a monument from 75 to 100 feet high, which, if constructed, will be a most conspicuous object, for a great distance, for all who are passing up or down the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.

Rev. E. P. Lovejoy was born Nov. 9, 1802, at Albion, Kennebec county, Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. He was educated at Waterville College, Me., where he graduated with the highest honors of his class. In the latter part of 1827, he went to St. Louis, where he immediately engaged in teaching a school. He afterward entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, to prepare himself for the ministry. He returned to St. Louis, and, at the request of his friends, was induced to become the editor of a religious weekly newspaper, and accordingly, on the 22d of Nov., 1833, the first number of the "St. Louis Observer" was issued. In July,

1836, on account of the strong anti-slavery sentiments advocated in the paper, it became quite unpopular in St. Louis, and, taking the advice of his friends, he removed it to Alton.

After the removal of the Observer office to Alton, its course on the abolition of slavery gave much offense to a portion of the inhabitants. A meeting was called, Mr. Lovejoy's course was denounced, and on the night of the 21st of August, 1837, a party of some 15 or 20 men broke into the Observer office, and destroyed the press and printing materials. Another press was procured, and stored in the warehouse of Messrs. Godfrey, Gilman & Co., standing on the wharf at Alton. Threats having been given that this press would also be destroyed, Mr. Lovejoy and some of his friends assembled to defend their property. On the night of Nov. 7, 1837, a mob, at first consisting of about 30 individuals, armed, some with stones and some with guns and pistols, formed themselves in a line by the warehouse. Mr. Gilman, one of the owners of the building, then asked them "*what they wanted?*" To which they replied, "*the press.*" Mr. G. replied, that, being authorized by the mayor, they would defend their property at the hazard of life. The mob commenced throwing stones, dashing in several windows, and then fired two or three guns into the building. The fire was then returned from within, two or three guns discharged upon the rioters, one, by the name of Bishop, was mortally wounded, and several others injured. This, for a while, checked the mob, but they soon returned with increased numbers and violence. They raised ladders on the warehouse, and kindled a fire on the roof. Mr. Lovejoy and some of the inmates of the building stepped to the door, and while looking around just without the threshold, some one, concealed behind a pile of lumber, fired a double barreled gun, when Mr. Lovejoy was struck with five balls, and expired in a few moments.

The following is the principal part of a communication upon this riot, given by the mayor of Alton to the public, dated Nov. 6, 1837:

For several days past it had been announced and generally believed, that a printing press was hourly expected to be landed at our wharf. It had also been a current rumor that this press was intended for the re-establishment of the "Alton Observer." The circulation of these rumors produced no small degree of excitement, among those who had taken a decided stand against the abolition sentiments that were understood to have been disseminated through the columns of the "Observer." Various reports of a threatening character, against the landing of the press, were in circulation, which led the friends of the Observer and its editor to make preparations to defend the press, in case any violence should be offered by those opposed to the publication of that paper. On Tuesday, about 5 o'clock in the morning, I was called from my lodgings and informed that the press had arrived at the wharf, and that my official interference was desired. I immediately repaired to the wharf, and remained there until the press was landed and stored in the warehouse of Messrs. Godfrey, Gilman & Co. There were no indications of violence or resistance on the part of any at that time. The arrival of the "abolition press" (as it was called) was generally known in the early part of that day, which served to rekindle the excitement. Representation was made to the common council of the threatening reports which were in circulation. The common council did not, however, deem it necessary to take any action on the subject. Gentlemen directly interested in protecting the press from mob violence, deemed it expedient to guard the warehouse with men and arms, in readiness to resist violence, should any be offered. During the early part of the night of Tuesday, it was reported through the city, that there were from 30 to 40 armed men on guard within the warehouse.

At 10 o'clock at night, 20 or 30 persons appeared at the south end of the warehouse, and gave some indications of an attack. Mr. W. S. Gilman, from the third story of the warehouse, addressed those without, and urged them to desist, and at the same time informed them that the persons in the warehouse were prepared, and should endeavor to protect their property, and that serious consequences might ensue. Those without demanded the press, and said they would not be satisfied until it was destroyed; said they did not wish to injure any person, or other property, but insisted on having the press. To which Mr. G. replied that the press could not be given up. The persons outside then repaired to the north end of the building, and attacked the building by throwing stones, etc., and continued their violence for 15 or 20 minutes, when a gun was fired from one of the windows of the warehouse, and a man named Lyman Bishop was mortally wounded. He was carried to a surgeon's office, and then the mob withdrew and dispersed with the exception of a small number. Upon the first indication of disturbance, I called on the civil officers most convenient, and repaired with all dispatch to the scene of action. By this time the firing from

the warehouse, and the consequent death of one of their number (Bishop died soon after he received the shot), had greatly increased the excitement, and added to the numbers of the mob. Owing to the late hour of the night, but few citizens were present at the onset, except those engaged in the contest. Consequently the civil authorities could do but little toward dispersing the mob except by persuasion. A large number of people soon collected around me. I was requested to go to the warehouse, and state to those within that those outside had resolved to destroy the press, and that they would not desist until they had accomplished their object; that all would retire until I should return, which request was made by acclamation, and all soon retired to wait my return.

I was replied to by those within the warehouse that they had assembled there to protect their property against lawless violence, and that they were determined to do so. The mob began again to assemble with increased numbers, and with guns and weapons of different kinds. I addressed the multitude, and commanded them to desist and disperse, to which they listened attentively and respectfully, to no purpose—a rush was now made to the warehouse, with the cry of “fire the house,” “burn them out,” etc. The firing soon became fearful and dangerous between the contending parties—so much so, that the farther interposition on the part of the civil authorities and citizens was believed altogether inadequate, and hazardous in the extreme—no means were at my control, or that of any other officer present, by which the mob could be dispersed, and the loss of life and the shedding of blood prevented. Scenes of the most daring recklessness and infuriated madness followed in quick succession. The building was surrounded and the inmates threatened with extermination and death in the most frightful form imaginable. Every means of escape by flight was cut off. The scene now became one of most appalling and heart-rending interest! Fifteen or twenty citizens, among whom were some of our most worthy and enterprising, were apparently doomed to an unenviable and inevitable death, if the flames continued.

About the time the fire was communicated to the building, Rev. E. P. Lovejoy (late editor of the Observer), received four balls in his breast, near the door of the warehouse, and fell a corpse in a few seconds; two others from the warehouse were wounded. Several persons engaged in the attack were severely wounded; the wounds, however, are not considered dangerous. The contest had been raging for an hour or more, when the persons in the warehouse, by some means, the exact manner it was done I have not been able to ascertain, intimated that they would abandon the house and the press, provided that they were permitted to depart unmolested. The doors were then thrown open, and those within retreated down Front street. Several guns were fired upon them while retreating, and one individual had a narrow escape—a ball passed through his coat near his shoulder.

A large number of persons now rushed into the warehouse, threw the press upon the wharf, where it was broken in pieces and thrown into the river. The fire in the roof of the warehouse was extinguished by a spectator, who deserves great praise for his courageous interference, and but little damage was done by it to the building. No disposition seemed to be manifested to destroy any other property in the warehouse. Without farther attempts at violence the mob now dispersed, and no farther open indications of disorder or violence have been manifested.

The foregoing is stated on what I consider undoubted authority, and mostly from my own personal knowledge.

JOHN M. KRUM, Mayor.

CAIRO is a small town at the south-western extremity of Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi Rivers, 175 miles below St. Louis. It is also at the southern termination of the famous Illinois Central Railroad, 454 miles distant by the main line of this road to Dunleith, its north-western termination on the Mississippi, and 365 miles distant from Chicago by the Chicago branch of the same.

Cairo, from a very early day, was supposed, from its natural site at the junction of the two great rivers of the west, to be a point where an immense city would eventually arise, hence it has attracted unusual attention from enterprising capitalists as a point promising rich returns for investments in its soil. As soon as Illinois was erected into a state, in 1818, the legislature incorporated “the Bank of Cairo,” which was connected with the project of building a city at this point. Since then two or more successive companies have been formed for this object; one of which has now the enterprise so far advanced that they entertain sanguine calculations of accomplishing the end so long sought amid great discouragements.

A primary obstacle to the success of the scheme is in the natural situation of the surface. For many miles in every direction the country is a low, rich bottom, and as the river here, in seasons of high water, rises fifty feet, the whole region becomes covered with water. To remedy this, an earthen

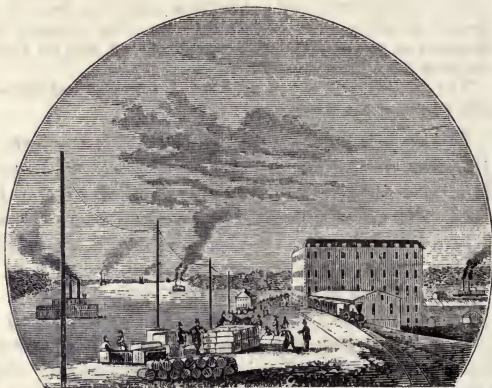
dyke, or levee, some four miles in circuit, has been built around the town, at, it is said, a cost of nearly a million of dollars. This is shown by the map. From this levee projects an embankment like the handle of a dipper—the levee itself around the town answering for the rim—on which is laid the line of the Illinois Central Railroad.

The annexed view shows at one glance, parts of three states—Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky. It was taken on top of the levee, within a few hundred feet of the extreme south-western point of Illinois, which is seen in the distance. The temporary



MAP OF CAIRO AND ITS VICINITY.

depot of the Central Railroad and the St. Charles' Hotel appear in front. On the right is shown part of the town plat (some eight feet below the top of the levee), the bank of the Mississippi River, before its junction with the Ohio, and the Missouri shore. On the left appears the Kentucky shore, and point where the Ohio, "the beautiful river," pours itself into the bosom of the Mississippi, "the great father of waters," as he stretches himself southward in his majestic course to the ocean. The best buildings in Cairo are of brick, mainly stores, and are on the levee. The levee itself resembles an ordinary railroad embankment, and is about 50 feet broad on the surface. The town plat within the levee is regularly laid out, and a system of underground drainage adopted. The appear-



LEVEE AT CAIRO.

Junction of the Ohio and Mississippi.

ance of the spot is like that of any ordinary river bottom of the west—the surface level, with here and there left a forest tree, which, shooting upward its tall, slender form, shows, by its luxuriant foliage, the rich nature of the soil. The houses within the levee are mainly of wood, one and two stories in height, and painted white. They are somewhat scattered, and the general aspect of the spot is like that of a newly settled western village, just after the log cabin era has vanished.

Rockford, the capital of Winnebago county, is beautifully situated at the rapids of Rock River, on the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, 92 miles westerly from Chicago. Steamers can come to this place. Great manufacturing facilities are afforded by the immense water power here. Population 1860, 5,281.

Galesburg is in Knox county, 168 miles south-westerly from Chicago, at the junction of the Chicago and Burlington, Northern Cross, and Peoria and Oquawka Railroads. It is a fine town, and noted as a place of education; Knox College, Knox College for females, and Lombard University are situated here. Population about 6,000.

Freeport is on a branch of Rock River, at the junction of the Illinois Central with the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, 120 miles from Chicago. It is quite a manufacturing place, and is one of the largest grain depots in northern Illinois. Population about 5,000.



South-eastern view of Galena, from near the Swing Bridge.

The Steamboat landing is seen in the central part. The Railroad Depot and the Seminary on an elevation in the distance, appear on the right. The Draw or Swing Bridge is represented open, parts of which are seen on the right and left.

GALENA, a flourishing city, and capital of Joe Daviess county, is situated on Fevre River, 6 miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, 1651 above New Orleans, 450 above St. Louis, 160 W.N.W. from Chicago, and 250 N. by W. from Springfield. The city is built principally on the western side of Fevre or Galena River, an arm of the Mississippi, and its site is a steep acclivity, except for a few rods along the river. The streets rise one above

another, the different tiers connecting by flights of steps. The town is well paved and the houses are built of brick. The numerous hills overlooking the city are thickly studded with the mansions of the wealthy merchant or thrifty miner. Population 1860, 8,196.

Galena is a French word, signifying "*lead mine*." Galena was formerly called *Fevre River*, the French word for *wild bean*, which grew here in great abundance. The city was first settled in 1826, and was then an outpost in the wilderness, about 300 miles from the settlements. The first settlement was begun at Old Town. Col. John Shaw, from the interior of New York, traversed this region from 1809 to 1812, extending his journeys to a point westward of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. He was engaged as a spy in this section in the war of 1812, and on one occasion it is said that he outran three Indians in a chase of nine miles. When he first came to Galena, he found the Indians smelting lead on the town plat. Col. S. was the first one who carried lead to St. Louis for a regular price; this was soon after the close of the war of 1812. He also, it is said, built the first flouring mill in Wisconsin, four miles above *Prairie du Chien*. The first pine lumber sawed in that state was in his mill on Black River.

Andrew C. and Moses Swan, of Pennsylvania, came to Galena in the fall of 1827, by the way of Green Bay and Wisconsin River: one of them kept the first regular tavern. It stood on a site opposite the De Soto House. One of the early visitors at Galena was Ebenezer Brigham, who journeyed from Worcester, Mass., to St. Louis in 1818: the Upper Mississippi country was, at that period almost unknown. Beyond the narrative of PIKE'S Expedition, and the vague report of hunters, boatmen, and a few lead diggers about Dubuque, the public possessed but little reliable information. In 1820, Mr. Brigham followed up the river to Galena. This place then consisted of one log cabin, and a second one commenced, which he assisted in completing. The first church erected was by the Presbyterians. The "Miner's Journal" was started here in 1828, by Mr. Jones, who died of the cholera in 1832. The "Galena North-Western Gazette," was first issued in 1833, by Mr. H. H. Houghton, from Vermont. It was printed in a log house at the old town, about three fourths of a mile from the levee. The first brick building here is said to have been erected by Capt. D. S. Harris, a native of New York. Capt. H. is also said to have constructed the first steamboat on the Upper Mississippi. It was built in 1838, and called the "Joe Daviess," in honor of Col. Joe Daviess, who fell at the battle of Tippecanoe.

Galena is on the meridian of Boston, and is considered one of the most healthy locations in the United States. It is the most commodious harbor for steamboats on the Upper Mississippi, and a great amount of tonnage is owned here. Galena owes its growth and importance mainly to the rich mines of lead, with which it is surrounded in every direction. Considerable quantities of copper are found in connection with the lead. About 40,000,000 lbs. of lead, valued at \$1,600,000 have been shipped from this place during one season. It is estimated that the lead mines, in this vicinity, are capable of producing 150,000,000 lbs. annually, for ages to come. Mineral from some 8 or 10 places, or localities, in Wisconsin, is brought to Galena, and shipped for New Orleans and other markets. Since the completion of the Illinois Central Railroad, a small portion of lead has been sent eastward by that road. The average price is about thirty dollars per thousand and lbs.

Outside of the town is the forbidding and desolate hill country of the lead region. Storms have furrowed the hills in every direction, and the shovels



THE LEAD REGION.

of the miners have dotted the whole surface with unsightly pits, walled around with heaps of limestone and sand, through which the delver has sought the lead. There is no culture around, and the edifices consist of the rude cabin of the miners, and primitive looking smelting furnaces where the lead is prepared for market. A late visitor gives the following description:

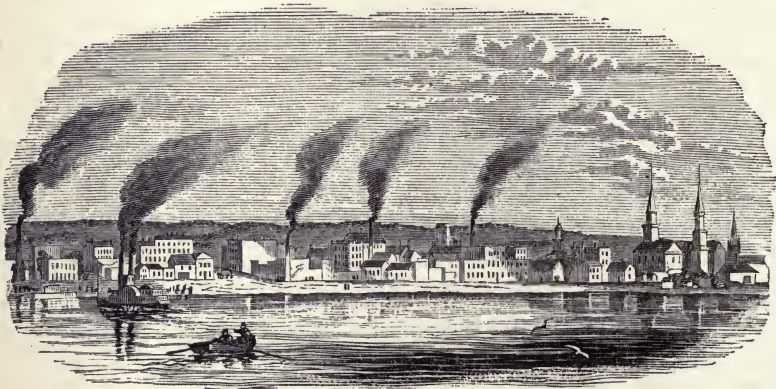
Every hill is spotted with little mounds of yellow earth, and is as full of holes as a worm-eaten cheese. Some winding road at length brings you to the top of one of these bare, bleak hills, and to a larger mound of the same yellowish earth, with which the whole country in sight is mottled. On top of this mound of earth stands a windlass, and a man is winding up tubs full

of dirt and rock, which continually increase the pile under his feet. Beneath him, forty, fifty, a hundred feet under ground, is the miner. As we look around on every ridge, see the windlass men, and know that beneath each one a smutty-faced miner is burrowing by the light of a dim candle, let us descend into the mines and see the miners at their work. The windlass-man makes a loop in the end of the rope, into which you put one foot, and, clapping, at the same time, the rope with one hand, slowly you begin to go down; down, it grows darker and darker; a damp, grave-like smell comes up from below, and you grow dizzy with the continual whirling around, until, when you reach the bottom and look up at the one small spot of daylight through which you came down, you start with alarm as the great mass of rocks and earth over your head seem to be swaying and tumbling in. You draw your breath a little more freely, however, when you perceive that it was only your own dizziness, or the scudding of clouds across the one spot of visible sky, and you take courage to look about you. Two or three dark little passages, from four to six feet high, and about three feet wide, lead off into the murky recesses of the mine; these are called, in mining parlance, drifts. You listen a little while, and there is a dull "*thud! thud!*" comes from each one, and tells of something alive away off in the gloom, and, candle in hand, you start in search of it. You eye the rocky walls and roof uneasily as, half bent, you thread the narrow passage, until, on turning some angle in the drift, you catch a glimpse of the miner, he looks small and dark, and mole-like, as on his knees, and pick in hand, he is prying from a perpendicular crevice in the rock, a lump of mineral as large as his head, and which, by the light of his dim candle, flashes and gleams like a huge carbuncle; or, perhaps, it is a horizontal sheet or vein of mineral, that presents its edge to the miner; it is imbedded in the solid rock, which must be picked and blasted down to get at the mineral. He strikes the rock with his pick, and it rings as though he had struck an anvil. You can conceive how, with that strip of gleaming metal, seeming like a magician's wand, to beckon him on and on, he could gnaw, as it were, his narrow way for hundreds of feet through the rock. But large, indeed, you think, must be his organ of hope, and resolute his perseverance, to do it with no such glittering prize in sight. Yet such is often the case, and many a miner has toiled for years, and in the whole time has discovered scarcely enough mineral to pay for the powder used. Hope, however, in the breast of the miner, has as many lives as a cat, and on no day, in all his toilsome years, could you go down into his dark and crooked hole, a hundred feet from grass and sunshine, but he would tell you that he was "*close to it now*," in a few days he hoped to strike a lode (pronounced among miners as though it was spelled *lead*), and so a little longer and a little longer, and his life of toil wears away while his work holds him with a fascination equaled only by a gamblers' passion for his cards.

Lodes or veins of mineral in the same vicinity run in the general direction. Those in the vicinity of Galena, run east and west. The crevice which contains the mineral, is usually perpendicular, and from 1 to 20 feet in width, extending from the cap rock, or the first solid rock above the mineral, to uncertain depths below, and is filled with large, loose rocks, and a peculiar red dirt, in which are imbedded masses of mineral. These masses are made up cubes like those formed of crystallization, and many of them as geo-

metrically correct as could be made with a compass and square. Before the mineral is broken, it is of the dull blue color of lead, but when broken, glistens like silver. Sometimes caves are broken into, whose roofs are frosted over with calcareous spar, as pure and white as the frost upon the window pane in winter, and from dark crevices in the floor comes up the gurgling of streams that never saw the sun. The life of a miner is a dark and lonesome one. His drift is narrow, and will not admit of two abreast; therefore, there is but little conversation, and no jokes are bandied about from mouth to mouth, by fellow-laborers. The alternations of hope and disappointment give, in the course of years, a subdued expression to his countenance.

There are no certain indications by which the miner can determine the existence of a vein of mineral without sinking a shaft. Several methods are resorted to, however. The linear arrangement of any number of trees that are a little larger than the generality of their neighbors, is considered an indication of an opening underground corresponding to their arrangement. Depressions in the general surface are also favorable signs, and among the older miners there are yet some believers in the mystic power of witch-hazel and the divining rod. In the largest number of cases, however, but little attention is paid to signs other than to have continuous ground—that is, to dig on the skirts of a ridge that is of good width on top, so that any vein that might be discovered would not run out too quickly on the other side of the ridge. On such ground the usual method of search is by suckering, as it is called. The miner digs a dozen or more holes, about six feet deep, and within a stone's throw of each other, and in some one of these he is likely to find a few pieces of mineral, the dip of certain strata of clay then indicates the direction in which he is to continue the search, in which, if he is so successful as to strike a *lode*, his fortune is made; in the other event, he is only the more certain that the *lucky day* is not far off.



North-western view of Rock Island City.

The view shows the appearance of the city as seen from Davenport, on the opposite bank of the Mississippi. The ferry landing appears on the left, the Court House and Presbyterian Churches on the right.

ROCK ISLAND CITY, and county seat of Rock Island Co., is situated on the Mississippi River, opposite the city of Davenport, 2 miles above the mouth of Rock River, 178 W. by S., from Chicago, and 131 N. N. W. of Springfield. It is at the foot of the Upper Rapids of the Mississippi, which extend nearly 15 miles, and in low stages of water obstruct the passage of loaded vessels. It is a flourishing manufacturing place, at the western terminus of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. Pop. 1860, 5,130.

It derives its name from an island three miles in length, the southern extremity of which is nearly opposite the town. The principal channel of the river is on the west side of the island, while that on its eastern side has been so dammed as to produce a vast water power above and a good harbor below. The island forms one of the capacious buttresses of the immense railroad

bridge across the Mississippi, connecting the place with Davenport, and creates a junction between the railroad from Chicago and the Mississippi, and the Missouri Railroad through Iowa.

Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island, was erected in 1816, by Lieut. Col. Lawrence, of the United States Army. It was then in the heart of the Indian country, and was the scene



FORT ARMSTRONG, ROCK ISLAND.

of many wild exploits, both before and during the continuance of the "Black Hawk War." The old chief, Black Hawk, was born in 1768, on Rock River, about three miles from where the fort now stands. From the time this fortification was first constructed, until the close of the war above mentioned, this fort was used as a depot of supplies, etc., and for a long time was commanded by Col. Z. Taylor, afterward president of the United States.

Col. William Lawrence, the founder of the fort, arrived here May 10, 1816, with the 8th regiment and a company of riflemen. As soon as they had completed their encampment, he employed the soldiers to cut logs and build storehouses for the provisions, and had a bake house and oven put up. This was the first regular building erected at this point.

"The soldiers now set to work to build the fort, which was named *Fort Armstrong*. At this time there lived a large body of Indians in the vicinity, numbering some 10,000, divided in three villages, one on the east side of the river, near the foot of the island called 'Waupello Village;' about three miles south on the bank of Rock River, stood the famous village of 'Black Hawk,' and on the west side of the river was a small village named after an old brave, 'Oshkosh.' Upon the first arrival of the troops on the Island, the Indians were very much dissatisfied, but the officers took great pains to gain their friendship, by making them many presents, and they soon became reconciled and were most excellent neighbors. During the first summer they would frequently bring over supplies of sweet corn, beans, pumpkins, and such other vegetables as they raised, and present them to Mr. Davenport and the officers, with the remarks that they had raised none, and that they themselves had plenty, invariably refusing to take any pay."

The following account of the defeat of Maj. Zachary Taylor, at Rock Island, in August 1814, is from the personal narrative of Mr. J. Shaw, of Wisconsin :

About two months after the capture of Prairie du Chien, Maj. Zachary Taylor came up the Mississippi, with 22 fortified boats, each containing an average of about 80 men, under his command. When the expedition arrived near Rock Island, it was discovered that about 4,000 Indians had there collected. The British had erected a false, painted battery, on the left bank of the river, apparently mounted with six twelve-pounders; but in reality they had but two guns with them, one of which was entrusted to the care of the Indians. Mr. Shaw was on board the boat with Mr. Taylor. The battle commenced, and the first ball from the British guns passed completely through the advance boat, on which was Taylor, and he instantly ordered it to be put about; the second ball cut off the steering oar of the next boat that was advancing, and a strong wind springing up at that moment, this boat drifted over the river to the western bank, a short distance below the present town of Davenport; the men having no oar to steer

with, could not prevent this occurrence. About 1,000 Indians immediately took to their canoes, and paddled over the river, expecting, no doubt, to get the boat as a prize, as she must inevitably drift into shallow water. The Indians kept up a constant fire on the unfortunate boat, and a number of Indians, mounted on horseback, came galloping down the western shore, with their guns elevated in their right hands, gleaming in the sun, and shouting their war-cries in the most hideous manner. On the first fire from the British guns, and immediately after the passage of the ball through the foremost boat, Maj. Taylor had ordered a retreat. Gen. Samuel Whiteside, who had command of one of the boats, impelled with the natural desire of assisting the disabled boat, that was drifting across the river, into the power of merciless enemies, disobeyed the order, and steered toward the disabled craft. When he approached it, he called for "some brave man to cast a cable from his own boat on board of her." An individual, named Paul Harpole, jumped from the disabled boat, in a most exposed situation, caught the cable, and made it fast to the boat. In less than a minute's time, a thousand Indians would have been aboard of her; she was then in two and a half feet water, among small willows, which in some measure protected the Indians. In the mean while, Harpole called for guns to be handed him from below; stood on the deck of the boat completely exposed; fired no less than 14 guns, when he was eventually struck in the forehead by a ball; he pitched forward toward the Indians, and the instant he struck the water, the savages had hold of him, hauled him on shore, and cut him with their knives into a hundred pieces. All this was witnessed by the other boats, and the crippled boat having been towed off into deep water, the whole body retreated, and descended the Mississippi.

Fort Armstrong was finally evacuated by the United States troops, May 4, 1836. Col. Davenport had a fine situation near the fort, about half a mile distant. At first he supplied the fort with provisions, and was afterward extensively engaged in the Indian trade. He was murdered, at the age of 62, while alone in his house, on the island, on July 4, 1845, by a band of robbers. The following account is from "Wilkie's Hist. of Davenport, Past and Present :"

On last Friday afternoon we were witness to a strange and interesting ceremony performed by the Indians, over the remains of Mr. Davenport, who was murdered at his residence on Rock Island, on the 4th inst. Upon preceding to the beautiful spot selected as his last resting place, in the rear of his mansion on Rock Island, we found the war chief and braves of the band of Fox Indians, then encamped in the vicinity of this place, reclining on the grass around his grave, at the head of which was planted a white cedar post, some seven or eight feet in height.

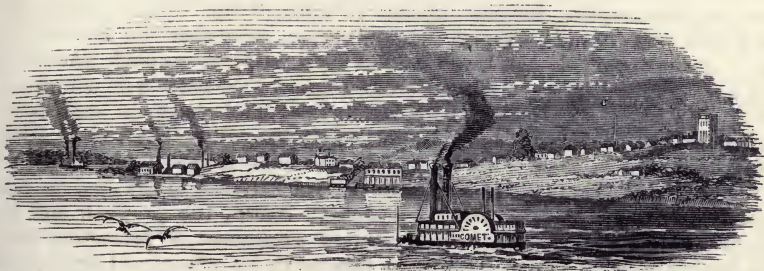
The ceremony began by two of the braves rising and walking to the post, upon which, with paint, they began to inscribe certain characters, while a third brave, armed with an emblematic war club, after drinking to the health of the deceased, from a cup placed at the base of the post, walked three times around the grave, in an opposite direction to the course of the sun, at each revolution delivering a speech with sundry gestures and emphatic motions in the direction of the north-east. When he had ceased, he passed the club to another brave, who went through the same ceremony, passing but once around the grave, and so in succession with each one of the braves. This ceremony, doubtless, would appear pantomimic to one unacquainted with the habits or language of the Indians, but after a full interpretation of their proceedings, they would be found in character with this traditional people.

In walking around the grave in a contrary direction to the course of the sun, they wished to convey the idea that the ceremony was an *original* one. In their speeches they informed the Great Spirit that Mr. Davenport was their friend, and they wished the Great Spirit to open the door to him, and to take charge of him. The enemies whom they had slain, they called upon to act in capacity of waiters to Mr. Davenport, in the spirit land—they believing that they have unlimited power over the spirits of those whom they have slain in battle. Their gestures toward the north-east, were made in allusion to their great enemies, the Sioux, who live

in that direction. They recounted their deeds of battle, with the number that they had slain and taken prisoners. Upon the post were painted, in hieroglyphics, the number of the enemy that they had slain, those taken prisoners, together with the tribe and station of the brave. For instance, the feats of Wau-co-shaw-she, the chief, were thus portrayed: Ten headless figures were painted, which signified that he had killed ten men. Four others were then addeed, one of them smaller than the others, signifying that he had taken four prisoners, one of whom was a child. A line was then run from one figure to another, terminating in a plume, signifying that all had been accomplished by a chief. A fox was then painted over the plume, which plainly told that the chief was of the Fox tribe of Indians. These characters are so expressive, that if an Indian of any tribe whatsoever were to see them, he would at once understand them.

Following the sign of Pau-tau-co-to, who thus proved himself a warrior of high degree, were placed 20 headless figures, being the number of Sioux that he had slain.

The ceremony of painting the post was followed by a feast, prepared for the occasion, which by them was certainly deemed the most agreeable part of the proceedings. Meats, vegetables, and pies, were served up in such profusion that many armsful of the fragments were carried off—it being a part of the ceremony, which is religiously observed, that all the victuals left upon such an occasion are to be taken to their homes. At a dog feast, which is frequently given by themselves, and to which white men are occasionally invited, the guest is either obliged to eat all that is placed before him, or hire some other person to do so, else it is considered a great breach of hospitality.



Distant view of Nauvoo.

The view shows the appearance of Nauvoo, as it is approached when sailing up the Mississippi.

NAUVOO, Hancock county, is 103 miles N. W. by W. from Springfield; 52 above Quincy, and 220 above St. Louis. It is laid out on an extensive plan, on one of the most beautiful sites on the river for a city. In consequence of a graceful curve of the Mississippi, it bounds the town on the north-west, west, and south-west. The ground rises gradually from the water to a considerable height, presenting a smooth and regular surface, with a broad plain at the summit. The place has now about 1,500 inhabitants, the majority of whom are Germans; there are, also, French and American settlers. The inhabitants have fine gardens, wine is manufactured, and many cattle are raised.

Nauvoo, originally the village of Commerce, is noted as the site of the Mormon city, founded by Joseph Smith, in 1840. The population, at one time, when under the Mormon rule, was estimated at about 18,000. The dwellings were mostly log cabins, or small frame houses. The great Mormon Temple—the remains of which are still, by far, the most conspicuous object in the place—was 128 feet long, 88 feet wide, and 65 feet high to the cor-

nice, and 163 feet to the top of the cupola. It would accommodate an assemblage of 3,000 persons. It was built of polished limestone resembling marble, and obtained on the spot. The architecture, in its main features, resembled the Doric. In the basement of the temple was a large stone basin or baptistry, supported by 12 oxen of a colossal size; it was about 15 feet high, altogether of white stone and well carved. This building, at that time, without an equal at the west, was fired October 9, 1848, and for the most part reduced to a heap of ruins.

It is believed that Capt. White erected the first building in the place, a log cabin near the river, about a mile westward of where the temple afterward stood. Mr. Gallard brought out Capt. White; he lived in a two story house near the log cabin. Smith, the Mormon, when he first came to Nauvoo, put up with Mr. G.: he purchased about a mile square of territory. He built the Mansion House near the river. Smith's widow, who is described as amiable and intelligent, married Maj. Bideman. The Mormon Church property was sold to a company of French socialists, about 600 in number, under M. Cabot, for about \$20,000. It appears that many of the French are leaving the place, finding that they can do better elsewhere, individually, than by living in common with others.

After the Mormons had been driven from Missouri, the people of Illinois received them with great kindness. When they had established themselves at Nauvoo, the legislature granted them extraordinary powers, and the city laws, in some respects, became superior to those of the state. Under these laws, difficulties ensued. Smith acted as mayor, general of the Nauvoo Legion, keeper of the Nauvoo Hotel, and as their religious prophet, whose will was law. Smith, and some others, forcibly opposed the process issued against them for a riot. The people were aroused at their resistance, and determined that the warrants should be executed. In June 1844, some 3,000 militia from the adjacent country, and bands from Missouri and Iowa, assembled in the vicinity of Nauvoo. Gov. Ford hastened to the spot to prevent blood-shed. On the 24th, Gen. Joseph Smith, the prophet, and his brother, Gen. Hyrum Smith, having received assurances of protection from the governor, surrendered, and went peaceably to prison, at Carthage, to await their trial for treason. On the evening of the 27th, the guard of the jail were surprised by a mob of some 200 men disguised, who overpowered them, broke down the door, rushed into the room of the prisoners, fired at random, severely wounding Taylor, editor of the Nauvoo Neighbor. They finished by killing the two Smiths, after which they returned to their homes.

In Sept. 1845, the old settlers of Hancock county, exasperated by the lawless conduct of the Mormons, determined to drive them from the state, and commenced by burning their farm houses, scattered through the county. The result was, that they were compelled to agree to emigrate beyond the settled parts of the United States. On the 16th of September, 1846, the Anti-Mormons took possession of Nauvoo. Whatever doubts might have then existed abroad, as to the justice of the course pursued by them, it is now evident by the subsequent history of the Mormons, that they are, as a people, governed by doctrines which render them too infamous to dwell in the heart of civilized communities.

Rev. Peter Cartwright, the celebrated pioneer Methodist itinerant of Illi-

nois, gives this amusing account of an interview he had with Joe Smith, the father of Mormonism:

At an early day after they were driven from Missouri and took up their residence in Illinois, it fell to my lot to become acquainted with Joe Smith, personally, and with many of their leading men and professed followers. On a certain occasion I fell in with Joe Smith, and was formally and officially introduced to him in Springfield, then our county town. We soon fell into a free conversation on the subject of religion, and Mormonism in particular. I found him to be a very illiterate and impudent desperado in morals, but, at the same time, he had a vast fund of low cunning.

In the first place, he made his onset on me by flattery, and he laid on the soft sodder thick and fast. He expressed great and almost unbounded pleasure in the high privilege of becoming acquainted with me, one of whom he had heard so many great and good things, and he had no doubt I was one among God's noblest creatures, an honest man. He believed that among all the churches in the world, the Methodist was nearest right, and that, as far as they went, they were right. But they had stopped short by not claiming the gift of tongues, of prophecy, and of miracles, and then quoted a batch of scripture to prove his positions correct. Upon the whole, he did pretty well for clumsy Joe. I gave him rope, as the sailors say, and, indeed, I seemed to lay this flattering unction pleasurably to my soul.

"Indeed," said Joe, "if the Methodists would only advance a step or two further, they would take the world. We Latter-day Saints are Methodists, as far as they have gone, only we have advanced further, and if you would come in and go with us, we could sweep not only the Methodist Church, but all others, and you would be looked up to as one of the Lord's greatest prophets. You would be honored by countless thousands, and have, of the good things of this world, all that heart could wish."

I then began to inquire into some of the tenets of the Latter-day Saints. He explained. I criticized his explanations, till, unfortunately, we got into high debate, and he cunningly concluded that his first bait would not take, for he plainly saw I was not to be flattered out of common sense and honesty. The next pass he made at me was to move upon my fears. He said that in all ages of the world, the good and right way was evil spoken of, and that it was an awful thing to fight against God.

"Now," said he, "if you will go with me to Nauvoo, I will show you many living witnesses that will testify that they were, by the Saints, cured of blindness, lameness, deafness, dumbness, and all the diseases that human flesh is heir to; and I will show you," said he, "that we have the gift of tongues, and can speak in unknown languages, and that the Saints can drink any deadly poison, and it will not hurt them;" and closed by saying, "the idle stories you hear about us are nothing but sheer persecution."

I then gave him the following history of an encounter I had at a camp-meeting in Morgan county, some time before, with some of his Mormons, and assured him I could prove all I said by thousands that were present.

The camp-meeting was numerously attended, and we had a good and gracious work of religion going on among the people. On Saturday there came some 20 or 30 Mormons to the meeting. During the intermission after the eleven o'clock sermon, they collected in one corner of the encampment, and began to sing, they sang well. As fast as the people rose from their dinners they drew up to hear the singing, and the scattering crowd drew until a large company surrounded them. I was busy regulating matters connected with the meeting. At length, according, I have no doubt, to a preconcerted plan, an old lady Mormon began to shout, and after shouting a while she swooned away and fell into the arms of her husband. The old man proclaimed that his wife had gone into a trance, and that when she came to she would speak in an unknown tongue, and that he would interpret. This proclamation produced considerable excitement, and the multitude crowded thick around. Presently the old lady arose and began to speak in an unknown tongue, sure enough.

Just then my attention was called to the matter. I saw in one moment that the whole maneuver was intended to bring the Mormons into notice, and break up the good of our meeting. I advanced, instantly, toward the crowd, and asked the people to give way and let me in to this old lady, who was then being held in the arms of her husband. I came right up to them, and took hold of her arm, and ordered her peremptorily to hush that gibberish; that I would have no more of it; that it was presumptuous, and blasphemous nonsense. I stopped very suddenly her unknown tongue. She opened her eyes, took me by the hand, and said:

"My dear friend, I have a message directly from God to you." I stopped her short, and said, "I will have none of your messages. If God can speak through no better medium than an old, hypocritical, lying woman, I will hear nothing of it." Her husband, who was to be the interpreter of her message, flew into a mighty rage, and said, "Sir, this is my wife, and I will defend her at the risk of my life." I replied, "Sir, this is *my camp-meeting*, and I will maintain the good order of it at the risk of my life. If this is your wife, take her off from here, and clear yourselves in five minutes, or I will have you under guard."

The old lady slipped out and was off quickly. The old man stayed a little, and began to pour a tirade of abuse on me. I stopped him short, and said, "Not another word of abuse from you, sir. I have no doubt you are an old thief, and if your back was examined, no doubt you carry the marks of the cowhide for your villainy." And sure enough, as if I had spoken by inspiration, he, in some of the old states, had been lashed to the whipping-post for stealing, and I tell you, the old man began to think other persons had visions besides his wife, but he was very clear from wishing to interpret my unknown tongue. To cap the climax, a young gentleman stepped up and said he had no doubt all I said of this old man was true, and much more, for he had caught him stealing corn out of his father's crib. By this time, such was the old man's excitement, that the great drops of sweat ran down his face, and he called out,

"*Don't crowd me, gentlemen, it is mighty warm.*"

Said I, "Open the way, gentlemen, and let him out." When the way was opened, I cried, "Now start, and don't show your face here again, nor one of the Mormons. If you do, you will get *Lynch's law*." They all disappeared, and our meeting went on prosperously, a great many were converted to God, and the church was much revived and built up in her holy faith.

My friend, Joe Smith, became very restive before I got through with my narrative; and when I closed, his wrath boiled over, and he cursed me in the name of his God, and said, "I will show you, sir, that I will raise up a government in these United States which will overturn the present government, and I will raise up a new religion that will *overturn every other form of religion* in this country!"

"Yes," said I, "Uncle Joe, but my Bible tells me 'the bloody and deceitful man shall not live out half his days,' and I expect the Lord will send the devil after you some of these days, and take you out of the way."

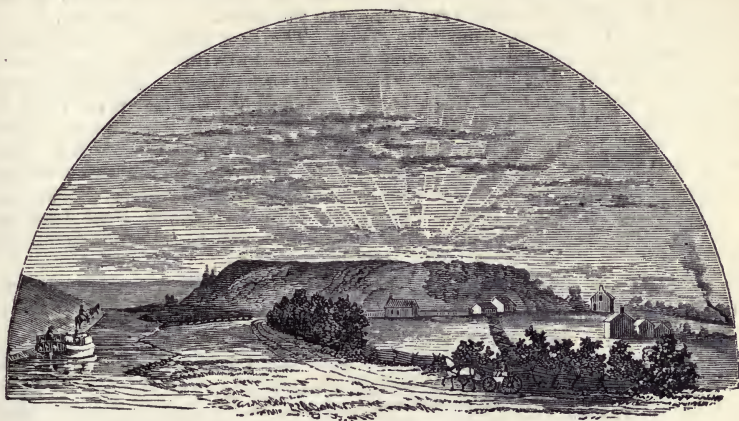
"No, sir," said he, "I shall live and prosper, while you will die in your sins."

"Well, sir," said I, "if you live and prosper, you must quit your stealing and abominable whoredoms!"

Thus we parted, to meet no more on earth; for, in a few years after this, an outraged and deeply injured people took the law into their own hands, and killed him, and drove the Mormons from the state. They should be considered and treated as outlaws in every country and clime. The two great political parties in the state were nearly equal, and these wretched Mormons, for several years, held the balance of power, and they were always in market to the highest bidder. And I have often been put to the blush to see our demagogues and stump orators, from both political parties, courting favors from the Mormons, to gain a triumph in an election.

Great blame has been attached to the state, the citizens of Hancock county, in which Nauvoo is situated, as well as other adjoining counties, for the part they acted in driving the Mormons from among them. But it should be remembered they had no redress at law, for it is beyond all doubt that the Mormons would swear anything, true or false. They stole the stock, plundered and burned the houses and barns of the citizens, and there is no doubt they privately murdered

some of the best people in the county; and owing to the perjured evidence always at their command, it was impossible to have any legal redress. If it had not been for this state of things, Joe Smith would not have been killed, and they would not have been driven with violence from the state. Repeated efforts were made to get redress for these wrongs and outrages, but all to no purpose; and the wonder is, how the people bore as long as they did with the outrageous villainies practiced on them, without a resort to violent measures.



View of Mt. Joliet.

JOLIET is a thriving town, the county seat of Will co., situated on both sides of the Des Plaines River, and on the Illinois and Michigan canal, 148 miles N. E. by N. from Springfield, 280 from Detroit, and 40 S. W. from Chicago. It was formerly known on the maps as "McGee's mill dam." On the eastern side of the river the city extends over a plain of considerable extent, rising as it recedes from the river. Upon the western side the land is formed into bluffs, beneath which is one of the principal streets. It is an important station on the Chicago and Rock Island, and the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroads, and is connected directly with the east by Joliet and Northern (cut-off) Railroads. The river affords valuable water power for mills. It is the center of considerable commerce, several manufacturing; and in its vicinity is a rich farming country, and valuable quarries of building stone. The new state penitentiary is in the vicinity. Population about 7,000.

Joliet received its name from Mt. Joliet, a mound supposed to be an artificial elevation, situated about two and a half miles S. W. of the court house in this place, and so called from Louis Joliet, who was born of French parents, at Quebec, in 1673. He was commissioned by M. de Frontenac to discover the Great River, some affluents of which had been visited by missionaries and traders. Joliet chose, for his companion, Father *Marquette*, whose name was thus connected with the discovery of the Mississippi.

The first dwellings erected in this place was a log house built by Charles Reed, about half a mile north-west of the court house, back of the bluff, and the house erected by James McGee, from Kentucky, near the National Hotel. The original plat of the town was laid out by James B. Campbell, in 1834. West Joliet, by Martin H. Demmond, in Jan. 1835; East Joliet by Albert W. Bowen, in Feb. 1835, since which time many additions have been made. The city of Joliet was incor-

porated in 1852. The first house of worship was erected by the Methodists, in 1838, about 15 rods south-west of the court house: it is now used for an engine house. The Catholic Church, still standing, was commenced the next year. The first Episcopal Church was organized in 1838, their house was erected in 1857. The Congregational Church was organized in 1844; the present Congregational and Methodist Church buildings were erected in 1857. The Universalists erected their first house in 1845; the Baptists about 1855.

The Joliet Courier, now called Joliet Signal, was first printed by Gregg and Hudson, about 1836 or '37; the True Democrat, the second paper, was established in 1847, by A. Mackintosh, from New York. The first regular school house, a stone building now standing in Clinton-street, was built in 1843, at a cost of \$700, considered at that time an extravagant expenditure. Among the first settlers on the east side of the river, were Dr. Albert W. Bowen, from N. Y., the first physician; Edward Perkins, Oneida Co., N. Y.; Robert Shoemaker, Thomas Blackburn, Richard Hobbs, from Ohio; Joel A. Matteson, since governor of the state; Daniel Wade, of Penn., and Lyman White, of N. Y. On the west side, Martin H. Demmond, from N. Y.; James McKee, or Gee, from Kentucky; John Curry, G. H. Woodruff, Deac. Josiah Beaumont, John J. Garland, Deac. Chauncy, from N. Y.; Charles Clement, from New Hampshire, and R. J. Cunningham, from Maryland.

La Salle, is a flourishing city, on the right bank of Illinois River, at the head of steamboat navigation, one mile above Peru, and at the terminus of the Illinois Canal, 100 miles long, connecting it with Chicago. It has a ready communication, both with the northern and southern markets, by railroad, canal and river, the latter of which is navigable at all stages of water. At this point the Illinois Central Railroad crosses the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad. This place has great facilities for trade and manufactures. A substantial railroad bridge, 900 feet in length, crosses the Illinois at La Salle. An extensive establishment for the manufacture of flint glass is in operation here, under the charge of a French gentleman. Large warehouses line the river bank, and the dwellings occupy the high bluffs a little back. The surrounding country is highly productive, and contains extensive beds of bituminous coal, which is extensively mined. The city of *Peru* received its charter in 1851: it is separated from La Salle by only an imaginary line. Its manufacturing interests are well developed. The two cities are in effect one, so far as regards advantages of business, and are nearly equal in population. Peru and La Salle have several fine educational institutions, 11 churches, 5 weekly newspapers, and about 7,000 inhabitants.

Dixon, the capital of Lee county, is beautifully situated on the banks of Rock River, at the junction of a branch of the Galena Railroad, with the Illinois Central, 98 miles west of Chicago. It has about 5,000 inhabitants.

Dunleith, a smaller town, is the north-western terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, on the Mississippi opposite Dubuque.

Kankakee City is a fine town of 3,500 inhabitants, 56 miles south of Chicago, on Kankakee River and Illinois Central Railroad, and at a spot that a few years since had not a single dwelling.

St. Anne, on the Central Railroad, in Kankakee county, is a colony of 800 French Canadian emigrants, under the pastoral care of Father Chiniquy, originally a Catholic priest, who, with his people, have embraced Protestantism. Each settler has about 40 acres, and their farms are laid along parallel roads, at right angles to the railroad. They exhibit signs of careful cultivation, and the village and church of the colony are prettily situated near the woods on the river side. In the three years prior to 1860, the crops of these people were cut off, and but for benevolent aid they would have perished from famine.

Decatur, in Macon county, at the junction of the Illinois Central with the Toledo, Wabash and Great Western railroad, is a substantial, thriving little city, within a few miles of the geographical center of the state. It is the seat of a large internal trade and extensive domestic manufactures, and has about 6000 inhabitants. An effort has been made to create it the state capital.

Vandalia, capital of Fayette county, is on Kankakee River and Illinois Central Railroad, 80 miles south-easterly from Springfield. It was laid out in 1818, and until 1836 was the capital of Illinois. It is a small village.

Sandoval is a new town, on the prairies, 230 miles from Chicago, and 60 from St. Louis. It is a great railroad center, at the point where intersect the Illinois Central and Ohio and Mississippi Railroads. "Here east meets west, and north meets south in the thundering conflict of propulsive motion, energy and speed."

Elgin, Waukegan, St. Charles, Sterling, Moline, Naperville, Urbana, Belvidere, Batavia, Aurora, Abingdon, Macomb, Belleville, Sycamore, and Ottawa are all thriving towns, mostly in the northern part of the state, the largest of which may have 5,000 inhabitants.

A few miles below Ottawa, on the Illinois River, are the picturesque heights of the Illinois, called the *Starved Rock* and the *Lover's Leap*. Starved Rock is a grand perpendicular limestone cliff, 150 feet in height. It was named in memory of the fate of a party of Illinois Indians, who died on the rock from thirst, when besieged by the Pottawatomies. Lover's Leap is a precipitous ledge just above Starved Rock, and directly across the river is Buffalo Rock, a height of 100 feet. This eminence, though very steep on the water side, slopes easily inland. The Indians were wont to drive the buffaloes in frightened herds to and over its awful brink.

MISCELLANIES.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

The following account of the "Black Hawk war" is taken from Mr. Peck's edition of Perkins' Annals:

In the year 1804, Gen. Harrison made a treaty with the Sacs and Foxes—two tribes united as one—by which they ceded the lands east of the Mississippi, to the United States; but to these lands they had no original right, even in the Indian sense, as they were intruders on the country of the Santeurs and Iowas. By this treaty, they were permitted to reside and hunt upon these lands, until sold for settlement by the government.

This treaty was reconfirmed by the Indians, in the years 1815 and 1816. Black Hawk, who was *never* a chief, but merely an Indian *brave*, collected a few disaffected spirits, and refusing to attend the negotiations of 1816, went to Canada, proclaimed himself and party British, and received presents from them.

The treaty of 1804, was again ratified in 1822, by the Sacs and Foxes, in "full council," at Fort Armstrong, Rock Island, on the Mississippi. In 1825, another treaty was held at Prairie du Chien, with the Indians, by William Clark and Lewis Cass, for the purpose of bringing about a peace between the Sacs and Foxes, the Chippewas and the Iowas on the one hand, and the Sioux and Dacotahs on the other. Hostilities continuing, the United States, in 1827, interfered between the contending tribes. This offended the Indians, who thereupon murdered two whites in the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, and attacked two boats on the Mississippi, conveying supplies to Fort Snelling, and killed and wounded several of the crews. Upon this, Gen. Atkinson marched into the Winnebago country, and made prisoners of Red Bird and six others, who were imprisoned at Prairie du Chien. A part of those arrested, were convicted on trial, and in December of the following year (1828) executed. Among those discharged for want of proof, was Black Hawk, then about sixty years of age.

About this time, the president issued a proclamation, according to law, and the country, about the mouth of Rock River, which had been previously surveyed, was sold, and the year following, was taken possession of by American families. Some time previous to this, after the death of old Quashquame, Keokuk was appointed chief of the Sac nation. The United States gave due notice to the Indians to leave the country east of the Mississippi, and Keokuk made the same proclamation to the Sacs, and a portion of the nation, with their regular chiefs, with Keokuk at their head, peaceably retired across the Mississippi. Up to this period, Black Hawk continued his annual visits to Malden, and received his annuity for allegiance to the British government. He would not recognize Keokuk as chief, but gathered about him all the restless spirits of his tribe, many of whom were young, and fired with the ambition of becoming "braves," and set up himself for a chief.

Black Hawk was not a Pontiac, or a Tecumseh. He had neither the talent nor the influence to form any comprehensive scheme of action, yet he made an abortive attempt to unite all the Indians of the west, from Rock River to Mexico, in a war against the United States.

Still another treaty, and the seventh in succession, was made with the Sacs and Foxes, on the 15th of July, 1830, in which they again confirmed the preceding treaties, and promised to remove from Illinois to the territory west of the Mississippi. This was no new cession, but a recognition of the former treaties by the proper authorities of the nation, and a renewed pledge of fidelity to the United States.

During all this time, Black Hawk was gaining accessions to his party. Like Tecumseh, he, too, had his Prophet—whose influence over the superstitious savages was not without effect.

In 1830, an arrangement was made by the Americans who had purchased the land above the mouth of Rock River, and the Indians that remained, to live as neighbors, the latter cultivating their old fields. Their inclosures consisted of stakes stuck in the ground, and small poles tied with strips of bark transversely.

The Indians left for their summer's hunt, and returned when their corn was in the milk—gathered it, and turned their horses into the fields cultivated by the Americans, to gather their crop. Some depredations were committed on their hogs and other property. The Indians departed on their winter's hunt, but returned early in the spring of 1831, under the guidance of Black Hawk, and committed depredations on the frontier settlements. Their leader was a cunning, shrewd Indian, and trained his party to commit various depredations on the property of the frontier inhabitants, but not to attack, or kill any person. His policy was to provoke the Americans to make war on him, and thus seem to fight in defense of Indian rights, and the "graves of their fathers." Numerous affidavits, from persons of unquestionable integrity, sworn to before the proper officers, were made out and sent to Gov. Reynolds, attesting to these and many other facts.

Black Hawk had about five hundred Indians in training, with horses, well provided with arms, and invaded the state of Illinois with hostile designs. These facts were known to the governor and other officers of the state. Consequently, Gov. Reynolds, on the 28th of May, 1831, made a call for volunteers, and communicated the facts to Gen. Gaines, of this military district, and made a call for regular troops. The state was invaded by a hostile band of savages, under an avowed enemy of the United States. The military turned out to the number of twelve hundred or more, on horseback, and under command of the late Gen. Joseph Duncan, marched to Rock River.

The regular troops went up the Mississippi in June. Black Hawk and his men, alarmed at this formidable appearance, recrossed the Mississippi, sent a white flag, and made a treaty, in which the United States agreed to furnish them a large amount of corn and other necessities, if they would observe the treaty.

In the spring of 1832, Black Hawk, with his party, again crossed the Mississippi to the valley of Rock River, notwithstanding he was warned against doing so by Gen. Atkinson, who commanded at Fort Armstrong, in Rock Island. Troops, both regular and militia, were at once mustered and marched in pursuit of the native band. Among the troops was a party of volunteers under Major Stillman, who, on the 14th of May, was out on a tour of observation, and close in the neighborhood of the savages. On that evening, having discovered a party of Indians, the whites galloped forward to attack the savage band, but were met with so much energy and determination, that they took to their heels in utter consternation. The whites were 175 in number; the Indians from five to six hundred. Of this party, twenty-five followed the retreating battalion, after night for several miles. Eleven whites were killed and shockingly mangled, and several wounded. Some four or five Indians were known to be killed. This action was at Stillman's run, in the eastern part of Ogle county, about twenty-five miles above Dixon.

Peace was now hopeless, and although Keokuk, the legitimate chief of the nation, controlled a majority, the temptation of war and plunder was too strong for those who followed Black Hawk.

On the 21st of May, a party of warriors, about seventy in number, attacked the Indian Creek settlement in La Salle county, Illinois, killed fifteen persons, and took two young women prisoners; these were afterward returned to their friends, late in July, through the efforts of the Winnebagoes. On the following day, a party of spies was attacked and four of them slain, and other massacres followed. Meanwhile 3,000 Illinois militia had been ordered out, who rendezvoused upon the 20th of June, near Peru; these marched forward to the Rock River, where they were joined by the United States troops, the whole being under command of Gen. Atkinson. Six hundred mounted men were also ordered out, while Gen. Scott, with nine companies of artillery, hastened from the seaboard by the way of the lakes to Chicago, moving with such celerity that some of his troops, we are told, actually went 1,800 miles in eighteen days; passing in that time from Fort Monroe, on the Chesapeake, to Chicago. Long before the artillerists could reach the scene of action, however, the western troops had commenced the conflict in earnest, and before they *did* reach the field, had closed it. On the 24th of June, Black Hawk and his two hundred warriors were repulsed by Major Demint, with but one hundred and fifty militia: this skirmish took place between Rock River and Galena. The army then continued to move up Rock River, near the heads of which,

it was understood that the main party of the hostile Indians was collected; and as provisions were scarce, and hard to convey in such a country, a detachment was sent forward to Fort Winnebago, at the portage between the Wisconsin and Fox Rivers, to procure supplies. This detachment, hearing of Black Hawk's army, pursued and overtook them on the 21st of July, near the Wisconsin River, and in the neighborhood of the Blue Mounds. Gen. Henry, who commanded the party, formed with his troops three sides of a hollow square, and in that order received the attack of the Indians; two attempts to break the ranks were made by the natives in vain; and then a general charge was made by the whole body of Americans, and with such success that, it is said, fifty-two of the red men were left dead upon the field, while but one American was killed and eight wounded.

Before this action, Henry had sent word of his motions to the main army, by whom he was immediately rejoined, and on the 28th of July, the whole crossed the Wisconsin in pursuit of Black Hawk, who was retiring toward the Mississippi. Upon the bank of that river, nearly opposite the Upper Iowa, the Indians were overtaken and again defeated, on the 2d of August, with a loss of one hundred and fifty men, while of the whites but eighteen fell. This battle entirely broke the power of Black Hawk; he fled, but was seized by the Winnebagoes, and upon the 27th, was delivered to the officers of the United States, at Prairie du Chien.

Gen. Scott, during the months of July and August, was contending with a worse than Indian foe. The Asiatic cholera had just reached Canada; passing up the St. Lawrence to Detroit, it overtook the western-bound armament, and thenceforth the camp became a hospital. On the 8th of July, his thinned ranks landed at Fort Dearborn or Chicago, but it was late in August before they reached the Mississippi. The number of that band who died from the cholera, must have been at least seven times as great as that of all who fell in battle. There were several other skirmishes of the troops with the Indians, and a number of individuals murdered; making in all about seventy-five persons killed in these actions, or murdered on the frontiers.

In September, the Indian troubles were closed by a treaty, which relinquished to the white men thirty millions of acres of land, for which stipulated annuities were to be paid; constituting now the eastern portion of the state of Iowa, to which the only real claim of the Sacs and Foxes, was their depredations on the unoffending Iowas, about 140 years since. To Keokuk and his party, a reservation of forty miles square was given, in consideration of his fidelity; while Black Hawk and his family were sent as hostages to Fort Monroe, in the Chesapeake, where they remained until June, 1833. The chief afterward returned to his native wilds, where he died.

CAVE-IN-ROCK.

On the Ohio River, in Hardin county, a few miles above Elizabethtown, near the south-eastern corner of the state, is a famous cavern, known as Cave-in-Rock. Its entrance is a semi-circular arch of about 80 feet span and 25 feet in height, and ascending gradually from the bed of the river, it penetrates to the distance of nearly 200 feet. This cave, in early times, was the terror of the boatmen on the Ohio, for it was one of the haunts of Mason and his band of outlaws, whose acts of murder upon travelers through the wilderness are elsewhere detailed in this work. The pioneers of the west suffered greatly from the desperadoes, who infested the country in the early stages of its history. And there have not been wanting, even in more recent times, instances in which bands of villains have been formed to set all law at defiance by preying upon society.

About the year 1820, the southern counties of Illinois contained a gang of horse thieves, so numerous and well organized as to defy punishment by legal means, until a company of citizens was formed, called "regulators," who, taking the law into their own hands, at last drove the felons from the neighborhood. In 1841, a gang of these scoundrels existed in Ogle county and its vicinity, in the Rock River country. Wm. Cullen Bryant was traveling there at the time, and in his published volume of letters, gives, substantially, this narrative of their operations:

The thieves were accustomed to select the best animals from the drove, and these were passed from one station to another, until they arrived at some distant market,

where they were sold. They had their regular lines of communication from Wisconsin to St. Louis, and from the Wabash to the Mississippi. In Ogle county, it is said they had a justice of the peace and a constable among their associates, and they contrived always to secure a friend on the jury whenever one of their number was tried. Trial after trial had taken place at Dixon, the county seat, and it had been found impossible to obtain a conviction on the clearest evidence, until in



Cave-in-Rock, on the Ohio.

April of this year, when two horse thieves being on trial, eleven of the jury threatened the twelfth juror with a taste of the cowskin, unless he would bring in a verdict of guilty. He did so, and the men were condemned. Before they were removed to the state prison, the court house, a fine building, just erected at an expense of \$20,000, was burnt down, and the jail was in flames, but luckily they were extinguished without the liberation of the prisoners. Such, at length, became the feeling of insecurity, that 300 citizens of Ogle, De Kalb and Winnebago counties formed themselves into a company of volunteers, for the purpose of clearing the country of these scoundrels. The patrons of the thieves lived at some of the finest groves, where they owned large farms. Ten or twenty stolen horses would be brought to one of these places of a night, and before sunrise, the desperadoes employed to steal them were again mounted and on their way to some other station. In breaking up these haunts, the regulators generally proceeded with some of the formalities commonly used in administering justice, the accused being allowed to make a defense, and witnesses examined both for and against him.

At this time, there lived at Washington Grove, in Ogle county, one Bridge, a notorious confederate and harbinger of horse thieves and counterfeiters. In July two horse thieves had been flogged, and Bridge received a notice from the regulators that he must leave the county by the 17th, or become a proper subject for the lynch law. Thereupon he came into Dixon, and asked for assistance to defend his person and dwelling from the lawless violence of these men. The people of Dixon then came together, and passed a resolution to the effect that they fully approved of what the association had done, and that they allowed Mr. Bridges the term of four hours to depart from the town. He went away immediately, and in great trepidation, but made preparations to defend himself. He kept 20 armed men about his place for two days, but thinking, at last, that the regulators did not mean to carry their threats into execution, he dismissed them. The regulators subsequently removed his family, and demolished his dwelling.

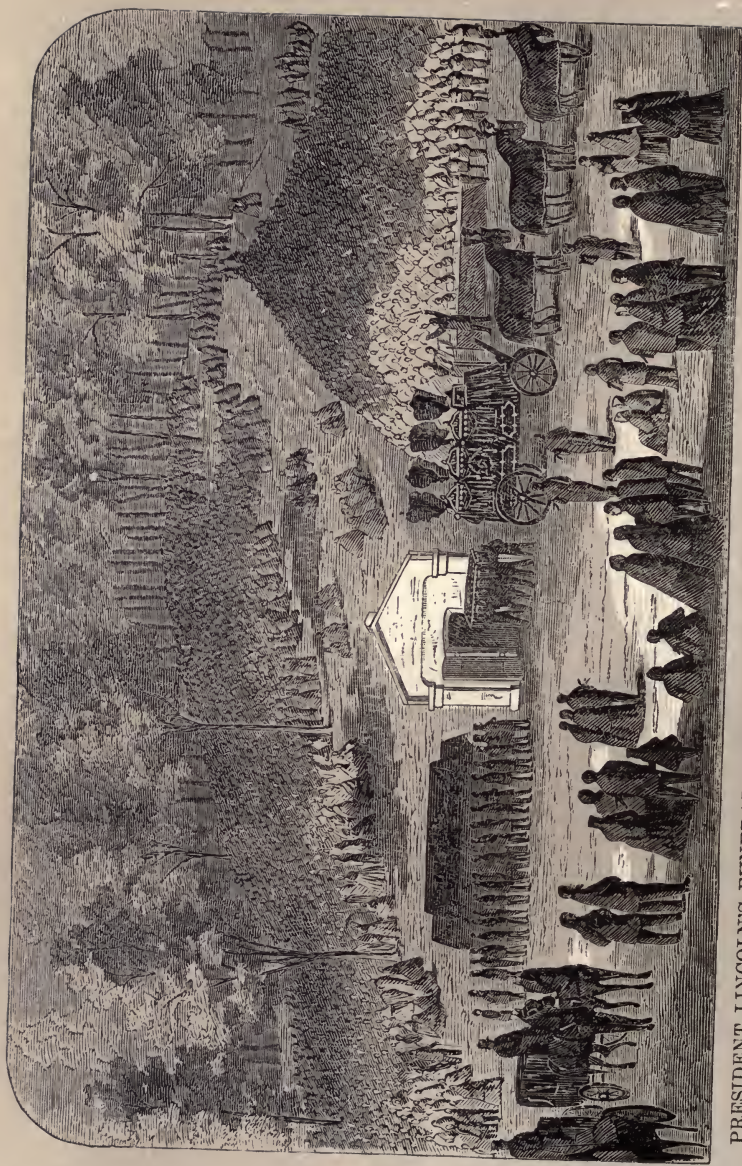
Not long after, two men, mounted and carrying rifles, called at the residence of

a Mr. Campbell, living at Whiterock Grove, in Ogle county, who belonged to the company of regulators, and who acted as the messenger to convey to Bridges the order to leave the county. Meeting Mrs. Campbell without the house, they told her that they wished to speak to her husband. Campbell made his appearance at the door, and immediately both the men fired. He fell, mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes. "You have killed my husband," said Mrs. Campbell to one of the murderers, whose name was Driscoll. Upon this they rode off at full speed.

As soon as the event was known, the whole country was roused, and every man who was not an associate of the horse thieves, shouldered his rifle to go in pursuit of the murderers. They apprehended the father of Driscoll, a man nearly 70 years of age, and one of his sons, William Driscoll, the former a reputed horse thief, and the latter a man who had hitherto borne a tolerably fair character, and subjected them to a separate examination. The father was wary in his answers, and put on the appearance of perfect innocence, but William Driscoll was greatly agitated, and confessed that he, with his father and others, had planned the murder of Campbell, and that David Driscoll, his brother, together with another associate, was employed to execute it. The father and son were then sentenced to death; they were bound and made to kneel. About 50 men took aim at each, and in three hours from the time they were taken, they were both dead men. A pit was dug on the spot where they fell, in the midst of the prairie near their dwelling. Their corpses, pierced with bullet holes in every part, were thrown in, and the earth was heaped over them.

The pursuit of David Driscoll, and the fellow who was with him when Campbell was killed, went on with great activity, more than a hundred men traversed the country in every direction, determined that no lurking place should hide them. The upshot was, that the Driscoll family lost another member, and the horse thieves and their confederates were driven from the country.

Within a very few years, the thinly settled parts of Iowa have suffered from like organized gangs of horse thieves, until the people were obliged to resort to a like summary process of dispelling the nuisance. To the isolated settler in a wilderness country, living many a long mile from neighbors, the horse is of a peculiar value, elsewhere unknown. So keenly is the robbery of these animals felt, that, in the failure of ordinary penalties to stop the perpetration of this crime, public opinion justifies the generally recognized "*Frontier Law*," that DEATH is to be meted out to horse thieves.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.—BURIAL SERVICE AT OAK RIDGE, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
ILLINOIS.

The attitude of several of the states of the union has been determined by the conduct of a few noble men in the hour of trial. Where men of ability faltered or proved recreant, the people of that state became divided, and all the horrors of civil war were experienced, but, where they were loyal, the people united, and the war raged far from their borders. Had Kentucky, instead of a Magoffin, had a Morton, and Missouri a Yates, instead of a Jackson, how different might have the history of those states been: what horrors they might have escaped. Illinois was peculiarly fortunate in her public men at the outbreak of the rebellion. With them love of country overruled every other consideration.

DOUGLAS, the great statesman of the west, in the hour of the nation's peril, forgot the claims of party in his devotion to his country, and spoke words that thrilled and inspired the heart of the people. Her executive was prompt, far-sighted and untiring in labor for the welfare of the soldiers of Illinois.

It was his eye that discerned in a captain of infantry those high qualities which have made the name of GRANT illustrious. And from Illinois, too, came ABRAHAM LINCOLN, that PATIENT man, who, with singular calmness and wisdom, looking serenely aloft, bore the helm in the years of the people's great trouble.

As a mournful interest now gathers around the name of DOUGLAS, we give some of his last words—the noblest of his life. On the evening of the first of May, 1861, he reached Chicago from Washington, and there, to an immense concourse, made his last speech, which, it has been said, “should be engraved upon the tablet of every patriot heart.”

I will not conceal gratification at the uncontrovertible test this vast audience presents—that what political differences or party questions may have divided us, yet you all had a conviction that when the country should be in danger, my loyalty could be relied on. That the present danger is imminent, no man can conceal. If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the constitution—I can say before God my conscience is clean. I have struggled long for a peaceful

solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those states what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity.

The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our capital, obstructions and dangers to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy?

What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us for breaking up the best government on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of a presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot box? I understand it that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the constitution must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted to be done? I appeal to these assembled thousands that so far as the constitutional rights of the southern states, I will say the constitutional rights of slaveholders are concerned, nothing has been done and nothing omitted of which they can complain.

There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first president of these United States, when the rights of the southern states stood firmer under the laws of the land, than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good a cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every administration? . . .

The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago. . . .

But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised. War is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war, *only patriots—or traitors.*

Thank God, Illinois is not divided on this question. I know they expected to present an united south against a divided north. They hoped in the northern states, party questions would bring civil war between democrats and republicans, when the south would step in with her cohorts, aid one party to conquer the other, and then make an easy prey of the victors. Their scheme was carnage and civil war in the north.

There is but one way to defeat this. In Illinois it is being so defeated, by *closing up the ranks.* War will thus be prevented on our soil. While there was a hope of peace, I was ready for any reasonable sacrifice or compromise to maintain it. But when the question comes of war in the cotton-fields of the south or the corn-fields of Illinois, I say the farther off the better. . . .

The constitution and its guarantees are our birthright, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We can not recognize secession. Recognize it once, and you have not only dissolved government, but you have destroyed social order, upturned the foundations of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French revolution.

Then we have a solemn duty—to maintain the government. The greater our unanimity the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome, from the few short months since of a fierce party contest. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country with the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us.

I have said more than I intended to say. [Cries of "Go on."] It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war; but, sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect it will be, I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally around the flag of his country.

I thank you again for this magnificent demonstration. By it, you show you have laid aside party strife. Illinois has a proud position. United, firm, determined never to permit the government to be destroyed.

A few days later, and Stephen A. Douglas had done with all mortal conflicts. His dying words was a last message to his absent sons—*"Tell them to obey the laws, and support the Constitution of the United States."*

Looking back over four years of war, in which ILLINOIS had borne so conspicuous a part, her governor gives the following satisfactory record.

As a state, notwithstanding the war, we have prospered beyond all former precedents. Notwithstanding nearly 200,000 of the most athletic and vigorous of our population have been withdrawn from the field of production, the area of land now under cultivation is greater than at any former period, and our prosperity is as complete and ample as though no tread of armies or beat of drum had been heard in all our borders.

Appreciating, before the first gun was fired at Sumter, the determination of treasonable political leaders to inaugurate rebellion, and, when war was actually made against the government, the great preparation made by them for revolt, and the magnitude of the struggle we would be compelled to pass through, I earnestly insisted upon and urged more extensive preparation for the prosecution of the war.

After the war had progressed a year, and the mild measures which were still persistently advocated by many friends of the administration, and with all the evidence, on the part of the rebels, for complete preparation and determination to wage a long and desperate war against the government, I sent the president the following dispatch:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 11, 1862

President Lincoln, Washington, D. C.:

The crisis of the war and our national existence is upon us. The time has come for the adoption of more decisive measures. Greater vigor and earnestness must be infused into our military movements. Blows must be struck at the vital parts of the rebellion. The government should employ every available means compatible with the rules of warfare to subject the traitors. Summon to the standard of the republic all men willing to fight for the union. Let loyalty, and that alone, be the dividing line between the nation and its foes. Generals should not be permitted to fritter away the sinews of our brave men in guarding the property of traitors, and in driving back into their hands loyal blacks, who offer us their labor, and seek shelter beneath the federal flag. Shall we sit supinely by, and see the war sweep off the youth and strength of the land, and refuse aid from that class of men, who are at least worthy foes of traitors and the murderers of our government and of our children?

Our armies should be directed to forage on the enemy, and to cease paying traitors and their abettors exorbitant exactions for food needed by the sick and hungry soldier. Mild and conciliatory means have been tried in vain to recall the rebels to their allegiance. The conservative policy has utterly failed to reduce traitors to obedience, and to restore the supremacy of the laws. They have, by means of sweeping conscriptions, gathered in countless hordes, and threaten to beat back and overwhelm the armies of the union. With blood and treason in their hearts, they flaunt the black flag of rebellion in the face of the government, and threaten to butcher our brave and loyal armies with foreign bayonets. They arm negroes and merciless savages in their behalf.

Mr. Lincoln, the crisis demands greater and sterner measures. Proclaim anew the good old motto of the republic, "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and accept the services of *all loyal men*, and it will be in your power to stamp armies out of the earth—irresistible armies that will bear our banners to certain victory.

In any event, Illinois, already alive with beat of drum, and resounding with the tramp of new recruits, will respond to your call. Adopt this policy, and she will leap like a flaming giant into the fight.

This policy, for the conduct of the war, will render foreign intervention impossible, and the arms of the republic invincible. It will bring the conflict to a speedy close, and secure peace on a permanent basis.

RICHARD YATES,
Governor of Illinois.

We have lost thousands of our best men, and whole regiments and batteries, in the conflicts of this fearful war; but we have not to deplore the decimation of the ranks of gallant regiments, led by timid and halting generals on fruitless and purposeless campaigns, prosecuted without skill or vigor, and with the deplorable *morale* of a fear to punish traitors not actually in arms, and the employment of the best strength of their armies in protecting rebel property.

Belmont, Donelson, Island No. 10, Shiloh, Corinth, Parker's cross-roads, Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion hills, Black river, siege of Vicksburg, Perryville, Stone river, Chickamunga, Lookout mountain, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and the triumphal march of Sherman, speak in thunder tones of the consolidated efforts of Illinois, vying with the volunteers of other states in battling for the union.

Our total quota, under calls of the president, prior to Dec. 1, 1864, was, 197,360. In prompt support of the government at home, and in response to calls for troops, the state stands pre-eminently in the lead among her loyal sisters; and every click of the telegraph heralds the perseverance of Illinois generals and the indomitable courage and bravery of Illinois sons, in every engagement of the war. Our state has furnished a very large contingent to the fighting strength of our national army. In the west, the history of the war is brilliant with recitations of the skill and prowess of our general, field, staff and line officers, and hundreds of Illinois boys in the ranks are specially singled out and commended by Generals Grant, Sherman, and other generals of this and other states, for their noble deeds and manly daring on hotly contested fields. One gallant Illinois boy is mentioned as being the first to plant the stars and stripes at Donelson; another, at a critical moment, anticipates the commands of a superior officer, in hurrying forward an ammunition train, and supervising hand grenades, by cutting short the fuses of heavy shell, and hurling them, with his own hands, in front of an assaulting column, into a strong redoubt at Vicksburg; and the files of my office and those of the adjutant-general are full of letters mentioning for promotion hundreds of private soldiers, who have, on every field of the war, distinguished themselves by personal gallantry, at trying and critical periods. The list of promotions from the field and staff of our regiments to lieutenant and major-generals, for gallant conduct and the prerequisites for efficient and successful command, compare brilliantly with the names supplied by other states, and is positive proof of the wisdom of the government in conferring honors and responsibilities; and the patient, vigilant and tenacious record made by our veteran regiments, in the camp, on the march and in the field, is made a subject of praise by the whole country, and will be the theme for poets and historians of all lands, for all time.

Prominent among the many distinguished names who have borne their early commissions from Illinois, I refer, with special pride, to the character and price-less services to the country of ULYSSES S. GRANT. In April, 1861, he tendered his personal services to me, saying, "that he had been the recipient of a military education at West Point, and that now, when the country was involved in a war for its preservation and safety, he thought it his duty to offer his services in defense of the union, and that he would esteem it a privilege to be assigned to any position where he could be useful." The plain, straightforward demeanor of the man, and the modesty and earnestness which characterized his offer of assistance, at once awakened a lively interest in him, and impressed me with a desire to secure his counsel for the benefit of volunteer organizations then forming for government service. At first, I assigned him a desk in the executive office; and his familiarity with military organization and regulations made him an invaluable assistant in my own and the office of the adjutant-general. Soon his admirable qualities as a military commander became apparent, and I assigned him to command of the camps of organization at "Camp Yates," Springfield, "Camp Grant," Mattoon, and "Camp Douglas," at Anna, Union county, at which the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 18th, 19th and 21st regiments of Illinois volunteers, raised under the call of the president, of the 15th of April, and under the "ten regiment bill," of the extraordinary session of the legislature, convened April 23d, 1861, were rendezvoused. His employment had special reference to the organization and muster of these forces—the first six into United States, and the last three into

the state service. This was accomplished about May 10, 1861, at which time he left the state for a brief period, on a visit to his father, at Covington, Kentucky.

The 21st regiment of Illinois volunteers, raised in Macon, Cumberland, Piatt, Douglas, Moultrie, Edgar, Clay, Clark, Crawford and Jasper counties, for thirty-day state service, organized at the camp at Mattoon, preparatory to three years' service for the government, had become very much demoralized, under the thirty days' experiment, and doubts arose in relation to their acceptance for a longer period. I was much perplexed to find an efficient and experienced officer to take command of the regiment and take it into the three years' service. I ordered the regiment to Camp Yates, and after consulting Hon. Jesse K. Dubois, who had many friends in the regiment, and Col. John S. Loomis, assistant adjutant-general, who was at the time in charge of the adjutant-general's office, and on terms of personal intimacy with Grant, I decided to offer the command to him, and accordingly telegraphed Captain Grant, at Covington, Kentucky, tendering him the colonelcy. He immediately reported, accepting the commission, taking rank as colonel of that regiment from the 15th day of June, 1861. Thirty days previous to that time the regiment numbered over one thousand men, but in consequence of laxity in discipline of the commanding officer, and other discouraging obstacles connected with the acceptance of troops at that time, but six hundred and three men were found willing to enter the three years' service. In less than ten days, Colonel Grant filled the regiment to the maximum standard, and brought it to a state of discipline seldom attained in the volunteer service, in so short a time. His was the only regiment that left the camp of organization on foot. He marched from Springfield to the Illinois river, but, in an emergency requiring troops to operate against Missouri rebels, the regiment was transported by rail to Quincy, and Colonel Grant was assigned to command for the protection of the Quincy and Palmyra, and Hannibal and St. Joseph railroads. He soon distinguished himself as a regimental commander in the field, and his increased rank was recognized by his friends in Springfield, and his promotion insisted upon, before his merits and services were fairly understood at Washington. His promotion was made upon the ground of his military education, fifteen years' service as a lieutenant and captain in the regular army, (during which time he was distinguished in the Mexican war,) his great success in organizing and disciplining his regiment, and for his energetic and vigorous prosecution of the campaign in north Missouri, and the earnestness with which he entered into the great work of waging war against the traitorous enemies of his country. His first great battle was at Belmont,—an engagement which became necessary to protect our southwestern army in Missouri from overwhelming forces being rapidly consolidated against it from Arkansas, Tennessee and Columbus, Kentucky. The struggle was a desperate one, but the tenacity and soldierly qualities of Grant and his invincible little army, gave us the first practical victory in the west. The balance of his shining record is indelibly written in the history of Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, siege of Richmond, and the intricate and difficult command as lieutenant-general of the armies of the union—written in the blood and sacrifices of the heroic braves who have fallen, following him to glorious victory—written upon the hearts and memories of the loyal millions who are at the hearth-stones of our gallant and unconquerable "boys in blue." The impress of his genius stamps our armies, from one end of the republic to the other; and the secret of his success in executing his plans, is in the love, enthusiasm and confidence he inspires in the soldier in the ranks, the harmony and respect for and deference to the wishes and commands of the president, and his sympathy with the government in its war policy.

As evidence of the materials of the State of Illinois for war purposes, at the beginning of the war, and a pleasing incident of Grant's career, I refer to an article in a Vicksburg paper, the *Weekly Sun*, of May 13, 1861, which ridicules our enfeebled and unprepared condition, and says: "An official report made to Gov. Yates, of Illinois, by one Captain Grant, says that after examining all the state armories he finds the muskets amount to just nine hundred and four, and of them only sixty in serviceable condition." Now, the name of that man, who was looking up the rusty muskets in Illinois, is glory-crowned with shining victories,

and will fill thousands of history's brightest pages to the end of time. I know well the secret of his power, for, afterward, when I saw him at headquarters, upon the march, and on the battle-field, in his plain, thread-bare uniform, modest in his deportment, careful of the wants of the humblest soldier, personally inspecting all the dispositions and divisions of his army, calm and courageous amid the most destructive fire of the enemy, it was evident that he had the confidence of every man, from the highest officer down to the humblest drummer boy in his whole command. His generalship rivals that of Alexander and Napoleon, and his armies eclipse those of Greece and Rome, in their proudest days of imperial grandeur. He is a gift of the Almighty Father to the nation, in its extremity, and he has won his way to the exalted position he occupies through his own great perseverance, skill and indomitable bravery, and it is inexcusably vain for any man to claim that he has made Grant, or that he has given Grant to the country, or that he can control his great genius and deeds for the private ends of selfish and corrupt political ambition.

With regard to our future course, I am here to-day to say in behalf of the loyal millions of Illinois, and I trust this general assembly is prepared to say, and to throw into the face of Jeff. Davis and of his minions, and of all traitors who would destroy our union, the determined response that in the booming thunders of Farragut's cannon, in the terrible onslaught of Sherman's legions, in the flaming sabers of Sheridan's cavalry, and in the red battle glare of Grant's artillery, our voice is still for war—war to the knife—all the dread enginery of war—persistent, unrelenting, stupendous, exterminating war, till the last rebel shall lay down his arms, and our flag float in triumph over the land.

And when our own Illinois, upon some national holiday, shall meet all our returning soldiers, as they shall pass in serried ranks, with their old battle-scarred banners and shivered cannons, and rusty bayonets and sabers—with rebel flags and rebel trophies of every kind—at this mighty triumphal procession, surpassing the proudest festivals of ancient Rome and Greece, in their palmiest days, then the loud plaudits of a grateful people will go up: All hail to the veterans who have given our flag to the God of storms, the battle and the breeze, and consecrated our country afresh to union, liberty and humanity.

The spirit of the people may be learned from the action of some of its religious bodies. The Synod of Illinois at its meeting in Jacksonville, passed, unanimously, a series of resolutions, of which the following is the last.

"And, finally, we urge all the members of our churches to sustain with a generous confidence the government and all who do its biddings, and to cherish such a view of the momentous importance and sacredness of our cause that they will bear with cheerfulness all the sacrifices which the war imposes; and whether it be long or short, cheerfully pour out, if needs be, the *last ounce of gold*, and the *last drop of blood*, to bring the contest to a righteous issue."

How, as the war progressed, sympathy with the south was met, is well-illustrated by the following account of a scene which took place in the state legislature. The writer says:

A great sensation was created by a speech by Mr. FUNK, one of the richest farmers in the state, a man who pays over \$3,000 per annum taxes toward the support of the government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions, which had been introduced by the democrats to kill time and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the state government. He said:

Mr. Speaker, I can sit in my seat no longer and see such by-play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are traitors or secessionists at heart.

I say that there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here, nightly, when their speakers get up to denounce the war and the administration, prove it.

I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible, myself, for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor in any manner from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon upon this charge against these traitors. I am an old man of sixty-five, I came to Illinois a poor boy, I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay \$3,000 a year taxes. I am willing to pay \$6,000, aye, \$12,000, [the old gentleman striking the desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to fly in the air,] aye, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it.

Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me, I could not sit longer in my seat and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. Yes, *these traitors and villains in this senate* [striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the senate ring again], *are killing my neighbors' boys now fighting in the field.* I dare to say this to these traitors right here, and I am responsible for what I say to any one or all of them. Let them come on now, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk's seat is near the lobby railing, and a crowd collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash, and many a countenance grow radiant with the light of defiance.]

These men sneered at Col. Mack a few days since. He is a small man. But I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them, in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now and at any time.

Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. *They deserve hanging,* I say, [raising his voice and violently striking the desk,] *the country would be the better for swinging them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here to their traitorous faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them.* For that reason I must rejoice at it. Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in this senate who are not traitors, but true, loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here in this senate. I see them gibe, and smirk, and grin at the true union man. Must I defy them? I stand here ready for them, and dare them to come on. What man, with the heart of a patriot, could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. *Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men that disgrace this legislature, this state, and this country.* For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures; I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath; and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death.

I said I paid \$3,000 a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty, yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege, to do it. But some of these traitors here, who are working night and day to put their miserable little bills and claims through the legislature to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way, who do not pay five dollars to the support of the government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors.

The reason they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want to embarrass the government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about high taxes! They are picayune men any how, and pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope or expect to. This is an excuse of traitors.

Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country, in this her hour of danger, from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason I speak as I

do. I can not help it. I am bound to tell these men, to their teeth, what they are, and what the people, the true, loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering. The speaker rapped upon his desk, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]

Mr. Speaker: I have said my say; I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made, and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their hellish schemes to destroy the union. They have my sentiments; let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tremendous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down, after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

I never before witnessed so much excitement in an assembly. Mr. FUNK spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and pathos which wrought up the galleries and even members on the floor to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surround the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes, he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him.

In the month of August, 1863, a riot took place at Danville, the details of which were thus given at the time:

The difficulty grew out of a long-standing hostility, fed and aggravated by the copperhead leaders of the neighborhood, which sooner or later would have produced, as it has produced in many places in this state, collisions, and riots, but the immediate cause seems to have been a fuss between a Colonel Hawkins, of Tennessee, and a copperhead, about a butternut emblem worn by the latter on Friday. A melee followed in which Colonel Guinup, who was a spectator and took no part, was hit with a large stone by a copperhead, and repaid the compliment by whipping his assailant badly. Here the disturbance ended, and might have staid ended, if the copperheads had not been bent on war. On Saturday, Hawkins made a speech, in pursuance of an appointment previous to the fight. The union men, desirous to avoid all chances of collision, urged him not to speak, but a good many people having come into town from the country to hear him, he spoke. There was no disturbance, and nothing to make it, but the copperheads prepared for battle. The *Courier* says:

Saturday and Sunday passed without any open demonstration, though there were evidences on every hand of "something going on" among the copperheads. Horsemen came clattering into town after midnight, signal shots were heard at intervals until after daylight, in the direction of the mines. The union men were cool and collected. They had been so clearly in the right and had sacrificed so much for the sake of peace, that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and maintaining the defensive, they were prepared for anything that might transpire. On Monday morning, before daylight, the signal guns were more frequent, and lights were observed in the houses of well-known copperheads residing in the town. Before ten o'clock, rumors were rife of a grand rally of the Knights of the Golden Circle a few miles distant, and, about noon, they came marching into town in regular line of battle, armed with shot-guns, rifles, picks, axes, shovels, spades, clubs, corn-cutters, hatchets, and every conceivable weapon. Three fourths of the motley army were coal-diggers. They marched to the public-square. The union men, in order to gain time, entered into a protracted negotiation, in which they agreed to deliver up certain leading unionists, who were especially obnoxious to the copperheads. This, of course, was a ruse to gain time, and the leading rebels suspecting as much, precipitated a collision.

It was not positively known which fired the first shot, they began and followed in such quick succession. Payne, the original cause of the difficulty, fell, pierced through the heart at the first discharge. The copperheads fired wildly and at

random, while the union men took deliberate aim and made up in accuracy what they lacked in numbers. Myers, another copperhead, was shot through the heart, and ran about a hundred yards, when he expired. An Irishman, whose name our informant did not learn, was also killed. Others were wounded. Shortly after Payne received his quietus, his brother, who is the sheriff of the county and a virulent copperhead, was wounded in the arm. The provost marshal attempted to summon a *posse* to quell the disturbance. Wm. Lamb, an old and highly esteemed citizen and a leading merchant, was summoned among others. He was armed for the defense of his family and property against the raid which had been threatened for two days, but, up to this moment, had taken no part. He advanced toward the curbstone, when a well-known copperhead, whose name we have forgotten, took deliberate aim and shot him through the heart. He fell and instantly expired. Here we record an act of atrocity akin to the inhuman butchery of Colonel O'Brien, by a brutal mob in the streets of New York, but without another parallel outside of rebeldom. While he lay motionless and dead upon the ground, he was shot a second time, and, after this, another copperhead came up with a huge club and crushed the head of the corpse by a tremendous blow.

Colonel Hawkins gave a finger shot off. Colonel Guinup seemed to bear a charmed life. He was in the thickest of the fight, but escaped with a slight scratch from a half-spent ball. A number were wounded, but none mortally, beyond those abovementioned. The union men remained in possession of the town, and the copperheads rallied at their place of rendezvous outside of the corporation. Meanwhile, Captain Park, provost marshal of this district, had been summoned by telegraph to send a military force to Danville, and left about eight o'clock, with one hundred men of the 104th, under command of Captain Dutch, a veteran soldier. Upon his arrival, everything was reported quiet. The copperheads were still in camp, however, and the union men, exasperated by the murder of Mr. Lamb and the brutal outrages to which his dead body had been exposed, were determined upon an attack. This was the situation at daylight, and we have watched every click of the telegraph from the west to-day with intense interest. But, happily for all concerned, better counsels have prevailed, and a dispatch reports all quiet and the excitement subsiding.

How Gov. Yates regarded those guilty of acts of hostility against the government may be learned from the following letter.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
SPRINGFIELD, July 15, 1862. }

John W. Bosworth, Oskaloosa, Ill. :

DEAR SIR : I have just received yours of the 10th of July, in which you say that the pole from which floated the stars and stripes on the Fourth of July, was cut down by secessionists, and that at a picnic which you are to have, it is threatened that the flag shall be taken down, and you ask me whether you would be justifiable in defending the flag with fire-arms?

I am astonished at this question. As much so as if you were to ask me whether you would have a right to defend your property against robbers or your life against murderers.

You ask me what you shall do? I reply, do not raise the American flag merely to provoke your secession neighbors—do not be on the aggressive—but whenever you raise it on your own soil, or on the public property of the state or county, or at any public celebration, from honest love to that flag, and patriotic devotion to the country which it symbolizes, and any traitor dares to lay his unhallowed hand upon it to tear it down, then, I say, shoot him down as you would a dog, and I will pardon you for the offense.

RICHARD YATES, GOVERNOR. .

Another eminent son of Illinois, Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN, just from the conquest of Vicksburg, in which he bore a distinguished part, addressed the people of his state in words of great power and feeling. On one of these occasions, he said :

Now, fellow-citizens, I have detained you on all these points at as great length as I desire. This lengthy speaking in the open air will, I am afraid, do me a great deal of injury, from the way I feel. But I want to say a few words to you in reference to our soldiers. I have no eulogies to pass, so far as I am concerned,

upon their conduct, more than what that conduct shows itself entitled to. The country knows it; so far as the conduct of the soldiers of the United States is concerned, they know all about it. But I want to appeal to you in behalf of these men, that while they are traveling and marching about through the rebellious states almost naked, without food sometimes, in the burning sun and in the drenching storm, in the night and in the day—while they are sleeping upon the cold, wet ground, while they are suffering all the toils and privations of camp life such as no other soldiers ever endured before, while they are doing that which they honestly believe to be their duty to themselves and their country, and to you as their countrymen, I want you, as citizens of a loyal country, as citizens of the noble State of Illinois, to, at least, extend to them your sympathy, to, at least, feel in common with them that their cause is just, to, at least, think, if you can not alleviate their sufferings and lessen their privations in the field, that your feelings are with them. Say to them, "go on, boys, God bless you," and let the brave fellows know how you feel toward them.

Let us have no more letters written from home to the boys who are in the field, grumbling and growling, and telling them you wish the unholy war had never begun, and that you wish they were at home, and all that sort of thing; for you only encourage them to desert the cause of their country. Let us have no more letters written to the army from parents, telling their children that if they come home, to come by a certain man's house, and he will tell them the best way to get where they can meet other deserters, and be protected. Let us have no more of this. Write to them in this way: say to them, my son, as long as there is an armed rebel in the government, as long as there is a traitor in arms against the United States, be true to the flag of your country; be true to the oath you took when you entered the army. Do your duty, and when your country needs you no longer in the field, come home, and we will welcome you with outstretched arms. If you die, my brave son, be buried as a faithful soldier, whose last act was in discharge of a patriot's duty. *Let history render your name immortal as one of the gallant men who died that your country might live.* Let your country be proud to inscribe your name upon its banners as one of the heroic dead. *Let your prayer be that the American flag may be your winding sheet, while your spirit wings its way to the haven of rest reserved for the brave soldiers of the American union.*

Talk that way to your boys, to your husbands, to your friends, and you will hear such a shout of joy come up from the camps in the land of the foe, as will do your hearts good. Let the poor soldiers feel that in the performance of their arduous and fatiguing duties, they have comfort at home, as well as cheers in the army. Let men reflect that the graves of these many boys—some seven or eight thousand—that we lost in our campaign this summer, who were fighting for their country—only remember that their gaping wounds, while they lay weltering in their gore, like empty mouths, spoke out in thunder tones to their friends at home, "Dear friend and companion of mine, here, look at this bleeding gash that has been made by traitorous hands. Will you not avenge my blood? Will you not unfurl the banner of your country and lift a single joyous anthem to the tune of this union, while the shouts of victory are going up from each and every battlefield in the land? Will you not avenge the blood of your brothers or your sons, killed by men who are attempting to destroy our national existence? Swear that you will—that while there is a remnant of that battle-torn flag left, you will strike such blows as will assist my country in ridding the land of all its foes."

You, citizens of Perry and Franklin counties, who are assembled here to-day, let the words of dying Dollins, and a dying Reese speak to you. Let the last words of the noble boys who fell as brave soldiers in the ranks, speak in thunder tones to you, in reference to your conduct in future. Listen to the words of Col. Dollins, in the last agonies of death. He was a brave, true patriot, as ever bled for his country's cause. When he was pierced by the leaden messenger of death, he sank back, and said he, "Boys, go on, let me see the flag of my country planted on the enemy's ramparts." The brave Reese said: "Tell Logan to tell the people at home that I died an honest man and a brave soldier." So help me God, I will tell them as long as I live, that he died an honest man and a brave soldier. My countrymen, do not the words of such men as that speak to you with a voice

that can not be misunderstood? They died because of traitorous hands. They died because of a rebellion against the best government on earth. They died because they were patriots and loved their country and their friends—loved peace, harmony and good will. They died for that reason only; and when in their graves, and a little board is put at their heads to mark the spot where they sleep the sleep of the fallen brave, you find inscribed upon it: This man died at the battle of so-and-so; a loyal man, a true, union soldier, fighting under the flag of his country. Can Jeff. Davis have such a history written on the head-board of his grave? Can it be said, he died a patriot and a lover of his country? No. But, in a few brief words, his history may be written on the head-board that will mark the grave where he will lie—*A traitor sleeps here!* This is the difference that there is between a patriot and the men who are at war against the government.

If you could only have seen the daring deeds performed by some of your sons and friends, you would never be heard again to utter a sentence against the cause they are engaged in. It would not do for me to attempt to describe them. The most magnificently grand history that can be written of the daring deeds of many men, is written on the flag that has been sent to Perry county, by the colonel of the old 31st regiment. It was planted upon the bulwarks and ramparts of Vicksburg. The staff was cut down three times, and three times was put together again. One hundred and sixty-three bullet-holes through a flag is the grandest history of heroic deeds that can be written or made by any set of men. Let all look at that flag. These men, however, have not excelled others. There are men who have done just as daring deeds. In fact, all have performed the same kind of heroic actions. They have all won for themselves a name as brave, good, faithful and true soldiers of the union. They are united in a common cause, heart and hand; they are truly a band of brothers. That little army is indeed a band of brothers. They live together, they love one another, they fight for one another, and they would die for one another. All they ask on earth is, that when they die they may be buried side by side one another.

But there are many who object to the prosecution of this war. I hear it said, that enough blood has been spilt already; that we ought to stop it; that this war ought to cease. I hear of men making speeches around through the country, and appealing to the women and children to know if this war has not gone on long enough, and if it ought not to be stopped before any more blood is shed? They appeal to the old, gray-headed men, and they say, you have lost your brothers, your sons, and grandsons. The soil is wet with their blood. It is a bloody war, an unnatural war, hence let us stop it. Fellow-citizens, it is true that many a brave man has been lost. *We have lost many a brave soldier.* Perry county has buried many of her cherished sons. *On the soil of the south we have buried many more, who there sleep the sleep that knows no waking. But we have buried them with honor. They have died like true patriots and soldiers, shouting, "let me die like a soldier of the union." I would rather die like a soldier than live like a traitor.* They want to stop the war to prevent the further effusion of blood. Fellow-citizens, this government is a government that we all love or once loved. We love the people, the country, the rivers, the rocks, the trees, every thing in it. They are ours. It is our people, our rivers, our lakes, our shores, our rocks, our mountains, our rills, our hollows. It is our people, our government—the best and brightest that ever existed on earth, and before I would see this war stop until the government is *restored in all its former supremacy*, I would rather see the graves of ourselves, our sons and our brothers, mountains high. I would rather see carcases sufficient to make bridges across the widest streams, before this war should stop, until the true soldier of the union could wave his saber in his strong right hand and cleave the head from every traitor in the land. This government is worth fighting for. It is worth generations and centuries of war. It is worth the lives of the best and noblest men in the land, and may they all be sacrificed before the war shall stop and leave an armed traitor in the land. We will fight for this government, for the sake of ourselves and our children. OUR LITTLE ONES SHALL READ IN HISTORY OF THE MEN WHO STOOD BY THE GOVERNMENT IN ITS DARK AND GLOOMY HOURS, AND IT SHALL BE THE PROUD BOAST OF MANY THAT THEIR FATHERS FELL IN THIS GLORIOUS STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN LIBERTY.

At the first great battle in the west—the taking of Fort Donelson—an unusual proportion of the soldiers of Illinois took part; and so conspicuously that an eastern poet made it a subject of some congratulatory verses, under the caption of

NEW ENGLAND'S GREETING TO ILLINOIS.

O, gales that dash th' Atlantic's swell
Along our rocky shores;
Whose thunders diapason well
New England's glad hurrahs,—

Bear to the prairies of the west
The echoes of our joy;
The prayer that springs in every breast,
"God bless thee—Illinois!"

O, awful hours, when grape and shell
Tore through th' unflinching line;
"Stand firm, remove the men who fell,
Close up and wait the sign."

It came at last: "Now, lads, the steel!"
The rushing hosts deploy;
"Charge, boys!"—the broken traitors reel—
Huzza for Illinois!

In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
The living torrent bars;
It leaps the wall, the fort is won,
Up go the stripes and stars.

Thy proudest mother's eyelids fill,
As dares her gallant boy,
And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill,
Yearn to thee—Illinois.

A few years ago, Abraham Lincoln left Springfield to assume duties the most responsible that have ever fallen to the lot of man. At the depot, upon leaving his quiet village home, to assume the presidency of this great nation, he said: "A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. I hope you, my friends, will all PRAY that I may receive DIVINE ASSISTANCE, without which, I can not succeed; but with which success is CERTAIN." "Yes, yes, we will pray for you," was the response of his townsmen, as bareheaded and in tears, they bade him the farewell, from which he was never to return, except to his burial, the most sublime and solemn in history. How he discharged those duties, has its answer in the hearts of the American people. On the 14th of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Never was such grief known since the world was. Never before had a human being accomplished so great a good. Such was the lot of this plain man, whom Illinois gave to the Nation in her day of sore trouble. Washington is called the FATHER of his country; Lincoln its SAVIOR. As the memory of Washington is the most VENERATED, so the memory of Lincoln is the most BELOVED of mortals.

On an adjoining page is his last message to his countrymen; the most sublime document of the kind ever written. It is a sacred LEGACY of elevated Christian wisdom, of tender, beautiful benevolence.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1865.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to SAVING the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to DESTROY it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would MAKE war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would ACCEPT war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the CAUSE of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces: but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Wo unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but wo to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the wo due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With MALICE toward none; with CHARITY for all; with FIRMNESS in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for HIM who shall have BORNE THE BATTLE, and for HIS WIDOW, and HIS ORPHAN—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

MICHIGAN.

THE discovery and early settlement of Michigan is due to the French whose motives were the prosecution of the fur trade, and, incidentally, the conversion of the Indians. To promote the latter object, Father Sagard reached Lake Huron in 1632, seven years after the founding of Quebec, but the present site of the city of Detroit appears to have been visited somewhat earlier. The tract of territory now embraced in the state of Michigan, derives its name, it is said, from the Indian word, *Michi-sawg-yegan*, the meaning of which, in the Algonquin tongue, is, the Lake Country.



ARMS OF MICHIGAN.

MOTTO—*Tuebor si quæris peninsulam amœnam circumspice*—If you seek a beautiful peninsula, look around you.

and in 1660, a station was established on the rocky and pine clad borders of Lake Superior. In 1668, the Mission at St. Marys Falls was founded, and in 1671, Father Marquette gathered a little flock of Indian converts at Point St. Ignatius, on the main land, north of the island of Mackinaw. The great body of the Hurons were converted to the profession of Christianity by the efforts of the missionaries. The *Iroquois*, or *Five Nations*, made war upon them, and massacred or dispersed most of their number.

In 1667, Louis XIV sent a party of soldiers to this territory, to protect the French fur traders. In 1701, a French colony left Montreal, and begun the settlement of Detroit, which was a place of resort of the French missionaries at a much earlier period. Having established military posts at this and other places in Michigan, they soon extended their commerce westward of Lake Michigan, to the Indians on the Mississippi. They were steadily opposed by the Iroquois, and the settlements being somewhat neglected by

the French government, they never flourished as colonies. At the peace of 1763, all the French possessions in North America came under the dominion of Great Britain. On the expulsion of the French, the celebrated Indian chief, *Pontiac*, seized the occasion to rid the country of the hated whites, by a general uprising, and simultaneous attacks on all the forts of the English on the lakes. Mackinaw was taken by stratagem, and the garrison butchered. Detroit was besieged some months, by Pontiac, with 600 Indians, but it held out until the Indian allies, becoming weary of the siege, retired, and left Pontiac no choice but to make peace. At the termination of the revolutionary war, by the peace of 1783, Michigan, being included in the North-west Territory, was ceded to the United States; the British, however, did not surrender the post of Detroit until 1796.

Soon after the treaty of Greenville, by Wayne, with the Indians, which was made in 1795, the settlements upon the Maumee (now wholly included in Ohio), upon the Raisin and Detroit Rivers, were organized under the name of Wayne county, and Detroit was the seat of justice. In 1796, the whole of the North-west Territory was organized into five extensive counties, of which Wayne, as described above, was one. The others, with their location, were as follows: "Washington county comprised all that portion of the present state of Ohio within forty miles of the Ohio River, and between the Muskingum and the Little Miami; Marietta was the seat of justice. Hamilton county comprised all that region of country between the Little and the Great Miami, within the same distance of the Ohio River; and Cincinnati was the county seat. Knox county embraced the country near the Ohio River, between the Great Miami and the Wabash Rivers; and Vincennes was the county seat. St. Clair county embraced the settlements upon the Illinois and upon the Kaskaskia Rivers, as well as those upon the Upper Mississippi; and Kaskaskia was the seat of justice."

In 1805, the territory of Michigan was organized, and Gen. Wm. Hull appointed governor; Detroit was the seat of government. The census of 1820 gave it an aggregate population of only 8,900. This included the *Huron* District, on the west side of Lake Michigan, now known as the state of Wisconsin. "About the year 1832, the tide of emigration began to set strong toward Michigan Territory. Steamboat navigation had opened a new commerce upon the lakes, and had connected the eastern lakes and their population with the Illinois and Upper Mississippi. This immense lake navigation encircled the peninsula of Michigan. It became an object of exploration. Its unrivaled advantages for navigation, its immense tracts of the most fertile arable lands, adapted to the cultivation of all the northern grains and grasses, attracted the attention of western emigrants. The tide soon began to set strong into Michigan. Its fine level and rolling plains, its deep and enduring soil, and its immense advantages for trade and commerce had become known and duly appreciated. The hundreds of canoes, pirogues, and barges, with their half-civilized *couriers du bois*, which had annually visited Detroit for more than a century, had given way to large and splendid steamboats, which daily traversed the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, from the east end of Lake Erie to the south-western extremity of Lake Michigan. Nearly a hundred sail of sloops and schooners were now traversing every part of these inland seas. Under these circumstances, how should Michigan remain a savage wilderness? New York state and the New England states began to send forth their numerous colonies, and the wilderness to smile.

At the end of two years more, or in 1834, the population of Michigan had

increased to 87,273 souls, exclusive of Indians. The following year the number amounted to more than ninety thousand persons, distributed over thirty-eight counties, comprised in the southern half of the peninsula, and the 'attached Huron, or Wisconsin District,' lying west of Lake Michigan. The town of Detroit, which in 1812 was a stockade village, had now become 'a city,' with nearly 2,500 inhabitants.

The humble villages and wigwams of the Indians, sparsely distributed over a wide extent of wilderness, had now given way to thousands of farms and civilized habitations. Towns and smiling villages usurped the encampment and the battle-field. The fertile banks of the 'River Raisin' were crowned with hamlets and towns instead of the melancholy stockade. A constitution had been adopted on the 15th of June, 1836, and the 'state of Michigan' was admitted into the Union on the 26th day of January, 1837, and Stephens T. Mason was made the first governor."

In the war of 1812, the important fortress of Mackinaw, being garrisoned by only 57 men, under Lieut. Hanks, was surrendered to a party of British and Indians on July 17, 1812. On the 15th of August, Gen. Brock, with a force of 1,300 men, of whom 700 were Indians, summoned Gen. Hull to surrender Detroit, stating that he would be unable to control the Indians if any resistance should be offered. Although Hull had a force of 800 men, he supposed it would be useless to resist, and, to the astonishment of all, he surrendered the fort, and, in the capitulation, included the whole territory of Michigan. The indignation was great against him, and after he was exchanged, he was tried by a court martial, sentenced to death, but on account of his age and services in the Revolution, the president remitted the punishment, but deprived him of all military command. In Jan., 1813, Gen. Winchester, who was encamped at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, was surprised by a force of British and Indians, under Gen. Proctor. After a severe contest, Gen. Winchester surrendered, under the promise of being protected from the Indians. The promise was broken: a large number of prisoners, mostly those who were wounded, were murdered by the Indians. The celebrated naval victory of Perry occurred on the waters of Lake Erie, only a few miles from her shores, and the victory of the Thames, in which the British and Indians were defeated by Harrison, and in which Tecumseh was slain, took place only a short distance from Detroit, within the adjacent Canadian territory. A brief outline of these events we present below:

"Perry's Victory.—The grand object of the Americans in the campaign of 1813, in the west, was to attack Malden and reconquer Michigan from the enemy; but this could not be effectually done, so long as the fleet of the enemy held possession of Lake Erie. To further the desired object, a number of vessels had been building at Erie, on the south-east shore of the lake, and were finished early in August. They consisted of two twenty gun vessels, and seven smaller vessels, carrying from one to three each—the whole fleet numbering fifty-four guns. On the 10th of September, Perry fell in with, and gave battle to, the British fleet near the western end of the lake, under Commodore Barclay, consisting of six vessels, carrying in all sixty-four guns. The number of guns in both fleets, in some cases, is surpassed by those of a single battle-ship of the line. The engagement between these little fleets was desperate, and lasted three hours. Never was victory more complete; every British ship struck her colors, and the Americans took more prisoners than they themselves numbered men.

Gen. Harrison, at this time, lay with the main body of the Americans in the vicinity of Sandusky Bay and Fort Meigs; the British and their Indian allies, under Proctor and Tecumseh, were at Malden, ready, in case of a successful issue, to renew their ravages upon the American borders.

Battle of the Thames.—Harrison's army had received a reinforcement of 3,000 Kentucky volunteers, under Gov. Shelby. On the 27th of September, the main body of the army sailed for Detroit River, intending to enter Canada by the valley of the Thames. Two days after, Harrison was at Sandwich, and M'Arthur took possession of Detroit. Proctor retreated up the Thames, was pursued, and came up with on the 5th of October, by Harrison's army; the Americans numbering something over 3,000, and their enemy about 2,000. The latter were badly posted in order of battle. Their infantry was formed in two lines, extending from the river to a small dividing swamp; the Indians extended from the latter to a larger swamp. The Kentucky mounted men, under Col. Richard M. Johnson, divided into two parts. The one under the colonel in person, charged the Indians; the other under his brother James, charged the infantry. The latter received the enemy's fire, broke through their ranks, and created such a panic, that they at once surrendered. Upon the left, the contest with the Indians was more severe; but there the impetuosity of the Kentuckians overcame the enemy, Tecumseh, their leader, being among the slain. The battle was over in half an hour, with a loss to both armies of less than fifty killed. Proctor fled at the beginning of the action. In January, 1814, the enemy again took a position near the battle-field of the Thames. Capt. Holmes, while advancing to meet them, learned that a superior force was approaching. Having posted himself on a hill, and thrown up intrenchments, he was vigorously attacked, but repulsed the enemy with considerable loss.

Attack on Mackinaw.—In the June following, Col. Croghan attempted to take the island of Mackinaw, but his force being insufficient, he was repelled with the loss of twelve men, among whom was Major Holmes.

M'Arthur's Expedition.—The last movement of consequence in the north-west, during the war, was the expedition of Gen. M'Arthur. He left Detroit on the 26th of October, with seven hundred cavalry, intending to move to the relief of Gen. Brown, who was besieged by the enemy at Fort Erie, on the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo. When he had proceeded about two hundred and fifty miles, he ascertained that the enemy were too strong in front, and he changed his course, defeated a body of opposing militia, destroyed several mills, and returned to Detroit, without the loss of a man, although pursued by about 1,200 regular troops."

"The history of Michigan," says Lanman, "exhibits three distinct and strongly marked epochs. The first may properly be denominated the *romantic*, which extends to the year 1760, when its dominion was transferred from France to Great Britain. This was the period when the first beams of civilization had scarcely penetrated its forests, and the paddles of the French fur traders swept the lakes, and the boat songs of the traders awakened tribes as wild as the wolves which howl around the wigwams. The second epoch is the *military*, commencing with the Pontiac war; and, running down through the successive struggles of the British, the Indians and the Americans, to obtain the dominion of the country, it ends with the victory of Commodore Perry, defeat of Proctor, and the death of Tecumseh, the leader of the Anglo-savage confederacy upon the banks of the Thames. The third epoch is the *enterprising*, the hardy, the practical, the working age of Michigan, and it commences with the introduction of the public lands into market. It is the age of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; of harbors, cities, canals, and railroads."

Michigan consists of two peninsulas, lying between latitudes 41° 45' and 48° N., and between longitudes 82° 25' and 90° 34' W. from Greenwich. It is bounded N., N. E. and E., by Canada, from which it is separated by Lake Superior, the Sault St. Marie, Lake Huron, the Strait and Lake St. Clair, Detroit Strait and Lake Erie; on the S. by the states of Ohio and Indiana; and on the W. by Lake Michigan and the state of Wisconsin. The total land surface comprises an area of more than 56,000 square miles, and the area of waters within the constitutional limits of the state, is computed

at 36,324 square miles. The lake coast of Michigan is more than 1,400 miles long. The *Southern Peninsula*, or Michigan proper, comprises nearly two thirds of the land surface of the state. The Northern Peninsula has Lake Superior on the north, and Lake Huron and Lake Michigan on the south. It is about 220 miles from S. E. to N. W., and about 120 miles in its greatest width. The Southern Peninsula, about 283 miles from N. to S., and 200 from E. to W. in its broadest part.

The Southern Peninsula of Michigan may be considered, generally, as one vast undulating plain, seldom becoming rough or broken. There are occasional conical elevations from 150 to 200 feet in height, but generally much less. The shores of Lake Huron are often steep, forming bluffs; while those of Lake Michigan are coasted by shifting sand hills of from 100 to 200 feet in height. The central part of the peninsula may be regarded as a fertile table land, elevated about 300 feet above the level the great lakes. To the traveler, the country presents an appearance picturesque and delightful. Through a considerable part, it is so even and free from brush as to permit carriages to be driven through with considerable facility. The lowering forest and grove, the luxuriant prairie, the numerous crystal lakes and limpid rivulets, are so frequently and happily blended together, especially in the southern section, as to render this country one of the most beautiful in the Union.

The part of the Southern Peninsula generally known to travelers, and containing seven eighths of the population and productive industry of the state, stretches north 100 miles or so, from the north line of Indiana, reaching from Toledo on the east to within some 50 miles of Chicago on the west, embracing some 20,000 square miles of mainly arable land, having the average climate of New York, or Connecticut and Rhode Island, with about the area of Vermont and New Hampshire combined.

The Northern Peninsula exhibits a striking contrast to the Southern. While the latter is level or moderately undulating and quite fertile, the former (sometimes called the *Siberia* of Michigan) is rugged, mountainous, and to a considerable extent, sterile in soil. The shores of Lake Superior are composed of a sandstone rock, which, in many places, is worn by the action of the winds and waves into fancied resemblances of castles, etc., forming the celebrated "*Pictured Rocks*;" while the shores of Lake Michigan are composed of a limestone rock.

The Northern Peninsula is primitive in formation, but rich in mineral wealth. Here are the richest copper mines in the world. A block of almost pure copper, weighing over a tun, and bearing the arms of the state rests imbedded in the walls of the national monument at Washington.

Michigan has not advanced with equal rapidity to the prairie states; but she has enduring elements of solid wealth, which, in time, will render her among the most prosperous. Among these are her vast forests of valuable timber, her inexhaustible quarries of the finest of gypsum, her extensive fisheries; her recently discovered salt springs, and deposits of coal, and of copper and iron ore, a climate rendered equable and healthy by the vast bodies of water which nearly surround her, together with a soil that pays fairly the labors of the husbandman. A popular journalist gives us some substantial thoughts upon this subject. He says:

At first view, Michigan would seem far less inviting to farmers in quest of a location, than her more western sisters, and accordingly her growth has, for the last 20 years, been far slower than theirs. Her soil is, in the average, not nearly so rich as that of the prairies, and is generally covered with heavy timber, while

her untimbered lands are apt to be swampy. There are some exceptions near her southern border; but in general, her low levels are covered with bog-grass, or with a growth of black ash or low spruce, and can not be made productive of grain nearly so soon, so cheaply, nor so abundantly, as can the prairies of Illinois or Iowa. Hence it is but natural that the great majority of eastern farmers, in quest of new lands, should push on to the prairie states, there to secure lands that are readily made, broadly and generously productive.

To buy a heavily timbered quarter section, let daylight in upon it, put up a log cabin, and move a family into it, with a determination to make there a farm, and get a living while making it, is an act of genuine courage. Many a man has been crowned a hero on considerably cheaper terms. He who does it, better deserves a pension than the ex-soldiers, whom congress has seemed disposed to quarter for life on the treasury. For the first half dozen years or so, the growth of that farm will be scarcely perceptible, since five days' work must be done elsewhere to every one devoted to the enlargement of the clearing. Making roads, going to mill, hunting cattle astray in the dense forest, making fences, etc., with the necessity of working for others to procure those necessities of life that the narrow patch of stumpy clearing refuses to supply, consume at least five sixths of the time; so that the poor man who, from the first, adds five acres per annum to the area of arable soil which surrounds his cabin, does very well. But when 15 or 20 acres thus cleared, begin to furnish adequate bread for his family, and grass for his cattle, the case is bravely altered. Mills are by this time nearer and more easily reached; roads are better, and require less labor at his hands; each addition to his clearing requires fencing on but two sides, instead of three or four as at first; the older stumps begin to yield to the plow; wild animals and birds are less destructive of his growing crops than when the clearing was but a hand's breadth; so that two or three days per week may now be given to clearing instead of one. After 40 acres have been cleared, the timber ceases to be an obstacle; the neighboring saw mill or embryo village will take some of it at a price that will at least pay for cutting and drawing; the black ash swamp supplies in abundance the best of rail timber; a barn this year, a corn-crib next, and a wagon shed the year after, absorb a good many trees; the household fires lick up the residue; so that acres are insensible swept off without an effort; the remaining woods break the force of the sharp winds, and furnish nuts and other food for swine; and when the eightieth acre has been cleared, the quarter-section is worth more than if it were all treeless, and clearing for clearing's sake may be suspended. Local or personal circumstances must necessarily modify this picture, but its essential and general truth will be conceded. And thus a state or section, like a single farm, when denuded of a portion of its timber, is far more inviting to the settler than if it had no timber at all.

"Michigan is encompassed by five lakes, four of which are the largest collections of fresh water on the globe. These are, Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, Lake St. Clair, and Lake Erie, which are connected by the Straits of Detroit, St. Clair, Michilimackinac, and St. Mary. Nor is this state merely surrounded by lakes, but the interior is interspersed with them from one border to the other. The country, indeed, is literally maculated with small lakes of every form and size, from an area of 1 to 1,000 acres, though, as a general rule, they do not, perhaps, average 500 acres in extent, they are sometimes so frequent that several of them may be seen from the same position. They are usually very deep, with gravelly bottoms, waters transparent, and of a cool temperature at all seasons. This latter fact is supposed to be in consequence of springs which furnish them constant supplies. Water fowl of various sorts inhabit their shores, and their depths are the domain of abundance of fish, trout, bass, pike, pickerel, dace, perch, cat-fish, sucker, bull-head, etc., which often grow to an extraordinary size. It is usual to find some creek or rivulet originating in these, but what is a singular fact, and not easily accounted for, many of these bodies of living water

have no perceptible outlet, and yet are stored with fish. A lake of this description, with its rich stores of fish and game, forms no unenviable appendage to a farm, and is properly appreciated. But with all its length of lake coast, Michigan can boast of but few good harbors, yet there are several that afford excellent shelter from the storms that frequently sweep over these great island seas, and lash them into turmoil."

The fisheries of Michigan are an important element of her industry. The proceeds of these amount, annually, to more than half a million of dollars, exceeding, in value, the combined product of the rest of the fresh-water fisheries in the Union.

Among them the white fish, Mackinaw trout, and the muscolonge, are unsurpassed for their delicacy of flavor. Mackinaw has been famous as the greatest fishing point on the lakes. The work in that vicinity is mostly done by half-breeds—of French and Indian blood—in the employ of merchants. Of late years colonies of Norwegians have embarked in the business. Trained in the severe school of their rugged northern homes, they exhibit the greatest daring, going out in their tiny craft during the heaviest gales.

The settled parts of Michigan are well supplied with railroads, and others are in progress which will bring her valuable lands on the north into market. Within the state are an unusually large number of plank roads. In a country so full of lumber, these are easily constructed, and add much to the increase of business communication.

The great bulk of the present population of Michigan, is of New England descent. About one third of its settlers came directly from the state of New York. The number of inhabitants in 1810, was 4,762; in 1830, 31,639; in 1850, 397,654: in 1860, 754,291.



South-eastern view of Detroit.

Showing the appearance of the city as seen from the Great Western Depot, at Windsor, on the Canada side of the river. The buildings of the Michigan Central Railroad appear on the left.

DETROIT, the principal city, and formerly the capital of Michigan, is situated on the N.W. or right bank of Detroit River, or strait, 82 miles E.S.E. from Lansing, the present capital. The name *d'etroit*, the French word for "strait," indicates its location. The city extends more than a mile and a half, the center of it being about 7 miles from Lake St. Clair, and 18 above the west end of Lake Erie, 526 from Washington, and, by steamboat, 327 from

Buffalo. The width between the docks at Windsor, Canada West, and those of Detroit, opposite, is about half a mile, and the depth of water from 12 to 48 feet. The current in the deepest part of the stream, opposite the city, flows at the rate of two and a half miles per hour. Such is its depth and uniformity, that it makes Detroit a secure and accessible harbor in all seasons.

Bordering the river, and for 1,200 feet back from it, the plan of the city is rectangular—in rear of this triangular. The streets are spacious, and among the more noted are eight avenues; three of these are 200 feet, and five others 120 feet wide. Five of these center at a public ground called the Grand Circus. In the city are several public squares or spaces, the principal of which are the Campus Martius and the Circus. A large portion of the buildings are of wood, but there are many handsome and substantial brick buildings. Among these may be mentioned, the old state house, now used for literary purposes; the two Catholic cathedrals; the first Presbyterian church, and several others. There are in all about 30 churches. The Central Railroad freight depot, is one of the largest in the United States. The city is supplied with the purest of water from the Detroit River; the reservoir, which is of cast iron, is kept supplied by means of a steam engine. The business of Detroit is immense. It has several extensive manufactories, large steam saw mills, founderies, machine shops, etc. It is most admirably situated for trade, and is becoming a great commercial emporium. The navigation of the river and lake is open about eight months in the year; the arrivals and departures of steam and sailing vessels is very great, and constantly increasing. By this, and the numerous railroad communications, thousands of emigrants travel annually, and millions of dollars worth of produce are transported. A direct trade has, of late years, sprung up with Europe, by means of sailing vessels, from this and other lake ports, *via* the Welland Canal, of Canada, the St. Lawrence River, and Atlantic Ocean. In 1859, 22 vessels in all sailed for Europe, laden with staves and lumber. The population of Detroit, in 1830, was 2,222; in 1840, 9,102; in 1850, 21,057; in 1853, 34,436; and in 1860, 46,834.

Detroit was founded in 1701, by Cadillac, a French nobleman, acting under a commission from Louis XIV. In June of this year, he left Montreal with one hundred men, a Jesuit missionary, and all the necessary means for the erection of a colony; reached Detroit in July, and commenced the foundation of the settlement. Before this period, and as far back as 1620, it was the resort of the French missionaries: when first visited by them, its site was occupied by an Indian village, named *Teuchsa Grondie*. A rude fort was erected by Cadillac, and surrounded with pickets, which inclosed a few houses, occupied by the French traders and the soldiers attached to the post. This establishment was, however, rude, frail, and mounted with small cannon. which were more adapted to overawe the Indians than for solid and effective defense.*

In May, 1712, the Iroquois, or Five Nations, who were hostile to the French and friendly Indians, instigated the Ottagamies or Foxes, their allies, to capture Detroit. They were probably backed by the English, who wished to destroy this post and erect a fort of their own upon its ruins. At this period, the French had established three villages of friendly Indians in the immediate vicinity of the post, occupied by the Pottawatomes, the Ottawas,

and the Hurons. The Foxes, having laid a secret plan for the destruction of the French fort, the plot was revealed by one of the friendly Indians, a convert to the Catholic faith. On the 13th of May, Detroit was attacked by the Foxes. At this critical juncture, the friendly Indians, to whom the



View in Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

The City Hall and Market appear on the left; the Russell House in the central part. In the extreme distance on the right, at the foot of Woodward Avenue, on the opposite or Canada side of the river, is seen the depot of the Great Western Railroad.

French commander, M. D'Buisson, had sent for aid, appeared through the wilderness, naked, painted and armed for battle; they were received into the fort, and the Foxes were obliged to retreat. They afterward endeavored to burn out the French, and for this purpose discharged blazing arrows upon the fort. Many of the roofs of the houses, being thatched with straw, were set on fire, but by covering the remainder with wet skins they were preserved.

The French power in Michigan ceased with the conquest of Canada. In the fall of 1760, Major Rogers, with an English detachment, proceeded toward Detroit, to take possession. De Bellestre, when he heard of the advance of Rogers, erected a high flag-staff, with an effigy of a man's head on top, and upon this head he had placed the image of a crow. He told the Indians, who are strongly impressed with symbols, that the head represented Maj. Rogers, and the crow was himself. The interpretation of this group was, that the French commandant would scratch out the brains of the English. The Indians, however, were skeptical as to the truth of this emblem, and told him that the reverse would be the fact. Maj. Rogers, having pushed his boats up the Detroit River, drew up his detachment in a field within half a mile of the fort. Lieuts. Leffie and M'Cormick, accompanied

by thirty-six Royal Americans, were sent forward to take possession of Detroit. The French garrison surrendered their arms, and the first British flag was raised upon the fort, amid the shouts of 700 Indians, collected around that station, who exulted that their prediction respecting the crow had been verified.

The next event of importance in the history of Detroit, and, indeed, of the whole north-west, was the Indian outbreak called the "Pontiac War." The fort at Detroit was, at this time, garrisoned by 122 men and 8 officers, under the command of Maj. Gladwyn. Two armed vessels were anchored in front of the town for defense. The Indians who besieged it were 600 in number.

"The plan which was devised by Pontiac to destroy the fort at Detroit; exhibited remarkable cunning as well as strategy. He had ordered the Indians to saw off their rifles so as to conceal them under their blankets, gain admission to the fort, and, at a preconcerted signal, which was the delivery of a belt of wampum in a certain way, to rush upon the troops, massacre the officers, and open the gates to the warriors on the outside, who should stand ready to co-operate with those within. In order to carry this plan into execution, he encamped at a little distance from Detroit, and sent word to Major Gladwyn that he and his warriors wished to hold a council with the English commandant on the following day, that 'they might brighten the chain of peace.' This was the 8th of May, 1763. The council was granted. On the evening of that day, an Indian woman, who had been employed by Major Gladwyn to make him a pair of elk-skin moccasins, which he intended to present to a friend, brought them to the fort. These were finished in so handsome a manner, that he requested the woman to take back the remainder of the skin, and make them into others for himself. He then paid her for those which she had made, and ordered his servant to see her from the fort. Having arrived at the gate which looks out upon the Detroit River, she lingered as if her business had been unfinished; and this conduct excited some remark. The servant of the commandant was ordered to inquire the reason of her delay, but he could procure no satisfactory answer. At length the commandant called her within the fort, and inquired why she loitered about the gate, and did not hasten home before they were shut, so that she might complete the moccasins at the proper time. She replied that the commandant had treated her with great kindness, and that she did not wish to take the skin away, as he prized it so much, because she could '*never bring it back.*' Something seemed to be struggling in her bosom for utterance, and at length, after a promise that the disclosure should not turn to her disadvantage, and that, if profitable, she might be rewarded, this Indian woman, named Catharine, developed the plot. Major Gladwyn mentioned his apprehensions to the officer next in command, but he deemed it a mere trick to frighten him, and not worthy of consideration. The night was occupied in making the proper preparations; the ammunition was examined and arranged, and every man within the fort, both trader and soldier, was directed to be prepared for sudden and active service. The defenses of the fort were strengthened, the arms made ready, and during the night guards were kept upon the ramparts. The war songs and dances of the Indians, which generally precede any important enterprise, breaking upon the silence of midnight, only strengthened his suspicions that the Indian woman had told the truth. In the morning of the 9th, about ten o'clock, Pontiac and his warriors repaired to the fort of Detroit, and they were immediately admitted to the council-house, where they were received by Major Gladwyn and his officers. During their progress toward the fort, the savages had noticed a remarkable parade of soldiers upon the ramparts and within the town, and that the officers in the council chamber, and also the governor, had each pistols in their belts. When the Indians were seated on their skins in the council chamber, Pontiac inquired what was the cause of this extraordinary military preparation; and he was told that it was necessary to keep the soldiers to rigid discipline. The council commenced by a speech from Pontiac, in which he professed the utmost friendship for the English; and as he approached the period of the concerted signal, the delivery of the belt of wam

pum, his gesticulations became more violent. Near the period which had been described by the Indian woman as the time when the belt was to be delivered, and the fire upon the garrison commenced, the governor and his officers drew their swords from their scabbards; and the soldiers of the fort, who had been drawn around the doors of the council-house, which had been intentionally left open, made a clattering upon the ground with their arms. Pontiac, whose eagle eye had never quailed in battle, turned pale and trembled, and delivered the belt in the usual manner; while his warriors looked at each other with astonishment, but continued calm.

Pontiac's speech having been concluded, Major Gladwyn commenced his answer; but instead of thanking Pontiac for his professions of friendship, he accused him of being a traitor; and in order to convince him of his knowledge of the plot, he advanced toward the chief who sat nearest, and drawing aside his blanket, disclosed the shortened rifle. He advised him at the same time, to leave the fort before his young men should discover the design and massacre the Indians; and assured him that his person should be held safe until he had advanced beyond the pickets, as he had promised him safety. As soon as the warriors had retired from the gates of the fort, they gave the yell, and fired upon the English garrison.

After this the fort was closely besieged, and the garrison reduced to great distress. On the 29th of July, the garrison was relieved by a detachment of 300 regular troops, under Capt. Dalyell. This officer, supposing that Pontiac might be surprised in his camp, marched out with 247 men, during the night of the 30th of July. The Indians, having information of the proposed attack, laid in wait for the party, concealed in the high grass, near a place since called the *Bloody Bridge*, upward of a mile from Detroit on the main road. Upon their arrival, a sudden and destructive fire was poured upon them, Capt. Dalyell and 19 others were killed and 42 wounded; the rest made good their retreat to the fort. Pontiac, having invested Detroit for about twelve months, hearing that Gen. Bradstreet was advancing with 3,000 men, gave up the siege and sued for peace, which was granted.

‘In 1796, the post of Detroit was delivered up by the British to the United States, according to treaty.

On the 11th day of June, 1805, the sun rose in cloudless splendor, over the little town of Detroit. A few minutes after a poor washer-woman kindled a fire in a back yard, to begin her daily toil, a spark set fire to some hay. At noon of the same day, but *one* solitary dwelling remained, to mark the site of the town. All the others were in ashes, and the whole population, men, women and children—the aged and the young, the sick, the halt, and the blind, were driven into the streets, houseless and homeless. All the boats, pirogues and skiffs lying along the *beach* (as it then was), were loaded with goods, and pushed off into the stream; but burning shingles, driven by the wind, followed and destroyed them even there. The town being built of dry pine, and very compact, the streets being but about *twenty feet wide* (the width of a *sidewalk* on Jefferson Avenue), the progress of the fire was extremely rapid, and the heat tremendous. The whole population, like Bedouins of the desert, pitched their tents, by the cooling embers of their late happy dwellings. Fortunately, Providence permitted the calamity to fall on them in summer. The Lea-light hearts of the French *habitans* rose above the pressure of misfortune, and to work they went, to repair damages. No grumbling at Providence. Their religion told them that repining was useless. So they worked, and fiddled, and danced, and sung, and soon a new town began to appear, in its present extended form; and with the regret of the moment, passed away all sorrow for the losses endured.—*Witherell's Reminiscences*.

The following account of the invasion of Detroit, by Gen. Brock, and of its surrender by Gen. Hull, on the 15th of August, 1812, is from Perkins' History of the Late War:

Gen. Brock had been educated in arms, and had sustained a distinguished rank

and character in the army of Egypt. He arrived at Malden with reinforcements in high spirits on the 13th, just as the American troops retired from the Canadian shore, dispirited, disappointed and disgusted with their commander. On the 15th, he planted batteries on the bank of the river opposite the fortress of Detroit, and sent a summons to the American general to surrender, stating that he should otherwise be unable to restrain the fury of the savages. This was answered by a spirited refusal, and a declaration that the fort and town would be defended to the last extremity. The firing from the batteries and the fort immediately commenced, and continued with little interruption, and without much effect, until the next day. The alarm and consternation of Gen. Hull had now become extreme, and appeared in a series of irregular and incoherent measures. On the 12th, the field officers suspecting the general intended a surrender of the fort, had determined on his arrest. This was prevented in consequence of Cols. Duncan M'Arthur and Lewis Cass, two very active, intelligent, and spirited officers, being detached on the 13th with four hundred men, on a third expedition to the River Raisin. They advanced about fourteen miles, when on the 15th they received orders to return. At daylight on the 16th, the British commenced crossing the river at Spring Wells, three miles below the town, under cover of two ships of war. They accomplished their landing by seven o'clock without opposition, and took up their line of march in close column of platoons, twelve in front, toward the fort along the bank of the river. The fourth regiment of United States troops was stationed in the fort; the Ohio volunteers and a part of the Michigan militia behind the pickets, in a situation where the whole flank of the enemy would have been exposed. The residue of the militia were in the upper part of the town to resist the incursions of the savages. Two twenty-four pounders loaded with grape were posted on a commanding eminence, ready to sweep the advancing columns. Cols. M'Arthur and Cass had arrived within view of Detroit, ready to act on the rear of the enemy. In this situation the troops waited in eager expectation the advance of the British, anticipating a brilliant victory.

When the head of the British columns had advanced within five hundred yards of the line, and the artillery ready to sweep their ranks, orders were given for the troops to retire into the fort, and for the artillery not to fire. A white flag was hoisted. A British officer rode up to inquire the cause. A communication passed between the commanding generals, which soon ended in a capitulation. The fortress of Detroit, with all the public stores, property, and documents of every kind, were surrendered. The troops were made prisoners of war. The detachment under M'Arthur and Cass, and the troops at the River Raisin, were included in the capitulation. On the 17th, Gen. Brock dispatched a flag to Capt. Brush with the terms. He immediately called a council of his officers, who determined that they were not bound by the capitulation, and advised to break up the camp and return. In pursuance of their advice, Capt. Brush immediately broke up his camp, took with him what public stores and property he could, and commenced his retreat to Ohio. The Michigan militia who had not joined the army were paroled, on condition of not serving during the present war. No provision was made for the unfortunate Canadians who had joined Gen. Hull, or accepted his protection. They were left exposed to suffer as traitors; nine were executed at one time, and several more afterward. Gen. Hull in this measure took counsel only from his own fears. He held no council of war, knowing that all his officers would be opposed to the surrender. In his official report he expressly exempts them from any share in the disgraceful transaction.

The British force at Malden at the time Gen. Hull entered Canada, and until the 12th of August, consisted of one hundred regular troops, four hundred Canadian militia, and several hundred Indians. After the arrival of Gen. Brock with his reinforcements, the whole amounted to three hundred and thirty regulars, four hundred militia, and six hundred Indians. The troops surrendered by Gen. Hull amounted to twenty-five hundred, consisting of two troops of cavalry, one company of artillery, the fourth United States regiment, and detachments from the first and third; three regiments of Ohio volunteers, and one regiment of Michigan militia, amounting to about twelve hundred. By this capitulation the British obtained 2,500 muskets stacked on the esplanade at the time of the surrender, 450

brought in by the detachment under M'Arthur and Cass, 700 received from the Michigan militia, thirty-three pieces of ordnance, one thousand rounds of fixed ammunition, 200 tons of ball, 200 cartridges of grape shot, 75,000 musket cartridges made up, 24 rounds in the possession of each man, 60 barrels of gunpowder, 150 tons of lead, provisions for the army for 25 days in the fort, and a large escort at the River Raisin. An event so disgraceful to the American arms did not fail to excite universal indignation. When M'Arthur's sword was demanded, he indignantly broke it, tore the epaulets from his shoulders, and threw himself on the ground.

John Kinzie, Indian trader, so long identified with the annals of Chicago, was, at the time of the surrender, residing in Detroit. In "Wau-bun, the 'Early Day' in the North-west," is given this narrative, which shows the conduct of the British to their prisoners in no pleasing light:

It had been a stipulation of Gen. Hull, at the surrender of Detroit, that the inhabitants of that place should be permitted to remain undisturbed in their homes. Accordingly the family of Mr. Kinzie took up their quarters with their friends in the old mansion, which many will still recollect as standing on the north-east corner of Jefferson-avenue and Wayne-street.

The feelings of indignation and sympathy were constantly aroused in the hearts of the citizens during the winter that ensued. They were almost daily called upon to witness the cruelties practiced upon the American prisoners brought in by their Indian captors. Those who could scarcely drag their wounded, bleeding feet over the frozen ground, were compelled to dance for the amusement of the savages, and these exhibitions sometimes took place before the Government House, the residence of Col. McKee. Some of the British officers looked on from their windows at these heartrending performances; for the honor of humanity we will hope such instances were rare.

Everything that could be made available among the effects of the citizens were offered, to ransom their countrymen from the hands of these inhuman beings. The prisoners brought in from the River Raisin—those unfortunate men who were permitted after their surrender to Gen. Proctor, to be tortured and murdered by inches by his savage allies, excited the sympathies and called for the action of the whole community. Private houses were turned into hospitals, and every one was forward to get possession of as many as possible of the survivors. To effect this, even the articles of their apparel were bartered by the ladies of Detroit, as they watched from their doors or windows the miserable victims carried about for sale.

In the dwelling of Mr. Kinzie one large room was devoted to the reception of the sufferers. Few of them survived. Among those spoken of as objects of the deepest interest were two young gentlemen of Kentucky, brothers, both severely wounded, and their wounds aggravated to a mortal degree by subsequent ill-usage and hardships. Their solicitude for each other, and their exhibition in various ways of the most tender fraternal affection, created an impression never to be forgotten.

Mr. Kinzie joined his family at Detroit in the month of January. A short time after suspicions arose in the mind of Gen. Proctor that he was in correspondence with Gen. Harrison, who was now at Fort Meigs, and who was believed to be meditating an advance upon Detroit. Lieut. Watson of the British army waited upon Mr. Kinzie one day, with an invitation to the quarters of Gen. Proctor, on the opposite side of the river, saying he wished to speak with him on business. Quite unsuspecting, he complied with the invitation, when to his surprise he was ordered into confinement, and strictly guarded in the house of his former partner, Mr. Patterson, of Sandwich. Finding that he did not return to his home, Mrs. Kinzie informed some of the Indian chiefs, his particular friends, who immediately repaired to the head-quarters of the commanding officer, demanded their "friend's" release, and brought him back to his home. After waiting a time until a favorable opportunity presented itself, the general sent a detachment of dragoons to arrest him. They had succeeded in carrying him away, and crossing the river with him. Just at this moment a party of friendly Indians made their appearance.

"Where is the Shaw-nee-aw-kee?" was the first question. "There," replied his wife, pointing across the river, "in the hands of the red-coats, who are taking him away again."

The Indians ran to the river, seized some canoes that they found there, and crossing over to Sandwich, compelled Gen. Proctor a second time to forego his intentions.

A third time this officer was more successful, and succeeded in arresting Mr. Kinzie and conveying him heavily ironed to Fort Malden, in Canada, at the mouth of the Detroit River. Here he was at first treated with great severity, but after a time the rigor of his

confinement was somewhat relaxed, and he was permitted to walk on the bank of the river for air and exercise.

On the 10th of September, as he was taking his promenade under the close supervision of a guard of soldiers, the whole party were startled by the sound of guns upon Lake Erie, at no great distance below. What could it mean? It must be Commodore Barclay firing into some of the Yankees. The firing continued. The time allotted the prisoner for his daily walk expired, but neither he nor his guard observed the lapse of time, so anxiously were they listening to what they now felt sure was an engagement between ships of war. At length Mr. Kinzie was reminded that the hour for his return to confinement had arrived. He petitioned for another half-hour.

"Let me stay," said he, "till we can learn how the battle has gone."

Very soon a sloop appeared under press of sail, rounding the point, and presently two gun-boats in chase of her.

"She is running—she bears the British colors," cried he, "yes, yes, they are lowering—she is striking her flag! Now," turning to the soldiers, "I will go back to prison contented—I know how the battle has gone."

The sloop was the Little Belt, the last of the squadron captured by the gallant Perry on that memorable occasion which he announced in the immortal words:—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours!"

Matters were growing critical, and it was necessary to transfer all prisoners to a place of greater security than the frontier was now likely to be. It was resolved, therefore, to send Mr. Kinzie to the mother country. Nothing has ever appeared, which would explain the course of Gen. Proctor, in regard to this gentleman. He had been taken from the bosom of his family, where he was living quietly under the parole which he had received, and protected by the stipulations of the surrender. He was kept for months in confinement. Now he was placed on horseback under a strong guard, who announced that they had orders to shoot him through the head if he offered to speak to a person upon the road. He was tied upon the saddle in a way to prevent his escape, and thus they sat out for Quebec. A little incident occurred, which will help to illustrate the course invariably pursued toward our citizens at this period, by the British army on the north-western frontier.

The saddle on which Mr. Kinzie rode had not been properly fastened, and owing to the rough motion of the animal on which it was, it turned, so as to bring the rider into a most awkward and painful position. His limbs being fastened, he could not disengage himself, and in this manner he was compelled by those who had charge of him to ride until he was nearly exhausted, before they had the humanity to release him.

Arrived at Quebec, he was put on board a small vessel to be sent to England. The vessel when a few days out at sea was chased by an American frigate and driven into Halifax. A second time she set sail, when she sprung a leak and was compelled to put back.

The attempt to send him across the ocean was now abandoned, and he was returned to Quebec. Another step, equally inexplicable with his arrest, was now taken. This was his release and that of Mr. Macomb, of Detroit, who was also in confinement in Quebec, and the permission given them to return to their friends and families, although the war was not yet ended. It may possibly be imagined that in the treatment these gentlemen received, the British commander-in-chief sheltered himself under the plea of their being "native born British subjects," and perhaps when it was ascertained that Mr. Kinzie was indeed a citizen of the United States, it was thought safest to release him.

In the meantime, Gen. Harrison at the head of his troops had reached Detroit. He landed on the 29th September. All the citizens went forth to meet him—Mrs. Kinzie, leading her children by the hand, was of the number. The general accompanied her to her home, and took up his abode there.

Watson visited Detroit in the summer of 1818, and has given in his Reminiscences a sketch of his visit, descriptive of what then fell under his notice here:

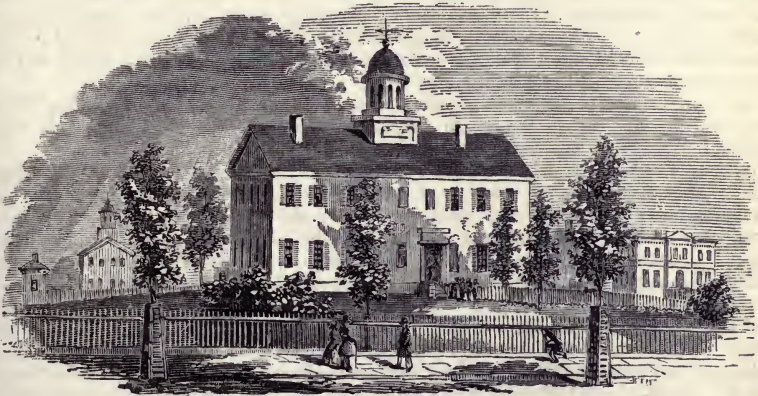
Here I am at the age of sixty in Detroit, seven hundred miles west of Albany. I little dreamed thirty years ago, that I should ever tread upon this territory. . . .

The location of Detroit is eminently pleasant, being somewhat elevated, and boldly fronting its beautiful river. The old town has been burnt, which was a cluster of miserable structures, picketed in and occupied by the descendants of Frenchmen, who pitched their tents here early in the seventeenth century in prosecution of the fur trade. The city is now laid out upon a large scale, the streets spacious, and crossing at right angles. The main street is called Jefferson-avenue, and stretches the whole length of the city. Detroit must always be the emporium of a vast and fertile interior. By the existing estimation of the value of real estate here, it has, I think, been greatly overrated. Commerce

is languishing, and agriculture at its lowest degradation. In proof of this, I saw at the Grand Marie, four miles north of the city, a large, clumsy, wooden plow, such as doubtless were in use in France, at the period of the emigration from that country of the ancestors of this people. It was drawn by two yoke of oxen and two horses, and was conducted by three men, who were making as much noise as if they were moving a barn.

The most attractive object I have seen on this beautiful river are its innumerable and lovely islands, most of which are cultivated. The dense forest approaches in close proximity to the city, and spreads over a level surface quite into the interior. From the highest point of elevation I could attain, I discerned no uplands, all was a dead plain. The land belongs to the government, and is of the richest quality, but has hitherto been represented as unhealthy. The territory of Michigan has not been adequately explored; but while I was at Detroit, several parties of enterprising and energetic young men penetrated into the woods with packs on their shoulders to investigate, and returned with the most glowing and flattering accounts of a country of the choicest land, generally undulating, and requiring nothing but the vigorous arm of industry to convert it into the granary of America.

The near approach of the wilderness to Detroit, brings the howling wolves within a short distance of the city, and I was frequently called on to listen to their shrill cries in the calm, hot nights. The numerous and large old orchards of the finest apples, originally imported from France, and the extensive fisheries of white fish in the vicinity, greatly augment the wealth and comfort of the people. Although possessing the most fertile soil such is the wretched character of their agriculture, that the inhabitants are mainly dependent upon the young and thriving state of Ohio, for their supplies of pork, beef, breadstuffs, and even of potatoes.



East view of the State House at Lansing.

The engraving shows the front or the eastern side of the Michigan State Capitol. One of the Union Public Schools is seen in the distance on the left, and the State building containing the office of the Secretary of State, Auditor, etc., on the right.

I daily notice squaws fighting in the streets like wild-cats, and in conditions too revolting to describe. They lay about the city like swine, begging for cats and dogs, which they devour at the river side half-cooked. The most disgusting and loathsome sight I ever witnessed, was that of a coarse, fat, half-naked Indian, as filthy as a beast, under a tree immediately in front of my son's residence, filling his mouth with whisky until his cheeks were completely distended, and then two or three squaws in succession sucking it out of the corners. I called my daughter-in-law to see the revolting sight, but she assured me it was nothing unusual, and that the practice was common with this tribe of Indians. I often visited the fort that my old friend Hull so fatally and ignominiously surrendered. Col. Myers, who was in command of Fort George at its capture, informed me while a prisoner in Pittsfield, that one half of Brock's army, at the surrender of Detroit, were Canadian militia dressed in British red coats.

LANSING, the capital of Michigan, is situated on both sides of Grand River, here a large mill stream, 85 miles N. W. of Detroit, 20 from St. Johns on the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, and 40 from Jackson on the Central

Railroad. The town, which is laid out on an extended plan, has at present a scattered appearance. The state capitol (of wood) was erected in the summer of 1847, at an expense of about \$15,000. The state agricultural college is situated three and a half miles east from the capital, and has a model farm of about 700 acres: it is crowded with pupils, and the noble example set by Michigan, in founding this institution, has been followed by several other states. The house of Correction, for juvenile offenders, opened in 1856, is about three fourths of a mile east from the capital. In 1852, a plank road to Detroit was constructed, at an expense of \$130,000. Plank roads also connect it with Jackson and Marshall. Population about 3,000.

The lands comprising the northern part of Lansing were first entered from the United States, in 1836, by James Seymour, Frederic Bushnell, and Charles M. Lee, of Rochester, New York. The first settler was John W. Burchard, a young lawyer, who bought, on the east side of Grand River, 109 acres of James Seymour, situated at the lower town bridge extending up the river to the school section. He built a log cabin still standing in the rear of the Seymour House. This was in 1843; and in June of the same year, he removed his family to this place, and immediately commenced building a saw-mill and dam. In the spring of 1844, he was drowned while amusing himself, in a boat, at the sheet of water which fell over the dam, which he had constructed. Approaching too near, his boat was overturned, and he perished amid the eddying waters. He was buried at Mason, 12 miles distant, universally lamented. He was a man of much promise, and was the first prosecuting attorney in the county. On the death of Mr. Burchard, his family left the place, and the settlement was, for a short time, abandoned, and the lands and improvements reverted back to Mr. Seymour.

In Aug. 1844, Mr. Seymour employed Joab Page, and his two sons-in-law, Whitney Smith and Geo. D. Pease, all of Mason, to finish the mill, etc. All these lived in Burchard's log house for several years.

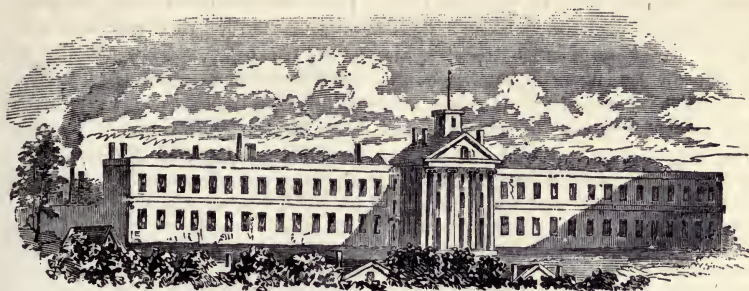
In Jan. 1847, Mr. Seymour made a proposition to the legislature of Michigan, that if they would remove the seat of government on to his lands, he would give 20 acres, erect the capitol and buildings for the use of the state. This offer, however, was not accepted; but they passed an act to locate the capital in the township. A commission was appointed, consisting of the commissioner of the land office, James Seymour, and Messrs. Townsend and Brother, of New York, to make a definite location. The commission selected a spot on which to erect a capitol building, one mile from the Burchard Mill, on section 16, called the "School Section." The commission, in May of the same year, united in laying out a town plat, two and one fourth miles long, and one wide, comprising both sides of the river. At this period there were no settlers on the tract but the Page family, whose nearest neighbors, on the south and east, were four and a half miles distant, and one settler, Justus Gilkley, a mile and a half to the north-west. Within a few weeks after the town was laid out, one thousand persons moved into the place.

The following are the names of some of the first settlers besides those already mentioned:

E. B. Danforth, D. L. Case, James Turner, Charles P. Bush, George W. Peck, John Thomas, Whitney Jones, A. T. Crossman, Henry C. Walker, C. C. Darling, Dr. B. S. Taylor, J. C. Bailey, M. W. Quackenbush.

Lansing received its name from Lansing in New York, from which some of the settlers had emigrated. The first public worship in the place was held in the Burchard log house, by the Methodist traveling preachers. In 1849, the Methodists and Presbyterians united in building the first church in the place, now solely occupied by the Methodists. The first Presbyterian clergyman here, was the Rev. S. Millard, from Dexter. The first school was kept in a little shanty built in 1847 and stood near the Seymour House. The first physician was a Dr. Smith, who, soon after his arrival in 1847, died of a fever in Page's log house. The first postmaster was George W. Peck, who, for a time, kept the office in Bush and Townsend's store, near the upper town bridge. The first framed house in the township

was erected in 1847, by James Turner, a native of New York, whose ancestors were from New London, Connecticut. This building is now standing, about 40 rods below the lower town bridge.



Southern view of the Penitentiary at Jackson.

Showing its appearance as seen from the railroad.

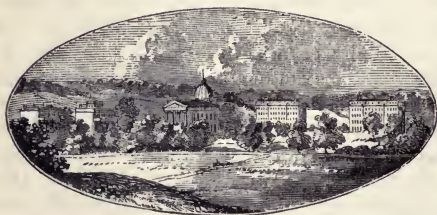
JACKSON is a large, thriving, and well-built town, on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, on and near the head of Grand River, 76 miles W. from Detroit, and 32 S. from Lansing, the capital. The streams here afford excellent water power, and the soil is well adapted to grass or grain. Coal and an abundance of white sand-stone and lime-stone are found in the vicinity. The inhabitants are extensively engaged in the manufactures of flour, leather, iron ware, machinery, etc. It contains the county buildings, a branch of the state university, the state penitentiary, 7 churches, and several banks. Its situation and facilities for travel give it a large trade. Population about 6,000.

"In this, Jackson county, the matter of mining coal has recently become an enterprise of considerable magnitude. There are several 'workings' of coal in the vicinity of Jackson, and companies have been formed for the purpose of mining coal. Considerable coal has been mined and sold from these different workings and mines. The principal mine, and one which in all its arrangements and provisions, is equal to any mine in the country, is that of the Detroit and Jackson Coal and Mining Company. The works of this company are at Woodville station, on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, about three and a half miles west of Jackson city. The mine is situated on the north side of the railroad, and about half a mile from the main track. The Coal Company have built a side track from the Central Road to the mouth of their shaft. The shaft from which the coal is taken, is 90 feet deep, and at the bottom passes through a vein of coal about four feet in thickness. This vein has been opened in different directions, for several hundred feet from the shaft, and with a tram road through the different entries the coal is reached and brought from the rooms to the shaft, and then lifted by steam to the surface. This coal has been transported to different points in the state, and is rapidly coming into use for all ordinary purposes, taking the place of many of the Ohio coals, and at a reduced cost. The existence of valuable beds of coal, in Central Michigan, has only been determined within the past few years. Beside the openings in this county, there have been others made at Owosso and Corunna, in Shiawassee county; at Flint in Genesee county, and at Lansing. Most of these have been upon veins outcropping at the surface of the ground."

Adrian, a flourishing town, is situated on a branch of the Raisin River, and on the Michigan Southern Railroad, 80 miles S. E. from Lansing; 37 W. from Monroe, and 70 W. S. W. from Detroit. The Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad, which was opened in 1836, connects the town with Toledo, 32 miles distant; and the Southern Railroad was extended westward to Chicago, in 1852. Adrian was incorporated as a city in 1853. Being in the midst of a fine, fertile, farming region, it has, since the construction of its railroads, increased with rapidity. It has several flouring mills, foundries, machine shops, etc.; 10 houses of worship, and about 6,000 inhabitants.

The village was surveyed and platted in 1828, by Addison J. Comstock, who made a location in 1826, and having erected a shanty, he brought his family here in the spring of 1827, and was soon joined by Noah Norton and others. The first sermon preached in the place, was in 1827, by Rev. John Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the house occupied by Mr. Norton. In 1830 a Methodist Church was organized. Other churches were soon after established by the Baptists and Presbyterians. The first house of worship was erected in 1832, on Church street, by the Presbyterians: it was afterward sold to the Episcopalians, and is now owned by the Methodists. The first framed school house was erected in the winter of 1831-2. It stood at the corner of Main and Winter-streets, and was used for some time, for the double purpose of school and church. Mr. Comstock built a saw mill in 1827, and soon after a flouring mill, the only one for many miles around. The seat of justice for Lenawee county was removed from Tecumseh to Adrian, in 1836. The city received its name from Mrs. Comstock. James Sword was the first mayor. Mr. S. is a native of the county of Kent, in England; he was a soldier in the Peninsular war, in Spain, and was in several important battles at that period. The *Lenawee Republican* and *Adrian Gazette*, R. W. Ingalls, editor and proprietor; the first paper in the county, was issued Oct. 22. 1834. Its name has been changed to "The Watch Tower." In 1843, the Messrs. Jermain commenced the publication of the "*Expositor*." The first physician was Dr. Ormsby, the second Dr. Bebee, who died of the small pox, and the third, Dr. P. J. Spalding, who came to Adrian in 1832.

Ann Arbor, the county seat of Washtenaw county, is on Huron River, and on the Michigan Central Railroad. It is 37 miles W. from Detroit, and 51



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southerly from Lansing. It is considered one of the most beautifully situated places in the state. The site of the city is elevated, dry, and healthy, and it is regularly laid out. The state university, in this place, was established in 1837, and is now a flourishing and well endowed institution. The literary department was opened in 1841; the medical department in 1849, and in 1853 a scientific course was added. The buildings are large, in an elevated, commanding, and pleasant situation. Ann Arbor is surrounded by an excellent farming district, has considerable trade and manufactures of various kinds. Population about 6,000.

MONROE is near the head of Lake Erie, on one of the branches of the Michigan Southern Railroad, 41 miles from Detroit and 24 from Toledo, by the railroad connecting those cities. It is on both sides of the River Raisin, 2 miles from its entrance into the lake. It has a fine harbor, and the soil

is a limestone formation which furnishes inexhaustible quarries for the manufacture of lime. Population about 4,000.

This point formerly called FRENCHTOWN, and sometimes the settlement of the *River Raisin*, is one of the most noted in the history of Michigan. The following details are communicated for this work, by Edwin Willits, Esq., of Monroe, who has given much attention to the investigation of the history of this section:



WINCHESTER'S HEAD QUARTERS,

On the River Raisin.

This house, modernized, is now the Episcopal parsonage in Monroe. It is of hewn logs; the chimneys were built of stone from the river bed a few yards distant, and the original form of the house in the usual style of the French settlers, with a very steep roof. The grove of pear trees in the rear is supposed to be over 70 years old.

first American settlement was established when a chapel was erected for the French.

The region around about Frenchtown was originally inhabited and claimed by the Pottawatomie Indians. At a treaty concluded at Fort McIntosh in 1785, these Indians and other tribes ceded to the United States a strip of territory six miles wide, extending from the southern bank of the River Raisin to Lake St. Clair. As late as the year 1800, the Pottawatomies had a village of a thousand warriors, beside their wives and children, at what is now called Chase's Mill, on the River Raisin, eight miles west of the city of Monroe. Their huts were made of bark, and were thatched with wild grass. This was their permanent dwelling place, save when they were absent on hunting expeditions. They cultivated the flat between the high grounds and the river for their cornfields: they were peaceable when sober.

At Hull's treaty at Detroit, in 1807, the Indians ceded to the United States about 14 of the present counties in the eastern part of Michigan, and two and one half counties in northern Ohio. After this, therefore, the Pottawatomies abandoned their village near Monroe, and moved west. They reserved, however, a tract of land in Monroe county, three miles square, called the Macon Reservation, 14 miles from the mouth of the River Raisin.

In 1805, there were, according to the report of Judge Woodward, 121 settlements, or farms, on the River Raisin. These, however, must have included the neighboring settlement on Sandy and other creeks, as there could scarcely have been that number on the River Raisin, according to the memory of the oldest settlers. At this time there was no village, nor any collection of houses nearer than they would naturally be on the narrow French claims. In 1807 a block house and stockade were built on the spot now occupied by the residence of Hon. Charles Noble; they were erected for the protection of the people from the Indians. The stockade was an acre in size, surrounded with pickets 12 feet high, and 12 to 15 inches through, set closely together, forming a very substantial defense. For some time the upper part of the block house was used to hold courts in, and the lower part was the prison.

Monroe was one of the earliest settlements in the state of Michigan, a small body of Canadians and French having settled there in 1784. In 1794, Detroit and Frenchtown (Monroe) were the principal towns on the eastern side of the peninsula. The latter consisted, however, of only a few log cabins bordering both banks of the River Raisin, the claims on which they were situated being narrow and running back from the river a long distance. The cultivated portions of the claims lay next to the river, and were inclosed by pickets which were very substantial, being split out roughly from logs, and driven or set in the ground closely together. There in 1793, and soon after a Catholic

In consequence of the fact, that the settlement of the River Raisin was on the direct road from Detroit to Ohio, it was deemed a post of considerable importance during the difficulties that preceded, as well as during the actual hostilities of the war of 1812. Detroit depended, in a great measure, on Ohio and Kentucky for men and provisions, and as these, since Gen. Hull had cut a narrow wagon road through, would pass through Frenchtown, it was of importance that the place should be kept out of the hands of the enemy, who could easily cross over from Canada and cut off the supplies before they reached Detroit. For this reason, Monroe became the scene of actual warfare, not on a very extended scale, it is true, but worthy of record among the incidents of the war of 1812.

Just previous to, or about the first of August, 1812, Col. Brush was sent from Ohio at the head of two companies of Ohio militia, with 3 or 400 cattle, and a large stock of provisions, and some arms and ammunition, for Gen. Hull, then in command of the American troops at Detroit. He got as far as Frenchtown, but learning that a large party of British and Indians had been sent out from Malden, Canada, to intercept him at Brownstown, a place some 20 miles from Frenchtown, on the road to Detroit, and fearing to advance farther without assistance from Gen. Hull, he occupied the block house and stockade. Two expeditions were sent out by Gen. Hull to relieve Col. Brush. The first consisting of 200 men under Maj. Van Horn, fell into an ambuscade of Indians at Brownstown, on the 8th of August, and, after fighting gallantly against a hidden and superior force, he thought it best, as his force was evidently too small, to return to Detroit, leaving 18 dead on the field. The second expedition was made by Col. Miller, on the 9th of August, with 600 men, who met, fought and dispersed, after a desperate battle, a large body of British and Indians at Monguagon, a place 15 miles below Detroit. The British were commanded by Maj. Muir, the Indians by the celebrated Indian warrior and statesman, Tecumseh, who, on that day, fought with desperate valor, and although wounded, maintained his ground while the British regulars gave way. Col. Miller was obliged to await provisions before he could advance further toward the Raisin, and was finally ordered back by Gen. Hull, who feared or expected an attack on Detroit. Arrangements were now made to convey Col. Brush and the supplies in his charge by a more circuitous and less exposed route, which had been traveled by James Knaggs, who had carried a letter from Col. Brush to Gen. Hull. In order to effect this, Colonels McArthur and Cass were sent to his relief with 350 of the best troops, on the 13th of August, but they had not arrived at the Raisin before the surrender of Detroit to the British, which occurred the 16th of August, their command, as well as that of Col. Brush and his supplies, being included in the capitulation.

In order to secure the force under Col. Brush and the supplies in his charge, Capt. Elliott, a British officer, accompanied by a Frenchman and a Wyandot Indian, was sent to Frenchtown with a copy of the capitulation. Col. Brush, learning from his scouts that Capt. Elliott was coming with a flag of truce, sent a guard out to meet him. He and his companions were blindfolded and brought into the stockade. Brush would not believe Elliott's story, and thought it was a hoax, and the copy of the capitulation a forgery, so utterly improbable did it seem that Detroit had been taken. For this reason he threw Elliott and his two companions into the block-house. The next day, however, the story was confirmed by an American soldier, who had escaped from Detroit. Upon this, Brush packed up what provisions he could, and, driving his cattle before him, escaped to Ohio, leaving orders to release Elliott on the next day, which was done. Elliott, of course, was indignant at his treatment, and at the escape of Brush with so much of the supplies. To add to his rage, a great portion of the provisions and ammunition left by Brush, had been carried off and secreted by the inhabitants of the place, before he had been released, they thinking it no great harm to take, for their own use, what would otherwise fall into the hands of the rascally British, as they called them. These acts were certainly very injudicious, and all concur in attributing a great portion of the calamities that befell the settlement to the manner in which they had treated Elliott, and to their evasion of the terms of the capitulation. Elliott sent for Tecumseh to pursue Brush, and permitted the Indians to ravage and plun-

der the settlement in spite of the remonstrances of Tecumseh.* The settlement was plundered not only of provision and cattle, but horses, saddles, bridles, household furniture, and every valuable which had not been secreted. The place was so stripped of horses, that James Knaggs, who, for 15 days, lay hid in the settlement (a reward of \$500 having been offered for his scalp), could find only one on which to escape to Ohio, and that one had been hidden by a tailor in a cellar: Knaggs gave his coat and a silver watch for it. After much peril he succeeded in escaping, and afterward was present at the battle of the Thames, under Col. R. M. Johnson, and was not far from Tecumseh at the time of his death. Mr. Knaggs is still living, and resides at Monroe.

About this time, at the command of Elliott, the block-house was burned, and also a portion of the pickets were destroyed, as it was impossible for the British to occupy the place then, and it would not answer to leave them standing. Elliott then left, and bands of Indians repeatedly came and plundered the settlement, until about October, when some British officers came with some militia and took permanent possession of the place. They occupied the houses of Jerome and Conure, below the brick house now owned by Gibson, not far from the present railroad bridge. This location was made from the fact that it was adjacent to, and commanded the road to Detroit, and because, from its elevation, it overlooked the opposite (south) side of the River Raisin, whence would come the attacks of the Americans, who were shortly expected to advance under Gen. Harrison to Detroit. Here they remained with a considerable force of British and Indians, until the appearance of the advance troops under Gen. Winchester, on the 18th of January, 1813. These advance troops were led by Colonels Lewis and Allen, and came from Maumee on the ice, and attacked, on the afternoon of that day, the enemy, from a point below where the storehouses on the canal are now situated. The British had posted a six-pounder on the high ground in front of the camp, and with it attempted to prevent the Americans from crossing, by firing diagonally down the river, but the attack was made with such vigor, that the British were dislodged after a short contest, and compelled to retreat toward Malden. The Indians held out until dark, being protected, in a measure, by the rushes which con-

*One incident we have never seen published, shows the character of the great Indian chieftain, Tecumseh, in a noble light. When he came to the Raisin, after the retreat of Col. Brush, he found that most of the cattle of the settlement had been driven off, either by the settlers in order to save them, or by the Indians as plunder. Therefore he experienced much difficulty in getting meat for his warriors. He, however, discovered a yoke of fine black oxen, belonging to a man by the name of Rivard, who resided up the river some distance above Monroe. Tecumseh took the cattle, but Rivard begged so hard, stating that they were the only property he had left, and taking him into the house, showed the chieftain his father, sick and in need of medicine, and appealed so hard to Tecumseh's generosity, that Tecumseh said he must have the cattle, as his men were hungry, but that he would pay him \$100 for them. The cattle were speedily killed, and during the evening a man who could write made out an order on Elliott for \$100, and it was signed by Tecumseh. The next morning Rivard went to the block-house to get the money, but Elliott would not pay the order, and treated Rivard harshly, telling him the oxen did not belong to him, but to the British who had conquered the country. Rivard returned and reported what had occurred. Tecumseh was indignant, declaring that if that was the way his orders were treated, he would pay the debt himself, and leave with his men. The truly insulted chieftain then strode into Elliott's presence, accompanied by Rivard, and demanded why his order had not been paid? Elliott told him that he had no authority to pay such debts, that it was no more than right that the citizens should support the army for their willfulness. Tecumseh replied that he had promised the man the money, and the money he should have, if he had to sell all his own horses to raise it: that the man was poor and had a sick father as he knew, having seen him, and that it was not right that this man should suffer for the evil deeds of his government, and that if this was the way the British intended to carry on the war, he would pay the debt and then leave with his men for his home, and let the British do their own fighting. Elliott, subdued by the will of the Indian leader, brought out \$100 in government scrip, but Tecumseh bade him take it back, as he had promised the man the money, and the money he should have, or he would leave. Elliott was therefore compelled to pay the specie, and then, in addition, Tecumseh made him give the man a dollar extra for the trouble he had been at.

cealed them, on the low grounds below the British camp. Finally they retreated to the woods, and the Americans so heedlessly pursued them, that in the darkness they fell into an ambuscade, and had about 13 men killed and several wounded. The loss in the afternoon is not known, but is supposed to have amounted to as many more. Colonels Lewis and Allen took possession of the quarters vacated by the British, and established guards at the picket fences, some distance from the houses, and patrols in the woods.

On the 19th, two hundred Americans, under Col. Wells, arrived and encamped on the Reaume farm, about 80 rods below the other troops. On the 20th of January, Gen. Winchester arrived and took up his quarters in the house of Col. Francis Navarre, on the opposite (south) side of the river, about three quarters of a mile above the position of Cols. Lewis and Allen. The troops that came with him, under Major Madison, occupied the same camp that the others did. All the forces amounted to not far from 1,000 men.

Immediately after the battle of the 18th, some of the French inhabitants who had sold provisions to the British, followed them to Malden to get their pay. On their return, they brought word that the British and Indians were collecting in large force, to the amount of 3,000 to attack Frenchtown. Gen. Winchester paid but little attention to these reports, feeling considerable confidence in his own strength, and expecting reinforcements that would render him safe beyond a doubt, before the enemy could possibly attack him. The British seemed to be aware that they must make the attack before these reinforcements came up, if they wished to effect anything; hence they hastened their preparations. On the 21st, several of the more prominent French citizens went to Winchester and told him that they had reliable information that the American camp would be attacked that night or the next day. He was so infatuated that he paid no further deference to their statement than to order those soldiers who were scattered around the settlement, drinking cider with the inhabitants, to assemble and remain in camp all night.

About daylight on the morning of the 22d of January, 1813, a large force of British and Indians, under Proctor and the celebrated Indian chiefs, Round Head and Split Log, attacked the camp of the Americans. The attack was made all along the lines, but the British forces were more particularly led against the upper camp, occupied by Major Madison and Cols. Lewis and Allen, and the Indians against the lower camp, occupied by Col. Wells. The British were unsuccessful at their part of the lines, where the Americans fought with great bravery, and were



SITE OF THE STOCKADE ON THE RIVER RAISIN.

The upper camp and where the wounded prisoners were massacred after their surrender, was on the site of the large house on the extreme left. The site of the lower camp appears in the distance below. The view was taken from the railroad bridge on the Toledo, Monroe and Detroit R.R.

protected very much by the pickets, which being placed at some distance from the woods, afforded the Kentucky riflemen a fine opportunity to shoot the enemy down as they were advancing. An attempt was then made by the British to use a field piece just at the edge of the woods, by which they hoped to prostrate the pickets and batter down the houses, but

the Kentuckians with their sharpshooters picked the men off as fast as they attempted to load it, so that they were forced to abandon the attack and suffer a repulse.

While these things were happening at the upper camp, a far different state of things existed at the lower one. The attack of the Indians was so impetuous, the position so indefensible, and the American force so inadequate, consisting of only 200 men, that, notwithstanding the bravery of Col. Wells and his men, it was impossible to retain the position. Cols. Lewis and Allen attempted to take a rein-

forcement to the right wing, to enable Col. Wells to retreat up the river on the ice, under cover of the high bank, to the upper camp. But before they arrived at the lower camp, the fire of the savages had become so galling that Wells was forced to abandon his position. This he attempted to do in good order, but as soon as his men began to give way, the Indians redoubled their cries and the impetuosity of their attack, so that the retreat speedily became a rout. In this condition they were met by Col. Allen, who made every effort to call them to order and lead them in safety to the upper camp. But, notwithstanding the heroic exertions of Col. Allen, and his earnest protestations and commands, they continued their disordered flight, and from some unaccountable reason, probably through an irresistible panic, caused by the terrible cries and onslaught of the savages, instead of continuing up the river to the upper camp, they fled diagonally across to the Hull road, so called, which led to Maumee, and attempted to escape to Ohio. And now the flight became a carnage. The Indians seeing the disorder of the Americans, who thought of nothing save running for their lives, and escaping the tomahawks of the savages, having warriors posted all along the woods which lined or were within a short distance of the river, now raised the cry that the Americans were flying, which cry was echoed by thousands of warriors, who all rushed to the spot and outstripped the fleeing soldiers. Some followed them closely in their tracks and brained them with their tomahawks from behind; some posted themselves both sides of the narrow road and shot them down as they passed; and finally some got in advance, and headed them off at Plumb creek, a small stream about a mile from the River Raisin. Here the panic-stricken soldiers, who had thrown away most of their arms to facilitate their flight, huddled together like sheep, with the brutal foe on all sides, were slaughtered, and so closely were they hemmed in, that tradition says, that after the battle, forty dead bodies were found lying scalped and plundered on two rods square.

Gen. Winchester, impressed with the foolish idea that an attack would not be made, had retired the night before without having made any arrangements for safety or dispatch in case of an attack. Therefore when awakened by the firing, he and his aids made great confusion, all crying for their horses, which were in Col. Navarre's stable, the servants scarcely awake enough to equip them with haste. The luckless commander became very impatient to join his forces, nearly a mile distant, and, to gratify his desire, Col. Navarre offered him his best and fleetest horse, which had been kept saddled all night, as Navarre, in common with all the French inhabitants, expected an attack before morning. On this horse he started for the camp, but, on the way, finding that a large number of the troops were then fleeing on the Hull road, he followed after them to rally them, and, if possible, regain the day, but on his way he was taken prisoner by an Indian (said to have been Jack Brandy), who knew by his clothes that he was an officer, and therefore spared his life. Proctor persuaded the Indian to deliver him over into his hands. Col. Allen was also taken prisoner about the same time; he had behaved with extraordinary courage during the whole action, although wounded in the thigh. He was finally killed by an Indian while held a prisoner.

With Winchester as his prisoner, Proctor felt that he could dictate terms to that portion of the American troops under the command of Major Madison in the upper camp, who had thus far made a successful resistance. Proctor sent with a flag one of Gen. Winchester's aids, with the peremptory orders of the latter, directing Major Madison to surrender. Col. Proctor had demanded an immediate surrender, or he would burn the settlement, and allow the Indians to massacre the prisoners and the inhabitants of the place. Major Madison replied, that it was customary for the Indians to massacre the wounded and prisoners after a surrender, and he would not agree to any capitulation Gen. Winchester might make, unless the safety and protection of his men were guaranteed. After trying in vain to get an unconditional surrender, Major Madison and his men being disposed to sell their lives as dearly as possible, rather than run the risk of being massacred in cold blood, Proctor agreed to the terms demanded, which were, that private property should be respected, that sleds should be sent next morning to take the sick and wounded to Malden, and that their side arms should be restored to the officers on their arrival there.

These terms completed, the surrender was made, and the prisoners and British and Indians started for Malden: not, however, until the Indians had violated the first article of the agreement, by plundering the settlement. But finally all departed, except the sick and wounded American soldiers, who were left in the two houses of the upper camp, to await the coming of the sleds on the morrow. Only two or three persons were left in charge of them, a neglect which was nearly or quite criminal on the part of Proctor. The last and most disgraceful scene in this bloody tragedy was yet to be enacted. The sleds that were to take the ill-fated sufferers to Malden never came. In their stead came, the next morning, 300 Indians, painted black and red, determined on massacring the wounded Americans, in revenge for their loss the day before. The slaughter soon commenced in earnest. Breaking into the houses where the Americans were, they first plundered and then tomahawked them. The houses were set on fire, and those within were consumed; if any attempted to crawl out of the doors or windows they were wounded with the hatchet and pushed back into the flames: those that happened to be outside were stricken down, and their dying bodies thrown into the burning dwellings. Major Wolfolk, the secretary of Gen. Winchester, was killed in the massacre. Thus ended the "*Massacre of the River Raisin*." Thus perished in cold blood some of Kentucky's noblest heroes: their death filled with sorrow many homes south of the Ohio. No monument marks the place of their death: but little is known of the private history of those brave spirits who traversed a wilderness of several hundred miles, and gave up their lives for their country: who died alone, unprotected, wounded, in a settlement far from the abode of civilization.

But few of the killed were ever buried. Their bones lay bleaching in the sun for years. On the 4th of July, 1818, a company of men under the charge of Col. Anderson, an old settler of Frenchtown, went to the spot of the battle and collected a large quantity of the bones, and buried them, with appropriate ceremonies, in the old graveyard in Monroe. For years after, however, it was not uncommon to find a skull, fractured by the fatal tomahawk, hidden away in some clump of bushes, where the dogs and wild beasts had dragged the body to devour its flesh.

In addition to the preceding communication, we annex extracts from Darnall's Journal of Winchester's Campaign, which gives additional light upon the disaster of the River Raisin:

Jan. 19th. Frenchtown is situated on the north side of this river, not more than three miles from the place it empties into Lake Erie. There is a row of dwelling houses, about twenty in number, principally frame, near the bank, surrounded with a fence made in the form of picketing, with split timber, from four to five feet high. This was not designed as a fortification, but to secure their yards and gardens.

21st. A reinforcement of two hundred and thirty men arrived in the afternoon; also Gen. Winchester, Col. Wells, Major M'Clanahan, Capt. Hart, Surgeons Irvin and Montgomery, and some other gentlemen, who came to eat apples and drink cider, having been deprived of every kind of spirits nearly two months. The officers having viewed and laid off a piece of ground for a camp and breastworks, resolved that it was too late to remove and erect fortifications that evening. Further, as they resolved to remove early next day, it was not thought worth while, though materials were at hand, to fortify the right wing, which therefore encamped in the open field; this want of precaution was a great cause of our mournful defeat. Col. Wells, their commander, set out for the Rapids late in the evening. A Frenchman arrived here late in the evening from Malden, and stated that a large number of Indians and British were coming on the ice, with artillery, to attack us; he judged their number to be three thousand; this was not believed by some of our leading men, who were regaling themselves with whisky and loaf sugar; but the generality of the troops put great confidence in the Frenchman's report, and expected some fatal disaster to befall us; principally because Gen. Winchester had taken up his head-quarters nearly half a mile from any part of the encampment, and because the right wing was exposed. Ensign Harrow, who was sent with a party of men, some time after night, by the orders of Col. Lewis, to bring in all the men, either officers or privates, that he might find out of their quarters; after finding some and giving them their orders, went to a brick house about a mile up the river, and entered a room; finding it not occupied, he immediately went above stairs, and saw two men whom he took to be British officers, talking with the landlord; the landlord asked him to walk down into a store room, and handing his bottle, asked him to drink, and informed him "there was no danger, for the British had not a

force sufficient to whip us." So Harrow returned about 1 o'clock, and reported to Col. Lewis what he had seen. Col. Lewis treated the report with coolness, thinking the persons seen were only some gentlemen from town. Just at daybreak the reveille began to beat as usual; this gave joy to the troops, who had passed the night under the apprehensions of being attacked before day. The reveille had not been beating more than two minutes, before the sentinels fired three guns in quick succession. This alarmed our troops, who quickly formed, and were ready for the enemy before they were near enough to do execution. The British immediately discharged their artillery, loaded with balls, bombs, and grape-shot, which did little injury. They then attempted to make a charge on those in the pickets, but were repulsed with great loss. Those on the right being less secure for the want of fortification, were overpowered by a superior force, and were ordered to retreat to a more advantageous piece of ground. They got in disorder, and could not be formed.* The Indians pursued them from all quarters, and surrounded, killed, and took the most of them. The enemy again charged on the left with redoubled vigor, but were again forced to retire. Our men lay close behind the picketing, through which they had port holes, and every one having a rest, took sight, that his ammunition might not be spent in vain. After a long and bloody contest, the enemy finding they could not either by stratagem or force drive us from our fortification, retired to the woods, leaving their dead on the ground (except a party that kept two pieces of cannon in play on our right.) A sleigh was seen three or four hundred yards from our lines going toward the right, supposed to be laden with ammunition to supply the cannon; four or five men rose up and fired at once, and killed the man and wounded the horse. Some Indians who were hid behind houses, continued to annoy us with scattering balls. At this time bread from the commissary's house was handed round among our troops, who sat composedly eating and watching the enemy at the same time. Being thus refreshed, we discovered a white flag advancing toward us; it was generally supposed to be for a cessation of arms, that our enemies might carry off their dead, which were numerous, although they had been bearing away both dead and wounded during the action. But how were we surprised and mortified when we heard that Gen. Winchester, with Col. Lewis, had been taken prisoners by the Indians in attempting to rally the right wing, and that Gen. Winchester had surrendered us prisoners of war to Col. Proctor! Major Madison, then the highest in command, did not agree to this until Col. Proctor had promised that the prisoners should be protected from the Indians, the wounded taken care of, the dead collected and buried, and private property respected. It was then, with extreme reluctance, our troops accepted this proposition. There was scarcely a person that could refrain from shedding tears! some plead with the officers not to surrender, saying they would rather die on the field! We had only five killed, and twenty-five or thirty wounded, inside of the pickets.

The British collected their troops, and marched in front of the village. We marched out and grounded our arms, in heat and bitterness of spirit. The British and Indians took possession of them. All the prisoners, except those that were badly wounded, Dr. Todd, Dr. Bowers, and a few attendants, were marched toward Malden. The British said, as they had a great many of their wounded to take to Malden that evening, it would be out of their power to take ours before morning, but they would leave a sufficient guard so that they should not be interrupted by the Indians.

As they did not leave the PROMISED GUARD, I lost all confidence in them, and expected we would all be massacred before morning. I being the only person in this house not wounded, with the assistance of some of the wounded, I prepared something for about thirty to eat.

We passed this night under the most serious apprehensions of being massacred by the tomahawk, or consumed in the flames:—I frequently went out to see if the house was set on fire. At length the long wished for morn arrived, and filled each heart with a cheerful hope of being delivered from the cruelty of these merciless savages. We were making every preparation to be ready for the promised sleighs. But, alas! instead of the sleighs, about an hour by sun, a great number of savages, painted with various colors, came yelling in the most hideous manner! These blood-thirsty, terrific savages (sent here by their more cruel and perfidious allies, the British), rushed into the houses where the desponding wounded lay, and insolently stripped them of their blankets, and all their best clothes, and ordered them out of the houses! I ran out of the house to inform the interpreters† what the Indians were doing; at the door, an Indian took my hat and put it on his own head; I

* When the right wing began to retreat, it is said orders were given by some of the officers to the men in the eastern end of the picketing, to march out to their assistance. Captain Price, and a number of men sallied out. Captain Price was killed, and most of the men.

† I was since informed that Col. Elliott instructed the interpreters to leave the wounded, after dark, to the mercy of the savages. They all went off except one half-Indian.

then discovered that the Indians had been at the other house first, and had used the wounded in like manner. As I turned to go back into the house, an Indian taking hold of me, made signs for me to stand by the corner of the house. I made signs to him I wanted to go in and get my hat; for I desired to see what they had done with the wounded. The Indians sent in a boy who brought out a hat and threw it down to me, and I could not get in the house. Three Indians came up to me and pulled off my coat. My feeble powers can not describe the dismal scenes here exhibited. I saw my fellow soldiers naked and wounded, crawling out of the houses, to avoid being consumed in the flames. Some that had not been able to turn themselves on their beds for four days, through fear of being burned to death, arose and walked out and about the yard. Some cried for help, but there was none to help them. "Ah!" exclaimed numbers, in the anguish of their spirit, "what shall we do?" A number, unable to get out, miserably perished in the unrelenting flames of the houses, kindled by the more unrelenting savages. Now the scenes of cruelty and murder we had been anticipating with dread, during last night, fully commenced. The savages rushed on the wounded, and, in their barbarous manner, shot and tomahawked, and scalped them; and cruelly mangled their naked bodies while they lay agonizing and weltering in their blood. A number were taken toward Malden, but being unable to march with speed, were inhumanly massacred. The road was, for miles, strewn with the mangled bodies, and all of them were left like those slain in battle, on the 22d, for birds and beasts to tear in pieces and devour. The Indians plundered the town of every thing valuable, and set the best houses on fire. The Indian who claimed me, gave me a coat, and when he had got as much plunder as he could carry, he ordered me, by signs, to march, which I did with extreme reluctance, in company with three of the wounded, and six or seven Indians. In traveling about a quarter of a mile, two of the wounded lagged behind about twenty yards. The Indians, turning round, shot one and scalped him. They shot at the other and missed him; he, running up to them, begged that they would not shoot him. He said he would keep up, and give them money. But these murderers were not moved with his doleful cries. They shot him down, and rushing on him in a crowd, scalped him. In like manner, my brother Allen perished. He marched with difficulty after the wounded, about two or three hundred yards, and was there barbarously murdered.

In traveling two miles, we came to a house where there were two British officers; the Indian made a halt, and I asked one of the officers what the Indian was going to do with me; he said he was going to take me to Amherstburgh (or Malden.) I judged these villains had instructed the Indians to do what they had done.

During my captivity with the Indians, the other prisoners were treated very inhumanly. The first night they were put in a woodyard; the rain commenced early in the night and put out all their fires; in this manner they passed a tedious night, wet and benumbed with cold. From this place they were taken to a cold warehouse, still deprived of fire, with their clothes and blankets frozen, and nothing to eat but a little bread. In this wretched condition they continued two days and three nights.

Captain Hart, who was among those massacred, was the brother-in-law of Henry Clay. Timothy Mallary, in his narrative of his captivity, says on this point:

The Indians ordered several other prisoners and myself to march for Malden. We had not proceeded far before they tomahawked four of this number, amongst whom was Capt. Hart, of Lexington. He had hired an Indian to take him to Malden. I saw part of this hire paid to the Indian. After having taken him some distance, another Indian demanded him, saying that he was his prisoner; the hireling would not give him up; the claimant, finding that he could not get him alive, shot him in the left side with a pistol. Captain Hart still remained on his horse; the claimant then ran up, struck him with a tomahawk, pulled him off his horse, scalped him, and left him lying there.

Hon. B. F. H. Witherell, of Detroit, in his *Reminiscences*, gives some facts upon the inhuman treatment of the prisoners taken at the River Raisin. He says:

Our fellow-citizen, Oliver Bellair, Esq., at that time a boy, resided with his parents at Malden. He states that, when the prisoners, some three or four hundred in number, arrived at Malden, they were pictures of misery. A long, cold march from the states in mid winter, camping out in the deep snow, the hard-fought battle and subsequent robbery of their effects, left them perfectly destitute of *any* comforts. Many of the prisoners were also slightly wounded; the blood, dust, and smoke of battle were yet upon them. At Malden, they were driven into an open woodyard, and, without tents or covering of any kind, thinly clad, they endured the bitter cold of a long January night; but they were soldiers of the republic, and suffered without murmuring at their hard lot. They were

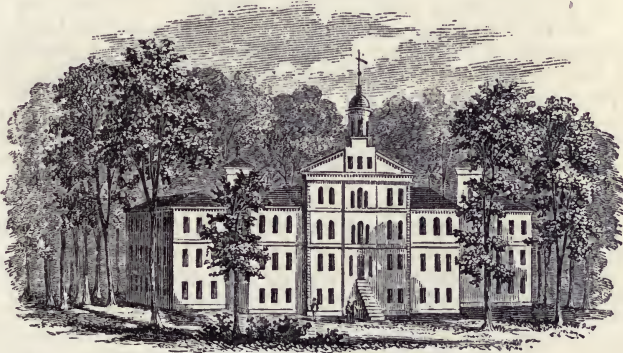
surrounded by a strong chain of sentinels, to prevent their escape, and to keep the savages off, who pressed hard to enter the inclosure. The inhabitants of the village, at night, in large numbers, sympathizingly crowded around, and thus favored the escape of a few of the prisoners.

The people of Malden were generally kind to prisoners. It is not in the nature of a Frenchman to be otherwise than kind to the suffering.

Mr. Bellair tells me, that, at the time these prisoners were brought into Malden, the village presented a horrid spectacle. The Indians had cut off the heads of those who had fallen in the battle and massacre, to the number of a hundred or more, brought them to Malden, and stuck them up in rows on the top of a high, sharp-pointed picket fence; and there they stood, their matted locks deeply stained with their own gore—their eyes wide open, staring out upon the multitude, exhibiting all variety of feature; some with a pleasant smile; others, who had probably lingered long in mortal agony, had a scowl of defiance, despair, or revenge; and others wore the appearance of deep distress and sorrow—they may have died thinking of their far-off wives and children, and friends, and pleasant homes which they should visit no more; the winter's frost had fixed their features as they died, and they changed not.

The savages had congregated in large numbers, and had brought back with them from the bloody banks of the Raisin, and other parts of our frontiers, immense numbers of scalps, strung upon poles, among which might be seen the soft, silky locks of young children, the ringlets and tresses of fair maidens, the burnished locks of middle life, and the silver gray of age. The scalps were hung some twenty together on a pole; each was extended by a small hoop around the edge, and they were all painted red on the flesh side, and were carried about the town to the music of the war-whoop and the scalp-yell.

That the British government and its officers did not attempt to restrain the savages is well known; on the contrary, they were instigated to the commission of these barbarous deeds. Among the papers of Gen. Proctor, captured at the battle of the Thames, was found a letter from Gen. Brock to Proctor, apparently in answer to one asking whether he should restrain the ferocity of the savages. The reply was: "The Indians are necessary to his Majesty's service, and *must be indulged.*" If the gallant Brock would tolerate the atrocious conduct of his savage allies, what could be expected from others?



The State Asylum for Deaf Mutes and the Blind, Flint.

The cut shows the west front of the Asylum. (Inscription on the corner stone.) 1857. Erected by the State of Michigan. J. B. Walker, Building Commissioner; J. T. Johnson, foreman of the mason work; R. Vantiffin, foreman of the joiner work.

FLINT, the county seat for Genesee county, on both sides of the river of its own name, is situated in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, 46 miles E.N.E. from Lansing, and 58 N.W. from Detroit. It has considerable water power. The Michigan Asylum for Deaf Mutes and the Blind, one of the most elegant and beautiful buildings in the state, is at this place. The city was incorporated in 1855, comprising three localities or villages, viz: Flint, Flint River, and Grand Traverse. Population about 4,000.

In 1832, Olmsted Chamberlin and Gideon O. Whittemore, of Oakland, Mich., made a location in Flint of 40 acres, and Levi Gilkey, of 50 acres. John Todd, with his wife, originally Miss P. M. Smith, of Cayuga county, New York, with their children, Edwin A. and Mary L. Todd, were the first white settlers of Flint. They arrived here April 18, 1833, with two wagons, on the second day after leaving Pontiac. They moved into a log hut on the bank of the river, then a trading house, a few rods from the bridge, and used afterward as a stopping place. The next regular settler was Nathaniel Ladd, who located himself on Smith's reservation, on the north side of the river, in a hut which had been occupied by two Indian traders. Lyman Stow, from Vermont, who bought out Mr. Ladd, came next. At the time of the arrival of Mr. Todd, the whole country here was an entire forest, excepting a small tract cleared by the Indian traders. The silence of the wilderness was nightly broken by the howling of wolves. The "wild forest serenade," as not inaptly termed by Mrs. Todd, began with a slight howl, striking, as it were, the key note of the concert; this was soon succeeded by others of a louder tone, which, still rising higher and louder, the whole forest finally resounded with one almost continuous yell.

In 1834, there were only four buildings at this place, then without a name: at this period there was a fort at Saginaw, and the U. S. government was opening a military road from Detroit to Saginaw. They had just built the first bridge across Flint River, where previously all travelers had been ferried over in an Indian canoe. Among the first settlers was Col. Cronk, from New York, who bought land for his children, among whom were James Cronk, who died in the Mexican war, and his son-in-law, Elijah Davenport, now Judge Davenport, of Saginaw. Col. Cronk died at the house of John Todd, after an illness of eight days. He was distinguished for his affability and benevolence, and was much respected. The first religious meeting was held by Rev. O. F. North, a Methodist traveling preacher, at the dwelling of Mr. Todd, who built a frame house the fall after his arrival; the lumber used was sawed at Thread mill, about one and a half miles from Flint. Rev. W. H. Brockway, an Indian missionary, was for a time the only regular preacher in the wide range of the counties of Lapeer, Genesee, Shiawassee, and Saginaw. He traveled on foot, and usually alone. Once in four weeks he visited Flint, and preached in Todd's log cabin, afterward in a room over the store of ——— & Wright. Daniel Sullivan commenced the first school near the close of 1834, and had some 10 or 12 scholars, comprising all the white children in the neighborhood. His compensation was ten cents weekly for each scholar. Miss Lucy Riggs, the daughter of Judge Riggs, it is believed, was the first female teacher; she kept her school in a kind of shanty in Main-street, some 60 or 70 rods from the river.

The township of Flint was organized under the territorial government, in 1836. The first election for township officers was held in the blacksmith shop of Kline & Freeman, Rufus W. Stephens, acting as moderator, and David Mather as clerk. The first church erected was the Presbyterian: it stood on *Poney Row*, a street said to have been named from the circumstance that, at an early period, a number of men who lived there were short of stature. The Episcopalians erected the second church; Rev. Mr. Brown was their first minister. The Methodist church was the third erected, the Catholic the fourth, and the Baptist the fifth, the first minister of which was the Rev. Mr. Gamble. The Episcopal church of St. Paul was raised in 1844. The present Methodist church was built in 1845. The Presbyterian church was erected about the year 1847. The first regular physician was John Hayes, from Massachusetts; the second was Dr. Lamond. The first printing press was introduced about 1836; the "Genesee Whig" was established in 1850; the first newspaper printed by steam power was the "Wolverine Citizen," by F. H. Rankin, a native of Ireland.

GRAND RAPIDS, first settled in 1833, laid out as a village in 1836, and incorporated in 1850, is the second city in importance in Michigan. It is the county seat of Kent county, on the line of the Detroit and Milwaukie Railroad, at the Rapids of Grand River; 60 miles W. N. W. of Lansing, and 150 from Detroit.

Grand River is here about 900 feet wide, and has a fall of 18 feet, which gives an immense water power. The city contains a large number of mills of various kinds, as flouring, saw, plaster; also foundries, lime-kilns, lumber dealers, marble gypsum, gravel sand, and manufactories of staves, hubs, etc. Building material of every description is found in the neighborhood, and also salt springs of extraordinary strength, far greater than those at Syracuse, requiring but 29 gallons to produce a bushel of salt.

The manufacture of salt, now in its infancy here, is destined to work marvelous changes in this region of country.—

“Grand Rapids also has in its vicinity inexhaustible quarries of the finest gypsum, of which 20,000 tons per annum are already used in agriculture by the farmers of Michigan, which amount will be doubled, and soon trebled, on the construction of the north and south land-grant road from Indiana through Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids, to some point near Mackinaw, of which road a part has already been graded.”

Grand Rapids now has a population of about 10,000, and it is the remark of the editor of the



VIEW IN MONROE-STREET, GRAND RAPIDS.

New York Tribune, after visiting this place, that in view of its natural advantages, he shall be disappointed if the census of 1870 does not swell its population to 50,000.

Grand Rapids is a handsome city, and is remarkable for the energy and enterprise of its population. It is the great seat of the lumber trade in western Michigan. This being a branch of industry of primary importance, not only to this point, but to the whole state, we introduce here an extract from a recent article in the Detroit Tribune, from the pen of Kay Haddock, Esq., its commercial editor, which will give an idea of the amount of wealth Michigan possesses in her noble forests. These although repelling the early emigrants to the west, in view of the easy tillable lands of the prairie states, will in the end add to her substantial progress, and educate for her a population rendered more hardy by the manly toil required to clear up and subdue vast forests of the heaviest of timber. Careful estimates show that, in prosperous times, the annual products of the *pineries* of the state even now amount to about TEN MILLIONS of dollars.

It is now almost universally admitted that the state of Michigan possesses in her soil and timber the material source of immense wealth. While in years past it has been difficult to obtain satisfactory information concerning the real condition and natural resources of a large portion of the surface of the Lower Peninsula, the re-survey of portions of the government land, the exploration of the coun-

try by parties in search of pine, the developments made by the exploring and surveying parties along the lines of the Land Grant Railroads, and the more recent examinations by the different commissions for laying out the several state roads under the acts passed by the last legislature, have removed every doubt in reference to the subject. The universal testimony from all the sources above mentioned, seem to be that in all the natural elements of wealth the whole of the northern part of the peninsula abounds.

The pine lands of the state, which are a reliable source of present and future wealth, are so located and distributed as to bring almost every portion of the state, sooner or later in connection with the commerce of the lakes. The pine timber



LUMBERMAN'S CAMP,

In the Pine Forests of Michigan.

of Michigan is generally interspersed with other varieties of timber, such as beech, maple, whiteash, oak, cherry, etc., and in most cases the soil is suited to agricultural purposes. This is particularly the case on the western slope of the peninsula, on the waters of Lake Michigan, and along the central portion of the state. On the east and near Lake Huron, the pine districts are more extensively covered with pine timber, and generally not so desirable for farming purposes. There are good farming lands, however, all along the coast of Lake Huron and extending back into the interior.

A large proportion of the pine lands of the state are in the hands of the Canal Company, and individuals who are holding them as an investment, and it is no detriment to this great interest, that the whole state has been thus explored, and the choicest lands secured. The developments which have thus been made of the quality and extent of the pine districts, have given stability and confidence to the lumbering interest. And these lands are not held at exorbitant prices, but are sold upon fair and reasonable terms, such as practical business men and lumbermen will not usually object to.

It is a remarkable fact that almost every stream of water in the state, north of Grand River, penetrates a district of pine lands, and the mouths of nearly all these streams are already occupied with lumbering establishments of greater or less magnitude. These lumber colonies are the pioneers, and generally attract around them others who engage in agriculture, and thus almost imperceptibly the agricultural interests of the state are spreading and developing in every direction. The want of suitable means of access alone prevents the rapid settlement of large and fertile districts of our state, which are not unknown to the more enterprising and persevering pioneers, who have led the way through the wilderness, and are now engaged almost single-handed in their labors, not shrinking from the privations and sufferings which are sure to surround these first settlements in our new districts.

The Grand Traverse region, with its excellent soil, comparatively mild climate, and abundance of timber of every description is attracting much attention, and extensive settlements have already commenced in many localities in that region. The coast of Lake Michigan, from Grand River north, for upward of one hundred miles to Manistee River, presents generally a barren, sandy appearance, the sand hills of that coast almost invariably shutting out from the view the surrounding country.

North of the Manistee, however, this characteristic of the coast changes, and the hard timber comes out to the lake, and presents a fine region of country extending from Lake Michigan to Grand Traverse Bay and beyond, embracing the head waters of the Manistee River. This large tract of agricultural land is one of the richest portions of the state, and having throughout its whole extent extensive groves of excellent pine timber interspersed, it is one of the most desirable portions of the peninsula. Grand Traverse Bay, the Manistee River, and the

River Aux Becs Scies are the outlets for the pine timber, and afford ample means of communication between the interior and the lake for such purposes. The proposed state roads will, if built, do much toward the settlement of this region.

A natural harbor, which is being improved by private enterprise, is found at the mouth of the River Aux Becs Scies, and a new settlement and town has been started at this point. This is a natural outlet for a considerable portion of the region just described. The lands here, as in other localities in the new portions of the state, are such as must induce a rapid settlement whenever the means of communication shall be opened.

The valley of the Muskegon embraces every variety of soil and timber, and is one of the most attractive portions of the peninsula. The pine lands upon this river are scattered all along the valley in groups or tracts containing several thousand acres each, interspersed with hard timber and surrounded by fine agricultural lands. The Pere Marquette River and White River, large streams emptying into Lake Michigan, pass through a region possessing much the same characteristics. This whole region is underlaid with lime rock, a rich soil, well watered with living springs, resembling in many features the Grand River valley. Beds of gypsum have been discovered on the head waters of the Pere Marquette. The unsettled counties in the northern portion of the state, the northern portion of Montcalm, and Gratiot, Isabella, Gladwin, Clare, and a portion of Midland, are not inferior to any other portion. There is a magnificent body of pine stretching from the head of Flat River, in Montcalm county, to the upper waters of the Tettibewassee, and growing upon a fine soil, well adapted to agriculture. This embraces a portion of the Saginaw valley, and covers the high ground dividing the waters of Lakes Huron and Michigan.

The eastern slope of the peninsula embraces a variety of soil and timber somewhat different in its general features from other portions of the state. The pine lands of this region are near the coast of the lake, and lie in large tracts, but with good agricultural land adjoining.

There are in the lower peninsula, in round numbers, about 24,000,000 acres of land. Taking Houghton Lake, near the center of the state, as a point of view, the general surface may be comprehended as follows: The Muskegon valley to the south-west, following the Muskegon River in its course to Lake Michigan. The western slope of the peninsula directly west, embracing the pine and agricultural districts along the valleys of several large streams emptying into Lake Michigan. The large and beautiful region to the north-west, embracing the valley of the Manistee and the undulating lands around Grand Traverse Bay. Northward, the region embraces the head waters of the Manistee and Au Sauble, with the large tracts of excellent pine in that locality, and beyond, the agricultural region extending to Little Traverse Bay and the Straits of Mackinaw. To the north-east, the valley of the Au Sauble, and the pine region of Thunder Bay. To the east, the pine and hard timber extending to Saginaw Bay. To the south-east, the Saginaw valley; and to the south, the high lands before described in the central counties.

That portion of the state south of Saginaw and the Grand River valley, is so well known that a description here would be unnecessary. Thus we have yet undeveloped over half of the surface of this peninsula, embracing, certainly, 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 of acres, possessing stores of wealth in the timber upon its surface, reserving soil for the benefit of those, who, as the means of communication are opened, will come in and possess it, and thus introduce industry and prosperity into our waste places.

We have not the figures at hand, but it is probable that at least one tenth of the area north of the Grand River is embraced in the pine region. The swamp lands granted to the state will probably cover nearly double the area of the pine lands proper. The remainder, for the most part, is covered with a magnificent growth of hard timber suited to the necessities of our growing population and commerce.

The trade in pine timber, lumber, shingles, and other varieties of lumber, with the traffic in staves form one of the most important branches of manufacture and commerce in our own state, and this trade alone is now accomplishing more for the development and settlement of the country than all other causes in operation.

Saginaw, the county seat of Saginaw county, is 57 miles N. E. of Lansing, and 95 N. N. W. of Detroit, and is built on the site of a trading post which, during the war of 1812, was occupied as a military post. It is on the W. bank of Saginaw River, elevated about 30 feet above the water, 22 miles from the mouth of the river at Saginaw Bay, an inlet of Lake Huron. It possesses advantages for commerce, as the river is large, and navigable for vessels drawing 10 feet of water. The four branches of this river coming from various directions, unite a few miles above the town, and afford intercourse by boats with a large portion of the state. Population about 3,000.

A very extensive lumber business is carried on at Saginaw. Within a short time the manufacture of *salt* has begun here, from brine obtained at the depth of 620 feet. The salt is of extraordinary purity, and the brine of unusual strength. This industry, when developed, will greatly increase the prosperity of the Saginaw valley.

Pontiac, named after the celebrated Indian chieftain, is situated on Clinton River, on the line of the railroad, 25 miles N. W. from Detroit. It is a flourishing village, and the county seat of Oakland county. Is an active place of business, and is one of the principal wool markets in the state. It has quite a number of stores, mills, and factories, and six churches. Population about 3,000.

Mr. Asahel Fuller, a native of Connecticut, emigrated to Michigan in 1827, and located himself at Waterford, seven miles north-west from Pontiac, on the Old Indian trail from Detroit to Saginaw, and was a long period known as an inn-keeper in this section of the state. The Chippewa Indians who received their annuities from the British government at Malden, Canada West, in their journeyings, often camped or stopped near his house, sometimes to the number of 2 or 300. On one occasion he saw them go through their incantations to heal a sick man, one of their number. They formed a circle around him, singing a kind of hum drum tune, beating a drum made of a hollow log with a deer skin stretched over it. The Indian priest or powaw would occasionally throw into the fire a little tobacco, which had been rubbed in the hand, likewise pour whiskey into the fire after drinking a little himself, evidently as a kind of sacrifice. On another occasion a man breathed into a sick child's mouth, and prayed most fervently to the Great Spirit to interpose. In 1830, Mr. Fuller purchased the first lot of government lands in Springfield, 12 miles from Pontiac. He removed there in 1831, and erected the first house in the place, his nearest neighbor being 5 miles to the south-east, and 15 to the north-west. Here he kept a public house on the Indian trail on a most beautiful spot, called Little Spring, near two beautiful lakes; a favorite place of resort for the Indians, and where they sometimes held the "White Dog Feast," one of their sacred observances. Mrs. Julia A. O'Donoughue, the daughter of Mr. F., and wife of Mr. Washington O'Donoughue, was the first white child born in Springfield.

Port Huron is in St. Clair county, 77 miles from Detroit, at the junction of Black and St. Clair Rivers, two miles south from Lake Huron, and one mile from Fort Gratiot, a somewhat noted post. It has a good harbor and superior facilities for ship building, and is largely engaged in the lumber business. Great amounts of excellent pine timber are sent down Black River, and manufactured or shipped here. It is the eastern terminus of the Port Huron and Lake Michigan Railroad, the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Railroad, which extends from the eastern to the western limits of the Canadas. It is one of the greatest lumber markets in the west. Its annual exports amount to \$2,000,000. Population about 3,500.

On the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, beside those already described, are the following large and flourishing towns, all having abundance

of water power mills, factories, etc., and each containing from 3,000 to 7,000 inhabitants. *Ypsilanti*, 30 miles from Detroit on Huron River, is the seat of the state normal school, a branch of the state university. *Marshall* is 107 miles from Detroit. *Battle Creek* 120 miles from Detroit. *Kalamazoo*, 23 miles farther west, contains a United States land office, the state asylum for the insane, and a branch of the state university. This is one of the most beautiful of villages: it is planted all over with trees, every street being lined with them. *Niles*, 191 miles from Detroit, has a branch of the state university, and is the principal market for south-western Michigan. The St. Joseph River is navigable beyond this point for small steamers.

Farther south, in the state, are other important towns, containing each about 3,000 inhabitants. They are: *Tecumseh*, 10 miles N. E. of Adrian, and connected by a branch railroad, eight miles in length, with the Michigan Southern Railroad. *Hillsdale*, on the last named railroad, 110 miles from Detroit, and noted as the seat of Hillsdale College, a thriving and highly popular institution, chartered in 1855. *Coldwater* is also on the same railroad, 22 miles westerly from Hillsdale. *St. Joseph*, at the entrance of St. Joseph River into Lake Michigan, 194 miles west of Detroit, has a fine harbor and an extensive trade in lumber and fruit, with Chicago.

In 1679, the noted explorer, La Salle, built a fort at the mouth of St. Joseph's River. Afterward there was a Jesuit mission here, which Charlevoix visited in 1721. When the west came into possession of Great Britain, they had a fort also at this point. This was twice captured in the war of the revolution, by expeditions of the brave frontiersmen of Cahokia, Illinois. The annexed sketch of these exploits is thus given in Perkins' Annals, Peck's edition:

"There was at Cahokia, a restless, adventurous, daring man, by the name of Thomas Brady, or as he was familiarly called, 'Tom Brady,' a native of Pennsylvania, who, by hunting, or in some other pursuit, found himself a resident of Cahokia. He raised a company of 16 resolute persons, all of Cahokia and the adjacent village of Prairie du Pont, of which the father of Mr. Boismenu, the informant, was one. After becoming organized for an expedition, the party moved through a place called the 'Cow Pens,' on the River St. Joseph, in the south-western part of Michigan. Here was a trading-post and fort originally established by the French, but since the transfer of the country, had been occupied by the British by a small force, as a protection of their traders from the Indians. In 1777, it consisted of 21 men.

Brady, with his little band of volunteers, left Cahokia about the 1st of October, 1777, and made their way to the fort, which they captured in the night, without loss on either side, except, a negro. This person was a slave from some of the colonies on the Mississippi, who, in attempting to escape, was shot. One object of this expedition, probably, was the British goods in the fort.

The company started back as far as the Calumet, a stream on the border of Indiana, south-east of Chicago, when they were overtaken by a party of British, Canadians and Indians, about 300 in number, who attacked the Cahokians and forced them to surrender. Two of Brady's party were killed, two wounded, one escaped, and 12 were made prisoners. These remained prisoners in Canada two years, except Brady, who made his escape, and returned to Illinois by way of Pennsylvania. M. Boismenu, Sr., was one of the wounded men.

The next spring, a Frenchman, by the name of Paulette Maize, a daring fellow, raised about 300 volunteers from Cahokia, St. Louis, and other French villages, to re-capture the fort on the River St. Joseph. This campaign was by land, across the prairies in the spring of 1778. It was successful; the fort was re-taken; and the peltries and goods became the spoil of the victors. The wounded men returned home with Maize. One gave out; they had no horses; and he was dispatched by the leader, to prevent the company being detained on their retreat, lest the same disaster should befall them as happened to Brady, and his company. Some of the members of the most ancient and respectable families in Cahokia, were in this expedition. Thomas Brady became the sheriff of the county of St. Clair, after its organization by the governor of the North-western Territory in 1790. He was regarded as a trust-worthy citizen, and died at Cahokia many years since."

Almont, Mt. Clemens, Romeo, Allegan, and Grand Haven, are flourishing towns in the Southern Peninsula of Michigan. *Almont* is in Lapeer county, 49 miles north of Detroit. *Mt. Clemens* is the county seat of Macomb, and is 20 miles from Detroit, on Clinton River, 4 miles from its entrance into



The Isle, Mackinaw.

Engraved from a drawing by the late Francis Howe, of Chicago, taken about the year 1846.

Lake St. Clair. It is well situated for ship building, and has daily steam boat communication with Detroit. *Romeo* is also on Clinton River, 40 miles from Detroit. *Allegan*, distant from Kalamazoo 28 miles, at the head of navigation on Kalamazoo River, is a young and thrifty lumbering village. *Grand Haven* is at the mouth of Grand River, at the termination of the Detroit and Milwaukie Railroad. It has a noble harbor, and does an enormous lumber trade. Lumber is shipped from here to Chicago, and other ports on the west side of the lake; and steamers ply regularly between this point and Chicago, and also on the river to the flourishing city of Grand Rapids, above.

MACKINAW, called "*the Gem of the Lakes*," is an exquisitely beautiful island in the straits of Mackinaw. It is, by water, 320 miles north of De-

troit, in Lat. $45^{\circ} 54' N.$ Long. $84^{\circ} 30' W.$ Its name is an abbreviation of Michilimackinac, which is a compound of the word *missi* or *missil*, signifying "great," and Mackinac, the Indian word for "turtle," from a fancied resemblance to a great turtle lying upon the water.

Among the curiosities of the island, are the Arched Rock, the Natural Pyramid, and the Skull Rock.



THE ARCHED ROCK,

On the Isle of Mackinaw.

The *Arched Rock* is a natural arch projecting from the precipice on the north-eastern side of the island, about a mile from the town, and elevated 140 feet above the water. Its abutments are the calcareous rock common to the island, and have been created by the falling down of enormous masses of rock, leaving the chasm. It is about 90 feet in height, and is crowned by an arch of near 60 feet sweep. From its great elevation, the view through the arch upon the wide expanse of water, is of singular beauty and grandeur. The *Natural Pyramid* is a lone standing rock, upon the top of the bluff, of probably 30 feet in width at the base, by 80 or 90 in height, of a rugged appearance, and supporting in its crevices a few stunted cedars. It pleases chiefly by its novelty, so unlike anything to be found in other parts of the world; and on the first view, it gives the idea of a work of art. The *Skull Rock* is chiefly noted for a cavern, which appears to have been an ancient receptacle of human bones. The entrance is low and narrow. It is here

that Alexander Henry was secreted by a friendly Indian, after the horrid massacre of the British garrison at old Michilimackinac, in 1763.

"The world," says the poet Bryant, "has not many islands so beautiful as Mackinaw—the surface is singularly irregular with summits of rocks and pleasant hollows, open glades of pasturage, and shady nooks."

It is, in truth, one of the most interesting spots on the continent, and is becoming a great summer resort, from its natural attractions; its bracing, invigorating atmosphere, and the beauty of its scenery. Its sky has a wonderful clearness and serenity, and its cold deep waters a marvelous purity, that enables one to discover the pebbles way down, fathoms below. To mount the summits of Mackinaw, and gaze out northward upon the expanse of water, with its clustering islets, and the distant wilderness of the Northern Peninsula; to take in with the vision the glories of that sky, so clear, so pure, that it seems as though the eye penetrated infinity; to inhale that life-giving air, every draught of which seems a luxury, were well worth a toilsome journey, and when once experienced, will remain among the most pleasant of memories.

The island is about nine miles in circumference, and its extreme elevation above the lake, over 300 feet. The town is pleasantly situated around a small bay at the southern extremity of the island, and contains 1,000 inhabitants, which are sometimes nearly doubled by the influx of voyagers, traders, and Indians. On these occasions, its beautiful harbor is seen checkered with American vessels at anchor, and Indian canoes rapidly shoot

ing across the water in every direction. It was formerly the seat of an extensive fur trade: at present it is noted for the great amount of trout and white fish annually exported. Fort Mackinaw stands on a rocky bluff overlooking the town. The ruins of Fort Holmes are on the apex of the island. It was built by the British in the war of 1812, under the name of Fort George, and changed to its present appellation by the Americans, in compliment to the memory of Maj. Holmes, who fell in an unsuccessful attack upon the island. This occurred in 1814. The expedition consisted of a strong detachment of land and naval forces under Col. Croghan, and was shamefully defeated, the death of the gallant Holmes having stricken them with a panic.

The first white settlement in this vicinity was at Point Ignace, the southern cape of the upper peninsula of Michigan, and shown on the map where Father Marquette established a mission in 1671.

The second site was on the opposite point of the straits, now called Old Mackinaw, nine miles south, being the northern extremity of the lower peninsula, or Michigan Proper.

"In the summer of 1679, the Griffin, built by La Salle and his company on the shore of Lake Erie, at the present site of the town of Erie, passed up the St. Clair, sailed over the Huron, and entering the straits, found a safe harbor at Old Mackinaw. La Salle's expedition passed eight or nine years at this place, and from hence they penetrated the country in all directions. At the same time it continued to be the summer resort of numerous Indian tribes, who came here to trade and engage in the wild sports and recreations peculiar to the savage race. As a city of peace, it was regarded in the same light that the ancient Hebrews regarded their cities of refuge, and among those who congregated here all animosities were forgotten. The smoke of the calumet of peace always ascended, and the war cry never as yet has been heard in its streets.

In Heriot's Travels, published in 1807, we find the following interesting item:

"In 1671 Father Marquette came hither with a party of Hurons, whom he prevailed on to form a settlement. A fort was constructed, and it afterward became

an important spot. It was the place of general assemblage for all the French who went to traffic with the distant nations. It was the asylum of all savages who came to exchange their furs for merchandise. When individuals belonging to tribes at war with each other came thither, and met on commercial adventure, their animosities were suspended."

"Notwithstanding San-ge-man and his warriors had braved the dangers of the straits and had slain a hundred of their enemies whose residence was here, yet it was not in the town that they were slain.

No blood was ever shed by Indian hands within its precincts up to this period, and had it remained in possession of the French, the terrible scenes subsequently enacted within its streets would in all probability never have occurred, and Old Mackinaw would have been a city of refuge to this day.

The English, excited by the emoluments derived from the fur trade, desired to secure a share in this lucrative traffic of the north-western lakes. They accordingly, in the year 1686, fitted out an expedition, and through the interposition of the Fox Indians, whose friendship they secured by valuable presents, the expedi-



RUINS OF OLD FORT MACKINAW.

Drawn by Capt. S. Eastman, U.S.A. Mackinaw Island is seen on the right: Point St. Ignace, on the north side of the straits, on the left.

tion reached Old Mackinaw, the "Queen of the Lakes," and found the El Dorado they had so long desired."

The following interesting description, from Parkman's "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," of a voyage by an English merchant to Old Mackinaw about this time, will be in place here: "Passing the fort and settlement of Detroit, he soon enters Lake St. Clair, which seems like a broad basin filled to overflowing, while along its far distant verge a faint line of forests separates the water from the sky. He crosses the lake, and his voyagers next urge his canoe against the current of the great river above. At length Lake Huron opens before him, stretching its liquid expanse like an ocean to the furthest horizon. His canoe skirts the eastern shore of Michigan, where the forest rises like a wall from the water's edge, and as he advances onward, an endless line of stiff and shaggy fir trees, hung with long mosses, fringe the shore with an aspect of desolation. Passing on his right the extensive Island of Bois Blanc, he sees nearly in front the beautiful Island of Mackinaw rising with its white cliffs and green foliage from the broad breast of waters. He does not steer toward it, for at that day the Indians were its only tenants, but keeps along the main shore to the left, while his voyagers raise their song and chorus. Doubling a point he sees before him the red flag of England swelling lazily in the wind, and the palisades and wooden bastions of Fort Mackinaw standing close upon the margin of the lake. On the beach canoes are drawn up, and Canadians and Indians are idly lounging. A little beyond the fort is a cluster of white Canadian houses roofed with bark and protected by fences of strong round pickets. The trader enters the gate and sees before him an extensive square area, surrounded by high palisades. Numerous houses, barracks, and other buildings form a smaller square within, and in the vacant place which they inclose appear the red uniforms of British soldiers, the gray coats of the Canadians and the gaudy Indian blankets mingled in picturesque confusion, while a multitude of squaws, with children of every hue, stroll restlessly about the place. Such was old Fort Mackinaw in 1763."

In 1763, during the Pontiac war, Old Mackinaw, or Michilimackinac, was the scene of a horrid massacre, the fort being at the time garrisoned by the British. It had come into their possession after the fall of Quebec, in 1759. It inclosed an area of two acres, surrounded by pickets of cedar. It stood near the water, and with western winds, the waves dashed against the foot of the stockade. Within the pickets were about thirty houses with families, and also a chapel, in which religious services were regularly performed by a Jesuit missionary. Furs from the upper lakes were collected here for transportation, and outfits prepared for the remote north-west. The garrison consisted of 93 men; there were only four English merchants at the fort. Alexander Henry was invested with the right of trafficking with the Indians, and after his arrival was visited by a body of 60 Chippewas, whose chieftain, *Minavavana*, addressed him and his companions in the following manner:

Englishmen, it is to you that I speak, and I demand your attention. You know that the French King is our father. He promised to be such, and we in turn promised to be his children. This promise we have kept. It is you that have made war with this our father. You are his enemy, and how then could you have the boldness to venture among us, his children. You know that his enemies are ours. We are informed that our father, the King of France, is old and infirm, and that being fatigued with making war upon your nation, he has fallen asleep. During this sleep you have taken advantage of him, and possessed yourselves of Canada. But his nap is almost at an end. I think I hear him already stirring and inquiring for his children, and when he does awake what must become of you? He will utterly destroy you. Although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and mountains are left to us by our ancestors, they are our inheritance and we will part with them to none. Your nation supposes that we, like the white people, can not live without bread, and pork, and beef, but you ought to know that He, the Great Spirit and

Master of Life, has provided food for us in these spacious lakes and on these woody mountains.

Our father, the King of France, employed our young men to make war upon your nation. In this warfare many of them have been killed, and it is our custom to retaliate until such time as the spirits of the slain are satisfied. But the spirits of the slain are to be satisfied in one of two ways; the first is by the spilling the blood of the nation by which they fell, the other by covering the bodies of the dead, and thus allaying the resentment of their relations. This is done by making presents. Your king has never sent us any presents, nor entered into any treaty with us, wherefore he and we are still at war, and until he does these things we must consider that we have no other father or friend among the white men than the King of France. But for you, we have taken into consideration that you have ventured among us in the expectation that we would not molest you. You do not come around with the intention to make war. You come in peace to trade with us, and supply us with necessities, of which we are much in need. We shall regard you, therefore, as a brother, and you may sleep tranquilly without fear of the Chippewas. As a token of friendship we present you with this pipe to smoke.

Previous to the attack the Indians were noticed assembling in great numbers, with every appearance of friendship, ostensibly for the purpose of trade, and during one night 400 lay about the fort. In order to celebrate the king's birth day, on the third of June, a game of ball was proposed to be played between the Chippewas and Sacs for a high wager. Having induced Major Etherington, the commandant, and many of the garrison to come outside the pickets to view the game, it was the design of the Indians to throw the ball within the pickets, and, as was natural in the heat of the game, that all the Indians should rush after it. The stratagem was successful—the war cry was raised, seventy of the garrison were murdered and scalped, and the remainder were taken prisoners.

“Henry witnessed the dreadful slaughter from his window, and being unarmed he hastened out, and springing over a low fence which divided his house from that of M. Langlade, the French Interpreter, entered the latter, and requested some one to direct him to a place of safety. Langlade hearing the request, replied that he could do nothing for him. At this moment a slave belonging to Langlade, of the Pawnee tribe of Indians, took him to a door which she opened, and informed him that it led to the garret where he might conceal himself. She then locked the door and took away the key. Through a hole in the wall Henry could have a complete view of the fort. He beheld the heaps of the slain, and heard the savage yells, until the last victim was dispatched. Having finished the work of death in the fort, the Indians went out to search the houses. Some Indians entered Langlade's house and asked if there were any Englishmen concealed in it. He replied that he did not know, they might search for themselves. At length they opened the garret door and ascended the stairs, but Henry had concealed himself amid a heap of birch-bark vessels, which had been used in making maple sugar, and thus escaped. Fatigued and exhausted, he lay down on a mat and went to sleep, and while in this condition he was surprised by the wife of Langlade, who remarked that the Indians had killed all the English, but she hoped he might escape. Fearing, however, that she would fall a prey to their vengeance if it was found that an Englishman was concealed in her house, she at length revealed the place of Henry's concealment, giving as a reason therefor, that if he should be found her children would be destroyed. Unlocking the door, she was followed by several Indians, who were led by Wenniway, a noted chief. At sight of him the chief seized him with one hand, and brandishing a large carving knife was about to plunge it into his heart, when he dropped his arm, saying, “I won't kill you. My brother, Musinigon, was slain by the English, and you shall take his place and be called after him.” He was carried to L'Arbre Croche as a prisoner, where he was rescued by a band of three hundred Ottawas, by whom he was returned to Mackinaw, and finally ransomed by his friend Wawatam. At the capture of the place only one trader, M. Tracy, lost his life. Capt. Etherington was carried away by some In-

dians from the scene of slaughter. Seventy of the English troops were slain. An Englishman, by the name of Solomon, saved himself by hiding under a heap of corn, and his boy was saved by creeping up a chimney, where he remained two days. A number of canoes, filled with English traders, arriving soon after the massacre, they were seized, and the traders, dragged through the water, were beaten and marched by the Indians to the prison lodge. After they had completed



Map of Mackinaw and vicinity.

the work of destruction, the Indians, about four hundred in number, entertaining apprehensions that they would be attacked by the English, and the Indians who had joined them, took refuge on the Island of Mackinaw, Wawatam fearing that Henry would be butchered by the savages in their drunken revels, took him out to a cave, where he lay concealed for one night on a heap of human bones. As the fort was not destroyed, it was subsequently reoccupied by British soldiers, and the removal to the island did not take place until about the year 1780."

The station on the island was called *New Mackinaw*, while the other, on the main land, has since been termed *Old Mackinaw*. The chapel, fort, and college, at the latter place, have long since passed away, but relics of the stone walls and pickets remain to this day. To the Catholic, as the site of their first college in the north-west, and one of their earliest mission stations, this must be ever a spot of great interest.

New Mackinaw formerly received its greatest support from the fur trade, when in the hands of the late John Jacob Astor, being at that time the outfitting and furnishing place for the Indian trade. This trade became extinct in 1834, and the place since has derived its support mainly from the fisheries. The Isle of Mackinaw, in modern times, has been a prominent point for Protestant missions among the Indians. The first American missionary was the Rev. David Bacon, who settled here in 1802, under the auspices of the Connecticut Missionary Society, the oldest, it is believed, in America. This gentleman was the father of Dr. Leonard Bacon, the eminent New England divine, who was born in Michigan. Prior to settling at Mackinaw, Mr. Bacon attempted to establish a mission upon the Maumee. The Indians in council listened to his arguments for this object, with due courtesy: and then, through one of their chiefs, Little Otter, respectfully declined. The gist of the reply is contained in the following sentence:

BROTHER—*Your religion is very good, but it is only good for white people. It will not do for Indians: they are quite a different sort of folks.*

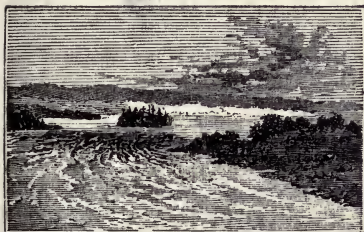
Old Mackinaw, or Mackinack, is the site of a recently laid out town, *Mackinaw City*, which, its projectors reason, bids fair to become eventually an important point. Ferris says, in his work on the west: "If one were to point out, on the map of North America, a site for a great central city in the lake region, it would be in the immediate vicinity of the Straits of Mackinaw. A city so located would have the command of the mineral trade, the fisheries, the furs, and the lumber of the entire north. It might become the metropolis of a great commercial empire. It would be the Venice of the Lakes." The *climate* would seem to forbid such a consummation; but the temperature of this point, softened by the vast adjacent bodies of water, is much milder than one would suppose from its latitude: north of this latitude is a part of Canada which now contains a million of inhabitants. Two important railroads, running through the whole of the lower peninsula of Michigan, are to terminate at this point—one passing through Grand Rapids, and the other through Saginaw City. These are building by the aid of extensive land grants from the general government to the state, and are to give southern Michigan a constant communication with the mineral region in the upper peninsula, from which she is now ice locked five or six months in the year, and which, in time is destined to support a large and prosperous population. The mineral region is also to have railroad communications through Wisconsin south, and through Canada east to the Atlantic, extensive land grants having been made by the American and Canadian governments for these objects, comprising in all many millions of acres.

The *Beaver Islands* are a beautiful cluster of Islands in Lake Michigan, in the vicinity of Mackinaw. Big Beaver, the largest of them, contains about 25,000 acres, and until within a few years was in the possession of a band of Mormons.

When the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, in 1845, they were divided into three factions—the Twelveites, the Rigdonites, and the Strangites. The Twelveites were those who emigrated to Utah, the Rigdonites were the followers of Sidney Rigdon, and were but few in number, and the Strangites made Beaver Island their headquarters. Their leader, Strang, a young lawyer originally of western N. York, claimed to have a revelation from God, appointing him the successor of Joe Smith. "These Mormons held the entire control of the main island, and probably would have continued to do so for some time, but from the many depredations committed by them, the neighboring fishermen and others living and trading on the coasts, became determined to root out this band of robbers and pirates, as they believed them to be.

After organizing a strong force, they made an attack upon these Mormons, and succeeded, though meeting with obstinate resistance, in driving them from the island. The attacking party found concealed a large number of hides and other goods, which were buried to avoid detection. The poor, deluded followers of this monstrous doctrine are now dispersed. Some three or four hundred were sent to Chicago, and from thence spread over the country. Others were sent to ports on Lake Erie. Strang was wounded by one of the men he had some time previous to this attack robbed and beaten. He managed to escape the island, but died in Wisconsin shortly after, in consequence of his wounds."

SAULT DE STE. MARIE, the county seat of Chippewa county, is situated on St. Marys River, or Strait, 400 miles N.W. of Detroit, and about 18 from the entrance of Lake Superior. The village has an elevated situation, at the Falls of St. Mary, and contains about 1,000 inhabitants. It is a famous fishing place, immense quantities of white fish being caught and salted here for the markets of the west. The falls are merely rapids, having a descent of 22 feet in a mile. The Sault Ste. Marie is one of the prominent historic localities of the north-west.



THE SAULT OR FALLS OF ST. MARY.

The view is looking down the Rapids.

"On the 17th of September, 1641, the Fathers Jogues and Raymbault embarked in their frail birch bark canoes for the Sault Ste. Marie. They floated over the clear waters between the picturesque islands of Lake Huron, and after a voyage of seventeen days arrived at the Sault. Here they found a large assembly of Chippewas. After numerous inquiries, they heard of the Nadowessies, the famed Sioux, who dwelt eighteen days' journey further to the west, beyond the Great Lake. Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully toward the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Elliott had addressed the tribe of Indians that dwelt within six miles of Boston harbor."

In 1668, James Marquette and Claude Dablon founded a mission here. During the whole of the French occupancy of the west, this was a great point for their missions and fur traders. In the late war with Great Britain, the trading station of the British North-west Fur Company, on the Canadian side, was burnt by Maj. Holmes: this was just before the unsuccessful attack on Mackinaw. Fort Brady, at this place, was built in 1823, and was at the time the most northerly fortress in the United States.

Before the construction of the great canal, the copper from the Lake Superior mines was taken around the falls by railway, the cars being drawn by horses. It has added 1,700 miles of coast to the trade of the lakes, and is of incalculable advantage to the whole of the business of the Lake Superior country.

St. Marys Strait, which separates Canada West from the upper peninsula of Michigan, is about 64 miles long, and is navigable for vessels drawing eight feet of water to within about a mile of Lake Superior. At this point the navigation is impeded by the Falls—the "*sault*" (pronounced *soo*) of the river. Congress offered Michigan 750,000 acres of land to construct a ship canal around these rapids; and the state contracted to give these lands, free of taxation for five years, to Erastus Corning and others, on condition of building the canal by the 19th of May, 1855. The work was completed in style superior to anything on this continent, and the locks are supposed to be the largest in the world. The canal is 12 feet deep, being mostly excavated through solid sandstone rock. It is 100 feet wide at the top of the water, and 115 at the top of its banks; and the largest steamboats

and vessels which navigate the Great Lakes can pass through it with the greatest ease.

The *Upper Peninsula*, or Lake Superior country, of Michigan, has, of late years, attracted great attention from its extraordinary mineral wealth, especially in copper and iron. The territory comprised in it, together with that portion of the Lake Superior region belonging to the state of Wisconsin, has interests so peculiar to itself, that the project of ceding this whole tract, by the legislatures of Wisconsin and Michigan, to the general government, for the purpose of erecting a new state to be called SUPERIOR, has been seriously agitated and may, in some not distant future, be consummated.

Lake Superior, the largest body of fresh water on the globe, is an object of interest to the traveler. It is 1,500 miles in circumference, and in some parts more than a thousand feet in depth. Among its many islands Isle Royal is the largest, being nearly of the size of the state of Connecticut. The country along the lake is one of the most dreary imaginable. Everywhere its surface is rocky and broken; but the high hills, the rugged precipices, and the rocky shores, with their spare vegetation, are relieved by the transparency and purity of the waters that wash their base; these are so clear that the pebbles can often be distinctly seen at the depth of thirty feet. A boat frequently appears as if suspended in the air, so transparent is the liquid upon which it floats. Among the natural curiosities, the Pictured Rocks and the Doric Arch, on the south shore near the east end, are prominent. The first are a series of lofty bluffs, of a light gray sandstone, 300 feet high, which continue for twelve miles along the shore. They consist of a group of overhanging precipices, towering walls, caverns, waterfalls, and prostrate ruins. The Doric Arch is an isolated mass of sandstone, consisting of four natural pillars, supporting an entablature of the same material, and presenting the appearance of a work of art. The waters of Lake Superior, being remarkably pure, abound with fish, particularly trout, sturgeon and white fish, which are an extensive article of commerce. The siskowit of Lake Superior, supposed to be a cross of the trout and white fish, is considered by epicures to possess the finest flavor of any fish in the world, fresh or salt, and to which the brook trout can bear no comparison. It loses its delicacy of flavor when salted; its common weight is four pounds, and length 16 inches. So exhilarating is the winter atmosphere here, that it is said that to those who exercise much in the open air, it produces, not unfrequently, an inexpressible elasticity and buoyancy of spirits, that can be compared to nothing else but to the effects of intoxicating drinks.

The climate of the Lake Superior region is not, by any means, so severe as its northern latitude would indicate. A writer, familiar with it says:

"No consideration is, perhaps, more important to those seeking a country suitable for residence and enterprise, than the character of its climate. Health is the first, and comfort the next great object, in selecting a permanent abode. Tested by these qualities, the Lake Superior region presents prominent inducements. Its atmosphere is drier, more transparent and bracing than those of the other states on the same parallel. A healthier region does not exist; here the common diseases of mankind are comparatively unknown. The lightness of the atmosphere has a most invigorating effect upon the spirits, and the breast of the invalid swells with new emotion when he inhales its healthy breezes, as they sweep across the lake. None of the American lakes can compare with Lake Superior in healthfulness of climate during the summer months, and there is no place so well calculated to restore the health of an invalid, who has suffered from the depressing miasms of the fever-breeding soil of the south-western states. This opinion is fast gaining ground among medical men, who are now recommending to their patients the healthful climate of this favored lake, instead of sending them to die in enervating southern latitudes.

The waters of this vast inland sea, covering an area of over 32,000 square miles, exercise a powerful influence in modifying the two extremes of heat and cold.

The uniformity of temperature thus produced, is highly favorable to animal and vegetable life. The most *delicate fruits* and plants are raised without injury; while four or five degrees further south, they are destroyed by the early frosts. It is a singular fact, that Lake Superior never freezes in the middle; and along the shores, the ice seldom extends out more than fifteen to twenty miles. The temperature of its waters rarely, if ever change, and are almost always at 40 deg. Fahrenheit—the maximum density of water. I rarely omitted taking a morning bath during my exploring cruises along the south shore of the lake, in the months of August and September, and found the temperature of the water near the shore, much warmer than that along the north shore. I also observed a rise and fall in the water—or a tidal motion, frequently. In midsummer, the climate is delightful beyond comparison, while, at the same time, the air is softly bracing. The winds are variable, and rarely continue for more than two or three days in the same quarter. We have no epidemics, no endemics; miasmatic affections, with their countless ills, are unknown here; and the luster of the languid eye is restored, the paleness of the faded cheek disappears when brought into our midst. The purity of the atmosphere makes it peculiarly adapted to all those afflicted with *pulmonary* complaints, and such a thing as *consumption* produced by the climate, is wholly unknown. Fever and ague, that terrible scourge of Illinois, Kansas and Iowa, is rapidly driven away before the pure and refreshing breezes which come down from the north-west; and thousands of invalids from the states below, have already found here a safe retreat from their dreaded enemy. It is also a singular fact, that persons suffering from asthma or phthisis, have been greatly relieved, or, in some instances, permanently cured by a residence in this climate. Having had much experience in camping out on the shores of Lake Superior, sleeping constantly on the sandy beach, with and without a tent, a few feet from the water's edge, I would say, give me the open air in summer to the confinement of the best houses ever constructed. It is never very dark in this latitude, and the northern lights are usually visible every clear night. Although myself and companions were exposed to all kinds of weather on our exploring excursions—with feet wet every day, and nearly all day, sleeping on the beach, exposed to heavy dew, yet not one of the party ever suffered from exposure! Dr. Owen, the celebrated United States geologist, says: 'At the Pembina settlement (in latitude 49 deg.), to a population of five thousand, there was but a single physician, and he told me, that without an additional salary allowed him by the Hudson Bay Company, the diseases of the settlement would not afford him a living.'

The Copper districts are Ontonagon, Portage Lake and Kewenaw Point. The principal iron district, Marquette. The principal mines in the Ontonagon district are the Minnesota, Central and Rockland; in the Portage Lake, Pewaubie, Quincy, Franklin and Isle Royale; and in the Kewenaw Point, Cliff, Copper Falls, North-west and Central. The value of the copper product, in 1860, was about three millions of dollars.

The existence of rich deposits of copper in the Lake Superior region, has been known from the earliest times. Father Claude Allouez, the Jesuit missionary, who founded the mission of St. Mary, in 1668, says that the Indians respect this lake as a divinity, and make sacrifices to it, partly, perhaps, on account of its magnitude, or for its goodness in furnishing them with fishes. He farther adds, that beneath its waters pieces of copper are found of from ten to twenty pounds, which the savages often preserved as so many divinities. Other published descriptions speak of it. Charlevoix, who visited the west in 1722, says that the copper here is so pure that one of the monks, who was bred a goldsmith, made from it several sacramental articles.

Recent developments show that the mines were probably worked by the same mysterious race who, anterior to the Indians, built the mounds and ancient works of the west. In the latter have been found various copper trinkets bespangled with silver scales, a peculiar feature of the Lake Superior copper, while on the shores of the lake itself, abandoned mines, filled by the accumulation of ages, have recently been re-opened, the existence of which was unknown, even to the tradi-

tions of the present race of Indians. There have been found remains of copper utensils, in the form of knives and chisels; of stone hammers to the amount of cart loads, some of which are of immense size and weight; of wooden bowls for boiling water from the mines, and numerous levers of wood, used in raising mass copper to the surface.



The Copper and Iron Region on Lake Superior.

The first Englishman who ever visited the copper region was Alex. Henry, the trader. In August, 1765, he was shown by the Indians a mass of pure copper, on Ontonagon River, ten miles from its mouth, that weighed 3,800 pounds; it is now in Washington City, and forms part of the Washington monument. He cut off a piece of 100 lbs. weight with an axe. The first mining company on Lake Superior was organized by this enterprising explorer. In 1770, he, with two others, having interested the Duke of Gloucester and other English noblemen, built a barge at Point aux Pius, and laid the keel of a sloop of forty tons. They were in search of gold and silver, and expected to make their fortunes. The enterprise failed, and the American Revolution occurring, for a time caused the mineral resources of the country to be forgotten.

Dr. Franklin, commissioner for negotiating the peace between England and her lost colonies, purposely drew the boundary line through Lake Superior, so as to throw this rich mineral region, of the existence of which he was then aware, within the possession of the United States. He afterward stated that future generations would pronounce this the greatest service he had ever given to his country.

The celebrated Connecticut-born traveler, Capt. Jonathan Carver, visited these regions in 1769, and in his travels dwells upon their mineral wealth. The first definite information in regard to the metallic resources of Lake Superior, was published in 1841, by Dr. Douglas Houghton, geologist to the state of Michigan. In 1843, the Indian title to the country was extinguished by a treaty with the Chipewas, and settlers came in, among them several Wisconsin miners, who selected large tracts of land,* including many of those now occupied by the best mines in the country. In the summer of 1844, the first mining operations were commenced

* By an act of congress, in 1850, the mineral lands of Lake Superior were thrown into market, with the right of *pre-emption*, as to occupants of other public lands; and to occupants and lessees, the privilege of purchasing one full section at the minimum price of \$2 50 per acre.

on Eagle River, by the Lake Superior Copper Company. They sold out after two or three years' labor, and at the very moment when they were upon a vein which proved rich in copper, now known as the Cliff Mine.

The first mining operations brought to light many masses of native copper which contained silver. This caused great excitement in the eastern cities, and, with the attendant exaggerations, brought on "*the copper fever*," so that the next year, 1845, the shores of Keweenaw Point were whitened with the tents of speculators. The next year the fever reached its height, and speculations in worthless stocks continued until 1847, when the bubble had burst. Many were ruined, and the country almost deserted, and of the many companies formed few only had actually engaged in mining. They were, mostly, merely stock gambling schemes. Now, about one third of all the copper produced on the globe comes from this region. Such is its surprising richness, that the day may not be very distant when its annual product will exceed the present product from all the other mines worked by man combined.

We continue this subject from a valuable article, published in 1860, in the Detroit Tribune, on the copper and iron interest of Michigan. The notes are entirely from other sources:

This great interest of Michigan was first brought into public notice by the enormous speculations and the mad fever of 1845. The large spur of country which projects far out into the lake, having its base resting on a line drawn across from L'Anse Bay to Ontonagon, and the Porcupine Mountains for its spine, became the El Dorado of all copperdom of that day. In this year the first active operations were commenced at the Cliff Mine, just back of Eagle River harbor. Three years later, in 1848, work was undertaken at the Minesota, some fifteen miles back from the lake at Ontonagon.

The history of the copper mines on Lake Superior shows that even the best mines disappointed the owners in the beginning. We give the facts relative to the three mines at present in the Lake Superior region to illustrate this. The Cliff Mine was discovered in 1845, and worked three years without much sign of success; it changed hands at the very moment when the vein was opened which proved afterward to be so exceedingly rich in copper and silver, producing now on an average 1,500 tons of stamp, barrel, and mass copper per annum.

The Minesota Mine was discovered in 1848, and for the first three years gave no very encouraging results. The first large mass of native copper of about seven tons was found in a pit made by an ancient race. After that discovery much money was spent before any further indications of copper were found. This mine yields now about 2,000 tons of copper per annum, and declared for the year 1858 a net dividend of \$300,000. The dividends paid since 1852 amount to upward of \$1,500,000 on a paid up capital of \$66,000.*

*The cost to the stockholders of the Cliff Mine was \$18 50 per share on 6,000 shares, and the total cash paid in was \$110,905. The highest selling price per share has been \$245. The years 1845, 1846 and 1847 not a dollar of returns came from the enterprise. In 1848 the mine was so far opened as to be worked with profit. Since then the dividends in round numbers have been, in 1849, \$60,000; 1850, \$84,000; 1851, \$60,000; 1852, \$60,000; 1853, \$90,000; 1854, \$108,000; 1855, \$78,000; 1856, \$180,000; 1857, \$180,000; and 1858, \$209,000. Up to Jan. 1, 1859, the dividends paid stockholders, added to the cash, copper and copper ore on hand, amounted to over \$3,700,000.

The cost to the stockholders of the Minesota Mine was \$3 per share on 20,000 shares, and the total cash paid in, as above stated, \$66,000. The highest selling price per share has been \$110. In 1848, \$14,000 was expended, and \$1,700 worth of copper produced; in 1849, expenditures, \$28,000, copper produced, \$14,000; 1850, expenditures, \$58,000, copper produced, \$29,000; in 1851, expenditures, \$88,000, copper produced, \$90,000. In 1852, the fifth year from the beginning, the mine had been so far opened that ore in greater quantities could be taken out, and the first dividend was declared; it was \$30,000; in 1853, dividend, \$60,000; 1854, \$90,000; 1855, 200,000; and in 1856, \$300,000; since then the dividends have been about \$200,000 per annum. In all the stockholders have received more than a million of money for their original investment of \$66,000, a fair reward for their five years waiting on a first dividend.

These statistics, astonishing as they may seem, are equaled in mining experience in other

The same has been experienced at the Pewabic Mine. That mine commenced operations in the year 1855, with an expenditure of \$26,357, which produced \$1,080 worth of copper; the second year it expended \$40,820, and produced \$31,492 of copper; in 1857, \$54,484 of expenses produced \$44,058 worth of copper; in

countries. That correct information should be disseminated upon this subject, is due to the assistance required for an early development of the immense natural mineral wealth that our country possesses. Hence we lengthen this note by statistics of successful British mines, as given by a writer familiar with the subject:

"*He has struck a mine!*" is one of those sentences in every one's mouth to indicate extraordinary good fortune. Phrases like these, passing into popular every day use, must originate in some great truth impressed upon the public mind. This expression is doubtless of foreign origin, for the Americans know so little of mining, that all enterprises of this kind are by them reproachfully termed *speculative*. Yet, when conducted on correct business principles, and with knowledge, few investments are more certain than those made in this useful branch of industry.

"This statement can now well be believed which has lately been made by the London Mining Journal, that 'taking all the investments made in that country (England) in mining enterprises (other than coal and iron) good, bad and indifferent, at home and abroad, the returns from the good mines have paid a larger interest upon the *entire outlay* than is realized in *any other species of investments*.'

"The exact figures are, for mining, an annual interest of 13 1-2 per cent. Other investments 4 8-10 per cent. Amount of dividends paid upon investments in mining, 111 per cent.

This is doubtless owing to the fact that in England mining is treated as a regular business, and is never undertaken by those who are not willing to devote the same attention, time, and money to it, that are considered necessary to the success of any other business."

We have before us a list of twenty-three English Mining Companies, showing, first, the number of shares of each; second, the cash cost per share; third, the present selling price per share; and fourth, the amount paid in dividends per share. The mines worked are principally copper and lead.

From this list we gather the following facts, which we express in round numbers: These twenty-three companies invested in their enterprises one million and forty thousand dollars. The present value of their property is eight millions of dollars. The shareholders have received in dividends fourteen millions of dollars. The average cost per share was sixty-five dollars. The present selling price per share is five hundred and two dollars; and the amount of dividends received per share, eight hundred and seventy-three dollars.

What other branch of industry will average such returns as these? And is it not owing to the *ignorance* of the business men of the United States as to the actual *facts* of mining, when legitimately pursued, that has, in a measure, prevented our industry from being partly directed in that channel?

From the list we group some of the most successful of the mines, arranging the statistics so that they can be seen at a glance. They dwarf by comparison all ordinary investments by the immensity of their returns.

Jamaica, Lead Mine. No. of shares 76. Amount paid per share \$19. Present price per share, \$250. Total amount paid in, \$1,444. Present value, \$190,000. Increase value on the original investment, thirteen times.

Wheat Basset, Copper. No. of shares, 512. Amount paid per share, \$25 25. Present price per share, \$2,050. Total amount paid in, \$12,800. Present value, \$1,049,600. Increase in value, eighty times.

South Caradon, Copper. No. of shares, 256. Cost per share, \$12 30. Present price per share, \$1,500. Total amount paid in, \$3,200. Present value, \$384,000. Increase in value, one hundred and twenty-two times.

Wheat Buller, Copper. No. of shares, 256. Amount paid per share, \$25. Present price per share, \$3,095. Total cash capital, \$6,500. Present cash value, \$792,000. Increase value, one hundred and twenty-four times.

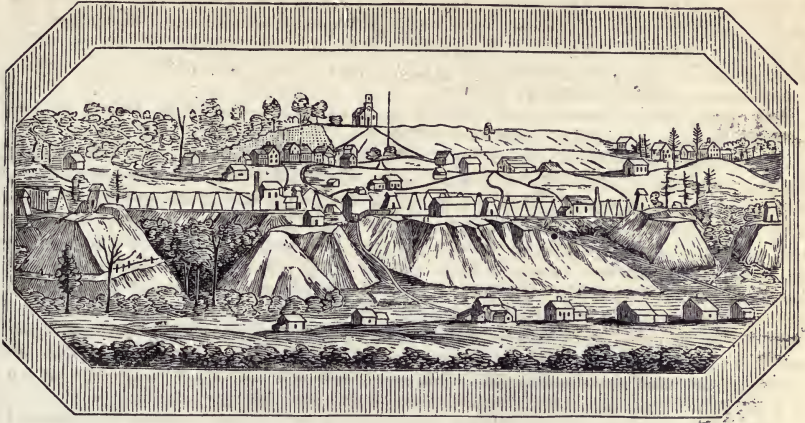
Devon Great Consols, Copper. No. of shares, 1,024. Amount paid per share, \$5. Present price per share, \$2,050. Total cash capital, \$5,120. Present cash value, \$2,099,200. Increase value per share more than four hundred times.

Taking the above five mines together, and the sum of the original cash capital paid in by the stockholders was, in round numbers, seventy-nine thousand dollars, and the present combined value of the investments, reckoning them at the present selling price of the shares, is over four and a half millions of dollars.

Since the foregoing was written, later statistics than these have come to hand from Gryll's Annual Mining Sheet, containing statistics of the copper mines of Cornwall, for the year ending June 30, 1859.

It appears from these that during the past year the last mentioned mine—the 'Devon Great Consols,' turned out 23,748 gross tons of copper. On the 1st of June last, the lucky

1858, the amount expended was \$109,152, and the receipts for copper \$76,538; the total expense amounts to \$235,816, and the total receipts for copper to \$153,168.



Outline view of the Minnesota Mine.

The view shows only a small part of the surface works. The aggregate extent of openings under ground throughout the mine, by shafts and levels, is 31,893 feet, or over six miles in extent. The deepest shaft is 712 feet. The entire working force at the mine is 718, and the total population supported there by it 1,215.

It is scarcely ten years that mining has been properly commenced in that remote region. At that time it was difficult, on account of the rapids of St. Marys River, to approach it by water with large craft. Being more than a thousand miles distant from the center of the Union, destitute of all the requirements for the development of mines, every tool, every part of machinery, every mouthful of provision had to be hauled over the rapids, boated along the shores for hundreds of miles to the copper region, and there often carried on the back of man and beast to the place where copper was believed to exist. Every stroke of the pick cost tenfold more than in populated districts; every disaster delayed the operations for weeks and months.

The opening of the Sault Canal has changed all this and added a wonderful impetus to the business, the mining interests, and the development of the Lake Superior country. Nearly one hundred different vessels, steam and sail, have been

shareholders received as their annual dividend \$220 per share. That is mine stock worth having; it cost only \$5 per share, fifteen years ago, when the mine was first opened.

It is true that these are the successful mines. Mines to be placed in this class must be either ordinary mines managed with great skill, or exceedingly rich mines, which possess naturally such treasures, that they eventually yield immense return in spite of all blunders in management."

To the above extract we append the remarks that the prominent difficulties in this country, in the way of successful mining, consist in the total ignorance of those who generally engage in the business, most American mining companies proving but mere phantoms on which to build airy castles, and most American mines but ugly holes in which to bury money, which, like Kidd's treasure is never found again. None but those used from youth to the business of mining, and for the *very metals mined for*, are fit to conduct the business. Nothing but the mechanical education to open a mine, and the skill to work the machinery, united with a knowledge of geology and chemistry, and more especially that intricate and delicate branch, *metallurgy*, joined to extraordinary executive skill in the business management, will conduct an enterprise of the kind to any but a disastrous issue.

Aside from this, such has been the selfishness, ignorance and neglect of those persons in this country who have had the control of these enterprises, that let any mine promise ever so fairly, an investment in its stock is now regarded as silly as a purchase in a lottery. It is said that six millions of dollars were lost during "the copper fever" on Lake Superior, much of it indirectly stolen by smooth talking gentlemen, regarded as reputable among their neighbors.

engaged the past season in its trade, and the number of these is destined largely to increase year by year, an indication of the growth of business and the opening up of the country. For the growth in the copper interest we have only to refer to the shipments from that region year by year. These, in gross, are as follows: in 1853, 2,535 tons; 1854, 3,500; 1855, 4,544; 1856, 5,357; 1857, 6,094; 1858, 6,025; 1859, 6,245; and in 1860, estimated, 9,000.

The same facts of development would hold generally true, with regard to the other industrial interests of that vast country.

It remains yet almost wholly "a waste, howling wilderness." At Marquette, Portage Lake, Copper Harbor, Eagle River, Eagle Harbor, and Ontonagon, and the mines adjacent, are the only places where the primeval forests had given place to the enterprise of man, and these, in comparison with the whole extent of territory embraced in this region, are but mere insignificant patches. What this country may become years hence, it would defy all speculations now to predict, but there seems no reason to doubt that it will exceed the most sanguine expectations.

The copper region is divided into three districts, viz: the Ontonagon, the Keweenaw Point, and the Portage Lake. Each district has some peculiarities of product, the first developing more masses, while the latter are more prolific in vein-rock, the copper being scattered throughout the rock.

There have been since 1845 no less than 116 copper mining companies organized under the general law of Michigan. The amount of capital invested and now in use, or which has been paid out in explorations and improvements, and lost, is estimated by good judges at \$6,000,000. The nominal amount of capital stock invested in all the companies which have charters would reach an indefinite number of millions. As an offset to this, it may be stated that the Cliff and Minnesota mines have returned over \$2,000,000 in dividends from the beginning of their operations, and the value of these two mines will more than cover the whole amount spent in mining, and for all the extravagant undertakings which have been entered upon and abandoned. While success has been the exception and failure the rule in copper speculations, yet it must be admitted that these exceptions are remarkably tempting ones. Doubtless there is immense wealth still to be developed in these enterprises; and this element of wealth in the Lake Superior region is yet to assume a magnitude now unthought of.

The copper is smelted mainly in Detroit, Cleveland and Boston, the works in Detroit being the largest. There is one establishment at Pittsburg which does most of the smelting for the Cliff Mine; one at Bergen, N. Y., and one at New Haven, Ct. There are two at Baltimore, but they are engaged on South American mineral. The Bruce Mines, on the Canada side of Lake Huron, have recently put smelting works in operation on their location. Prior to this the mineral was barreled up and shipped to London, being taken over as ballast in packet ships at low rates.

The amount of copper smelted in Detroit we can only judge by the amount landed here, but this will afford a pretty accurate estimate. The number of tons landed here, in 1859, was 3,088. The copper yield of Lake Superior will produce between 60 and 70 per cent. of ingot copper, which is remarkably pure. The net product of the mines for 1859 is worth in the markets of the world nearly or quite \$2,000,000. This large total shows the capabilities of this region and affords us some basis of calculation as to the value and probable extent of its future developments. Beside this amount, already noticed, as landed at Detroit, there were 1,268 tons brought there from the Bruce Mines, and sent to London.

There are indications that Michigan is slowly but surely taking the rank to which she is entitled, in the manufacture as well as production of Iron. The first shipment of pig iron of any consequence was made by the Pioneer Company in the fall of 1858.

The Lake Superior iron has been proclaimed the best in the world, a proposition that none can successfully refute. Its qualities are becoming known in quarters where it would naturally be expected its superiority would be admitted reluctantly, if at all. It is now sent to New York and Ohio, and even to Pennsylvania—an agency for its sale having been established in Pittsburg. For gearing, shafting, cranks, flanges, and, we ought by all means to add, car wheels, no other should be used, provided it can be obtained.

A large amount of capital is invested in the iron interest in Michigan—over two millions of dollars.

Marquette is the only point on Lake Superior where the iron ore deposits have been worked. There are deposits of iron in the mountains back of L'Anse, but this wonderful region leaves nothing more to be desired for the present. At a distance of eighteen miles from the lake, are to be found iron mountains, named the Sharon, Burt, Lake Superior, Cleveland, Collins, and Barlow, while eight miles further back lie the Ely and St. Clair mountains. Three of these mountains are at present worked, the Sharon, the Cleveland, and the Lake Superior, and contain enough ore to supply the world for generations to come. The mountains further back embrace tracts of hundreds of acres rising to a height of from four to six hundred feet, which there is every reason to believe, from the explorations made, are solid iron ore. The extent of the contents of these mountains is perfectly fabulous, in fact, so enormous as almost to baffle computation. The ore, too, is remarkably rich, yielding about seventy per cent. of pure metal. There are now in operation at Marquette three iron mining companies and two blast furnaces for making charcoal pig iron, the Pioneer and Meigs. The Pioneer has two stacks and a capacity of twenty tuns pig iron per day; the Meigs one stack, capable of turning out about eleven tuns. The Northern Iron Company is building a large bituminous coal furnace at the mouth of the Chocolate River, three miles south of Marquette, which will be in operation early in the summer.

Each of the mining companies, the Jackson, Cleveland and Lake Superior, have docks at the harbor for shipment, extending out into the spacious and beautiful bay which lies in front of Marquette, to a sufficient length to enable vessels of the largest dimensions to lie by their side and be loaded directly from the cars, which are run over the vessels and "dumped" into shutes, which are made to empty directly into the holds. The process of loading is therefore very expeditious and easy.

The amount of shipments of ore for 1859, from Marquette to the ports below, reaches 75,000 gross tuns in round numbers, and the shipments of pig iron, 6,000 gross tuns more. To this must be added the amount at Marquette when navigation closed, the amount at the mines ready to be brought down, and the amount used on the spot. This will give a total product of the iron mines of Michigan, for the past year, of between *ninety and one hundred thousand tuns*. These mining companies simply mine and ship the ore and sell it. Their profit ranges between seventy-five cents and one dollar per tun.

The quality of the iron of Lake Superior is conceded by all to be the best in the world, as the analysis of Prof. Johnston, which we reproduce, shows. The table shows the relative strength per square inch in pounds: Salisbury, Ct., iron, 58,009; Swedish (best), 58,184; English cable, 59,105; Centre county, Pa., 59,400; Essex county, N. Y., 59,962; Lancaster county, Pa., 58,661; Russia (best), 76,069; Common English and American, 30,000; Lake Superior, 89,582.

The manufacture of pig iron at Marquette will probably be carried on even more extensively, as the attention of capitalists is directed to it. The business may be extended indefinitely, as the material is without limit, and the demand, thus far, leaving nothing on hand.

These facts exhibit the untold wealth of Michigan in iron alone, and point with certainty to an extent of business that will add millions to our invested capital, dot our state with iron manufactories of all kinds, and furnish regular employment to tens of thousands of our citizens, while our raw material and our wares shall be found in all the principal markets of the world.

In the mining regions are the following towns, the largest of which has 1,200 souls. *Ontonagon* is at the mouth of Ontonagon River, and is the largest mining depot. It is in the vicinity of the Minnesota Mine, and will in time have a railroad connection with Milwaukee and Chicago, and eventually with Cincinnati, heavy grants of land having been made through Michigan to aid in the enterprise: also with the Canadian railroads. *Eagle River* is in the vicinity of the Cliff and several other mines. *Eagle Harbor*, *Copper Harbor*, and *Fort Wilkins*, the latter a delightful summer resort, all are in the same neighborhood. *Marquette* is the iron city of Lake Superior: a railroad is constructing and partly finished, to connect it with Little Noquet Bay, 117 miles distant, on Lake Michigan.

We conclude this notice of this district by a description of **LIFE AT THE MINES**, as given by a visitor to the Cliff.

The situation of the Cliff Mine is one of great picturesqueness. The valley which is about five hundred feet above the level of the lake, is surrounded on three sides by a range

of mountains, which sweeps round in a crescent form, trending in a south-westerly direction, and forming the west boundary of the Eagle River. Toward the valley these mountains present a front of massive grandeur, being mostly perpendicular, and having an elevation of from three to four hundred feet above the valley.

The population of the mine location is set down at about twelve hundred persons. Each family has a separate cottage, and is required to take four boarders. This system of dividing the population into small families has been found to work better for the mine, and to be more satisfactory to the miners themselves, than the congregation in large boarding houses. The population consists principally of Cornishmen, the miners being exclusively of that class. The mine "captains" are also old and experienced "captains" from the copper mines of Cornwall, and are a jolly, good tempered set of men. The miners themselves appear to be good humored, sociable, and intelligent in everything relating to their business.

The ordinary labor "at grass" is mostly done by Dutch, Irish, and Canadian French. The breaking of the rock sent up from below is principally done by the Dutch, the Irish are the teamsters, and the French are employed in a variety of ways on the surface. From the intense national antipathy between the Cornish and the Irish, the number of the latter employed is very small. From the fact of the Cliff being so old and extensive a mine, most of the newly arrived Cornish make directly for it, thus giving the managers opportunity to select the best. The Cornish miners at this place are therefore good specimens of their class. Their dialect varies greatly, according to the section of Cornwall from which they come, some speaking with but a slight variation from the usual manner, and others having a vocabulary and intonation of voice that render their conversation bewildering to the uninitiated.

The location comprises three churches, Episcopal, Wesleyan Methodist and Catholic. In addition to the churches there is a well built school house, store, provision warehouse, and other buildings. No tavern or beer shop stands within the location, the sale of alcoholic or spiritous liquors being forbidden within the limits. One or two whisky and beer shops stand beyond the location. Drunkenness is rigidly interdicted anywhere on the company's property. All persons living on the location are treated as belonging to the general family, and are subjected to a code of rules. The miners have a monthly contribution reserved from their wages for the support of the doctor, who attends the miners and their families without additional charge.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, ETC.

Pontiac, a chief of the Ottawa tribe, was one of the most remarkable and distinguished men of his race who have figured in history. Maj. Rogers, who knew him and the tribes over whom he held sway, thus speaks of them in 1765: "The Indians on the lakes are generally at peace with each other. They are formed into a sort of empire, and the emperor is selected from the eldest tribe, which is the Ottawas, some of whom inhabit near our fort at Detroit, but are mostly further westward toward the Mississippi. *Ponteach* is their present king or emperor, who certainly has the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it. He puts on an air of majesty and princely grandeur, and is greatly honored and revered by his subjects."

"About eight miles above Detroit, at the head of the Detroit River, is Pechee Island, a green spot, set amid the clearest waters, surrounded by dense forests, at all times cool from the breezes of the northern lakes, and removed from the rest of the world. Pontiac made this island his summer residence, and in winter lodged at the Ottawa village opposite, on the Canadian bank, and which has been described as having been situated above the town of Detroit. Poetry may imagine him here, musing upon the inroads of the English and the declining fortunes of his race, and looking upon the gorgeous domain which was spread around him, and which now constitutes the most beautiful part of Michigan—as a territory which was soon to pass from his hands. To this land he held a right of pre-emption, the time whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary; and superadded to this, a patent from the Great Spirit, which established his title on solid ground."—*Langman's Michigan*.

Pontiac displayed more system in his undertakings than any other of his race of whom we have knowledge. In his war of 1763, which is justly called "*Pon-*

tia's War," he appointed a commissary, issued bills of credit, all of which he afterward carefully redeemed. He made his bills or notes of bark, on which was a drawing or figure of what he wanted for it. The shape of an otter, the insignia or arms of his nation was drawn under the required article. After the conquest of Canada by the English, Pontiac sued for peace, which was granted. When the American Revolution commenced, the Americans sent messages to him to meet them in council. He was inclined to do so, but was prevented, from time to time, by Gov. Hamilton, of Detroit. He now appeared to have become the friend of the English, and to reward his attachment, the British government granted him a liberal pension. It is related that his fidelity being suspected, a spy was sent to observe his conduct. As he was acting professedly as a British agent among the Indians in Illinois, the spy discovered that Pontiac, in his speech, was betraying the British interests, and thereupon plunged a knife into his heart.

James Marquette, the celebrated explorer of the Mississippi, and one of the most zealous of that extraordinary class of men, the Jesuit missionaries, was born in 1637, of a most ancient and honorable family of the city of Laon, France, and entered, at the early age of 17, the Society of Jesus; after studying and teaching for many years, he was invested with the priesthood, upon which he at once sought a mission in some land that knew not God, that he might labor there to his latest breath, and die unaided and alone. His desire was gratified. He founded the missions of St. Marys, St. Ignace and Mackinaw. For nine years he labored among the Indians, and was enabled to preach to them in ten different languages. "In his various excursions," says Bancroft, "he was exposed to the inclemencies of nature and the savage. He took his life in his hands, and bade them defiance; waded through water and through snows, without the comfort of a fire; subsisted on pounded maize; was frequently without any other food than the unwholesome moss gathered from the rocks; traveled far and wide, but never without peril. Still, said he, life in the wilderness had its charms—his heart swelled with rapture, as he moved over the waters, transparent as the most limpid fountain."

In May, 1685, as he was returning up Lake Michigan to his little flock at Point Ignace, from one of his missions of love to the Indians of the Illinois, he felt that his final hour was approaching. Leaving his men with the canoe, he landed at the mouth of a stream running from the peninsula, and went a little apart to pray. As much time passed and he did not return, they called to mind that he said something of his death being at hand, and on anxiously going to seek him found him dead where he had been praying. They dug a grave, and there buried the holy man in the sand.

"The Indians of Mackinaw and vicinity, and also those of Kaskaskia, were, in great sorrow when the tidings of Marquette's death reached them. Not long after this melancholy event, a large company of Ojibwas, Ottawas, and Hurons, who had been out on a hunting expedition, landed their canoes at the mouth of Marquette River, with the intention of removing his remains to Mackinaw. They had heard of his desire to have his body interred in the consecrated ground of St. Ignatius, and they had resolved that the dying wish of the missionary should be fulfilled. As they stood around in silence and gazed upon the cross that marked the place of his burial, the hearts of the stern warriors were moved. The bones of the missionary were dug up and placed in a neat box of bark made for the occasion, and the numerous canoes which formed a large fleet started from the mouth of the river, with nothing but the sighs of the Indians and the dip of the paddles to break the silence of the scene. As they advanced toward Mackinaw, the funeral cortege was met by a large number of canoes bearing Ottawas, Hurons, and Iroquois, and still others shot out ever and anon to join the fleet.

When they arrived in sight of the Point, and beheld the cross of St. Ignatius as if painted against the northern sky, the missionaries in charge came out to the beach clad in vestments adapted to the occasion. How was the scene heightened when the priests commenced, as the canoe bearing the remains of Marquette neared the shore, to chant the requiem for the dead. The whole population was out, entirely covering the beach, and as the procession marched up to the chapel, with cross and prayer, and tapers burning, and laid the bark box beneath a pall made in the form of a coffin, the sons and daughters of the forest wept. After the func

ral service was ended, the coffin was placed in a vault in the middle of the church, where, the Catholic historian says, 'Marquette reposes as the guardian angel of the Ottawa missions.'

'He was the first and last white man who ever had such an assembly of the wild sons of the forest to attend him to his grave.

'So many stirring events succeeded each other after this period—first, the war between the English Colonists and the French; then the Colonists with the Indians, the Revolutionary war, the Indian wars, and finally the war of 1812, with the death of all those who witnessed his burial, including the Fathers who officiated at the time, whose papers were lost, together with the total destruction and evacuation of this mission station for many years, naturally obliterated all recollections of the transaction, which accounts for the total ignorance of the present inhabitants of Point St. Ignatius respecting it. The locality of his grave is lost, but only until the archangel's trump, at the last, shall summon him from his narrow grave, with those plumed and painted warriors who now lie around him.'"

Gen. Wm. Hull was born in Derby, Conn., in 1753, and was educated at Yale College. Entering the army of the Revolution, he performed most valuable services and behaved bravely on many a battle field. Washington regarded him as one of his most useful officers. In 1805, when Michigan was erected into a territory, he was appointed by congress its governor. On the outbreak of the war, he was commissioned brigadier general. "In the comparatively weak fort at Detroit," says Lossing, "he was invested by a strong force of British and Indians; and, to save his command from almost certain destruction, he surrendered the fort, his army of two thousand men, and the territory, to the enemy. For this he was tried for treason and cowardice, and being unable to produce certain official testimony which subsequently vindicated his character, he was found guilty of the latter, and sentenced to be shot. The president of the United States, 'in consideration of his age and revolutionary services,' pardoned him, but a cloud was upon his fame and honor. He published a vindictory memoir, in 1824, which changed public opinion in his favor. Yet he did not live long to enjoy the effects of that change. He died at Newton, on the 29th of November, 1825, at the age of seventy-two years. A Memoir of General Hull, by his daughter and grandson, was published in 1848. It *fully vindicates* the character of the injured patriot, by documentary evidence."

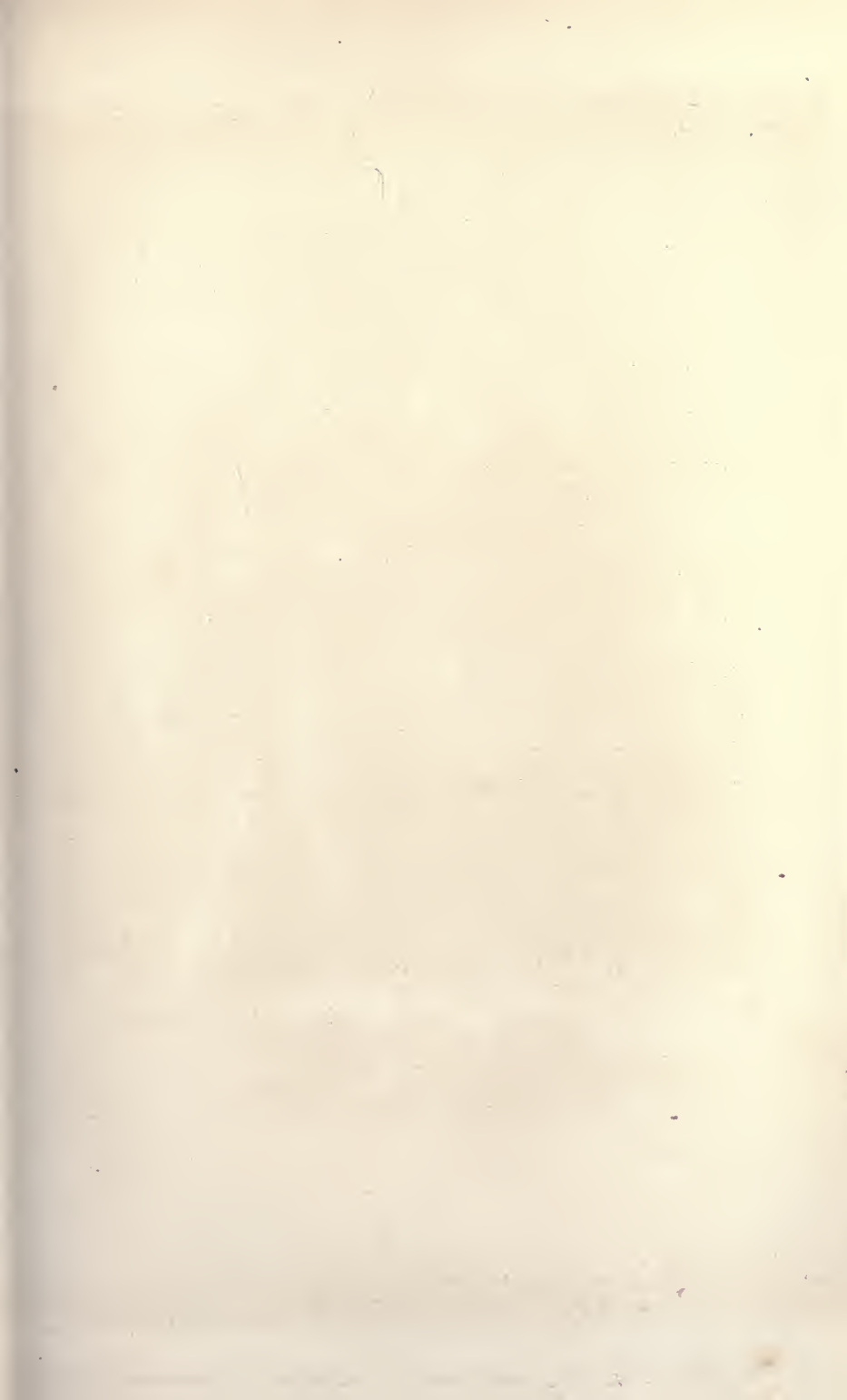
Stevens Thompson Mason, the first governor of the state of Michigan, was the only son of Gen. John Mason, of Kentucky, but was born in Virginia in 1812. At the early age of 19, he was appointed secretary of the territory of Michigan, and at the age of 22 was acting governor. In 1836, at 24 years of age, he was chosen governor of the new state. He was again elected in 1838, and died in 1843, when only 31 years of age.

Gen. Alexander Macomb, was the son of an English gentleman, born in the British garrison at Detroit, on the 3d of April, 1782, just at the close of the Revolution. His father subsequently settled at New York. He entered the army as a cornet at an early age, and continued in the service until his death, at Washington in 1841, being at the time general-in-chief. He was succeeded by Winfield Scott. He was an excellent officer, and for his services at the battle of Plattsburg, congress presented him with a vote of thanks and a gold medal.

Dr. Douglas Houghton was born in Troy, in 1809, and educated for the medical profession. In 1831, he was appointed surgeon and botanist to the expedition sent out by government to explore the sources of the Mississippi, and made an able report upon the botany of the region through which he passed. Settling in Detroit, to practice medicine, he was appointed, in 1837, state geologist. In 1842, he was elected mayor of the city of Detroit, and from its foundation was professor in the State University. His life was one of incessant labor, and he accomplished more than any man living in developing the resources of Michigan, especially its mineral wealth. His reports upon the mineral region of Lake Superior, first aroused the minds of this generation to the vast riches that lie buried beneath its soil. He was drowned in October, 1845, on Lake Superior. While coming down from a portage to Copper Harbor, with his four Indian *voyageurs*, the boat was swamped

in a storm, near the mouth of Eagle River. Two of the men were saved by being thrown by the waves upon the rocks ten feet above the usual level of the waters. He perished, and so greatly was his loss felt to be a public calamity, that he is often alluded to as "*the lamented Houghton*," even to this day.

Gov. Lewis Cass was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, Oct. 9, 1782. "Having received a limited education at his native place, at the early age of seventeen, he crossed the Alleghany Mountains on foot, to seek a home in the "great west," then an almost unexplored wilderness. Settled at Marietta, Ohio, he studied law, and was successful. Elected at twenty-five to the legislature of Ohio, he originated the bill which arrested the proceedings of Aaron Burr, and, as stated by Mr. Jefferson, was the first blow given to what is known as Burr's conspiracy. In 1807, he was appointed, by Mr. Jefferson, marshal of the state, and held the office till the latter part of 1811, when he volunteered to repel Indian aggressions on the frontier. He was elected colonel of the 3d regiment of Ohio volunteers, and entered the military service of the United States, at the commencement of the war of 1812. Having by a difficult march reached Detroit, he urged the immediate invasion of Canada, and was the author of the proclamation of that event. He was the first to land in arms on the enemy's shore, and, with a small detachment of troops, fought and won the first battle, that of the Tarantoe. At the subsequent capitulation of Detroit, he was absent, on important service, and regretted that his command and himself had been included in that capitulation. Liberated on parol, he repaired to the seat of government to report the causes of the disaster, and the failure of the campaign. He was immediately appointed a colonel in the regular army, and, soon after, promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, having, in the mean time, been elected major-general of the Ohio volunteers. On being exchanged and released from parol, he again repaired to the frontier, and joined the army for the recovery of Michigan. Being at that time without a command, he served and distinguished himself, as a volunteer aid-de-camp to Gen. Harrison, at the battle of the Thames. He was appointed by President Madison, in October, 1813, governor of Michigan. His position combined, with the ordinary duties of chief magistrate of a civilized community, the immediate management and control, as superintendent, of the relations with the numerous and powerful Indian tribes in that region of country. He conducted with success the affairs of the territory under embarrassing circumstances. Under his sway peace was preserved between the whites and the treacherous and disaffected Indians, law and order established, and the territory rapidly advanced in population, resources, and prosperity. He held this position till July, 1831, when he was, by President Jackson, made secretary of war. In the latter part of 1836, President Jackson appointed him minister to France, where he remained until 1842, when he requested his recall, and returned to this country. In January, 1845, he was elected, by the legislature of Michigan, to the senate of the United States; which place he resigned on his nomination, in May, 1848, as a candidate for the presidency, by the political party to which he belongs. After the election of his opponent (General Taylor) to that office, the legislature of his state, in 1849, re-elected him to the senate for the unexpired portion of his original term of six years. When Mr. Buchanan became president, he invited Gen. Cass to the head of the department of state, in which position he has acquitted himself with characteristic ability. He has devoted some attention to literary pursuits, and his writings, speeches, and state papers would make several volumes."—*Lanman's Dictionary of U. S. Congress.*





CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, BY MICHIGAN CAVALRYMEN.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
MICHIGAN.

DURING the first two years of the war, Michigan sent over 40,000 troops to the field; and to the last, answered promptly all calls. Like her sister states of the great Northwest she engaged earnestly in the contest, and struck many heavy blows in defense of the national life. In the armies of the East and West alike, her sons have made an honorable record.

The venerable LEWIS CASS, the most eminent citizen known to her history, at the outbreak of the war, thus spoke at a meeting of the people of Detroit.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I am sorry you have not selected a chairman to preside over your assemblage more accustomed to such a task and more competent to fill it than I am. But while feeling my incompetency I am encouraged by the hope that I shall find in your kind regard an excuse for any errors I may commit—believing it is my duty, while I can do but little, to do all I can to manifest the deep interest I feel in the restoration to peace and good order and submission to the law of every portion of this glorious republic.

I can not take this seat without contrasting the situation in which I now find myself with that in which I was placed on this very spot almost fifty years ago.

Then in the days of our weakness we were subjected to dishonorable capitulation, brought about by the imbecility of the leader, while now in the days of our strength, neither treason nor weakness can permanently affect the holy cause to which all hands and hearts are pledged.

Then our contest was legitimate war, waged with a foreign foe, our war to-day is a domestic one, commenced by and bringing in its train acts which no right feeling man can contemplate without most painful regret. But a few short months since we were the first and happiest nation on the face of the globe. In the midst of this prosperity, without a single foe to assail us, without a single injury at home, caused by the government to affect us, this glorious union acquired by the blood and sacrifices of our fathers, has been disowned and rejected by a portion of the states composing it. Union, which has given us more blessings than any previous government ever conferred upon man.

Here, thank God, its ensign floats proudly and safely, and no American can see its folds spread out to the breeze, without feeling a thrill of pride at his heart, and without recalling the splendid deeds it has witnessed in many a contest, from the day of Bunker Hill to our time. And that flag your worthy mayor has by the direction of the municipal authority hung out upon the dome above us. The

loyal American people can defend it, and the deafening cheers which meet us to-day are a sure pledge that they will defend it. A stern determination to do so, is evinced by the preparations and patriotic devotion which are witnessed around us, and in the echoes which are brought here by every wind that blows.

You need no one to tell you what are the dangers of your country, nor what are your duties to meet and avert them. There is but one path for every true man to travel, and that is board and plain. It will conduct us, not indeed without trials and sufferings, to peace and the restoration of the union. He who is not for his country is against her. *There is no neutral position to be occupied.* It is the duty of all to zealously support the government in its efforts to bring this unhappy civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, by the restoration, in its integrity, of that great charter of freedom bequeathed to us by Washington and his compatriots. His ashes, I humbly trust, will ever continue to repose in the lowly tomb at Mount Vernon, and in the United States of American which he loved so well, and did so much to found and build up. Manifest your regard for his memory by following, each with the compass of his power, his noble example, and restore his work as he left it, by devoting heart, mind and deed to the cause.

Michigan furnished her share of valuable officers. SHERIDAN, whose name has become a household word, before he commanded armies, was assigned to the command of the 2d regiment of cavalry raised by this state. The very first man in Michigan to volunteer for the union was Major General ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS, who at one period for several years was editor of the *Detroit Daily Advertiser*. He was born in Connecticut, graduated at Yale, and had been lieutenant colonel of the 1st Michigan volunteers in the Michigan war. The governor, accepted his services, and he organized the first four regiments that Michigan sent into the field to suppress the rebellion

In October, 1861, he was placed in command of a brigade under Banks, on the upper Potomac. At the first battle of Winchester he commanded Banks' division, and then led the advance in the pursuit of Stonewall Jackson, up the valley. Throughout the retreat of Banks, in May, 1862, from Winchester, before the overwhelming forces of Jackson, "Williams, with his splendid troops, covered the rear, and was known through the command as 'Banks' right hand.'" Advancing again into the valley, his veteran division, the succeeding August, sustained the brunt of the shock of his old opponent, Jackson, but at the terrible cost of a loss of a third of his old brigade. He gained additional luster as a tactician while in command of Pope's rear, in his retreat down the Rappahannock. Succeeding to the command of Banks' corps, he led them with success at Antietam. On the disastrous field of Chancellorsville, when the 11th corps was routed and flying, his corps, the 12th, filled the gap, and stayed the bloody onset. He again, on the historic field of Gettysburg, commanded his corps on the right wing, against which the enemy dashed in vain as against a rock. The 11th and 12th corps were after this consolidated into the 20th corps, under Hooker in Sherman's Atlanta campaign, in which Williams commanded the 1st division. On the retirement of Hooker he was temporarily in command of the 20th corps, and led one of its divisions through those wonderful campaigns of Sherman, that will live as long as war has its history and its romance. "Old Alph," as his soldiers affectionately called him, has an iron constitution, immense good humor and a kind disposition.

Major General O. B. WILCOX, who obtained deserved distinction, was the first colonel of the 1st Michigan regiment of infantry. His career has thus been sketched:

He was the real captor of Alexandria when Ellsworth fell, which he accomplished with his regiment, a section of Sherman's battery and Stoneman's company of cavalry. He then took prisoners Ball's company of Virginia cavalry, which was the first capture of rebels in the war. Three days before the battle of Bull Run, he took the first colors in the east; this was from an Alabama regiment, at

Fairfax station. At Bull Run, he commanded a brigade of Heintzelman's division, recaptured Rickett's guns and fell wounded into the hands of the rebels, 300 yards in advance of that battery. After thirteen months' imprisonment, he succeeded Stevens in the command of the 1st division, 9th corps, which he handled skillfully at South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg. At Knoxville, he commanded the left wing, and made a masterly retreat from Bull's Gap to Cumberland Gap, in presence of a superior force. He was breveted major general for distinguished services in Grant's Virginia campaigns.

In all the artillery service of the union armies there was not a single battery so distinguished as the 1st Michigan, generally known as **LOOMIS' BATTERY**. In West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, it rendered most efficient service, and when lost was lost with honor. We chronicle a few of its many deeds—first at Murfreesboro'. A correspondent from there thus speaks of Loomis battery fight:

Colonel C. O. Loomis—he was a captain at Perryville, and won his eagle there—is the envy of all artillerists. He is not only the quickest among them, but the most lucky of artillerists. On Friday morning the calm was broken by an attack being made upon his artillery, in Rousseau's division, in which Loomis commands four batteries. They drove in our pickets with a small force of infantry, and planted two batteries on either side of the Murfreesboro' road, and opened briskly upon Rousseau's camp. Loomis immediately ordered out Captain Stone's 1st Kentucky and his own famous 1st Michigan battery and replied to them. The cannonading for a few moments was terrific. From my position to the right, and out of danger, I could very plainly see the rebel guns, and beyond them as distinctly the town of Murfreesboro', and a redoubt about a mile this side. The whole rebel line flew to arms at this tremendous cannonading, as did our own, and the men felt that another terrible drama was about to be enacted. But the infantry were restrained, and the artillery left to do its work. Gen. Rousseau, who knew the stuff of which Loomis was composed, sent him word not to let them go away unharmed. Loomis promised to obey, and kept his word. After a quarter of an hour's work five pieces of a brass gun battery were dismounted, and the battery almost destroyed. The remaining gun limbered up and disappeared. The second battery was receiving admonitions to leave, which they took in good part and disappeared to the right, leaving the road, along which our shots fell thick and fast, in utter disgust. I can not say what the rebels lost here in killed and wounded, but can speak positively as to the loss of five guns. Our own loss in killed was reported to me at twenty-three, and one hundred and twenty-seven wounded. When the War Department comes to sum up its heroes and the honors to be conferred, let it not, if heroes overbalance the honors, blot out the name of that admirable soldier and unflinching patriot who bears the name of Loomis.

Loomis was with Mitchell in Alabama, and took part in the capture of Bridgeport:

As the two pieces of Loomis' came up the hill, they—he says—instinctively turned nose on the feasting crowd, and demandad to be let loose. The whole line halted as they saw the enemy before them, and each man drew a good breath and shook himself—a very natural movement, I assure you. Loomis stepped forward on the summit of the hill, and within ten or twenty feet of him were the guards. In an instant their shot guns were leveled at his breast, but when he drew his revolver the two rebels fled toward the camp to give the alarm. But Loomis had swifter messengers than the guards, and the rebels were apprised of their danger long before the latter messengers reached them. Simultaneous with the cry of alarm uttered by the guards, the "bull dogs" spoke, and the canister and shell fell in the midst of them, scattering death among them and creating a consternation that was comical to behold. They grabbed their muskets and ran in every direction, some even coming in the direction of the line of battle which we had formed. A few attempted to stand, and did, until the second round, when away they went after the main body, which had fled to the bridge for safety.

The order was now given, and away we went down the hill for a charge, and with a yell. I concluded to keep myself a *leetle* in the rear, and I saw the grand charge through the field, and into the very breastworks of the enemy. But the enemy had gone, and had too fine a start ever to be caught, except by Loomis, who, finding they had gotten beyond the range of cannister, tried them with shell. This only accelerated their speed, and they hardly stopped to fire the bridge effectually. They left the portion of the bridge west of the island untouched, but fired that part beyond. General Mitchell sent men to the island and saved the most of it. Loomis continued to pour in his shell, and the enemy to put in their best licks. A locomotive and train disappeared in the distance, with a *toot, toot, toot*, excessively unpleasant to hear when a man feels he's too late for the train, and no doubt so felt by the rebels, the aggravation being increased by the knowledge that they had done their best running to catch it.

No sooner had the enemy disappeared on the further shore than Loomis ran his pieces into the valley, and across it into the rebel breastworks. He placed them in position and waited the appearance of the advance. He had not long to wait. Down the road at double quick came infantry and cavalry—the latter in splendid style, and looking very imposing. They had heard the firing, and had come down to engage in it. But when the men in the intrenchments opened upon them, they were more astonished than the reserve had been. An officer or two ran forward and cried out not to fire on our own men, but they quickly saw their mistake when Loomis let them have another round of cannister, and the infantry a round of musketry. Away they went helter skelter, and our men after them. The battle had lasted twenty minutes, perhaps, not more.

The story of the loss of these guns is a sad but glorious one. It is thus told by a correspondent writing from Chickamauga:

I rode for a considerable portion of the march at the head of the renowned 1st Michigan battery, engaged in low conversation with the manly and intelligent officer who commanded it, Lieutenant Van Pelt. He seemed more than usually confident and cheerful, little anticipating, poor fellow! the fate which awaited him on the morrow.

"Do you think," said he to me, "that we shall engage the enemy?"

"If we can avoid it," I replied; "I feel pretty sure we will not."

"Why then this movement?" he asked.

"Doubtless," said I, "to prevent the enemy from turning our left flank, which they have all day been threatening to do."

He looked at me earnestly. "Then you believe they are endeavoring to bring on a battle?"

"I certainly believe they are," I answered.

"Do you know anything of their strength?" he next inquired.

"Not certainly," I replied; "but in addition to Bragg's old army, Longstreet's corps from Virginia, and at least twenty thousand men from Johnston's army are in front of us."

"No matter," said he, "we shall beat them. Men fighting in a cause like ours must conquer in the end."

Just then General Baird came riding by with some members of his excellent staff. I recognized them by the light of one of the fires.

"General," said I, "shall we go to Chattanooga to-night?"

"No," he replied. "We shall go a mile or two further, take position upon the left, and await the enemy."

"Then," said I, turning to Van Pelt, "a battle to-morrow is inevitable."

"Very well," he remarked, "*we shall all have an opportunity to show again our devotion to our country.*"

At last the weary march came to an end, the artillery was wheeled into position, and the marching columns facing to the right, stood in order of battle, looking toward the east.

During the fight, the battery was attached to Scribner's brigade, who, when surrounded, had succeeded in infusing into them his own magnanimous and gallant

spirit. Gathering together their broken ranks, under the infernal fire which every instant mowed them down, and following their heroic leader, they charged the dense legions surrounding them, and like a whirlwind in a forest, tore their way through.

But, alas! the guns of the immortal 1st Michigan battery were left behind—those black, stern-looking rifled cannon, each one of whom I had come to regard with a feeling of almost reverential awe, because upon a dozen battlefields I had seen them flinging destruction into the ranks of traitors, and never knew them once turned against a legion of my country's enemies which they did not scatter like leaves before the blast. Even in the opinion of the rebels themselves, Loomis had made these guns invincible. They were commanded now by a young man who, possessing naturally the noblest qualities, had thoroughly learned the lessons of his teacher, and promised to prove a most worthy successor, even to Loomis himself—Lieutenant Van Pelt. Van Pelt loved his pieces with the same unselfish devotion which he manifested for his wife. In the desperate conflict which broke around Scribner's brigade he managed the battery with much dexterity and coolness, and for some moments rocked the very trees over the heads of the rebels by the fiery blasts from his guns. But his horses were shot down. Many of his artillerist were killed or wounded. The infantry supporting him had been compelled to turn and cut their way through the enemy, and a horde of traitors rushed up to the muzzles of the now harmless pieces. Van Pelt, almost alone, stationed himself in front of them and drew his sword. "Scoundrels," said he, "dare not to touch these guns!" The miserable barbarians, unable to appreciate true heroism, brutally murdered him where he stood. The history of the war, furnishes not an incident more touching or more sublime than the death of Lieutenant Van Pelt. All the guns of the battery, save one, fell into the enemy's hands.

One of the members of this battery, Henry D. Norrington, early in the war, volunteered on a mission of great peril. The following are its incidents:

After the battle of Carnifex Ferry, in West Virginia, had been fought, the rebels cut off all communication between the Federal camp at Elkwater, and that on the summit of Cheat Mountain, by seizing and holding the only road that connected them.

It was at once apparent that the communication must be re-established, several trusty scouts were sent out, one after another, to Colonel Kimball, on the mountain top, from General Reynolds' camp at Elkwater. But such was the untiring vigilance of the enemy, that each one in turn was shot ere reaching his destination. The danger to the Elkwater camp was imminent, and a volunteer was asked for to open up a correspondence with Colonel Kimball. A young man of great courage, immediately started with high hopes of success; but he, too, fell, and was never heard of again.

The commanding general, then stating fairly and fully the perils attending the task, asked for another volunteer. The command, which had been drawn up for the purpose of hearing the proposal, remained immovable, and not a soldier stirred from his place for several minutes. During the silence that reigned, faces were turned continually up and down the line, to see if there was any one bold enough to undertake the task. These few minutes seemed an age to every one, and the general, with disappointment marked on his features, was turning away, when private Henry D. Norrington, of Loomis's Michigan battery, stepped from his rank, and offered to go upon the perilous errand.

He was immediately ordered to report himself at headquarters, where, receiving his orders, and instructions, and dispatches to Colonel Kimball, he started for his destination. With the most admirable tact and caution, our hero succeeded in eluding the first picket-line of the rebels, after passing which, he traveled *nearly the whole distance beyond, crawling on his hands and knees*. In case of surprise and failure, he had his dispatches rolled up in his mouth, and ready to swallow. In this manner he reached Colonel Kimball's camp, on the top of

Cheat Mountain, and safely delivered his dispatches in the hands of that commander.

And now he had completed but half of the fearful task he had undertaken, for, to complete it all, it was necessary that he should carry back a dispatch from Colonel Kimball to General Reynolds. The desperate character of the enterprise may be inferred from the fact that Kimball's whole command shook hands with our hero before he started upon his return, never expecting to see him again.

He set out, however, at night, traveling in the same cautious manner as he did before, and holding himself ready for any emergency. The north star was his guide, and it did not deceive him, for in due time he arrived within a few miles of Elkwater. Thus far on his journey, he congratulated himself that he had succeeded, and that his perils were over; but even as those joyous thoughts passed through his mind, his quick eye discerned a rebel cavalry horse, tied to a stake, some distance ahead. So sudden and unexpected was this, that Norrington's hope was for a moment dashed to earth, but only for a moment.

The next instant, our hero was crawling like a panther toward the animal, intending to capture him, and thus insure his own escape, provided the owner or his friends were not too close at hand. Coming within reach of the steed, which was already saddled, the scout cautiously peered around him to see if the danger was too great. Unable to catch the slightest glimpse of any foe, he sprang to the bridle, unhitched the horse, vaulted into the saddle, and the next moment was galloping away toward Elkwater at the top of his speed.

Ere he was out of range, several men, who doubtless had been close at hand, bounded into the road, and, raising their pieces, sent a volley of rifle balls after him, which, although they whistled disagreeably near, did him no injury. He did not stop to return the compliment, but continued to urge forward the horse, on whose fleetness all now depended. The steed was a splendid charger, full-blooded, and as spirited as a lion; and right gallantly did he carry his new master into the union lines, within whose protection the scout was safe.

He had thus succeeded in his perilous mission, and, delivering Colonel Kimball's message and letter to General Reynolds, he received the most lavish praise and thanks from the latter officer. We are happy to add, also, that his reward did not end here, for, besides being promoted to the general's staff, as mounted orderly, Norrington received from General Reynolds an elegant revolver, from Captain Loomis a handsome sword, from the assistant adjutant-general a complimentary notice in his official report to the War Department, and, at dress parade, nine rousing cheers from his comrades. Five men had been killed in attempting the task which he successfully accomplished to the discomfiture of the rebels.

The women of Michigan have furnished some remarkable examples of female heroism.

Miss Anna Etheridge was born in Detroit, Michigan, and is now twenty-three years of age. Her father was once a man of wealth, and her early youth was passed in the lap of luxury, with no wish ungratified, and no want uncared for. But misfortune came and swept away his property, and, broken in fortune and depressed in spirit, he removed to Minnesota, where he died, leaving our heroine, at the age of twelve years, in comparative poverty and want. On the breaking out of the rebellion, she was visiting her friends in this city.

Colonel Richardson was then engaged in raising the 2d Michigan volunteers, and she and nineteen other females volunteered to accompany the regiment as nurses. Every other has returned home or been discharged, but she has accompanied the regiment through all its fortunes, and declares her determination to remain with it during its entire term of service. She has for her use a horse, furnished with a side-saddle, saddle-bags, etc. At the commencement of a battle she fills her saddle-bags with lint and bandages, mounts her horse, and gallops to the front, passes under fire, and regardless of shot and shell, engages in the work of staunching and binding up the wounds of our soldiers. In this manner she has passed through every battle in which the regiment has been engaged, commencing with the battle of Blackburn's Ford, preceding the first battle of Bull

Run, including the battles of the Peninsula, and terminating with the battle of Fredericksburg.

General Berry, the present commander of the brigade to which her regiment is attached, and who highly distinguished himself for bravery and gallantry in all these fights, declares that she has been under as hot a fire of the enemy as himself. On one occasion a soldier was torn to pieces by a shell while she was in the act of binding up his wounds previously received, and on many occasions her dress has been pierced by bullets and fragments of shell, yet she has never flinched and never been wounded. Her regiment belongs to the brigade commanded by the lamented General Kearney till his death, and in consideration of her dauntless courage and invaluable services in saving the lives of his men, General Kearney commissioned her as a regimental sergeant. When not actively engaged on the battle-field or in the hospital, she superintends the cooking at the headquarters of the brigade. When the brigade moves, she mounts her horse and marches with the ambulances and surgeons, administering to the wants of the sick and wounded, and at the bivouac she wraps herself in her blanket, and sleeps upon the ground with all the hardihood of a true soldier.

Anna is about five feet three inches in height, fair complexion (now somewhat browned by exposure), brown hair, vigorous constitution, and decidedly good looking. Her dress on entering into battle, is a riding garment, so arranged as to be looped up when she dismounts. Her demeanor is perfectly modest, quiet and retiring, and her habits and conduct are correct and exemplary; yet on the battle-field she seems to be as one possessed and animated with a desire to be effective in saving the lives of the wounded soldiers. No harsh word was ever known to be uttered by her, and she is held in the highest veneration and esteem by the soldiers, as an angel of mercy. She is, indeed, the idol of the brigade, every man of which would submit to almost any sacrifice in her behalf. She takes the deepest interest in the result of this contest, eagerly reading all the papers to which she can obtain access, and keeping thoroughly posted as to the progress of the war. She says she feels as if she stood alone in the world, as it were, and desires to do good. She knows that she is the instrument of saving many lives, and alleviating much suffering in her present position, and feels it her duty to continue in so doing.

These facts can be substantiated by testimony of the highest character, and they deserve to go forth to the world to show that if England can boast of the achievements of a Florence Nightingale, we of America can present a still higher example of female heroism and exalted acts of humanity in the person of Anna Etheridge.

Another of these Spartan-like women was Mrs. L. L. Deming, who proved to be a kind of good Samaritan—Amazonian attache to the army. The *Cleveland Herald* said of this truly excellent woman:

She is the adopted daughter of the 10th Michigan regiment, in which her husband is captain. Mrs. Deming has followed the fortunes of her husband since the regiment entered the service. She has nursed the sick, cheered the wounded, sang for the low-spirited, and made herself worth her weight in gold in all those offices which an energetic, fearless woman knows how to perform. She can ride her sixty miles on horseback without dismounting but once, she can march with the best of them. She is as familiar with the music of shell and ball as with her own notes, and she is enthusiastically devoted to the war. She was with the army before Corinth, was under fire repeatedly, but never turned her back on the foe but once, when she was ordered to skedaddle, as one of our own batteries was placed right in the rear of her own tent, which was sure to go by the board at the first fire. Mrs. Deming wore her uniform while in the camp, having a haversack, canteen, and belt with revolvers.

One of the Michigan regiments, was composed of engineers and mechanics. Among the Western troops were several of these pioneer regiments. This element contributed greatly to the success of our

campaigns. Generally in the advance, laboring in the very front of danger, the calm heroism of these working men almost surpasses belief. A single incident illustrates this, which occurred in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. Two pioneers were chopping on opposite sides of the same tree. In the midst of a storm of whistling bullets, the measured cadence of their manly blows was heard above conflicting sounds. Suddenly one of the two dropped dead at the foot of the tree, shot by a ball through the head. His companion did not falter at his task one instant; did not so much as lose a single stroke; when a third man instantly stepped out from the ranks, took the ax from the hands of his dead comrade and filled his place. In this connection it gives us pleasure to present a picture of Western soldiers: and to none is it more applicable than to "the boys" of Michigan.

If there are men in the world gifted with the most thorough self-reliance, western soldiers are the men. To fight in the grand anger of battle seems to me to require less manly fortitude, after all, than to bear, without murmuring, the swarm of little troubles that vex camp and march. No matter where or when you halt them they are at once at home. They know precisely what to do first and they do it. I have seen them march into a strange region at dark, and almost as soon as fires would show well, they were twinkling all over the field, the Sibley cones rising like the work of enchantment everywhere, and the little dog tents lying snug to the ground, as if, like the mushrooms, they had grown there, and the aroma of coffee and tortured bacon, suggesting comforts, and the whole economy of life in canvas cities moving as steadily as if it had never intermitted. The movements of regiments, you know, are blind as fate. Nobody can tell to-night where he will be to-morrow; and yet, with the first glimmer of morning, the camp is astir, and preparations begin for staying there forever: cozy little cabins of red cedar, neatly fitted are going up; here a boy is making a fire-place, and quite artistically plastering it with the inevitable red earth; he has found a crane somewhere and swung up thereon a two-legged dinner-pot; there a fellow is finishing out a chimney with brick from an old kiln of secession proclivities; yonder a bower-house, closely woven, of evergreen is almost ready for the occupants; tables, stools, and bedsteads are tumbled together by the roughest of carpenters; the avenues, between the tents are cleared and smoothed—"policed," in camp phrase—and little seats with cedar awnings in front of the tents, give a cottage look, while the interior, in a rude way, has a genuine home-like appearance. The bit of a looking-glass hangs against the cotton wall—a handkerchief of a carpet just before the "bunk" marks the stepping off place to the land of dreams—a violin-case is strung up on a convenient hook, flanked by a gorgeous picture of some hero of somewhere, mounted upon a horse, rampant and saltant, "and what a length of tail behind!"

The business of living has fairly begun again. There is hardly an idle moment, and save here and there a man brushing up his musket, getting that "damned spot" off his bayonet, burnishing his revolver, you would not suspect that these men had but one terrible errand. They are tailors, they are tinkers, they are writers; fencing, boxing, cooking, eating, drilling—those who say that camp life is a lazy life know little about it. And then there reconnoissances "on private account;" every wood, ravine, hill, field, is explored; the productions, animal and vegetable, are inventoried, and one day renders them as thoroughly conversant with the region round about, as if they had been dwelling there a lifetime. They have tasted water from every spring and well, estimated the corn to an acre, tried the watermelons, bagged the peaches, knocked down the persimmons, milked the cows, roasted the pigs, picked the chickens; they know who lives here and there and yonder, the whereabouts of the native boys, the names of the native girls. If there is a curious cave, a queer tree, a strange rock anywhere about, they know it. You can see them with chisel, hammer and haversack, tugging up the mountain or scrambling down the ravine in a geological passion that would have won the right hand of fellowship from Hugh Miller, and home they come loaded with

specimens that would enrich a cabinet. I have in my possession the most exquisite fossil buds just ready to open; beautiful shells, rare minerals, collected by these rough and dashing naturalists. If you think the rank and file have no taste and no love for the beautiful, it is time you remembered of what material they are made. Nothing will catch a soldier's eye quicker than a patch of velvet moss, or a fresh little flower, and many a letter leaves the camps enriched with faded souvenirs of these expeditions. I said that nothing will catch an old campaigner's eye quicker than a flower, but I was wrong; a dirty, ragged *baby* will. I have seen a thirteen dollar man expend a dollar for trinkets to hang about the dingy neck of an urchin, that at home, and three years ago, he would hardly have touched with a tongs. Do you say it is for the mother's sake? You have only to see the bedraggled, coarse, lank, tobacco-chewing dam—is it wicked for me to use that word in such a fashion?—to abandon that idea, like a foundling, to the tender mercies of the first door-step.

But to come back to camp; talk of perfumed cloud of incense, there is to me nothing sweeter than a clear, bright red cedar fire; the mountain air is fairly laden with the fragrance. Everything is red cedar, and a prairie man, as he sees the great camp fires, fed with hewn timbers of the precious wood, would about as soon think of cutting up his grand piano—seven octave or so—into fuel for the kitchen stove. Writing of fuel, you should see the fences melt away anywhere within a mile of camp; up goes the red cedar again, like a prophet, in a chariot of fire, and not enough left for a bow and arrow.

The work of improvement goes briskly on; a week has passed, and the boys seem settled in life. Just before tattoo, some night, down comes an order to march at five in the morning. A fine, drizzling rain has set in; a thick blanket of fog has been snugly tucked about the camp; the fires look large and red and cheerful; the boys are just ready "to turn in," when down comes the order. Nothing is as you would think; no complaints, no murmurings, no watching the night out. They are not to be cheated out of their sleep—not they; it takes your green recruits to do that; every bundle of a blanket has a sleeping soldier in it; every knapsack has a drowsy head on it. At three the roll of a drum straggles through the gloom; the camp is awake; tents are struck, knapsacks packed, baggage wagons loaded, mules untangled. Soldiers have notions, and among them is the destruction of their "improvement;" the bower house crackles like a volley of musketry, the cedar cottages are in flames, the stools and tables are glowing coals, and if they don't fiddle, as Nero did, while their Rome is burning—and as much of a Rome, too, as that was in the time of the lupine brothers—at least they *eat*. A soldier can starve patiently, but when he has a chance he eats potently. Huddled around their little fires, in the thick and turbid morning, the clink of the bayonets betokens the coffee to come; the smutty kettles bubble with the Arabic decoction as black as the tents of the Sheik who threw dust on the beard of his father; unhappy pork sizzles from ramrods, and the boys take breakfast.

Some wise man proposed in Congress, you remember, the substitution of tea for coffee in the army, and told the people that the soldiers would welcome the change! A tolerably fair specimen of theoretical, stay-at-home wisdom, and not worth a Sabbath day's journey of the Queen of Sheba to look at. Why, coffee is their true *aqua vitæ*; their solace and mainstay. When a boy can not drink his coffee, you may be sure he has done drinking altogether. On a march, no sooner is a halt ordered than little fires begin to twinkle along the line; they make coffee in five minutes, drink it in three, take a drill at a hard cracker, and are refreshed. Our comrades from "der Rhine" will squat phlegmatically anywhere, even in line of battle. No sooner has the storm swept to some other part of the field, than the kettles begin to boil, and amid stray bullets and shattering shell, they take great swallows of heart and coffee together. It is Rhine wine, the soul of Gambrinus, "Switzer" and "Limberg" in one.

But it is five o'clock and a dingy morning; the regiments march away in good cheer; the army wagons go streaming and swearing after them; the beat of the drum grows fainter; the canvas city has vanished like a vision. On such a morning and amid such a scene I have loitered till it seemed as if a busy city had

been passing out of sight, leaving nothing behind for all that life and light but empty desolation. Will you wonder much if I tell you that I have watched such a vanishing with a pang of regret; that the trampled field looked dim to me, worn smooth and beautiful by the touch of those brave feet, whose owners have trod upon thorns with song—feet, alas, how many—that shall never again, in all this coming and going world, make music up the old thresholds? And how many such sites of perished cities this war has made; how many bonds of good fellowship have been rent to be united no more.

At home anywhere, I wrote, and I might well have added, and used to anything the boys are. You would wonder, I think, to see me lie down in the dusty road, under the full noon sun of Tennessee and Alabama, and fall asleep in a minute. I have passed hundreds of such sleepers. A dry spot is as good as a mattress; the flap of a blanket quite a downy pillow. You would wonder, I think, to see a whole army corps, as I have, without a shred of a tent to bless themselves with, lying anywhere and everywhere in an all night rain, and not a growl nor a grumble. I was curious to see whether the pluck and good nature were not washed out of them, and so I made my way out of the snug, dry quarters, I am ashamed to say I occupied, at five in the morning, to see what water had done for them. Nothing! Each soaked blanket hatched out as jolly a fellow as you would wish to see—muddy, dripping, half-foundered, forth they came, wringing themselves out as the went, with the look of a troop of "wet-down" roosters in a fall rain-storm, plumage at half mast, but hearts trumps every time. If they swore—and some did—it was with a half laugh; the sleepy fires were stirred up; then came the—coffee, and they were as good as new. "Blood is thicker than water." I could never tire of telling you how like iron—wrought iron—men can get to be, and half the sympathy I had corked and labeled for the hardships of soldiers evaporated when I came to see how like rugged oaks they toughened into knots under them. True, there is another light to the picture. The regiment twelve hundred strong now stacks five hundred muskets. Bullets did not do it, as you would think, but just the terrible sifting process; the regiment is screened like grain; the sturdiest manhood alone remains. Writing of downy pillows, I noticed, on that rainy morning, that one of the boys did not hug mother earth quite as closely as the rest; his head was well up, and when he shook himself, and whisked off the blanket he had lain upon, I saw his pillow, and no duck ever dressed such plumage; it was a little triangular piece of iron, the fragment of some bit of machinery, through which were thrust three iron rods some six inches in length. It was first this queer tripod of a pillow, then a corner of a blanket, then a pouring rain, and then a good, hearty all night sleep. Never mind that feather the wrong way in your pillow; thank God for the one feather, pleasant dreams and good night!

We do not know that any other state has furnished an instance like the following:

Sergeant John Clem, 22d Michigan volunteer infantry, is the youngest soldier in our army. He is twelve years old, and small even for his age. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, when he was acting as marker for his regiment. The general, won by his youth and intelligence, invited him to call upon him, whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day, coming to his rooms at the Burnet House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the mean while. He had gone through the battle of Chickamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. Here he killed a rebel colonel. The officer, mounted on horseback, encountered the young hero, and called out, "*Stop you little Yankee devil!*" By way of answer, the boy halted and dropped his piece to "order;" thus throwing the colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, brought to an aim, and fired, when the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of Honor.

We have a similar anecdote of a Michigan drummer boy, connected

with the army of the Potomac under Burnside. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg he was one of the occupants of the platform at a great union meeting in New York :

He belonged to the 8th Michigan, and when one hundred men of that regiment volunteered to cross at Fredericksburg, he wished to go, but was told he was too small. He, however, hung on to the stern of the boat, and passed over in the water. When over he killed a rebel, took his gun, and came back with the volunteers. General Burnside complimented him for his bravery. Some friends had given him a new drum, and he beat the tattoo for the audience, to their great delight. His name is Robert Hendershot.

Scarcely is there a limit to the anecdotes that could be given of the bravery of Michigan troops in battle. One we adduce here, the charge of the 4th Michigan, near Shepherdstown, Va. :

The division of General Morell was moved down to the brink of the river, and as the 4th Michigan, in the advance, was about to cross, a battery of six guns suddenly opened upon them from the top of the bluff commanding the ford. Of course a slight movement resembling a panic at first manifested itself, but the moment the order was given to cross the stream, ascend the hill and take the battery, a shout went up which echoed and re-echoed through the gorge, and filled with consternation the men at the guns. The hill was gained in the face of a deadly fire, the guns reached, the gunners shot or bayoneted, the entire battery in our possession almost in as short a time as I have taken to write an account of it. The charge of the 4th Michigan was one of the bravest and most successful of the war. The Potomac at the ford is about four feet deep. The boys threw off their coats and waded across in water up to their waists, and with many of them nearly up to their neck. The guns, with one exception, were all brought across the river. The one left on the other side was spiked, dismounted and rolled down the bluff. Two of the pieces formerly belonged to Griffin's battery, which was taken from us at the first battle of Bull Run; another was a Parrot and the others 12-pound brass howitzers, manufactured in England. The battery altogether is perhaps the most valuable taken by McClellan since he had command of the army. It should be presented to the brave 4th Michigan as a reward for their achievement.

The letters of wounded soldiers and officers, from the battle-field, are among to most touching mementoes of the war. After one of the battles of McClellan, in Maryland, a torn and soiled envelop was picked up on the field with the following written upon it in pencil, which was ascertained to be from a Michigan officer, Captain Allen H. Zacharias, of Monroe :

DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—I am wounded, mortally, I think. The fight rages around me. I have done my duty—this is my consolation. I hope to meet you all again. I left not the line until nearly all had fallen, and the colors gone. I am getting weak. My arms free, but below my chest all is numb. The enemy is about me. [Some other words were written, but the envelop was so torn that they could not be deciphered.]

Your son,

ALLEN.

One of the most affecting of all the letters was that written by Colonel Thornton Brodhead, commander of the 1st Michigan cavalry, to his wife, from the fatal battle-field before Washington, when Pope was defeated through the treachery of Fitz John Porter :

MY DEAREST WIFE:—I write to you, mortally wounded, from the battle-field. We are again defeated, and ere this reaches you your children will be fatherless. Before I die let me implore that, in some way it may be stated that General —

has been outwitted, and that — is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had led as I led, the dear old flag had waved in triumph.

I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and to-day I sink to the green couch of our final rest.

I have fought well, my darling, and I was shot in the endeavor to rally our broken battalions. I could have escaped, but I would not till all hope was gone, and was shot—about the only one of our forces left on the field. Our cause is just, and our generals, not the enemy's, have defeated us. In God's good time He will give us victory.

And now, good-by, wife and children. Bring them up, I know you will, in the fear of God and love for the Saviour. But for you and the dear ones dependent, I should die happy. I know the blow will fall with crushing weight on you. Trust to him who gave manna in the wilderness.

Dr. Nash is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most of the night in sending messages to you.

Two bullets have gone through my chest, and directly through the lungs. I suffer but little now, but at first the pain was acute. I have won the soldier's name, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldier's fate. I hope that from Heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided union I have loved so well.

Farewell, wife and babes, and friends. We shall meet again.

Your loving,

THORNTON.

This noble man, who thus died that his country might live, was the son of a New England clergyman, and born in New Hampshire, in 1822. He graduated at the Harvard Law School, served in the Mexican war as an officer of the 15th U. S. infantry, in which he was twice breveted for gallantry in battle. For many years he was a citizen of Detroit, and for a while postmaster of that city. Sustained by love of God and country, his last letter to his dear ones at home, is another of the many glorious tokens of how cheerfully the Christian soldier can die.

Gettysburg, the most terrible and bloody battle of the war; indeed the turning point of the rebellion, occurred in the year succeeding the writing of these heroic letters. This battle-field was consecrated by the blood of the sons of Michigan. The 24th Michigan was one of the five western regiments that composed the famous IRON BRIGADE, who held the key point at Cemetery Hill, and so saved the army from defeat.

Out of 496 men, this regiment lost 316, in killed and wounded. It lost all its field officers. Its Colonel, Morrow, was prostrated by a scalp wound and taken prisoner. Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Flanagan lost a leg. Major Edwin B. Wright, lost an eye. Deprived of its superior officers, the command devolved upon a captain, Albert M. Edwards. Several of the officers and men even when severely wounded, refused to leave the field. In a subsequent report, Col. Morrow stated in reference to the regiment, that in the desperate conflicts of the day, it became almost certain death to carry the flag. Privates Abel E. Peck, Charles Ballou, and August Earnest, color-bearers, were successively killed. Corporal Andrew Wagner afterward raised the standard, and was shot through the breast. Col. Morrow himself, then took the colors in his hands, but yielded them at the earnest request of Private Wm. Kelley, who said, "*The Colonel of the 24th Michigan shall never bear the colors while I am able to take them.*" The flag floated again for a brief period in the front of the battle, but soon Private Kelley paid the penalty of his heroism with his life. Col. Morrow took the colors once more, when he too fell wounded and senseless. After the deadly strife at the barricade of rails, this cherished flag was found in the hands of a soldier of the regiment,

whose name is unknown, and who, although to all appearance, mortally wounded, still held it with a firm, unyielding grasp.

In the tragedies of the rebellion Michigan soldiers bore their full share, as many a battle-field testifies. In the comicalities of the strife, they eclipsed those of any other State, for to them fell the gratification of capturing Jefferson Davis, the runaway President of the collapsed Confederacy, while endeavoring to escape in the disguise of a superannuated old woman. This ludicrous affair took place just before daylight on the 10th of May, 1865, near Irwinville, in South Georgia, about 70 miles from the Florida coast, for which the Davis party was making. Major-General Wilson had sent two detachments of horsemen in pursuit, one under Col. Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan cavalry, the other under Col. Harndon, of the 1st Wisconsin. The Michigan men first came to the tent in which was the Davis party, surrounded it, and demanded the surrender of the inmates. The two cavalry detachments arriving by different roads at this moment, got in conflict, each thinking the other rebels. Two were killed and six wounded before the error was discovered. Capt. Hudson of the Michigan troops, had placed a strong guard around the tent where Davis was supposed to be, and when the firing commenced, thinking his duty called him to the fight, he left the tent in charge of a corporal, with orders to let no one pass out. The details of what followed, have been variously stated. But we give them as related by General Wilson, in a letter to a friend, written on the evening after the delivery of Davis into his hands:

You will, doubtless, have seen my telegrams to the Secretary of War, before this reaches you, detailing the events of the capture. Two of my best regiments, one from the first and the other from the second division, were on the trail together, and reached the rebel camp almost simultaneously. The fight which ensued was unfortunate, but unavoidable in the uncertain moonlight. Both parties fully expected desperate resistance, and both had gone prepared.

Colonel Harndon, of the 1st Wisconsin, had only sixty men, Colonel Pritchard had one hundred and thirty. The story of Davis' ignoble attempt at flight is even more ignoble than I told it. Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell, after having clothed him in the dress of the former, and put on his head a woman's head-dress, started out, one holding each arm, and besought Col. Pritchard's men in most piteous terms, to let them take their "poor old mother out of the way" of the firing."

Mrs. Davis said, "Oh, do let us pass with our POOR OLD MOTHER, who is so frightened, and fears to be killed." One of Pritchard's men, catching sight of the President's boots below the skirts of the dress, suspected at once, who the poor old woman was, and replied, "Oh, no, you don't play that game on me, *them boots* don't look very much like they belonged to a *woman*. Come down, old fellow."

It is rarely that two witnesses relate a circumstance alike. He is an uncommon witness, who, in all details, relates it twice exactly alike. A staff officer of Davis' publishes this version of his capture:

At last he got information that his own wife and family were in danger from the assaults of military marauders. Mrs. Davis, with her three children, and accompanied by her sister, Miss Howell, had a wagon train of her own, about twenty or thirty miles from her husband's party. She was very anxious to go her own way, and be no embarrassment to him. She felt equal to the task of protecting herself from reckless Confederates, and felt sure of avoiding Federals. But, no sooner did he ascertain that she was in danger, that two gangs had concocted a scheme to seize all her trunks, under the impression that she carried the rebel gold, than he resolved, at all hazards, to go to her rescue. It was a fond hus-

band's, a fond father's infatuation. No remonstrance availed. He set out, and rode eighteen miles to meet the object of his love and solicitude. He met them, and the first to rebuke him for his excess of fondness was the anxious wife and mother. A tent or two was already pitched, and he, weary to exhaustion, went to sleep, intending to retrace his steps before morning. Had he not gone to assure himself of his wife's safety, and had he not been excessively fatigued while there, Colonel Pritchard would be without the honor of capturing him, for nothing was easier than his escape, as Breckinridge and Wood and the writer of this know, and by meeting no interruption themselves have proved. Their immunity might have been his.

But Davis ran his risks and took the chances, fully conscious of imminent danger, yet powerless, from physical weariness, to do all he designed doing against the danger. When the musketry firing was heard in the morning, at "dim gray dawn," it was supposed to be between the rebel marauders and Mrs. Davis' few camp defenders. Under this impression he hurriedly put on his boots and prepared to go out, for the purpose of interposing, saying

"They will at least as yet respect me."

As he got to the tent door, thus hastily equipped, and with this good intention of preventing an effusion of blood by an appeal in the name of a fading, but not wholly faded authority, he saw a few cavalry ride up the road and deploy in front.

"Ha, Federals!" was his exclamation.

"Then you are captured," cried Mrs. Davis, with emotion.

In a moment she caught an idea—a woman's idea—and as quickly as women in an emergency execute their designs it was done. He slept in a wrapper—a loose one. It was yet around him. This she fastened ere he was aware of it, and then bidding him adieu, urged him to go to the spring, a short distance off, where his horses and arms were. Strange as it may seem, there was not even a pistol in the tent. Davis felt that his only course was to reach his horse and arms, and complied. As he was leaving the door, followed by a servant with a water-bucket, Miss Howell *flung a shawl over his head*. There was no time to remove it without exposure and embarrassment, and as he had not far to go, he ran the chance exactly as it was devised for him: In these two articles consisted the woman's attire, of which so much nonsense has been spoken and written; and, under these circumstances, and in this way, was Jefferson Davis going forth to perfect his escape. No bonnet, no gown, no petticoats, no crinoline, no nothing of all these. And what there was happened to be excusable under ordinary circumstances, and perfectly natural as things were.

But it was too late for any effort to reach his horses, and the confederate president was at last a prisoner in the hands of the United States.

The staff officer does not surmount the unromantic fact, that "the Confederate President" was at last caught trying to escape in the clothes of a woman. That he had "no bonnet, no gown, no petticoats, no crinoline," the peculiar friends of his excellency must apologize for him under the trying circumstances of a very *hasty toilet*!

Poor man! The charitably disposed will forgive him that his disguise was not more complete. But why he, a West Point graduate, "a born soldier" too, should leave his arms over night at a wayside spring, in the custody of his horse, is among the puzzling matters our voracious staff officer does not explain.

WISCONSIN.

WISCONSIN derives its name from its principal river, which the Chippewas, who resided on its head-waters, called the Wees-kon-san, which signifies "gathering of the waters." The

French voyageurs called it *Ouisconsin*, the first syllable of which is nearer the Indian sound than Wis. The first white men on the soil of Wisconsin were two French fur traders, who passed the winter of 1659 among the Indians of Lake Superior. Arriving at Quebec the next summer, with sixty canoes, loaded with furs, and manned with 300 Algonquins, they aroused a spirit of religious zeal among the Jesuits to bear the cross in the cabins of those distant tribes. In 1661, Father Mesnard went on a mission to the south side of Lake Superior, where he resided more than eight months, surrounded by savages and a few French voyageurs: he finally perished, in some



ARMS OF WISCONSIN.

MOTTO—Forward.

unknown way, in the rocky pine clad wilderness. Undismayed by his sad fate a successor was appointed, Father Claude Allouez, who arrived at the Sault Ste. Marie on the 1st of September, 1668. "He employed the whole month of September in coasting the southern portion of Lake Superior, where he met many Christians baptized by Father Mesnard. 'I had the pleasure,' says this venerable man, 'of assuring, by baptism, the eternal salvation of many a dying infant.' His success with the adults seems to have been less. At Chagouamigon, or St. Michael, on the south-western side of Lake Superior, there were gathered eight hundred warriors of different nations; a chapel was built; among them were several tribes who understood the Algonquin language. So fine an occasion for exercising his zeal could not be overlooked. 'I spoke in the Algonquin language,' says he, 'for a long time, on the subject of the Christian religion, in an earnest and powerful manner, but in language suited to the capacity of my audience. I

was greatly applauded, but this was the only fruit of my labors.' Among the number assembled, were three hundred Pottawatomies, two hundred Sauks, eighty Illinoisians. In the year 1668, peace having been established between the French and the Six Nations, many discoveries were made, and many new missions established. In this year Fathers Dablon and Marquette went to the mission of Sault Ste. Marie. In the same year, Father Nicholas, who was on the mission with Allouez, conducted a deputation of 'Nez Perces,' an Algonquin tribe, to Quebec, and Father Allouez went to the mission at Green Bay. Sault Ste. Marie was made the center of their missionary labors among the Algonquin tribes."

Father Marquette had been residing at the Straits of Mackinaw and the Sault Ste. Marie about five years, when, accompanied by M. Joliet, a French gentleman of Quebec, and five French voyageurs and two Indian guides, he started from the straits on an exploring expedition. - He "had heard of the great river of the west, and fancied that upon its fertile banks—not mighty cities, mines of gold, or fountains of youth, but whole tribes of God's children, to whom the sound of the Gospel had never come. Filled with the wish to go and preach to them, he obeyed with joy the orders of Talon, the wise intendent of Canada, to lead a party into the unknown distance."

Marquette passed down Green Bay to Fox River, which they entered, and dragged their canoes through its strong rapids to a village of Indians where Father Allouez had visited, and where "they found a cross, on which hung skins and belts, bows and arrows, which they had offered to the great *Manitou* (God), to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter, and had given them abundant chase." Beyond this point no Frenchman had gone, and here was the bound of discovery.

"Being guided by the friendly Indians, Marquette and his companions came to the Wisconsin River, about three leagues distant, whose waters flowed westward. They floated down the river till the 17th of June, 1673, when they reached the Mississippi, the great '*Father of Waters*,' which they entered with 'a joy that could not be expressed,' and raising their sails to new skies, and to unknown breezes, floated down this mighty river, between broad plains, garlanded with majestic forests and chequered with illimitable prairies and island groves. They descended about one hundred and eighty miles, when Marquette and Joliet landed, and followed an Indian trail about six miles, to a village. They were met by four old men, bearing the pipe of peace and 'brilliant with many colored plumes.' An aged chief received them at his cabin, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed: '*How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when thou comest to visit us!—our whole village awaits thee—in peace thou shalt enter all our dwellings.*' Previous to their departure, an Indian chief selected a peace pipe from among his warriors, embellished with gorgeous plumage, which he hung around the neck of Marquette, 'the mysterious arbiter of peace and war—the sacred calumet—the white man's protection among savages.' On reaching their boats, the little group proceeded onward. 'I did not,' says Marquette, 'fear death; I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God.' They passed the mouth of the Missouri, and the humble missionary resolved in his mind, one day, to ascend its mighty current, and ascertain its source; and descending from thence toward the west, publish the gospel to a people of whom he had never heard. Passing onward, they floated by the Ohio, then, and for a brief time after, called the Wabash, and continued their explorations as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas, where they were escorted to the

Indian village of Arkansæa. Being now satisfied that the Mississippi entered the Gulf of Mexico, west of Florida, and east of California; and having spoken to the Indians of God and the mysteries of the Catholic faith, Marquette and Joliet prepared to ascend the stream. They returned by the route of the Illinois River to Green Bay, where they arrived in August. Marquette remained to preach the gospel to the Miamis, near Chicago. Joliet, in person, conveyed the glad tidings of their discoveries to Quebec. They were received with enthusiastic delight. The bells were rung during the whole day, and all the clergy and dignitaries of the place went, in procession, to the cathedral, where *Te Deum* was sung and high mass celebrated."

Wisconsin was next visited by La Salle and Father Hennepin, a Franciscan friar, a man of ambition and energy. These adventurers having passed down the Illinois, Hennepin paddled up the Mississippi as far as the Wisconsin, where he was taken prisoner by the Indians, who treated him and his companions kindly. They then took them up to the Falls, which Hennepin named *St. Anthony*, in honor of his patron saint. From this point he returned to Canada, by way of Lake Superior, and thence to France. The first permanent settlement by the whites in Wisconsin, appears to have been made at Green Bay, about the year 1745, by Augustin De Langlade, a native of France, of noble family, who emigrated to Canada at an early age.

The territory remained under the government of France till 1763, when, at the treaty of Paris, it was ceded to Great Britain, who retained it until the independence of the United States was acknowledged by that country, in 1783, when it was claimed by Virginia as part of the Illinois country, conquered by Col. George Rodgers Clark. It remained, however, in the possession of Great Britain till 1796, when it was surrendered in accordance with Jay's treaty, ratified the previous year. In 1784, it was ceded by Virginia to the United States. In 1787, a government was provided for the territory north-west of the Ohio. In 1800, it was divided into two separate governments, the western being called Indiana. In 1809, Indiana was divided and Illinois organized. When Illinois was formed into a state, in 1818, the territory north of the parallel of Lat. 42° 30', west of the middle of Lake Michigan, was attached to the territory of Michigan, which had been set off from Indiana in 1805.

In 1832, commenced the "*Black Hawk War*," the most important actions of which took place within the "*Huron District*" of Michigan, as Wisconsin was then called: they will be found detailed on page 1106 of this work. When Michigan was formed into a state, in 1836, Wisconsin was erected into a separate territorial government. Wisconsin Territory comprised within its limits and jurisdiction the whole region from Lake Michigan to Lake Superior, extending westward to the Missouri River, including all the sources of the Upper Mississippi. Its southern limits were the northern boundaries of the states of Illinois and Missouri, and its extent from north to south was 580 miles, and from east to west 650 miles. The first "governor and superintendent of Indian affairs" was Henry Dodge, and John S. Horner was territorial secretary. Gov. Dodge convened the first territorial legislature at Belmont, now in Lafayette county. The second session was convened in Burlington, now in Iowa, and the next, in 1838, in Madison, the present capital.

"The settled portions of the territory were chiefly near the western shore of Lake Michigan, and the organized counties extended westward and south-

westwardly to the banks of the Fox River of Green Bay, as far as Fort Winnebago, and thence down the Wisconsin River, on the south-eastern side, for thirty miles below the "portage." At the same time, immigrants, by way of Milwaukee and Racine, were advancing upon the upper tributaries of Rock River, as far west as the "Four Lakes" and Fort Madison. A few settlements had extended, likewise, westward to the banks of the Mississippi, north of Galena and the Illinois state line. Others had been slowly, for more than three years, extending west of the Mississippi, upon the waters of the Des Moines, Skunk River, Lower Iowa, and Waubesa-pinacon, as well as upon the immediate banks of the Mississippi itself. These settlements, for temporary government, were annexed to the jurisdiction of the Wisconsin Territory as the "District of Iowa."

The remainder of the Territory of Wisconsin, north and west of the Wisconsin River and of Fox River, as well as the northern and western portions of the present state of Iowa, was a savage waste, still in the partial occupancy of the remaining tribes of Indians, and in a great degree unknown to civilization. Such were the extent and population of the Wisconsin Territory upon its first independent organization.

During the years 1841, 1842, and 1843, emigration from the north-eastern states began to send its floods into the Wisconsin Territory, both by way of the lakes and by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to the banks of the Wisconsin River. Thousands, especially in the latter years, crowded into the beautifully undulating lands along the western shore of Lake Michigan, south of Green Bay, to the Illinois line; and population extended rapidly from the lake shore westward to the banks of Fox River, and along the region south of the Wisconsin River as far as the banks of the Mississippi. Settlements soon spread over this delightful country, diversified by lakes and prairies, in which all the crystal tributaries of Rock River take their rise.

A few years before, this had been called the "Far West," beyond the advance of white settlements and civilized life, in the sole occupancy of the most degraded and improvident of the savages, the Winnebagoes, Sauks, and Foxes. Now towns and commerce occupy the seats and haunts of the degraded Indian, upon which the rays of civilization had never beamed. A large mercantile town, with an active and enterprising community, had sprung up at Milwaukee Bay; a town which, three years afterward, in 1845, became an incorporated city, with extensive powers and privileges, designed to render it the commercial emporium of the future state of Wisconsin. Other trading towns lined the beautiful shore of the lake for many miles north and south of this central depot.

During the year 1843, the aggregate number of persons who arrived in the Wisconsin Territory has been estimated at more than sixty thousand, embracing all ages and sexes. Of these, about fifty thousand arrived by way of the lake route. The remainder advanced by way of the Mississippi and Wisconsin Rivers, and comprised a great proportion of foreign emigrants from the German states. These emigrants spread over the country south and east of the Wisconsin River, and opened new settlements upon its northern and western tributaries. In 1845, Wisconsin Territory contained more inhabitants than any other new state possessed upon her admission into the Union; yet the people, satisfied with the territorial form of government, desired not, in the recent state of the principal settlements, to incur the additional expense of an independent state government. Hence, with a population of more than one hundred and forty thousand souls, the Wisconsin Ter-

ritory had not, in 1845, made application to congress for authority to establish a state government. In May, 1848, however, Wisconsin was admitted into the Union."

Wisconsin is bounded N. by Lake Superior, the upper peninsula of Michigan, and Minnesota, W. by Minnesota and Iowa, E. by Lake Michigan, and S. by Illinois. It lies between 42° 30' and 46° 55' N. Lat., and between 87° and 92° 50' W. Long. Its greatest extent north and south is 285 miles, and 255 east and west, having a land area of 53,924 square miles, or 34,511,360 acres, of which 1,045,499 only were improved in 1850.

Wisconsin is one of the healthiest of countries, with a dry, transparent, and bracing atmosphere, and remarkably free from fevers and ague. Writers familiar with it, say:

"It is, indeed, delightful in speculation to talk of constant spring, of perpetual verdure, of flowers in bloom at all seasons, of purling brooks never obstructed by ice, of a mild climate, where Jack Frost never spreads his white drapery over the surface of the earth; but it is a problem, not yet fully solved, whether a tropical climate contributes more to one's happiness than the varying seasons of a northern clime. Nay, whatever doubt there is on the subject predominates in favor of a northern latitude. Industry, intelligence, morality, and virtue, are exhibited more generally among the inhabitants of northern latitudes than those of southern. If one's physical enjoyment is equally promoted by the bracing air of a cold climate, then, indeed, the argument is in favor of the latter, for vigor of body and purity of mind are the most essential ingredients in the cup of happiness. The air of our winters is dry and bracing. When snow falls it usually remains on the ground several months, forming an excellent road either for traveling, business, or pleasure. The rivers are securely wedged with ice, rendering many portions of the country more accessible at that season than at any other. An excellent opportunity is afforded to the younger portion of the community for innocent amusements—sleighting, sliding downhill, and skating—amusements highly exhilarating, and promotive alike of health and happiness. These observations have been made because a greater value is often set on a mild southern climate, in reference to its capacity in affording the means of happiness or of health, than it really possesses."

"We have always made it a point to inquire of new settlers in Wisconsin how they liked the climate, and the answer invariably was, that it was far superior to that of the states they had left—whether Eastern, Middle or Southern. One emigrant says: 'As the result of my observations, I would state briefly—and in this I do but repeat a common sentiment—that I would much rather spend a winter in Wisconsin than in New York or Pennsylvania. True, the weather is cold; but it is of that settled, steady, clear character, which we here call *'bracing weather.'* No damp winds, no sloppy thaw, no uncomfortable rains, but day after day the same unbroken field of snow, the same clear, bright sunshine, the same untroubled air. Winter here holds undisputed sway; it is not a muddled mixture of all seasons, in which the breezy spring, the clear autumn, the sunny summer and the rigorous winter mingle and mix, and come and go together. You will understand the force of this distinction when I tell you that the first fall of snow in Wisconsin remains on the ground during the whole winter without a crust; so free is the air from that dampness, which, in other countries produce it. Who among you has not noticed the penetrating character of dampness in cold—its chilling, searching qualities; or who, on the other hand, has not gone abroad on days of intense coldness, but when the air was dry and pure, and felt elastic, buoyant, and comfortable. Such is a Wisconsin winter. I suffered less from the cold while here, than I have many times in Pennsylvania when the thermometer stood much higher."

Wisconsin may be described generally as an elevated rolling prairie, the highest portion being on the north, and forms the dividing ridge between the waters flowing S.W. into the Mississippi, and those flowing northward and eastward into the lakes. Limestone underlies most of the southern part of

the state; the northern part is composed of primitive rocks, mostly granite, slate and sand stone. The country south of the middle is a fine agricultural region, producing from 30 to 50 bushels of wheat to the acre. The prairies of Wisconsin are generally small, and being skirted and belted with timber, are adapted to immediate and profitable occupation, the soil being a dark, rich vegetable mold. One peculiarity in southern Wisconsin strikes the traveler—the high degree of culture, thrift, and cleanliness of the farms, which is attributed principally to the fact, that almost every quarter section, in its natural state, is ready for plowing and fencing, and also to the character of the settlers, off-shoots from the hardy and industrious people of the Eastern states and northern Ohio. A large number of Norwegians and other emigrants from northern Europe, have emigrated to this young and thriving State.

Vast quantities of pine lumber are obtained from the northern sections of the state, ranging from five to eight millions annually in value, though the business is in its infancy. The agricultural staples are wheat, Indian corn, oats, potatoes, butter, live stock, etc. The wheat crop of 1860 was about 26 millions of bushels. Beside the great lakes, Superior and Michigan, on its northern and eastern shores, Wisconsin has vast numbers of small lakes within its borders, generally characterized by clear water, bold, picturesque shores, with excellent fish.

The mineral resources of Wisconsin are important, but as yet imperfectly known. The great lead region, mostly in the south-western part of the state, contain mines supposed to be inexhaustible, and decidedly the richest in the known world. Valuable copper and zinc ores are found at Mineral Point and in its vicinity, also iron ore in various places. The bulk of the population of the state is in its southern part, most of the country in the north being an unexplored wilderness. If as densely settled as Massachusetts, Wisconsin would contain more than seven millions of inhabitants. Population in 1820, 1,444; in 1830, 3,245; in 1840, 30,945; in 1850, 305,566; in 1855, 552,109; and in 1860, 768,585.*

* Ritchie, in his work on Wisconsin, says: "The number of inhabitants in Wisconsin does not exhibit their relative strength and power. Our population are nearly all in the prime of life. You rarely meet a woman past fifty years of age; still more rarely as old a man; and large numbers are too young to have had many children. The Milwaukee American says: 'It is a fact, noticed and remarked by nearly every eastern visitor to the west, that no small amount of the business of the west and north-west is conducted by *young men*. Go where you will, in every city, town and village, you will find more youthful countenances elongated with the cares and anxieties of business pursuits, than those unacquainted with the peculiar circumstances attaching to western life and enterprise could be made to believe. Youth and energy are found conducting and managing our railroads and our banking institutions. Beardless youngsters are seen behind the desks—their desks—of our counting houses, and in our manufactories, mixed up with our commerce, and, in short, taking active parts in every field of business enterprise. A year's experience as a clerk, or an agent for others, gives him an insight into the *modus operandi* of 'making money,' and his wits are set in motion, and his industrious ingenuity brought to bear in his own behalf, and he desires to 'go into business for himself.' Frequently with a small capital, oftener with none, he engages in some branch of traffic, and in a few years is 'well to do in the world.' Such is the history of many of the young merchants and business men in our state, and we do not believe that a more enterprising, intelligent, and thorough-going business community can be found than that of Wisconsin. Youth, energy, and a laudable ambition to rise in the world, are characteristic elements of the west: they have made her what she now is, and give glorious promise of her future.'

In one of our village or town hotels, crowded with moneyed boarders—the merchants, bankers, and chief mechanics of the place—two thirds of them will be found to be between twenty-five and thirty years of age; their wives, of course, still younger. Our population of 1,000,000 are equal in industrial capacity to at least twice that number either in Europe or in the Atlantic states."

MILWAUKIE, a port of entry, and the largest city in Wisconsin, is built on the west side of Lake Michigan, 75 miles east of Madison, and 85 north of Chicago. Lat. $43^{\circ} 04'$, Long. $87^{\circ} 57'$. The city is built on the flats of the Milwaukee River, and on the bluffs near the lake. The largest lake boats ascend the river two miles. The shore on Lake Michigan consists of a bank



South-eastern river view in Milwaukee.

The engraving shows a river or harbor view in Milwaukee, as seen from near the point of the entrance of Menominee River. The swing bridges across the river appear in the central part. The terminus of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad is near the building on the extreme left.

of clay from 20 to 100 feet high, and as nearly perpendicular as the nature of the material will admit. The city contains about 20 foundries and machine shops, employing about 1,000 men, and 26 breweries, employing about 500 men. Ship building is extensively carried on; great quantities of lumber are exported; and it has a large commerce on the lakes, and does an extensive business with the interior by its railroads, one of which crosses the state to the Mississippi. It is noted for its splendid blocks of buildings, and for its superior brick, which have become a valuable article of export, being used even as far east as New York city. They are hard, smooth, and of a beautiful straw color. It has also in its vicinity quarries of a beautiful light colored stone. Population, in 1840, 1,751; in 1850, 20,035; and in 1860, 45,254.

A foreign traveler describes Milwaukee as one of the most picturesquely situated towns he had seen in the west. Says he: "It is placed on both sides of a river which falls into a fine bay of Lake Michigan, the town rising from the valley of the river on either side to high bluffs facing the lake. The river is navigable from the lake, and vessels discharge and land their cargoes direct into, and from, the granaries and warehouses which line its banks. Tramways from the various lines of railroad run along the other sides of these warehouses, so that the greatest facilities are afforded for the

transport and handling of produce and merchandise. The extent to which labor is economized in this way both here and at Chicago is really wonderful. By the aid of steam power half a million bushels of grain can be daily received and shipped through the granaries of Chicago, the whole of it being weighed in draughts of 400 bushels at a time, as it passes from the railroad to the vessel. This can be done at a cost of a farthing a bushel, and so quiet is the whole process that there is little external evidence of much business going on. The finest church in Milwaukee is the Roman Catholic Cathedral, with the palace of the bishop on one side of it, and an orphan asylum on the other. There are many handsome private residences, some built of white marble, and the principal hotel of the city, the Newhall House, is very little inferior either in size, architecture, or interior fittings and arrangements, to the Hotel de Louvre in Paris. This city, which only twenty-three years ago was the site of a single log cabin, now, in the one month of October, ships a million bushels of wheat! From the bluffs the lake looks exactly like the sea, as no opposite shore can be seen, and the white-crested waves come rolling into the harbor just as they do on the Atlantic. There are numerous schools in the city, free to all, and well endowed by the state."

Milwaukee derives its name from *Me-ne-aw-kee*, an Indian word, said to signify *rich or beautiful land*. The first white person who located at Milwaukee appears to have been *Alexander Laframboise*, from Mackinaw, who established a trading house here about the year 1785. He soon returned to Mackinaw, and gave his business to his brother to manage for him: the latter remained here for several years, and raised a family. Laframboise failing in business, his trading house was closed about the year 1800. At this period another trader established himself here, employing as clerk S. Chappue, who had previously been with Laframboise. J. B. Beaubien established a trading post in Milwaukee at this time. Some four or five years later *Laurent Fily* was sent with a supply of goods, by Jacob Franks, of Green Bay, to carry on a summer trade at Milwaukee, buying *deer skins in the red*. Previous to this *Jacques Vieau*, of Green Bay, commenced trading here, and continued it regularly every winter, excepting that of 1811-12, until 1818, when his son-in-law, SOLOMON JUNEAU emigrated here from Canada, first as his clerk, and then on his own account, and he may be considered as the first regular settler and founder of Milwaukee.

In the publications of the State Historical Society, Mr. Alex. F. Pratt gives this sketch of Mr. Juneau, and of the early history of the place:

"Solomon Juneau emigrated to Milwaukee in the fall of 1818, and built him a log cabin among the natives. At that time his family consisted of a wife and one child. His nearest white neighbors were at Chicago, Green Bay and Prairie du Chien. He kept a few goods suitable for the Indian trade, and for the first seventeen years he was not only the only merchant in the place, but the only white man. During that period, a few Indian traders were occasionally there, but not permanently located. In the spring of 1835, a land office having been previously established at Green Bay, this land was brought into market, and Mr. Juneau purchased a small tract, consisting of about 130 acres, lying on the east side of the river, directly north of Wisconsin-street. Previous to this time, Geo. H. Walker, Esq., had come and made a claim on what is now called "Walker's Point," which he subsequently obtained a title to. Byron Kilbourn, Esq., about that time purchased a tract on the west side of the river, which has from that time been known by the name of 'Kilbourn Town.' Daniel Wells, Jr., W. W. Gilman, George D.

Dousman, E. W. Edgerton, T. C. Dousman, Geo. O. Tiffany, D. H. Richards, William Brown, Jr., Milo Jones, Enoch Darling, and others, immigrated about the same time, and made large purchases of lands. In the course of the summer of 1835, a number of good buildings were erected, and a great many eastern speculators came and bought lands at high prices. Mr. Juneau, about this time, sold an undivided interest in his lands to Morgan L. Martin. He built a fine dwelling house on the lot where Mitchell's banking house now stands; also a large store and warehouse on what is now known as 'Ludington's corner.' In 1836, when we came, he was doing a large business both in selling goods and lots. During that season, some two or three hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods had been brought there to sell. Ground rent was nearly as high as it is now. A merchant with a stock of goods would arrive one day, and by the next day noon he would have a store completed to open in. Things were done on the California principle. They were usually built of rough boards with a 'grass floor,' and in several instances a blanket was hung up for a partition, and one half of the tenement rented to another for a dollar a day. The town was flooded with speculators, and all made money until the non-residents left and navigation closed, when a sudden change 'came o'er the spirit of their dreams.'

The town was left with a large stock of goods, and but few inhabitants. Merchants and other business men enjoyed the winter in the best possible manner. During the fall quite a large number of actual settlers had arrived, of the right stamp, among whom were H. N. Wells, J. E. Arnold, Henry Williams, Hans Crocker, J. H. Tweedy, L. Blossom, J. W. Pixley, S. H. Martin, Geo. P. Delaplaine, Geo. Reed, Cyrus Hawley, Fred. Wardner, A. O. T. Breed, Eliphalet Cramer, Rufus Parks, Curtis Reed, Orson Reed, Wm. M. Dennis, Truman L. Smith, Edmond D. Clinton, A. A. Bird, and many others, whom time will not allow us to mention. All had been doing a 'land office business,' and had plenty of money left to winter on. At this time our old friend Juneau was supposed to be worth at least \$100,000, with a fair prospect of its being doubled by the rise of land in the spring. We have often seen him in those days go into his store, after business hours were over, and take from the drawers the money that his clerks had received during the day for goods and lots, amounting often to 8 or 10,000 dollars, and put it loose in his hat; and upon one occasion we recollect of his hat being knocked off in a playful crowd, when some \$10,000 flew in various directions. In short, money seemed to be of no earthly use to him. If a man called upon him to subscribe for either a public improvement or a charitable object, whatever was required he subscribed, without asking why or wherefore. In the mean time he had looked on and seen others get rich on the rise of property that he had sold, and he commenced buying back lots and paying thousands for those he had previously sold for hundreds. We recollect very well one circumstance: his re-purchasing the corner lot, near Youngs' Hall, for \$3,700, which he had sold the year previous for \$475. He was truly, in the language of the poet, 'The noblest work of God, an honest man.' He had implicit confidence in every body.

The spring of 1837 disappointed all our anticipations. A general stagnation in business prevailed in all directions. Immigration had almost entirely fallen off. Our currency, which was mostly of the Michigan 'Wild Cat' stamp, was no longer a legal tender. There was no sale for real estate. The second payments were becoming due on purchases of real estate, and all who supposed themselves rich in lands, were not only destitute of money, but the

means to raise it. Some who were able to hold on, kept their property until they could get a handsome advance; while the majority were compelled to sell for what they could get, and bankruptcy was the inevitable result.

At this time, there were but few settlements in the interior; but the hard times which continued through the years 1837 and 1838, induced many to leave Milwaukie and locate a 'claim.' The lands between Milwaukie and Rock River were then surveyed, but were not brought into market until the fall of 1839. During this time they had become thickly settled, and many of them quite valuable. The hard times at the east had led many to seek a home in the west; and in the fall of 1839, when these lands came into market, many of them had been so improved that they were worth from \$10 to \$100 an acre, while the occupants had not the first 'red cent' to buy them with. Consequently, a large proportion of the settlers were compelled to either sell their improvements for what they could get, or pay from 25 to 50 per cent. for money to enter their lands with.

About this time, Alex. Mitchell, Harvey Birchard, the Messrs. Ludingtons, E. Eldred, and other capitalists, came to Milwaukie, and purchased lots at \$100 each, that had previously been sold from \$1,000 to \$1,500, and are now selling from \$5,000 to \$15,000 each. From that day to this, 'the rise and progress' of Milwaukie has been steady and onward. The price of land has continued to advance with the increase of business, and nearly all who commenced in business there at that time, and continued to the present, have become wealthy and independent. In 1846, the legislature passed an act to divide Milwaukie county, and establish the county of Waukesha; also another to incorporate the city of Milwaukie. At the first charter election in the new city, Solomon Juneau was elected mayor, which was a well merited compliment to the 'old pioneer.'"

Mr. Juneau subsequently removed to Dodge county, where by hard labor he earned a comfortable living, until a few years since, when he was "gathered to his fathers."

Mr. Pratt also gives these amusing reminiscences of the judiciary of the Territory of Wisconsin:

"The Territory of Wisconsin was organized in July, 1836. It was divided into three judicial districts. Judge Dunn was appointed for the western district, Judge Irwin for the middle, and Judge Frazier, of Pennsylvania, for the eastern. Judge Frazier arrived in Milwaukie on a Sunday evening, in June, 1837. He put up at the small hotel which stood where 'Dickerman's Block' now stands, which was called the * * * * * Tavern, kept by Mr. Vail. On his arrival, he fell in with some old Kentucky friends, who invited him to a private room, for the purpose of participating in an innocent game of 'poker.' The party consisted of the judge, Col. Morton, register of the land office, and two or three others—friends of the judge. They commenced playing for small sums at first, but increased them as the hours passed, until the dawn of day, the next morning—when small sums seemed beneath their notice. The first approach of day was heralded to them by the ringing of the bell for breakfast. The judge made a great many apologies, saying, among other things, that as that was his first appearance in the territory, and as his court opened at 10 o'clock that morning, he must have a little time to prepare a charge to the grand jury. He therefore hoped that they would excuse him, which they accordingly did, and he withdrew from the party. The court met at the appointed hour—Owen Aldrich acting as sheriff, and Cyrus Hawley as clerk. The grand jury was called and sworn.

The judge, with much dignity, commenced his charge; and never before did we hear such a charge poured forth from the bench! After charging them upon the laws generally, he alluded to the statute against gambling. The English language is too barren to describe his abhorrence of that crime. Among other extravagances, he said, that 'a gambler was unfit for earth, heaven, or hell,' and that 'God Almighty would even *shudder* at the sight of one.'

At that time, we had but one session of the legislature, which had adopted mostly the statutes of Michigan, which allowed the court to exercise its discretion in granting *stays* of executions, etc. A suit came up against a man in the second ward, who had no counsel. The judge ordered the crier to call the defendant. He did so, and the defendant appeared. The judge asked him if he had anything to say against judgment being rendered against him. He replied, that he did not know that he had, as it was an honest debt, but that he was unable to pay it. The judge inquired what his occupation was. He replied that he was a fisherman. Says the judge, '*Can you pay in fish?*' The defendant answered, that 'he did not know but he could, if he had time to catch them.' The judge turned to the clerk, and ordered him to 'enter up a judgment, payable in fish, and grant a stay of execution for twelve months;' at the same time remarking to the defendant, that he must surely pay it at the time, and in *good* fish; for he would not be willing to wait so long for 'stinking fish.' The next suit worthy of note, was against Wm. M. Dennis, our present bank comptroller. He, like his predecessor, had no counsel. His name was called, and he soon made his appearance. He entered the court-room, wearing his usual smile, whittling, with his knife in the left hand. The court addressed him in a loud voice, 'What are you *grinning* about, Mr. Dennis?' Mr. D. replied, that he was not aware that he was laughing. The court inquired if he proposed to offer any defense? He replied, that he did, but was not ready for trial. 'No matter,' said the judge, 'there's enough that are ready; the clerk will enter it *'continued.'*' The next case, about which we recollect, was the trial of two Indians, who were indicted for murdering a man on Rock River. They were also indicted for an assault, with intent to kill, upon another man, at the same time. The trial for murder came off first. They were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. On the day following, they were tried for the assault, etc., found guilty, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars each. Governor Dodge, however, deeming it too severe to fine and imprison a man after he was hanged, commuted it to imprisonment for life. The Indians were confined in jail a year or two, but were finally pardoned by the governor.

Judge Frazier soon afterward went to Green Bay, and held a court, from whence, for want of a jail in which to confine prisoners, he sentenced a man, for some trifling offense, 'to be banished to Turkey River.' After the court adjourned, he returned to Milwaukie on the steamboat Pennsylvania. She anchored in the bay, and the judge, who was dead drunk at the time, was lowered by means of a tackle into a boat, and rowed to the landing at Walker's Point. From the effect of this bacchanalian revel he never recovered. His friend, Col. Morton, took him to his own house, called to his aid our best physicians, and all was done that human skill could devise, for the restoration of his health; but it was too late; the seeds of death had been sown; he lingered in great distress for four or five days, and breathed his last. The members of the bar, generally, neglected to attend the

funeral; and having no relatives in the state, he hardly received a decent burial."

Green Bay, the county seat of Brown county, is situated at the mouth of Fox River, at the head of Green Bay,* 120 miles N.E. from Madison, and 114 N. of Milwaukee. It is the oldest town in Wisconsin, and occupies an important location. It has a good harbor, and is an important place of deposit and transit for the imports and exports of northern Wisconsin. It is a great lumber mart, immense quantities being annually exported. The town has a beautiful situation, and contains several spacious warehouses, fine churches, and elegant residences. By the canal between Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, there is steam navigation between Green Bay and the Mississippi River. Fort Howard, named from Gov. Benj. Howard, of Missouri, is on the west side of Fox River, on a commanding eminence. Population about 4,000.

About 1745, the *Sieur* AUGUSTIN DE LANGLADE, his son CHARLES, and probably some others, left Mackinaw and migrated to Green Bay, where they became the principal proprietors of the soil. They settled on the east side of Fox River, near its mouth, somewhat above and opposite the old French post, and on or near the site of the residence of Judge Arndt, at the upper end of Green Bay. At this time there appears to have been a small French garrison here, of whom Capt. De Velie was commander. Such was the influence of Charles De Langlade, that he was appointed, by Vaudreuil, the governor of Canada, to command the border forces of the French and Indians in the north-west, and it was by his management that the British were defeated and Gen. Braddock slain at Du Quesne, or Pittsburg, in 1755. Langlade was also at the capture of Fort William Henry, and also at the battle of Quebec, where Montcalm was killed. He received a pension from the British government, for his services in the American Revolution. He died at Green Bay, in Jan., 1800, at the age of 75, and was buried by the side of his father, in the cemetery at this place.

The Green Bay settlement, from its inception in 1745 to 1785, a period of forty years, made but little progress. Mr. Grignon, in his "Recollections," published by the State Historical Society, says, "in 1785, there were but seven families, who, with their *engages* and others, did not exceed fifty-six souls." In 1792, *Charles Reaume* arrived and took up his residence at the Bay. About this period others began to arrive, almost invariably from Canada. About the year 1812, the population amounted to nearly 250 persons. Previous to the advent of the Americans, in 1816, there were no schools. The earliest mill erected in the country was by Jacob Franks, about the year 1809. He first built a saw mill, then a grist mill, on Devil River, three miles east of Depere. Previous to this, grinding was done by hand mills. In the summer of 1816, a body of American troops were sent to Green Bay, in three schooners, where they arrived about the 16th of July. Grignon, in his *Recollections*, says:

"Col. Miller, the commander, the very day of his arrival, accompanied by Col

*Green Bay, which gives name to the town, is an arm of Lake Michigan, of about 100 miles in length, and from 10 to 15 in breadth. The name, *Green*, was given by the early explorers, and it is supposed, from this fact, that they must have visited it in the spring, and have found the vegetation of the shores of the bay far in advance of other parts of the country, as is now sometimes the case, the trees being clothed with young leaves, rich in the velvet green of spring, while far to the south, even as low as the latitude of the south end of Lake Huron, all nature is in the cold sombre hues of winter.

Chambers, Maj. Gratiot, Capt. Ben. O'Fallon, and other officers, visited Tomah at his village, less than half a mile distant. Col. Miller asked the consent of the Menomonees for the erection of a fort. Tomah said:

'My Brother! How can we oppose your locating a council-fire among us? You are too strong for us. Even if we wanted to oppose you, we have scarcely got powder and shot to make the attempt. One favor we ask is, that our French brothers shall not be disturbed or in any way molested. You can choose any place you please for your fort, and we shall not object.'

Col. Miller thanked him and his people for their friendly consent to his request, and added that he had some spare provisions, and supposed a little pork and flour would not hurt him, as they seemed to be scarce articles with the Indians, and invited him to call and get a supply. Some of the Indians prompted Tomah to ask their new father for a little *broth* also. Tomah expressed his thanks for Col. Miller's kind offers, and added that he and his people would be very glad to have, if possible, a little *broth* to use with the pork and flour. Col. Miller said, that although it was contrary to orders, he would take it upon himself to give them a little—enough for a dram apiece, and hoped they would be moderate in its use.

The people of Green Bay were generally well pleased with the advent of the Americans, a home market was furnished for their surplus provisions, and a new impetus was given to the settlement. Vessels now began to arrive with supplies for the garrison, and we began to experience the benefits and convenience of lake commerce and navigation."

We continue the history of Green Bay from the Recollections of Hon. Henry S. Baird. The article is valuable as a vivid description of the manners and customs of these early French settlers of Wisconsin:

In the month of July, 1824, I first landed upon the shores of the Fox River. In September following, I came with my wife from Mackinaw, having resided at the latter place for two years previously. My knowledge of the early history of the state commenced at that period, and has continued uninterrupted until the present time.

In 1824, Green Bay, as well as the entire country, presented a far different view from its present appearance. Old Fort Howard then occupied its present site. The grounds around it were used mostly for fields of grain and gardens. A portion of the present town of Fort Howard was used by the troops as a parade and drill ground. The garrison consisted of four companies of the third regiment of United States Infantry, and commanded by the late Gen. John McNeil, the brother-in-law of ex-President Pierce. The "settlement," so-called, extended from Fort Howard on the east, and from the premises now occupied by our venerable fellow-citizen, Judge Arndt, on the east side of Fox River, to the present village of Depere, then known as *Rapide des Peres*. The lands on either side of the river were divided into small farms, or more particularly known to the old settlers as "claims." These claims are limited in width, generally from two to seven arpents, or French acres, but what they lacked in width they made up in depth, being on the average eighty arpents, or about two and three quarter miles long, and contained from one hundred to six hundred and forty acres each. Like those at St. Louis, Kaskaskia, Detroit, Prairie du Chien and other early settlements, these claims were generally "squatted" upon by traders and early pioneers, but were subsequently, by a series of acts of congress, "confirmed" and granted to the occupants on certain conditions. Their peculiar shape of "all long and no wide," has often been a matter of wonder to the shrewd Yankees, who love to have their farms in a square form, and take it all in at one view. Many laugh at what they deem the folly and short-sightedness of the old settlers in thus limiting their locations. But when apprised of the reasons which induced this manner of location, they may cease to marvel. In my opinion, the reasons were two-fold: first, security against the hostile attacks to be apprehended from the native Indians, who were the sole occupants and proprietors of the country in the early years of its settlement by the traders, and whose passions were often inflamed by jealousy and hatred of the whites in their encroachments upon the soil and freedom of the original owners. It is evident that it would be much easier to repel attack by a speedy union of the whites thus

living in close proximity to each other, and concentrating their whole force and means of defense, at some eligible point of security, than it would have been if living in spots remote and scattered over a large extent of country. Another reason was, that in those days the traders or whites who settled in the country were not influenced by the same motive of cupidity that governs the "squatters" or "claimants" of the present day, in the desire to acquire large landed possessions. But few of those who came into the country at that early period, say about one hundred years ago, designed to make it their permanent abode. Their principal object was to traffic with the Indians, and to obtain the rich furs and peltries, with which this whole region then abounded. Agriculture and the cultivation of the soil were, with them, secondary considerations. But very small portions of the small tracts of land thus occupied by the adventurers were cultivated by them. Small patches of Indian corn, a few acres of potatoes or other vegetables, scattered here and there through the settlement, comprised the *farming* interest of the country; and it was not until the arrival of more enterprising and grasping settlers, the keen and speculating Americans (a class feared and hated by the former class), that these claims were considered of any value, or worth the trouble and expense of obtaining titles to them.

As before stated, the "settlement" at this place extended on both sides of the river from Fort Howard to Depere, a distance of about six miles, here and there interspersed with patches of timber, the cultivated land extending back from the river but a few acres. Beyond Depere, south or west, there was no white settlements for many years, except two or three families at the Grand Kaukauna, until we reached Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi River, and distant about 250 miles; where was a garrison of United States troops, and a few hundred inhabitants. All north, east or west of Green Bay was a dense forest, an unbroken wilderness, peopled only by the red man, and roamed by wild beasts. Depere, or rather "Rapide des Peres," is supposed to be the spot first located by the Jesuits or early missionaries, in or about the year 1671.* An old building, formerly occupied by these *Reverend Fathers*, was situated very near the spot on which now stands the new grist mill of Messrs. Wilcox & Wager. I frequently visited the spot, and the old foundation of the venerable edifice was visible for some time after I came here, and until, in cultivating the ground, the stones were removed or covered over. The trade and business of the settlement was principally carried on at what was then called by the unpretending and not very pleasing name of "Shanty Town." Three or four stores were located at this point, and together with the sutler store at Fort Howard, and two or three at other places in the settlement, supplied the wants of the community. In addition to the "regular merchants" were several fur traders, who carried on a regular traffic with the Indians; but these had no permanent places of trade here. In the autumn of each year, they received, either from Mackinaw (then the great depot and head-quarters of the American Fur Company), or from Canada, their "outfit" of goods and merchandise, consisting of articles adapted to the wants of the natives, and departed for their distant "wintering grounds," situated in the wilderness. The principal trading posts, at that period, in northern Wisconsin, were the following: Milwaukee, Sheboygan, and Manitowoc, on Lake Michigan; Menomonee River, Peshtigo and Oconto, on Green Bay; Fond du Lac, Calumet, and Oshkosh, on Winnebago Lake; Wolf River, Lake Shawano, and the Portage of the Fox and Wisconsin. At all of these points Indian villages were located, and it is a remarkable feature in the settlement of Wisconsin, that all or nearly all of the principal cities, towns and villages which now in all directions meet our view, were originally sites of Indian villages; showing that to the sagacity and foresight of the aborigines, rather than to the judgment and discrimination of the whites, are we indebted for the beautiful and eligible locations of the towns throughout the state.

These traders conveyed the goods, which, however, were not all *dry* goods, in boats called *batteaux*, being of light draught of water, and constructed so as to meet with the least opposition from the current in rapids or swift streams, or in

* The Mission of St. Francis Xavier, at DePere, was established in 1669: See *Jesuit Relations*, 1669-70; *Shea's Hist. Catholic Missions*; *Smith's Hist. Wisconsin*.

birch bark canoes, which latter were constructed by the Indians. The boat or canoe was manned, according to size and capacity, by a crew consisting of from four to ten Canadian *voyageurs*, or by half-bloods, their descendants. This class, which once occupied so prominent a position in the early recollections of the times, but which has now nearly disappeared from the country they were the first to visit, deserves a passing notice. The Canadian *voyageurs*, as the name indicates, came originally from Canada, principally from Quebec and Montreal. They were employed by the principal traders, under written contracts, executed in Canada, for a term of from three to five years—their wages from two hundred and fifty livres (fifty dollars) to seven hundred and fifty livres (one hundred and fifty dollars) per year, to which was added what was termed an "outfit," consisting of a Mackinaw blanket, two cotton shirts, a *capote* or loose sack coat, two pairs of coarse pants, shoes and socks, and some other small articles, including soap. Their food, when in the "wintering ground," consisted, for the greater portion of the time, of corn and tallow, occasionally enriched by a piece of fat pork—or venison and bear meat, when they happened to be plenty; yet with this spare and simple diet, they were healthy and always cheerful and happy. Their powers of endurance were astonishing. They would row or paddle all day, and when necessary would carry on their backs, suspended by a strap or band crossing their breast or forehead, large packs of furs or merchandise, weighing from one hundred to one hundred and thirty pounds, for whole days, and when night came, enjoyed their frugal meal and joined in merry jokes, recounted stories of their many hair-breadth escapes by "flood and forest," or perhaps joined in the dance to the music of the violin, if among their companions any were capable of "sawing sweet sounds." In the spring of the year, they returned to the settlements or principal trading-posts, to spend the summer months in comparative ease, and in the enjoyment of the pastimes and frolics they so highly prized. Always improvident, open-hearted and convivial, they saved nothing, nor thought of the wants of the future, but spent freely the whole of their hard-earned and scanty wages in a few weeks of their stay among their friends, and again returned in the fall to pass through the same routine of toil, hardship, and privation. Intermarriages frequently took place between them and the native women. These marriages were encouraged by the traders, as it not only increased the influence of the traders and their *engagees* over the Indians, but was the means of securing their trade, bound the men more closely to the country, and insured their continuance in the fur trade, with which they had then become familiar. The half-bloods were the descendants of the early *voyageurs*, and in character and manners closely resembled their sires.

The commerce of the country was carried on through the medium of a few sail vessels plying between this place and the ports on Lake Erie. These vessels were generally of from twenty-five to seventy tons burden. Occasionally, perhaps once or twice in the season of navigation, a steamer from Buffalo would look in upon us; but these were far different in structure and capacity from the splendid "floating palaces" which have visited our waters in later years. All kinds of provisions and supplies were brought here from Ohio and Michigan, and the inhabitants were solely dependent upon those states for everything like provisions, except a limited quantity of grain and vegetables raised by the miserable farmers of the country.

The buildings and improvements in the country were then few, and circumscribed within a narrow compass, and in a great degree partook of the unpretending and simple character of their occupants. Some constructed of rough or unhewn logs, covered with cedar bark, here and there a sprinkling of lodges or wigwams, formed by long poles stuck in the ground in a circular form, and brought together and united at the top by a cord, thus forming an inclosure perhaps twelve or fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and covered with large mats composed of a kind of reed or grass, called by the Indians "Puckaway." The mode of ingress and egress was by raising a smaller mat, covering an aperture left in the side for that purpose. Light was admitted from the top of the structure, through an opening which served as well to emit the smoke from the fire, which was made directly in the center of the habitation. These wigwams were sometimes occupied by families of the half-blood Canadians and Indians, sometimes by the natives.

The inhabitants of the settlement, exclusive of the native Indians, were mostly

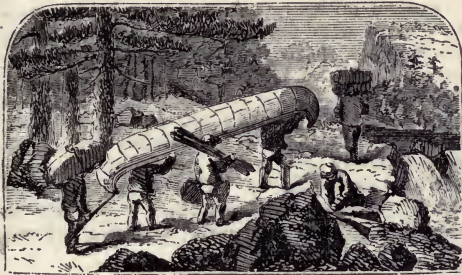
Canadian French, and those of mixed blood. There were, in 1824, at Green Bay, but six or eight resident American families, and the families of the officers stationed at Fort Howard, in number about the same. The character of the people was a compound of civilization and primitive simplicity—exhibiting the polite and lively characteristics of the French and the thoughtlessness and improvidence of the aborigines. Possessing the virtues of hospitality and the warmth of heart unknown to residents of cities, untrammelled by the etiquette and conventional rules of modern “high life,” they were ever ready to receive and entertain their friends, and more intent upon the enjoyment of the present than to lay up store or make provision for the future. With few wants, and contented and happy hearts, they found enjoyment in the merry dance, the sleigh-ride, and the exciting horse race, and doubtless experienced more true happiness and contentment than the plodding, calculating and money-seeking people of the present day. This was the character of the settlers who occupied this country before the arrival of the Yankees—a class now entirely extinct or lost sight of by the present population; but it is one which unites the present with the past, and for whom the “old settlers” entertain feelings of veneration and respect. They deserve to be remembered and placed on the pages of history as the first real *pioneers of Wisconsin*. Several of these persons have left descendants who still survive them; and the names of Lawe, Grignon, Juneau, Porlier, and others of that class, will survive and serve as memorials of the old race of settlers, long after the last of the present generation shall have been “gathered to their fathers.”

During the early years of my residence here, the *social circle*, although limited, was by no means insignificant. It was composed of the families of the garrison and the Americans, and several of the “old settlers.” If it was small, it was also united by the ties of friendship and good feeling. Free from the formalities and customs which are observed by the *ton* of the present day, we met to enjoy ourselves, more like members of one family than as strangers. The young people of that period (and all felt young then) would assemble on a few hours’ notice at the house of a neighbor, without form or ceremony. Young ladies were then expected to appear at an early hour in the evening, and not at the usual hour of retiring to rest, nor were they required to appear in either *court* or *fancy* dresses. The merry dance succeeded, and all enjoyed themselves until an early hour in the morning. One custom prevailed universally, among all classes, even extending to the Indians: that of devoting the holidays to festivity and amusement, but especially that of “calling” on New Year’s day. This custom was confined to no class in particular; all observed it; and many met on New Year who perhaps did not again meet till the next. All then shook hands and exchanged mutual good wishes—all old animosities were forgotten—all differences settled, and universal peace established. May this good old custom be long observed, and handed down to future generations as a memento of the good olden time. During the winter season, Green Bay was entirely insulated. Cut off from communication with all other parts of the civilized world, her inhabitants were left to their own resources for nearly half the year. Our mails were “few and far between,” sometimes but once a month—never more than twice, did we receive them, so that the *news* when received here was no longer *new*. The mails were carried on a man’s shoulders from Chicago to Green Bay, through the wilderness, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles, and could not contain a very great quantity of interesting reading matter. Under such circumstances it became necessary that we should devise some means to enliven our time, and we did so accordingly; and I look back upon those years as among the most agreeable in my life.

The country, at that early day, was destitute of roads or places of public entertainment—nothing but the path, or “Indian trail,” traversed the wide expanse of forest and prairie from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, and the travel by land was performed on foot or horseback; but there was then another mode of locomotion, very generally adopted by those who took long journeys—now become obsolete, and which would doubtless be laughed at by the present “fast going” generation—that of the Indian or bark canoe. I will not take time to describe the *vessel*, as most of you have doubtless seen such, and perhaps many, now present, have taken voyages in these frail *barks*. The canoe was used in all cases where com-

fort and expedition were desired. You may smile at the use of the terms "comfort and expedition," where the traveler sat cooped up all day in a space about four feet square, and at night encamped on the bank of the stream, cooked his own supper, and slept on the ground, with no covering but a tent and blanket, or, often times, nothing but the wide canopy of heaven—having, after a day of toil and labor by his crew, accomplished a journey of thirty to forty miles! But these journeys were not destitute of interest. The *voyageur* was enlivened by the merry song of his light-hearted and ever happy Canadian crew—his eye delighted by the constant varying scenery of the country through which he passed—at liberty to select a spot for his encampment, and to stop when fatigued with the day's travel—and, above all, free from care and from the fearful apprehensions of all modern travelers on railroads and steamboats, that of being blown up, burned, or drowned.

I can better illustrate this early mode of travel, by giving an account of a "party of pleasure," undertaken and accomplished by myself. In May, 1830, being obliged to go on the annual circuit to Prairie du Chien, to attend court, I concluded to make it a matter of pleasure as well as business. I accordingly obtained a good sized and substantial north-west bark canoe—about five fathoms, or thirty feet, in length, and five feet wide in the center—a good tent, or "markee," together with mattresses, blankets, bedding, mess basket, and all other things required as an "outfit" on such expeditions. The party consisted of my wife, self, two small children, two young ladies as companions, and a servant girl; my crew, of four Canadians—experienced men and good singers—and two Menomonee Indians, as bow and steersmen. The canoe was propelled both by oars and paddles.



THE PORTAGE.

The engraving represents a party of voyageurs carrying their bark canoe and packing their "plunder" over a portage. The term "portage" is applied to those points where the canoes are carried by land around rapids or other obstructions in a river, or from the head-waters of one stream to those of another, as between those of the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers.

We ascended the Fox River to Fort Winnebago, and descended the Wisconsin to the Mississippi, and thence up the latter four miles to Prairie du Chien. The voyage occupied eight or nine days in going, and about the same length of time in returning—during which the ladies "camped out" every night save two. They did all the cooking and household work; the former was no small item—for, with appetites sharpened by pure air and exercise, and with abundance of fresh venison, with fowl and fish, to satisfy them, the quantity of viands consumed by the party would have astonished modern epicures, and perhaps shock the delicate tastes of city belles. We frequently encamped early in the afternoon—at some spot which attracted our attention from its natural beauty, or romantic appearance—and strolled along the bank of the stream, plucking beautiful wild flowers, which abounded, or clambering up some high bluff or commanding headland, obtained a view of the surrounding country, and traced the meandering stream through its high banks, far in the distance. It was in the merry month of May, when the forest was clothed in its deepest verdure—the hills and prairies redolent with flowers, and the woods tenanted by melodious songsters. It was truly a "trip of pleasure" and enjoyment. Many trips for pleasure have been undertaken, where the parties may have experienced the refinements and accommodations, and enjoyed the luxuries to be found, in the present day, in old and long settled countries—but I believe few, if any, realized more true delight and satisfaction, than did this "Party of Pleasure in a Bark Canoe."

The present "State of Wisconsin," although formerly a part of the Territory of Michigan, was for many years rather an *appendage* than a component part of that

territory. In 1824, things had assumed a more orderly and regular character; justice was administered according to the established rules and practice of other states, and of the common law. But in the *subordinate*, or justices' courts, many singular incidents transpired.

I happened to be present at a trial which took place in a justice's court in Iowa county. The court was held in a small log school-house. The suit was brought to recover the amount of a note of hand. The defendant plead either payment or want of consideration—each party had employed counsel, and a jury of six were impaneled to try the issue. A witness was called and sworn. In the course of the examination, one of the counsel objected to some leading question put by the opposite side, or to some part of the witness' answer as improper testimony. The justice overruled the objection, and the witness proceeded; but ere long another objection similar to the first was made from the same side. On this second objection being made, the foreman of the jury, a large and portly individual, who bore the title of colonel, and, probably owing to his exalted military rank, was permitted to wear his hat during the trial, manifested a good deal of impatience, shown by fidgeting in his seat and whispering to his fellow jurors; but the justice again overruled the objection and told the witness to proceed. This he did for a short time, when he made a statement which was clearly irrelevant and contrary to every rule of evidence and common sense. The attorney who had so often and so unsuccessfully attempted to exclude this sort of evidence, could no longer silently submit—he again rose from his seat and most respectfully appealed to the court, protesting against such statements going to the jury as testimony. Thereupon the worthy foreman rose from *his* seat, and swore he would no longer sit there to hear the objections of that fellow. That he had taken an *oath as a juror*, to decide the case



Voyageur's Camp.

The day's toil ended, they rest from labor.

according to the evidence, and if he could not hear the whole story from the witness, he *should leave*. Accordingly he made several strides toward the door, when the justice rose from the bench, and approaching the juror, placed his hand upon the colonel's shoulder, and begged that he should return to his seat, promising that the troublesome attorney should not again interfere. After some persuasion, he consented to do so—at the same time, while pressing his hat more firmly upon his

head, he exclaimed, "Well, I'll try it once more, but — if I will stand any more of that fellow's nonsense." The attorney gave up in despair, and the opposite counsel had it all his own way.



South-western view of Madison.

Shows the appearance of the city, as seen from Washington-avenue, near the railroad station; the City Hall appears on the left; the Court House on the right; the Episcopal Church, State Capitol, the Baptist and Catholic Churches in the central part.

MADISON, the county seat of Dane county, and capital of Wisconsin, is 80 miles W. of Milwaukee, about 100 E. from Prairie du Chien, and 154 N.W. of Chicago. It is generally pronounced to possess the finest natural site of any inland town in the Union. It is situated on rising ground, an isthmus between Third and Fourth Lakes of the chain called Four Lakes. "On the northwest is Lake Mendota, nine miles long and six wide; on the east Lake Monona, five miles long and three wide. The city is celebrated for the beauty, health and pleasantness of its location; commanding, as it does, a view of nearly every characteristic of country peculiar to the west—the prairie, oak opening, mound, lake, and woodland. The surface of the ground is somewhat uneven, but in no place too abrupt for building purposes. The space between these lakes is a mile in width, rising gently as it leaves their banks to an altitude of about seventy feet, and is then alternately depressed and elevated, making the site of the city a series of gently undulating swells. On the most elevated ground is the state house, a fine structure of limestone, in the center of one of Nature's Parks of fifteen acres, overlooking the "Four Lakes" and the surrounding city. From this the streets diverge in every direction, with a gradual descent on all sides. To the west, about a mile distant, is the State University, in the midst of a park of 40 acres, crowning a beautiful eminence, 125 feet above the lake. This institution was founded in 1848, and has an annual income of \$30,000. On the south side of Lake Monona is a spacious Water-Cure establishment, surrounded by an extensive grove, and presenting a very striking appearance on approaching

the city. Around Madison, in every direction, is a well-cultivated, and beautiful undulating country, which is fast being occupied by pleasant homes."

Madison possesses many handsome buildings and several churches of a superior order. Beside the State University, it has other literary institutions, male and female, of the first order, about 20,000 volumes in its public libraries, and is generally regarded as the literary emporium of the state, being the point for the assemblage of conventions of all kinds, and a favorite resort for the literary and scientific men of Wisconsin. The town is a thriving business place, and has ample railroad connections with all parts of the country. Population, in 1860, 6,800.

The "STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF WISCONSIN," organized in Madison in 1849, is the most valuable and flourishing institution of the kind west of the Alleghanies. By an act, most honorable to this growing state, the sum of one thousand dollars annually has been granted to promote its objects. This society, although in its infancy, has already secured a most valuable collection of books and papers; also an interesting collection of original paintings of distinguished men, ancient relics, etc. The following article upon the history of Madison, is from the pen of Lyman C. Draper, Esq., Cor. Sec. Wisconsin Historical Society, a gentleman who has probably collected more original unpublished materials for western history, than any person living in this state or in any other:

"The site of Madison attracted the attention of Hon. James D. Doty, as early as 1832. In the spring of 1836, in company with Hon. S. T. Mason, of Detroit, he purchased the tract of land occupied by the present city. The first cost of this tract was about \$1,500. The territorial legislature which met at Belmont, Lafayette county, the next winter, passed an act locating the capital here, and John Catlin and Moses M. Strong staked out the center of the village in February of the same winter. In the mean time commissioners were appointed by the general government, to construct the capitol edifice: Messrs. James D. Doty, A. A. Bird, and John F. O'Neil, were the commissioners. Eben Peck was sent on with his family to erect a house, where the men employed in building the capitol might board and lodge, and was the first settler at Madison. He arrived on the 14th of April, in 1837, and put up a log house, which remains standing to this day, upon its original site, on block 107, Butler-street. This was, for about a year, the only public house in Madison.

On the 10th of June succeeding, A. A. Bird, the acting commissioner for constructing the capitol, accompanied by a party of thirty-six workmen, arrived. There was no road, at that time, from Milwaukie to the capital, and the party were compelled to make one for their teams and wagons as they came along. They left Milwaukie on the 1st of June, with four teams. It rained incessantly, the ground, drenched with water, was so soft that even with an ordinary road, their progress would have been slow, but when to this are added the obstructions of fallen trees, unbridged streams, hills whose steepness labor had not yet mitigated, and the devious course which they necessarily pursued, it is not surprising that ten days were spent in accomplishing a journey, which, since the advent of the iron horse into the Four Lake country, we are able to perform in a little more than three hours. They forded Rock River near the site of the present city of Watertown, and the Crawfish at Milford. The first glimpse they had of the sun during their journey was on the prairie, in this county, now known as the Sun Prairie—a name given it at the time, as a compliment to the luminary which beamed

forth so auspiciously and cheerfully on that occasion, and possibly to encourage Old Sol to persevere in well doing.

Among the party that came with Bird was Darwin Clark, Charles Bird, David Hyer, and John Pierce; the latter accompanied by his family, being the second settler with a family. On the same day that this party reached here, Simeon Mills, now a resident of Madison, and well known through the county, arrived from Chicago. John Catlin had been appointed postmaster, but was not here, and Mr. M. acted as his deputy. He erected a block building, fifteen feet square, and in this opened the postoffice and the first store in Madison. The building is yet extant, and at present stands in the rear of a blacksmith shop, and is used as a coal house. During the following month John Catlin arrived, and was the first member of the legal profession that settled in Madison. William N. Seymour, another old settler and well known citizen, came here the same season, and was the second lawyer in the place. The workmen upon the capitol proceeded at once to getting out stone and timber for that edifice, and, on the Fourth of July, the corner stone was laid, with due ceremony. Speeches were made on the occasion and toasts drunk, whether in cold water, or some stronger beverage, tradition does not mention.

The first framed building erected was a small office for the acting commissioner; the first framed dwelling was built by A. A. Bird. This still stands upon its original site, on the bank of Lake Monona, back of the Capital House. The boards used in these buildings were sawed by hand. A steam saw mill, to saw lumber for the capitol, was built during the latter part of the same season, on the shore of Lake Mendota, just below the termination of Pinkney-street. In the month of September, of the same year, John Stoner arrived, being the third settler with a family. A Methodist clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, the presiding elder of the territory, preached the first sermon delivered in Madison, during the same month. Four families, with their inmates and guests, constituted the entire population of Madison, and with two or three families at Blue Mounds, the whole population of Dane county during the winter of 1837-8. In the spring of 1838, Messrs. A. A. Bird, Simeon Mills, William A. Wheeler, and others, who spent the winter here, brought on their families and became permanent residents. During the summer the Madison Hotel was built, and the first session of the supreme court of the territory was held in July, in the sitting room. Judge Dunn, of Lafayette county, was then chief justice, with Judges Frazier and Irwin as associates. The work on the capitol went on somewhat slowly. On the 8th of November, the *Wisconsin Enquirer*, by J. A. Noonan, made its appearance, being the pioneer paper at the capital.

The resident population of Madison, the second winter, was about one hundred souls. The first female child born in Madison was Wisconsinia Peck, born in the fall of 1837; the first male child was Madison Stoner, born in 1838. Dr. Almon Lull, the first physician, settled here during the same year.

The *Wisconsin Enquirer* of May 25, 1839, contains an article respecting Dane county, in which the population of the county is estimated at over three hundred, more than half of whom resided in Madison. This was, doubtless, too high an estimate, as the population by the census of 1840 was but 314. The village then contained two stores, three public houses, three groceries, and one steam mill—in all, thirty-five buildings. The same article states that prices had ranged during the year then past as follows: corn, \$1 25

per bushel; oats, 75 cents; potatoes, \$1 00; butter, 37½ to 62½ cents; eggs, 37½ to 75 cents per dozen; pork and beef, from 7 to 12 cents per pound. The anniversary of our national independence was celebrated in due style, for the first time in Madison, this season. John Catlin, Esq., was president of the day; A. A. Bird and Simeon Mills, vice presidents. The Declaration was read by Geo. P. Delaplaine, and the oration pronounced by William T. Sterling. Hon. E. Brigham acted as marshal.

For a number of years the growth of the village was slow. Immediately after the location of the capital, all the lands in the vicinity were entered by speculators, and lots and land were held at a prospective value. The location being at a central point between the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, the advancing army of immigrants, on either hand, found a wide, fertile and beautiful extent of country, at that time nearer market, and therefore holding out superior attractions to the agriculturist. They did not consequently care to indulge the speculator's appetite for fancy prices. This condition of affairs continued until 1848. In the meantime the fertile valley of Rock River had been filled with settlers, and immigration began to turn into Dane county, which possesses a soil as bountiful and a surface of country as attractive as any county in the state, but which, before it was tapped by railroads, was too far from market to render agriculture remunerative.

The beginning of the real prosperity and growth of Madison commenced with the admission of the state into the Union, in 1848. The constitutional convention then permanently located the capital here; until that time there had been fears of its removal, and capitalists had hesitated to invest their money in the vicinity. Since that period its progress in wealth and population has been rapid and constant.

In 1847, L. J. Farwell, of Milwaukee, attracted by the beauty of the location, and foreseeing its advantages as the natural business center of the interior, the point of convergence of the principal lines of travel, and the capital of the state, made an extensive purchase of real estate, comprising a portion of the village plat and of lands lying adjacent, which included the unimproved water power between Lakes Monona and Mendota. To the active enterprise, the liberal policy, and the public spirit of this gentleman, Madison is largely indebted for her present prosperity and growing greatness."

We conclude this sketch of Madison with Child's account of the first session of the territorial legislature in the place, which met Nov. 26, 1838:

The new capitol edifice was not yet in a suitable condition to receive the legislature; so we had to assemble in the basement of the old American House, where Gov. Dodge delivered his first message at the new seat of government. We adjourned from day to day, until we could get into the new capitol building. At length we took possession of the new Assembly Hall. The floors were laid with green oak boards, full of ice; the walls of the room were iced over; green oak seats, and desks made of rough boards; one fire-place and one small stove. In a few days the flooring near the stove and fire-place so shrunk on account of the heat, that a person could run his hands between the boards. The basement story was all open, and James Morrison's large drove of hogs had taken possession; they were awfully poor, and it would have taken two of them, standing side by side, to have made a decent shadow on a bright day. We had a great many smart members in the house, and sometimes they spoke for Buncombe. When members of this ilk would become too tedious, I would take a long pole, go at the hogs, and stir them up; when they would raise a young pandemonium for noise and confusion. The speaker's voice would become completely drowned, and he would be compelled to stop, not, however, without giving his squealing disturbers a sample of his swearing ability.

The weather was cold; the halls were cold, our ink would freeze, everything froze—so when we could stand it no longer, we passed a joint resolution to adjourn for twenty days. I was appointed by the two houses to procure carpeting for both halls during the recess; I bought all I could find in the territory, and brought it to Madison, and put it down after covering the floor with a thick coating of hay. After this, we were more comfortable. The American Hotel was the only public house in Madison, except that Mr. Peck kept a few boarders in his old log house, which was still standing not long since. We used to have tall times in those days—times long to be remembered. The Forty Thieves were then in their infancy; stealing was carried on in a small way. Occasionally a bill would be fairly stolen through the legislature; and the territory would get gouged a little now and then.



The Four Lakes.

The "FOUR LAKES," in the midst of which Madison is so beautifully placed, is a striking feature of the country, which is called the "garden spot" of Wisconsin. The land around them is undulating, and consists mostly of prairies and "oak openings," bearing in some respects a resemblance to English park scenery. Fourth Lake, or Lake Mendota, is the largest of the chain, and from 50 to 70 feet deep. It is navigable for small steamers. "The land around this lake rises gradually from its margin, and forms, in the distance, the most beautiful elevations, the slopes of which are studded with clumps of woods, and groves of trees, forming the most charming natural scenery. The water of all these lakes, coming from springs, is cold and clear to a remarkable degree. For the most part, their shores are made of a fine gravel shingle; and their bottoms, which are visible at a great depth, are composed of white sand, interspersed with granite boulders. Their banks, with few exceptions, are bold. A jaunt around them affords almost every variety of scenery—bold escarpments and overhanging bluffs, elevated peaks, and gently sloping shores, with graceful swells or intervals, affording magnificent views of the distant prairies and openings; they abound in fish of a great variety, and innumerable water-fowl sport upon the surface. Persons desiring to settle in pleasant locations, with magnificent water views and wood-

land scenery, may find hundreds of unoccupied places of unsurpassed beauty upon and near their margins."

The term "Four Lake Country," is applied to Dane county, in which these lakes are situated. This county contains about 1,250 square miles, nearly equal to the entire state of Rhode Island, which has 1,300 square miles. Only one sixth of the land is yet settled, and all is susceptible of culture. "Were Dane county as thickly settled as the French departments of Rhone, Nord, and Lower Rhine, it would sustain a population of 700,000 souls."

The first permanent American settler, within the limits of Dane county, was Ebenezer Brigham, of Blue Mounds. "He journeyed from Massachusetts to St. Louis in 1818; thence, in the spring of 1828, he removed to Blue Mounds, the most advanced outpost in the mines, and has resided there ever since, being, by four years at least, the oldest white settler in the county. The isolated position he thus settled upon will be apparent from the statement of a few facts. The nearest settler was at what is now Dodgeville, about twenty miles distant. Mineral Point, and most of the other diggings, where villages have since grown up, had not then been discovered. On the south-east, the nearest house was on the O'Plaine River, twelve miles west of Chicago. On the east, Solomon Juneau was his nearest neighbor, at the mouth of the Milwaukee River; and on the north-east, Green Bay was the nearest settlement—Fort Winnebago not then being projected. The country at this time was part of Michigan Territory.

For several years after his coming the savages were sole lords of the soil. A large Indian village stood near the mouth of Token creek; another stood on the ridge between the Second and Third Lakes, in plain view of Madison; and their wigwams were scattered all along the streams, the remnants of their gardens, etc., being still visible. Then there was not a civilized village in the state of any considerable size. When the capital was located, he was the nearest settler to it—twenty-four miles distant! He stood on the ground before its selection as the seat of government was thought of, and from the enchanting beauty of the spot, predicted that a village would be built there."

Watertown, Jefferson county, is finely situated on both sides of Rock River, on the Fond du Lac and Rock River Railroad, 40 miles easterly from Madison, at the great bend of the river, at the foot of Johnson's Rapids, where a dam across the river creates a great water power, which is extensively used for manufacturing purposes. It was settled in 1836, and has had a rapid growth. Population, in 1860, 5,800.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, the county seat of Crawford county, stands upon the left bank of the Mississippi, at the terminus of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, about three miles above the mouth of Wisconsin River, 96 miles W. of Madison, 192 from Milwaukee, 529 above St. Louis, and 296 below the Falls of St. Anthony. "It is beautifully situated on a dry alluvial prairie, about six miles in length along the river, by two miles wide. The southern and widest portion of the prairie is gently undulating, and so high above the river as never to be subject to inundation, and it is one of the best sites for a town on the river. The water is deep, affording natural and spacious harbors. On the opposite side of the river the bluffs rise directly from the water, are covered with a thick growth of forest trees, and are only broken by ravines, which afford roadways into the country west from the river. There is no room for any considerable town to be built on the river elsewhere, nearer than Dubuque, seventy miles south of this place, and for a distance of nearly one hundred miles north, on account of the high bluffs which rise, like the highlands of the Hudson, from the water's edge. Prairie

du Chien can never have a competitor for the western trade between those limits."

There are two landings here, one at the terminus of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, on the slough around the eastern side of an island in the Mississippi, the other, McGregor's landing, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles northward of



South-western view of Fort Crawford, at Prairie du Chien.

The Hospital is situated on the right. The high grounds seen back from the fort, with the horizontal ranges of stone cropping out from the surface, is characteristic of the appearance of the bluffs on this side of the Mississippi.

the railroad depot. *Fort Crawford*, now occupied by several laborers and their families, is delightfully situated on a gentle elevation of the prairie, about half a mile from the shore. Water is obtained within the walls of the fort from a well 65 feet deep. Population is about 5,000.

According to tradition, *Prairie du Chien* was named from an Indian chief by the name of *Chien*, or *Dog*, who had a village on the prairie, near where *Fort Crawford* now stands—*Chien*, or *Dog*, is a favorite name among the Indians of the north-west. About the year 1737, the French established a trading post at this place, and built a stockade around their dwellings to protect them from the Indians, and from that day to modern times it continued to be a trading and military post, though occasionally a worn out *voyageur* got married and settled down upon the spot. The land at this point was not purchased from the Indians, and none surveyed except the private claims on the prairie, for many years after the government took possession of it as a military post. There were not, until 1835, any Americans that emigrated to the prairie for settlement.

In 1819, Lewis Cass, the governor of Michigan Territory, sent blank commissions for the different officers of the counties, to be filled up by the inhabitants. These were taken by Lieut. Col. Leavenworth, then on his way, with the fifth regiment, to occupy *Fort Crawford* and *Armstrong*, and to build a fort at the mouth of *St. Peters*. Two companies of this regiment, under Maj. Muhlenberg, were detached to *Prairie du Chien*. Soon after receiving the blank commissions, the principal inhabitants assembled at the house of Nicholas Boilvin, and appointed John W. Johnson, U. S. factor, as chief justice of the county court; Wilfred Owens, judge of probate; N. Boilvin, J. W. Johnson, and James H. Lockwood, justices of the peace; J. S. Findley, clerk; J. P. Gates, register; and Thomas McNair, sheriff.

The following extracts are copied from vol. 2 of the "Collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin," from an article entitled "*Early Times and Events in Wisconsin*," by Hon. James H. Lockwood:

"In the year 1820-'21, the county authorities of Crawford erected a jail in the old village of Prairie du Chien, in the rear of village lot No. 17 of that village, made of hewn oak logs of about one foot square; the house was 25 by 16 feet, and divided by the same kind of logs into a debtors' and criminals' apartments.

There is a tract of land nearly opposite the old village of Prairie du Chien in Iowa, which was granted by the Spanish lieut. governor of Louisiana to one Basil Girard, and running through it was a small stream or brook, usually called Girard's creek; but, in 1823, the commandant of Fort Crawford had a body of men detailed to cultivate a public garden on the old farm of Girard, on said creek, and Martin Scott, then a lieutenant of the fifth infantry, and stationed at Fort Crawford, was directed to superintend the party. Fond of shooting, and a great shot generally, he took his dogs and gun every morning, got into his little hunting canoe, and spent the day in shooting woodcocks which were plenty in the marshes about there, and returning in the evening would boast of the number that had bled that day. After a while he gave the creek the name of *Bloody Run*, which name it still bears. The name generally suggests to strangers the idea of some bloody battle having been fought there, and I have been frequently questioned as to the tradition relative to it, and a few years since the editor of our village paper had somewhere picked up the same romantic idea, and published a long traditionary account of a bloody battle pretended to have been fought there years ago. But the creek is indebted for its name to the hunting exploits of Major Martin Scott, when a lieutenant, and stationed at Fort Crawford.

On the 16th of September, 1816, I arrived at Prairie du Chien. a traders' village of between twenty-five and thirty houses, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, on what, in high water, is an island. The houses were built by planting posts upright in the ground with grooves in them, so that the sides could be filled in with split timber or round poles, and then plastered over with clay, and white-washed with a white earth found in the vicinity, and then covered with bark, or clapboards riven from oak.

The village, now called the old village of Prairie du Chien, was designated by Lyons as the main village, as it was so at the time he surveyed the private land claims of Prairie du Chien.

There were on the prairie about forty farms cultivated along under the bluffs, where the soil was first rate, and inclosed in one common field, and the boundaries generally between them marked by a road that afforded them ingress and egress to their fields; the plantations running from the bluffs to the Mississippi, or to the slough of St. Freole, and from three to five arpents wide. The owners did not generally live immediately on their farms, but clustered together in little villages near their front, and were much the same description of inhabitants as those of Green Bay, except that there were a number of families of French extraction, entirely unmixed with the natives, who came from the French villages of Illinois. The farmers' wives instead of being of the Indian tribes about, were generally of the mixed blood. They were living in Arcadian simplicity, spending a great part of their time in fishing, hunting, horse racing or trotting, or in dancing and drinking. They had little or no ambition for progress and improvement, or in any way bettering their condition, provided their necessities were supplied, and they

could often collect together and dance and frolic. With these wants gratified, they were perfectly satisfied to continue the same routine and habits of their forefathers before them. They had no aristocracy among them except the traders, who were regarded as a privileged class.

It was said, that about 1809 or 1810, a trader, an Irishman by birth, of the name of Campbell, was appointed by the U. S. government sub-Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, and by the governor of the Territory of Illinois a justice of the peace. The currency of Prairie du Chien was at that time flour, and Campbell charged for *celebrating* the rites of matrimony 100 pounds of flour, and for *dissolving* it 200 pounds, alleging that when people wanted to *get unmarried*, they would willingly *give double* what they would originally to form the matrimonial connection.

In speaking of the courts of justice of the country, and of their county seats, Mr. Brisbois related to me, that sometime previous to the war of 1812, he and Mr. Campbell had a dispute about a heifer that was worth at the time perhaps eight dollars; and as each believed it to be his property, they applied to the lawyer at Cahokia to assist them in finding out who was the real owner. The mode of traveling in those days was in a canoe, manned with six or eight men to paddle, and taking with them some flour, tea, and sugar for the Burgeois; and some hulled corn and deer tallow, enough to season the soup, for the men, depending upon shooting game by the way, or buying wild fowl or venison from the Indians. The parties litigant were obliged to take their witnesses with them, paying them for their time and expenses, from their departure until their return home. The parties were also obliged to take a bundle of beaver skins, and dispose of them at St. Louis to pay the expenses of lawyers, etc.; and the lawyers, as usual, were disposed to oblige the parties by putting over the case from time to time, and the parties continued the suit in this manner until it had cost them about fifteen hundred dollars each, when they took it out of court and settled it. But which retained the heifer, if I ever heard, I do not now recollect.

The *coutume de Paris* so far prevailed in this country generally, that a part of the ceremony of marriage was the entering into a contract in writing, generally giving, if no issue, the property to the survivor; and if they desired to be divorced, they went together before the magistrate, and made known their wishes, and he, in their presence, tore up the marriage contract, and according to the custom of the country, they were then divorced. I was once present at Judge Abbott's at Mackinaw, when a couple presented themselves before him, and were divorced in this manner. When the laws of Michigan were first introduced at Prairie du Chien, it was with difficulty that the justice of the peace could persuade them that a written contract was not necessary, and some of them believed that because the contract of marriage gave the property to the survivor, that they were not obliged to pay the debts which the deceased owed at the time of his death.

There was an instance of this at Prairie du Chien. A man by the name of Jean Marie Quen (de Lamouche), who had been married by contract, died without issue, leaving a widow, some personal property, and a good farm, but was indebted to Joseph Rolette about \$300, which his widow refused to pay, alleging that the contract of marriage gave her all the property; nor could she be convinced to the contrary, until I had brought a suit against her and obtained a judgment."

"In speaking of the early settlers, and their marriage connections, I should perhaps explain a little. In the absence of religious instructions, and it becoming so

common to see the Indians use so little ceremony about marriage, the idea of a verbal matrimonial contract became familiar to the early French settlers, and they generally believed that such a contract was valid without any other ceremony. Many of the women, married in this way, believed, in their simplicity and ignorance, that they were as lawfully the wives of the men they lived with, as though they had been married with all the ceremony and solemnity possible. A woman of Prairie du Chien, respectable in her class, told me that she was attending a ball in the place, and that a trader, who resided on the Lower Mississippi, had his canoe loaded to leave as soon as the ball was over, proposed to marry her; and as he was a trader and ranked above her, she was pleased with the offer, and as his canoe was waiting, he would not delay for further ceremony. She stepped from the ball-room on board his canoe, and went with him down the Mississippi, and they lived together three or four years, and she had two children by him. She assured me that she then believed herself as much the wife of this man as if she had been married with all the ceremony of the most civilized communities, and was not convinced to the contrary, until he unfeelingly abandoned her and married another; and from her manner of relating it, I believed her sincere."

The traders in the British interest, in the war of 1812, resorted to Mackinaw as their head-quarters. In order to obtain the whole control of the Indian trade, they fitted out an expedition under Col. McKay, consisting of three or four companies of Canadians, commanded by traders and officered by their clerks, all in red coats, with a body of Indians. Having made a secret march, they arrived on the prairie without being expected. Making a formidable show, and the Americans being out of ammunition and provisions, they surrendered, and the British kept possession during the war.

"In the spring of 1817, a Roman Catholic priest from St. Louis, called Pere Priere, visited Prairie du Chien. He was the first that had been there for many years, and perhaps since the settlement, and organized a Roman Catholic Church, and disturbed some of the domestic arrangements of the inhabitants. He found several women who had left their husbands and were living with other men; these he made by the terror of his church to return and ask pardon of their husbands, and to be taken back by them, which they of course could not refuse.

Brevet General Smyth, the colonel of the rifle regiment, who came to Prairie du Chien to erect Fort Crawford, in 1816, had arrived in June, and selected the mound where the stockade had been built, and the ground in front, to include the most thickly inhabited part of the village. The ground thus selected encroached upon the ancient burying ground of the prairie, so that the inhabitants were obliged to remove their dead to another place.

During the winter of 1816, or early in the spring of 1817, Lieut. Col. Talbot Chambers arrived at Fort Crawford, and assumed the command, and the houses in the village being an obstruction to the garrison, in the spring of 1817, he ordered those houses in front and about the fort to be taken down by their owners, and removed to the lower end of the village, where he pretended to give them lots."

"When I first came to the country, it was the practice of the old traders and interpreters to call any inferior article of goods American, and to speak to the Indians in a contemptuous manner of the Americans and their goods, and the goods which they brought into the country but too generally warranted this reproach. But after Mr. Astor had purchased out the South-west Company and established the American Fur Company, he succeeded in getting suitable kinds of goods for the Indians, except at first the North-west Indian gun. He attempted to introduce an imitation of them, manufactured in Holland, but it did not succeed, as the Indians soon detected the difference.

At that time there were generally collected at Prairie du Chien, by the traders and U. S. factors, about three hundred packs of one hundred pounds each of furs and peltries, mostly fine furs. Of the different Indian tribes that visited and traded more or less at Prairie du Chien, there were the Menomonees, from Green Bay, who frequently wintered on the Mississippi; the Chippewas, who resided on the head waters of the Chippewa and Black Rivers; the Foxes, who had a large village

where Cassville now stands, called Penah, *i. e.* Turkey; the Sauks, who resided about Galena and Dubuque; the Winnebagoes, who resided on the Wisconsin River; the Iowas, who then had a village on the Upper Iowa River; Wabashaw's band of Sioux, who resided on a beautiful prairie on the Iowa side of the Mississippi, about one hundred and twenty miles above Prairie du Chien, with occasionally a Kickapoo and Pottawatomie.

The Sauks and Foxes brought from Galena a considerable quantity of lead, molded in the earth, in bars about two feet long, and from six to eight inches wide, and from two to four inches thick, being something of an oval form, and thickest in the middle, and generally thinning to the edge, and weighing from thirty to forty pounds. It was not an uncommon thing to see a Fox Indian arrive at Prairie du Chien, with a hand sled, loaded with twenty or thirty wild turkies for sale, as they were very plenty about Cassville, and occasionally there were some killed opposite Prairie du Chien."

"In the year 1828, Gen. Joseph M. Street was appointed Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, and arrived alone in the fall of that year to assume the duties of his office; and, in the winter, returned to Illinois, and brought his family to Prairie du Chien in the spring of the following year, being the first family who settled in Prairie du Chien that made a profession of the Protestant faith of any of the different sects."

"In 1830, the present Fort Crawford was commenced, and in 1831, it was occupied with a part of the troops, leaving the sick in the old hospital, and the surgeon in the old fort. The fort, I think, was finished in 1832. In 1833, the authorities of Crawford county concluded to build a court house and jail, and commenced raising funds by increasing the taxes; and, in 1836, constructed a stone building of sufficient size to have on the ground floor a room each for criminals and debtors, and two rooms for the jailer, with a court room and two jury rooms on the second floor. The taxable inhabitants then in the county were confined to the prairie. We were then attached to Michigan Territory, and so well were our county affairs managed, that the taxes were not raised more than five mills on a dollar to pay for this improvement; and this was the first court house erected in Wisconsin."

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in a small graveyard, in a grove of locust trees, a short distance north of Fort Crawford:

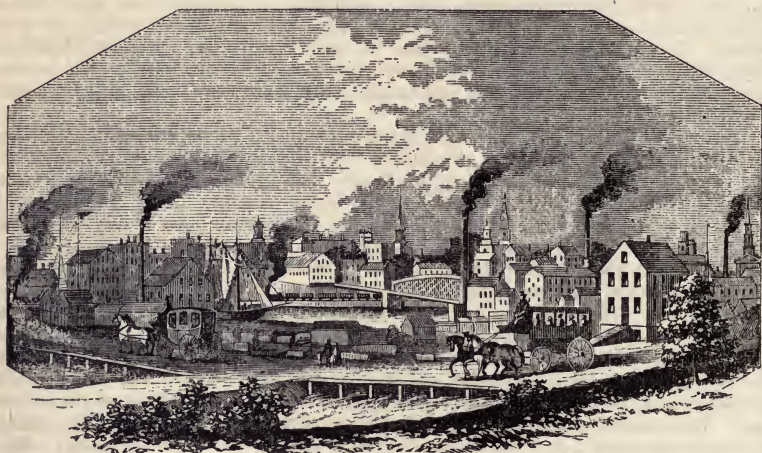
Sacred to the memory of CAPT. EDGAR M. LACY, 5th Reg. U. S. Inf., who died at Fort Crawford, April 2, 1839, aged 33 years. He awaits the last REVIEW. Erected by the 5th Infantry.

Sacred to the memory of WILLOUGHBY MORGAN, Col. 1st Infy, U. S. Army, who died at Fort Crawford, April 4, 1832. Erected by the 5th Infantry.

RACINE is on the W. shore of Lake Michigan, at the mouth of Root River, 73 miles E.S.E. from Madison, 23 S.E. from Milwaukie, and 62 N. from Chicago. The Chicago and Milwaukie Railroad, connecting with the Racine and Mississippi Railroad, here opens a vast extent of prairie country to its trade. The outlet of Root River at this place gives it great commercial advantages; the average width in the city being 230 feet, and for more than half a mile it is 12 feet deep. Lake Michigan is 70 miles wide opposite Racine; the harbor is one of the most commodious on the entire chain of lakes. The city is finely located upon the high banks of the lake and river. Its broad, straight, and beautifully shaded avenues extend along the lake for miles. It contains several splendid buildings, 18 churches, among which are 4 German, 3 Welsh, and 1 Scandinavian; 4 newspapers are published here. Population, in 1840, 300; in 1850, 5,111; in 1860, 7,600.

The Racine College buildings are located in a delightful grove, overlooking a lake front of uncommon beauty. The college was founded by the city

zens of Racine, under the patronage of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Wisconsin, at the instance of the Rt. Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D. The site on which the college stands, comprising ten acres of valuable land, was given by Charles S. and Truman G. Wright. The college was incorporated in 1852. The first Episcopal clergyman who preached in Racine was Rev. Lemuel B. Hull, of Milwaukee, in the spring of 1840.



Northern view of Racine.

The above shows the appearance of the central part of Racine, as entered from the west. The swing bridge over Root River is in the central part. The eastern terminus of the Racine and Mississippi Railroad appears on the left. The lake is a few rods beyond the buildings in the distance.

In 1834, Antoine Ouilmette came, with his Indian family, from Grosse Point, and located himself one mile from Racine. In November, of the same year, the east fractional half of section 9, was claimed by Capt. Knapp, of Racine. G. S. Hubbard, of Chicago, and J. A. Barker, of Buffalo, surveyed and laid out lots in 1836. The Root River postoffice was established in the same year, but discontinued in May, and the Racine postoffice established, Dr. B. B. Carey postmaster. The first regular inhabitants located themselves near the mouth of the river. The first house of worship was erected by the Presbyterians, on Wisconsin-street, and in a building lately used as a school house. The Rev. Mr. Foot was the first minister. The first school is believed to have been at the foot of Main-street, near the river.

Kenosha, the county seat of Kenosha, the most southern lake port of Wisconsin, is on the W. shore of Lake Michigan, 10 miles S. of Racine. It has a good harbor and piers. It commands the trade of one of the finest farming districts of the west. Two small creeks empty into the lake, one above, the other below the port. Population is about 4,000.

Kenosha was known at first by the name of *Pike River*. In 1841, it was incorporated a village by the name of Southport; when incorporated a city, in 1850, it received the name of *Kenosha*, the Indian word for *Pike*. In Feb., 1835, a company was organized in Hannibal, Oswego county, N. Y., under the name of the "Western Emigration Society," for the purpose of procuring a town site and effecting a settlement on the new lands of the west. An ex-

ploring committee being appointed, they proceeded to the west, and on the 6th of June arrived at Pike Creek, where they selected a site for settlement. As soon as the news of the selection reached Oswego county, about fifteen families, mostly from the town of Hannibal, came on during the summer and fall of 1835. "Eight families, members of the company, settled at Pike Creek, viz: David Doolittle, Waters Towslee, I. G. Wilson, Hudson Bacon, David Crossit, Amos Grattan, Samuel Resique, and Michael Van De Bogart. These, with the members of their households, thirty-two persons in all, comprised the population of Pike Creek during the first winter of its settlement. Their habitations were rude shanties, built of logs and covered with bark. N. R. Allen and John Bullen erected a frame building in the fall of 1835, being the first frame building in the place; this building, however, was not completed until the following year; it was located on the lake shore, near the south pier of the harbor."

Janesville, capital of Rock county, is on both sides of Rock River, 45 miles S.E. of Madison, at the intersection of the Milwaukie and Mississippi with the Fond du Lac and Rock River Railroad. It is one of the most important cities in the state, and is built principally on a level plain between the river and the bluffs, which are about 100 feet high. It has several large mills, for which the falls of the river at this point afford excellent sites. It is the center of an active and increasing trade. It was settled about the year 1836, and incorporated a city in 1853. It has 8 churches, the State Institution for the Blind, and, in 1860, 7,500 inhabitants.

Beloit, a few miles below Janesville, in Rock county, on the railroad from Chicago to Madison, near the Illinois state line, is also on Rock River, which affords power for manufactories and mills of every description. The town was incorporated in 1845, and is adorned with fine churches and dwellings, spacious streets, and is the seat of that well known and popular institution, Beloit College. Population about 5,000.

Mineral Point, the capital of Iowa county, is 47 miles W. S.W. of Madison, and 40 from Galena, Illinois. It stands on a point of land between two small streams, and is in the heart of the rich lead region. Immense quantities of lead are exported from this place, which is a point of active business, and has about 3,000 inhabitants. The following places in this section, are also connected with mining operations: Dodgeville, Platteville, Hazel Green, Lancaster, Highland, Mifflin and Potosi. The last named, Potosi, is on Grant River, near its mouth, 15 miles above Dubuque, and is the principal mineral depot of Wisconsin, large quantities of lead being shipped from here in steamboats. Cassville, 28 miles above Dubuque, on the Mississippi, is another important shipping point for lead.

This whole region is rich in lead, and numerous smelting furnaces are in operation. Many *lodes* of mineral have been worked that have produced \$100,000 clear of all expenses. The price of mineral in 1838 averaged about \$30 per 1,000 lbs. It has been sold as high as \$40, and as low as \$6. These fluctuations are not frequent, and a fair estimate may be made that mineral will not, for any length of time, be less than \$25.

The great lead region of the north-west lies principally in this state, including, in Wisconsin, 62 townships of its south-western corner, about 10 in the north-western corner of Illinois, and about 8 in Iowa. Dr. Owen, in his Report of the Geology of Wisconsin, says:

"This lead region is, in general, well watered; namely, by the Pekatonica, Apple, Fever, Platte and Grand Rivers, the head-waters of the Blue River and Sugar

Creek: all these streams being tributaries of the Mississippi. The northern boundary of the Wisconsin lead region is nearly coincident with the southern boundary line of the blue limestone, where it fairly emerges to the surface. No discoveries of any importance have been made after reaching that formation; and when a mine is sunk through the cliff limestone to the blue limestone beneath, the lodes of lead shrink into insignificance, and no longer return to the miner a profitable reward for his labor.

All the valuable deposits of lead ore, which have as yet been discovered, occur either in fissures or rents in the cliff rock, or else are found imbedded in the recent deposits which overlie these rocks. These fissures vary in thickness from a wafer to even fifty feet; and many of them extend to a very great, and at present unknown depth. Upon the whole, a review of the resources and capabilities of this lead region, taken in connection with its statistics (in so far as it was possible to collect these), induces me to say, with confidence, that ten thousand miners could find profitable employment within its confines. If we suppose each of these to raise daily one hundred and fifty pounds of ore, during six months of each year only, they would produce annually upward of one hundred and fifty millions pounds of lead—more than is now furnished by the entire mines of Europe, those of Great Britain included. This estimate, founded upon reasonable data, presents in a striking point of view, the intrinsic value and commercial importance of the country upon which I am reporting—emphatically the lead region of northern America. It is, so far as my reading or experience extends, decidedly the richest in the known world."

In the Reports of the State Historical Society, Mr. Stephen Taylor has given some interesting items upon the origin of lead mining by the first settlers of the country, with a sketch of the state of society among the early miners. Says he:

"For some time prior to the settlement of the lead mines, the miners, under the regulations of the war department, were licensed to explore and occupy the mineral lands in that region, though in consequence of the hostility of the Indians to the explorations and encroachments of the whites, they seldom ventured far beyond that protection which numerical strength and the defensive organizations near Galena secured.

It was in the autumn of 1827, upon the cessation of the Winnebago disturbances, that the more daring and enterprising, prompted by the hope of discovering vast mineral treasures, the existence of which over a wide extent of territory, the many flattering accounts had so truthfully pictured, banded together in well armed squads, overrun the country *prospecting* in all directions. They were usually, in those times, governed by certain surface indications, the most infallible of which were the old Indian diggings, which were found in almost every direction, and their locations were marked by the many small aspen groves or patches indigenous to the upturned clay of the prairies in the lead region. By the rude and superficial mode of excavation by the red men, much mineral remained in the diggings, as well as among the rubbish; mining in these old burrows, therefore, not only at once justified the labor, but frequently led to the discovery of productive mines. 'Gravel mineral,' carbonized so as to be scarcely distinguished from water-worn pebbles, and occasionally lumps weighing several pounds, were exciting evidences of the existence of larger bodies upon the highlands in the vicinity. The *amorpha canescens*, or 'masonic weed,' peculiar to the whole country, when found in a cluster of rank growth, also attracted the attention of the Indian as well as the more experienced miner, as it was supposed to indicate great depth of clay or the existence of crevices in the rock beneath. By such means were the mineral resources of Wisconsin explored and developed, and thus was the manner of the discovery of the productive mines at *Mineral Point*—a piece of land elevated about two hundred feet, narrowing and descending to a point, situated in the midst of a valley, as it were—a ravine bounding the same both eastward and westward, through which tributaries of the Pekatonica River flow, uniting in a wider valley to the southward. It was upon *this point* that the 'leads were struck,' the fame of which spread, and so quickly became the center of attraction, the miners flocking to them

from every quarter. It was customary, upon the discovery of new diggings, to distinguish them by some appellation, so this locality, on account of its peculiar position and shape, was formerly called 'Mineral Point,' and hence the name of the present village, the nucleus of which was formed by the erection of a few log cabins, and huts built with square cut sods, covered in with poles, prairie grass and earth. These very comfortable though temporary shelters were located in the vicinity of the intersection of what are now called Commerce and High-streets, at the margin of the westerly ravine, and in view from the diggings on the *point*.

Females, in consequence of the dangers and privations of those primitive times, were as rare in the diggings as snakes upon the Emerald Isle, consequently the bachelor miner, from necessity performed the domestic duties of cook and washerman, and the preparation of meals was indicated by appending a rag to an upright pole, which, fluttering in the breeze, telegraphically conveyed the glad tidings to his hungered brethren upon the hill. Hence, this circumstance, at a very early date, gave the provincial *sobriquet* of '*Shake Rag*,' or '*Shake Rag under the Hill*,' which that part of the now flourishing village of Mineral Point, lying under the hill, has acquired, and which in all probability it will ever retain. So much for the origin of Mineral Point. I will now venture a few remarks regarding the manners and customs of its inhabitants in days of yore.

The continued prosperity of the mines, in a comparatively brief period, increased the population of the village to several hundred, comprised, as is usual in mineral regions, of representatives from every clime and country, and in such conglomeration, it is fair to presume, of every stripe of character. This increase of population, including many of those expert in the 'profession,' warranted the establishment of numerous gambling saloons, groceries—a refined name for groggeries—and other like places of dissipation and amusement, where the unwary, and those flushed with success in digging, could be 'taken in and done for,' or avail themselves of opportunities voluntarily to dispose of their accumulated means, either in drowning their sorrows in the bowl, or 'fighting the tiger' in his den.

Notwithstanding such were the practices almost universally, more or less, indulged in by the denizens, yet the protracted winters in this then secluded, uncultivated and sparsely populated country, and, for that reason, the absence of those more reputable enjoyments which mellow and refine sociality in other regions, in a measure justified a moderate participation in this mode of driving *dull* cares away. These congenial customs, peculiarly western, were as firmly based as the laws which governed the Medes and Persians, and wo to those, from lands of steadier habits, who would endeavor to introduce innovations adverse to the established policy of those days! Hence the propriety and necessity of harmonizing with, and following in the trail of the popular will. But such, I am happy in the conviction, is not *now* the case—virtue, in the progress of events, has naturally succeeded profligacy, and Mineral Point, freed from contamination, stands redeemed of her former errors.*

La Crosse, the capital of La Crosse county, is beautifully situated on the Mississippi, at the mouth of La Crosse River, 200 miles N.W. of Milwaukee by railroad, and 303 miles below St. Paul, by the river. It contains a large

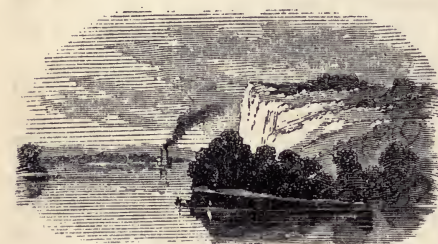
*"Among the most distinguished of the earliest pioneers of Mineral Point, are Col. Robt. C. Hoard, Col. Robert S. Black (now of Dodgeville), Col. Henry M. Billings, Col. Daniel M. Parkison, Col. Abner Nichols, Francis Vivian, Parley Eaton, Levi Sterling, Edward Bouchard, Josiah Tyack, James James, Samuel Thomas, Mrs. Hood, Amzi W. Comfort, O. P. Williams (now of Portage City), M. V. B. Burris, Milton Bevans, Peter Hartman, John F. O'Neill, William Sublett, John Phillips, John Milton, George Cabbage, James Hitchins, John Caserly, Edward Coode, and William Tregay. And the following, who have since paid the debt of nature, viz: Col. John D. Ansley, Col. John McNair, Robert Dougherty, Capt. William Henry, Stephen Terrill, Mark Terrill, Dr. Edward McSherry, Dr. Richard G. Ridgley, Nicholas Uren, Richard Martin, James S. Bowden, John Hood, Lord Blaney, Joseph Sylvester, Matthew G. Fitch, Thomas McKnight, Stephen B. Thrasher, Robert W. Gray, Joseph Morrison, James Hugo, Hugh R. Hunter, Edward James (late U. S. Marshal), William Prideaux, Joseph James, Benjamin Salter, and "Cadwallader, the keg-maker."

number of saw mills, and considerable quantities of pine lumber are manufactured. It is a place of rapid increase and prosperity, and its merchants transact a heavy business with the adjacent country, which is rapidly filling up. Population, in 1853, 300; and in 1860, about 4,000.

The place possesses peculiar advantages from being the terminus of the Milwaukee and La Crosse Railroad. "It is probably the most northerly east and west road that will be built in the state for many years, and has, consequently, as tributaries, all northern Wisconsin, west of Lake Winnebago, with the exception of a narrow strip on the borders of Lake Superior, and the greater portion of Minnesota, extending far away to the Red River of the North, the Saskatchewan, and, ultimately, the North Pacific Railroad."

About 60 miles above La Crosse is that beautiful expansion of the Mississippi, known to all travelers as Lake Pepin. For about 25 miles the river is expanded

to a width of from two to three miles, with majestic bluffs of limestone on each shore. On the Wisconsin shore, rising about two hundred feet above the water, is the noted Maiden's Rock, the scene of the Indian legend of Winona, the daughter of an Indian chief. She was betrothed by her father to a favorite warrior; but her affections were fixed on one younger though not less brave. On the day appointed for her wedding, she wandered from the gay assemblage under pretense of searching for some berries that grew in profusion on this bluff, when her com-



THE MAIDEN'S ROCK,

On Lake Pepin, an expansion of the Mississippi.

panions, to their surprise, heard from her lips a low, plaintive sound: it was the *death song*, and in a moment more, ere they could interfere, she cast herself headlong from the rock, and was buried in the deep, cold waters below.

Prescott and Hudson are two flourishing towns in this part of the state. The first is at the junction of the St. Croix River, with the Mississippi—the last on that expansion of the St. Croix, called Lake St. Croix.

The St. Croix River which separates Wisconsin from Minnesota, is celebrated for its pineries, the value of its trade in lumber exceeding three millions of dollars per annum.

"The lumbermen of the St. Croix, during the sessions of the Wisconsin and Minnesota legislatures of 1850–1, procured the incorporation of the 'St. Croix Boom Company,' with a capital of \$10,000. This work was considered absolutely necessary, to facilitate the business of driving, assorting, and rafting logs. The stock was speedily taken; and by the following season the boom was built and ready for service. The work is substantial and permanent. Piers of immense size are sunk at proper distances, from the Minnesota shore to the foot of a large island near the center of the stream, and again from the head of the island to the Wisconsin shore. The boom timbers are hung from pier to pier, and the whole river is entirely commanded, with no possibility of scarcely a single log escaping. The charter of the company compels them, however, to give free passage to all boats, rafts, etc., ascending or descending the river. This duty is rather difficult to perform at certain times, particularly when the logs are running into the boom briskly, and hands are not to be had to raft and run them out: sometimes a barrier of three or four miles intervene, and thus temporarily closes navigation. With a full complement of men the boom can always be kept clear at the point where it crosses the main channel of the river. The importance of the lumber business of the St. Croix River would hardly be estimated by a stranger. Large quantities are

floated down the Mississippi to St. Louis. The business of getting out the timber is carried on in the winter, and affords employment to large numbers of young men.

Fond du Lac, the capital of Fond du Lac county, is 72 miles N.N.W. of Milwaukee, with which it has railroad connections. It stands at the southern extremity of Lake Winnebago, the largest of the inland lakes of the state, being about 30 miles long and 10 broad, forming a link in the chain of navigable waters which connect the Great Lakes with the Mississippi. The Portage Canal, on this water way, between the Fox and Wisconsin Rivers, was opened in 1856, and steamers pass from the lake to the Wisconsin River. Anciently it was a French trading post, established here for the purpose of traffic with the Winnebagoes, who had a village where Taychudah now is, three miles east of the site of the place. The town has grown up within a very few years. Population 1860, 5,450.

A traveler here in the fall of 1859, discourses thus agreeably upon the town and country:

"I like the west, and especially Wisconsin. The country has captivated me—the prairies, the pure air, clear sky, fine farms, the perfectly rural air of the whole and the hospitality of the people. What splendid farming land around Fond du Lac—how easy to till to a New England farmer; smooth fields without a rock, scarce a stone, that when first cultivated yield 40 bushels of wheat to the acre, and afterward 18 or 20; garden ground unequalled for vegetables, and a good market in the city for all that is for sale. Corn planted in June ripens before the last of August. Apples, pears, grapes and plums thrive well, and all the small fruits yield abundantly. Here is a wild plum of fine flavor, and much used to make a sauce for meat, with spices added. All the fruit trees I saw looked healthy and vigorous, and free from the ravages of insects.

The winters are longer than ours, and the thermometer indicates greater cold, but residents say the cold is not so severe as at the east, from the absence of wind. Long storms are very uncommon, and a clear air and bright sun belong to their winter, and the dry, pure atmosphere render this climate advantageous to those afflicted with pulmonary complaints. It seemed to me especially good for nervous people and those troubled with neuralgic pains. Fever and ague are not known here; accounts of its good effects in consumptive cases are authenticated.

Fond du Lac, the *city of fountains*, named from the Artesian wells which supply it with water, bears the promise of a great city. The site is part prairie and part woodland, a river dividing it. Twelve years ago it had but one chimney, and the pockets of most of its early settlers, were as deficient in means as the houses of this most necessary appurtenance; now it has a population of thousands, churches of various kinds, some fine stores, and one especially fine block, containing a hall which is said to be the handsomest in the west, and capable of accommodating three thousand people. The hall has a center dome of stained glass, and the effect is very pleasing. From the top of the building an incomparable view is to be had of the city, lake, prairie, river and woods. The foreign element here is German, and an intelligent class of people, obedient to law, and comprehending the opportunities a free country offers to them and their children. The people look healthy and happy, and there is an appearance of comfort and thrift about them and their dwellings. There are no showy houses, but neat, well-arranged buildings, with yards, in which stand the forest trees found there, and enlivened by flowers and shrubs. The settlers have shown a taste and respect for the forest trees leaving them unmolested, and clumps of oaks and hickories in the cultivated fields are pleasant to look upon, and their shade must delight the cattle in summer. The beauty of this country is indescribable, the whole having the appearance of a well cared for park.

A ridge of limestone runs from Green Bay to the end of Lake Michigan, numerous streams run from this, and vast quantities of limestone slabs ready for use can be taken from the quarries and furnished to the city at two cents a square foot.

Gravel is abundant and accessible, and the city is removing the planks from the road, laying on gravel, and will in time have fine sidewalks and good roads. On this ridge are some fine farms, and the aspect of the country reminds me of Dutchess county, New York. From the high peaks, views of the city, prairie and lake are to be had, and in the clear air everything is so distinct that the eye seeks in vain for the horizon."

Oshkosh, is named from an Indian chief of the Menomonee tribe, the word signifying "brave." It is a thriving city, with great facilities for trade, where but a few years since all was a dense wilderness. It stands on the western bank of Lake Winnebago, at the mouth of the Fox River, and has railroad connections with the east, west and south. The city contains 6 churches, 4 newspapers, a large number of grist and other mills, manufactures annually about 30 millions of feet of lumber, and has about 6,000 inhabitants.

When the Fox River Improvement is completed, this city will be on the direct line of steamboat navigation between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi. This enterprise is described as follows in Ritchie's work on the state:

"The Fox River, or, as it is called by the Indians, Neenah, is one of the most important rivers in the state. It rises in Marquette county, and flows nearly south-west, toward the Wisconsin; when within one and a half miles of that river, it changes its direction to the north; after flowing a few miles, it passes through Lake Winnebago, and falls into Green Bay. Its whole length is estimated at two hundred miles.

The whole length of canal necessary to secure a steamboat communication from Green Bay to Lake Winnebago, is about five miles. It is 100 feet wide on the bottom, and 120 at the top (two feet wider than the famous Welland Canal). The locks are 40 feet wide, by 160 long, and built in the most permanent manner, of solid stone masonry, and in a style that will not suffer in comparison with any similar work in the eastern states. It is calculated that with the improved manner of working these locks, a steamer can pass each in the short space of three minutes. This will afford a rapid transit for the vast amount of freight that must and will seek an outlet through this thoroughfare to an eastern market. The capacity of the river for all purposes of navigation is undoubted; at no season of the year can there be any failure of water.

Twelve miles above Oshkosh, westward, is the mouth of the Wolf River, a tributary of the Fox, and navigable for steamers for one hundred and fifty miles. Forty miles above the mouth of Wolf River is the town of Berlin; sixty miles further is Portage City and the town of Fort Winnebago; above which places, for sixty miles, and below for one hundred and thirty-five miles, the Wisconsin is now navigable for steamers.

Through these, a ready communication will be secured with the Mississippi and its tributaries; and it is confidently calculated that, at no distant day, steam tugs, with between 200 and 500 tons burden in tow, each, from St. Peter's River, from St. Paul, and other places in that direction, will land their cargoes at Green Bay, to be shipped to an eastern market. The objection to be urged to this route, from so remote a locality, is, that it will take too long to make the transit. To this we have to reply, that it is estimated by those who know better than we, that this great distance can and will be overcome by just these kinds of crafts in from four to six days, and by passenger boats in much less time. This improvement will open about 1,000 miles to steam navigation, between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi River, including the navigable streams in the interior of northern Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. This stupendous work, when completed, will do far more for the prosperity and advancement of the vast regions, opened to the advantages of connection with the Atlantic market, than any other improvement contemplated."

PORTAGE CITY is at the head of navigation on the Wisconsin River, about 200 miles from its mouth, and on the ship canal one and a half miles long,

connecting it with the Fox or Neenah River. It is a flourishing town, and is a great depot for pine lumber. By means of the Wisconsin and Mississippi Rivers, there is now uninterrupted steamboat navigation between this place and New Orleans. The Wisconsin is the largest river that intersects



FORT WINNEBAGO IN 1831.

the state. Its whole length is estimated at 600 miles, and in its upper portion it is bordered by immense forests of pine. Fort Winnebago, which stood on or near the site of Portage City, was commenced in 1828. under the superintendence of Major Twiggs and Captain Harney. This Twiggs was the Gen. David Twiggs who reaped eternal infamy by his base surrender of the American army,

in Texas, at the beginning of the Rebellion. It was an important post at an early day, affording protection to emigrants. Another officer, here at that period, was a young lieutenant, Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, who afterward became the president of the so-called Confederate States of America.

Mrs. John H. Kinzie, in "*Wau-bun*, the 'Early Day' in the North-west," gives a graphic narrative of her experiences at Fort Winnebago, where she passed the winter of 1830-31, the first months of her wedded life. This winter was one of unusual severity, and in some parts of the country, particularly the lead mining district, the snow was of an unheard of depth—five or six feet upon a level. Toward the beginning of March the weather moderated, and Mrs. Kinzie prepared to make a journey on horseback to Chicago with her husband. This was then through a wilderness country, and the undertaking so perilous that the commandant, Major Twiggs, endeavored to dissuade them from it: but the brave-hearted, high spirited young woman remained resolute. The story of their experience by the way, we abridge from Mrs. Kinzie's narrative. The route selected was south by Dixon's, then called Ogie's Ferry, where was to be found the only means of crossing the broad and rapid stream of Rock River; and it was calculated that the entire distance would be traveled over in six days:

The morning of the 8th of March, having taken a tender leave of their friends, they mounted and were ready for the journey. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Kinzie and two French Canadians, Pierre Roy and Plante, the latter to act as a guide, on the assurance that he "knew every mile of the way, from the Portage to Ogie's Ferry, and from Ogie's Ferry to Chicago.

Some of the young officers escorted them as far as Duck Creek, four miles distant. In attempting to cross this stream in a canoe, a couple of favorite greyhounds sprang in upon Mrs. Kinzie, and the canoe balanced a moment—then yielded—and quick as thought, dogs and lady were in deepest of water. That evening the party camped out on the edge of the timber, under the shelter of a tent; but so intense was the cold that, although Mrs. Kinzie's riding habit was placed to dry over against the log on which their fire was made, it was in a few minutes frozen so stiff as to stand upright, giving "the appearance of a dress out of which a lady had vanished in some unaccountable manner." Says Mrs. Kinzie:

"At break of day we are aroused by the shout of 'the bourgeois,'
'How! how! how!'"

All start from their slumbers. The fire which has been occasionally replenished through the night, is soon kindled into a flame. The horses are caught and saddled while a breakfast is preparing—the tent is struck—the pack-horse loaded—'*tout demanche*,' as the Canadian says.

Our journey this day led us past the first of the Four Lakes. Scattered along its banks was an encampment of Winnebagoes. How beautiful the encampment looked in the morning sun! The matted lodges, with the blue smoke curling from their tops—the trees and bushes powdered with a light snow which had fallen through the night—the lake, shining and sparkling, almost at our feet—even the Indians, in their peculiar costume, adding to the picturesque!

Our road, after leaving the lake, lay over a 'rolling prairie,' now bare and desolate enough. The hollows were filled with snow, which, being partly thawed, furnished an uncertain footing for the horses, and I could not but join in the ringing laughter of our Frenchmen, as occasionally Brunet and Souris, the two ponies, would flounder, almost imbedded, through the yielding mass. It was about the middle of the afternoon when we reached the 'Blue Mound.' I rejoiced much to have got so far, for I was sadly fatigued, and every mile now seemed two to me. It was my first journey on horseback, and I had not yet become inured to the exercise. When we reached Morrison's I was so much exhausted that, as my husband attempted to lift me from the saddle, I fell into his arms. '*This will never do*,' said he. 'To-morrow we must turn our faces toward Fort Winnebago again.'

The door opened hospitably to receive us. We were welcomed by a lady with a most sweet, benignant countenance, and by her companion, some years younger. The first was Mrs. Morrison—the other, Miss Elizabeth Dodge, daughter of Gen. Dodge.

My husband laid me upon a small bed, in the room where the ladies had been sitting at work. They took off my bonnet and riding-dress, chafed my hands, and prepared me some warm wine and water, by which I was soon revived. A half hour's repose so refreshed me that I was able to converse with the ladies, and to relieve my husband's mind of all anxiety on my account. Tea was announced soon after, and we repaired to an adjoining building, for *Morrison's*, like the establishment of all settlers of that period, consisted of a group of detached log-houses or cabins, each containing one or at most two apartments.

The table groaned with good cheer, and brought to mind some that I had seen among the old-fashioned Dutch residents on the banks of the Hudson.

I had recovered my spirits, and we were quite a cheerful party. Mrs. Morrison told us that during the first eighteen months she passed in this country, she did not speak with a white woman, the only society she had being that of her husband and two black servant women.

The next morning, after a cheerful breakfast, at which we were joined by the Rev. Mr. Kent, of Galena, we prepared for our journey. I had reconciled my husband to continuing our route toward Chicago, by assuring him that I felt as fresh and bright as when I first set out from home.

We had not proceeded many miles on our journey, however, before we discovered that Monsieur Plante was profoundly ignorant of the country, so that Mr. Kinzie was obliged to take the lead himself, and make his way as he was best able, according to the directions he had received. We traveled the live-long day, barely making a halt at noon to bait our horses, and refresh ourselves with a luncheon. The ride was as gloomy and desolate as could well be imagined. A rolling prairie, unvaried by forest or stream—hillock rising after hillock, at every ascent of which we vainly hoped to see a distant fringe of '*timber*.' But the same cheerless, unbounded prospect everywhere met the eye, diversified only here and there by the oblong openings, like gigantic graves, which marked an unsuccessful search for indications of a lead mine.

Just before sunset we crossed, with considerable difficulty, a muddy stream, which was bordered by a scanty belt of trees, making a tolerable encamping-ground; and of this we gladly availed ourselves, although we knew not whether it was near or remote from the place we were in search of.

We had ridden at least fifty miles since leaving 'Morrison's,' yet I was sensible of very little fatigue; but there was a vague feeling of discomfort at the idea of

being lost in this wild, cold region, altogether different from anything I had ever before experienced.

The exertions of the men soon made our 'camp' comfortable, notwithstanding the difficulty of driving the tent-pins into the frozen ground, and the want of trees sufficiently large to make a rousing fire. The wind, which at bed-time was sufficiently high to be uncomfortable, increased during the night. It snowed heavily and we were every moment in dread that the tent would be carried away; but the matter was settled in the midst by the snapping of the poles, and the falling of the whole, with its superincumbent weight of snow, in a mass upon us.

The next morning the horses were once more saddled for our journey. The prospect was not an encouraging one. Around us was an unbroken sheet of snow. We had no compass, and the air was so obscured by the driving sleet, that it was often impossible to tell in what direction the sun was. I tied my husband's silk pocket handkerchief over my veil, to protect my face from the wind and icy particles with which the air was filled, and which cut like a razor; but although shielded in every way that circumstances rendered possible, I suffered intensely from the cold. We pursued our way, mile after mile, entering every point of woods, in hopes of meeting with, at least, some Indian wigwam, at which we could gain intelligence. Every spot was solitary and deserted, not even the trace of a recent fire, to cheer us with the hope of human beings within miles of us. Suddenly, a shout from the foremost of the party made each heart bound with joy.

'Une clôture! une clôture!'—(a fence, a fence.)

It was almost like life to the dead. We spurred on, and indeed perceived a few straggling rails crowning a rising ground at no great distance. Never did music sound so sweet as the crowing of a cock which at this moment saluted our ears. Following the course of the inclosure down the opposite slope, we came upon a group of log-cabins, low, shabby, and unpromising in their appearance, but a most welcome shelter from the pelting storm. 'Whose cabins are these?' asked Mr. Kinzie of a man who was cutting wood at the door of one. 'Hamilton's,' was the reply; and he stepped forward at once to assist us to alight, hospitality being a matter of course in these wild regions.

We were shown into the most comfortable looking of the buildings. A large fire was burning in the clay chimney, and the room was of a genial warmth, notwithstanding the apertures, many inches in width, beside the doors and windows. A woman in a tidy calico dress, and shabby black silk cap, trimmed with still shabbier lace, rose from her seat beside a sort of *bread-trough*, which fulfilled the office of *cradle* to a fine, fat baby.

Before dinner Mr. Hamilton came in and was introduced to me, and was as agreeable and polite as the son of Alexander Hamilton would naturally be. The housekeeper, who was the wife of one of the miners, prepared us a plain comfortable dinner. The blowing of a horn was the signal for the entrance of ten or twelve miners, who took their places below us at the table. They were the roughest looking set of men I ever beheld, and their language was as uncouth as their persons. They wore hunting shirts, trowsers, and moccasins of deerskin, the former being ornamented at the seams with a fringe of the same, while a colored belt around the waist, in which was stuck a large hunting-knife, gave each the appearance of a brigand.

Mr. Hamilton passed most of the afternoon with us, for the storm raged so without that to proceed on our journey was out of the question. He gave us many pleasant anecdotes and reminiscences of his early life in New York, and of his adventures since he had come to the western wilderness. When obliged to leave us for a while, he furnished us with some books to entertain us, the most interesting of which was the biography of his father.

The next day's sun rose clear and bright. Refreshed and invigorated, we looked forward with pleasure to a recommencement of our journey, confident of meeting no more mishaps by the way. Mr. Hamilton kindly offered to accompany us to his next neighbor's, the trifling distance of twenty-five miles. The miner who owned the wife and baby, and who, consequently, was somewhat more humanized than his comrades, in taking leave of us 'wished us well out of the country, and that we might never have occasion to return to it! I pity a body,' said he, 'when I

see them making such an awful mistake as to come out this way, for comfort *never touched* this western country.'

There was no halting upon the route, and as we kept the same pace until three o'clock in the afternoon, it was beyond a question that when we reached 'Kellogg's,' we had traveled at least thirty miles. 'Kellogg's' was a comfortable mansion, just within the verge of a pleasant 'grove of timber,' as a small forest is called by western travelers. We found Mrs. Kellogg a very respectable looking matron, who soon informed us she was from the city of New York. She appeared proud and delighted to entertain Mr. Hamilton, for whose family, she took occasion to tell us, she had, in former days, been in the habit of doing needle-work. We had intended to go to Dixon's the same afternoon, but the snow beginning again to fall, obliged us to content ourselves where we were. In the meantime, finding we were journeying to Chicago, Mr. Kellogg came to the determination to accompany us, having, as he said some business to accomplish at that place.

No great time was required for Mr. Kellogg's preparations. He would take, he said, only two days' provisions, for at his brother-in-law Dixon's we should get our supper and breakfast, and the route from there to Chicago could, he well knew, be accomplished in a day and a half. Although, according to this calculation, we had sufficient remaining of our stores to carry us to the end of our journey, yet Mr. Kinzie took the precaution of begging Mrs. Kellogg to bake us another bag of biscuits, in case of accidents, and he likewise suggested to Mr. K. the prudence of furnishing himself with something more than his limited allowance; but the good man objected that he was unwilling to burden his horse more than was absolutely necessary. It will be seen that we had reason to rejoice in our own foresight.

It was late on the following day, when we took leave of our kind hostess. We journeyed pleasantly along through a country, beautiful in spite of its wintry appearance. Just at sunset, we reached the dark, rapid waters of the Rock River. All being safely got across, a short walk brought us to the house of Mr. Dixon. We were ushered into Mrs. Dixon's sitting-room; and seated by a glowing fire, while Mrs. Dixon busied herself in preparing us a nice supper, I felt that the comfort overbalanced the inconvenience of such a journey.

A most savory supper of ducks and venison, with their accompaniments, soon smoked upon the board, and we did ample justice to it. Traveling is a great sharpener of the appetite, and so is cheerfulness, and the latter was increased by the encouraging account Mr. Dixon gave us of the remainder of the route yet before us. 'There is no difficulty,' said he, 'if you keep a little to the north, and strike the great *Sauk trail*. If you get too far to the south, you will come upon the Winnebago Swamp, and once in that, there is no telling when you will ever get out again. As for the distance, it is nothing at all to speak of.'

The following morning, which was a bright and lovely one for that season of the year, we took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, in high spirits. We traveled for the first few miles along the beautiful, undulating banks of Rock River, always in an easterly direction, keeping the beaten path, or rather road, which led to Fort Clark or Peoria. The Sauk trail, we had been told, would cross this road, at the distance of about six miles. After having traveled, as we judged, fully that distance, we came upon a trail, bearing north-east, which we followed till it brought us to the great bend of the river with its bold rocky bluffs, when, convinced of our mistake, we struck off from the trail, in a direction as nearly east as possible. The weather had changed and become intensely cold, and we felt that the detention we had met with, even should we now be in the right road, was no trifling matter. But we were buoyed up by the hope that we were in the right path at last, and we journeyed on until night, when we reached a comfortable 'encampment,' in the edge of a grove near a small stream.

We were roused at peep of day to make preparations for starting. We must find the Sauk trail this day at all hazards. What would become of us should we fail to do so? It was a question no one liked to ask, and certainly one that none could have answered. On leaving our encampment, we found ourselves entering a marshy tract of country. Myriads of wild geese, brant, and ducks rose up screaming at our approach. The more distant lakes and ponds were black with them, but the shallow water through which we attempted to make our way was

frozen by the severity of the night, to a thickness not sufficient to bear the horses, but just such as to cut their feet and ankles at every step as they broke through it. Sometimes the difficulty of going forward was so great that we were obliged to retrace our steps and make our way round the head of the marsh.

This swampy region at length passed, we came upon more solid ground, chiefly the open prairie. But now a new trouble assailed us. The weather had moderated, and a blinding snow storm came on. Without a trail that we could rely upon, and destitute of a compass, our only dependence had been the sun to point out our direction, but the atmosphere was now so obscure that it was impossible to tell in what quarter of the heavens he was. We pursued our way, however, and a devious one it must have been. After traveling in this way many miles, we came upon an Indian trail, deeply indented, running at right angles with the course we were pursuing. The snow had ceased, and the clouds becoming thinner, we were able to observe the direction of the sun, and to perceive that the trail ran north and south. What should we do? Was it safest to pursue our easterly course, or was it probable that by following this new path we should fall into the direct one we had been so long seeking? If we decided to take the trail, should we go north or south? Mr. Kinzie was for the latter. He was of opinion that we were still too far north. Finding himself in the minority, my husband yielded, and we turned our horses' heads north, much against his will. After proceeding a few miles, however, he took a sudden determination. 'You may go north, if you please,' said he, 'but I am convinced that the other course is right, and I shall face about—follow who will.' So we wheeled round and rode south again, and many a long and weary mile did we travel. The road, which had continued many miles through the prairie, at length, in winding round a point of woods, brought us suddenly upon an Indian village. A shout of joy broke from the whole party, but no answering shout was returned—not even a bark of friendly welcome—as we galloped up to the wigwams. All was silent as the grave. We rode round and round, then dismounted and looked into several of the spacious huts. They had evidently been long deserted.

Our disappointment may be better imagined than described. With heavy hearts we mounted and once more pursued our way, the snow again falling and adding to the discomforts of our position. At length we halted for the night. We had long been aware that our stock of provisions was insufficient for another day, and here we were—nobody knew where—in the midst of woods and prairies—certainly far from any human habitation, with barely enough food for a slender evening's meal.

The poor dogs came whining around us to beg their usual portion, but they were obliged to content themselves with a bare bone, and we retired to rest with the feeling that if not actually hungry then, we should certainly be so to-morrow.

The morrow came. Plante and Roy had a bright fire and a nice pot of coffee for us. It was our only breakfast, for on shaking the bag and turning it inside out, we could make no more of our stock of bread than three crackers, which the rest of the party insisted I should put in my pocket for my dinner. We still had the trail to guide us, and we continued to follow it until about nine o'clock, when, in emerging from a wood, we came upon a broad and rapid river. A collection of Indian wigwams stood upon the opposite bank, and as the trail led directly to the water, it was fair to infer that the stream was fordable. We had no opportunity of testing it, however, for the banks were so lined with ice, which was piled up tier upon tier by the breaking-up of the previous week, that we tried in vain to find a path by which we could descend the bank to the water. The men shouted again and again in hopes some straggling inhabitant of the village might be at hand with his canoe. No answer was returned save by the echoes. What was to be done? I looked at my husband and saw that care was on his brow, although he still continued to speak cheerfully. 'We will follow this cross-trail down the bank of the river,' said he. 'There must be Indians wintering near in some of these points of wood.' I must confess that I felt somewhat dismayed at our prospects, but I kept up a show of courage, and did not allow my despondency to be seen. All the party were dull and gloomy enough.

We kept along the bank, which was considerably elevated above the water, and bordered at a little distance with a thick wood. All at once my horse, who was mor-

tally afraid of Indians, began to jump and prance, snorting and pricking up his ears as if an enemy were at hand. I screamed with delight to my husband, who was at the head of the file, 'Oh John! John! there are Indians near—look at Jerry!' At this instant a little Indian dog ran out from under the bushes by the roadside, and began barking at us. Never were sounds more welcome. We rode directly into the thicket, and descending into a little hollow, found two squaws crouching behind the bushes, trying to conceal themselves from our sight.

They appeared greatly relieved when Mr. Kinzie addressed them in the Pottowatomie language.

The squaw, in answer to Mr. K.'s inquiries, assured him that Chicago was 'close by.'

'That means,' said he, 'that it is not so far off as Canada. We must not be too sanguine.'

The men sat about unpacking the horses, and I in the meantime was paddled across the river. The old woman immediately returned, leaving the younger one with me for company. I seated myself on the fallen trunk of a tree, in the midst of the snow, and looked across the dark waters. I am not ashamed to confess my weakness—for the first time on my journey I shed tears. The poor little squaw looked into my face with a wondering and sympathizing expression.

'What would my friends at the east think,' said I to myself, 'if they could see me now? What would poor old Mrs. Welsh say? She who warned me that *if I came away so far to the west, I should break my heart?* Would she not rejoice to find how likely her prediction was to be fulfilled?'

These thoughts roused me. I dried up my tears, and by the time my husband with his party, and all his horses and luggage, were across, I had recovered my cheerfulness, and was ready for fresh adventures.

We followed the old squaw to her lodge, which was at no great distance in the woods. The master of the lodge, who had gone out to shoot ducks, soon returned. He was a tall, finely formed man, with a cheerful, open countenance, and he listened to what his wife in a quiet tone related to him, while he divested himself of his accoutrements in the most unembarrassed, well-bred manner imaginable. Soon my husband joined us. He had been engaged in attending to the comfort of his horses, and assisting his men in making their fire, and pitching their tent, which the rising storm made a matter of some difficulty. From the Indian he learned that we were in what was called 'the Big Woods,' or 'Piche's Grove,'* from a Frenchman of that name living not far from the spot—that the river we had crossed was the Fox River—that he could guide us to *Piche's*, from which the road was perfectly plain, or even into Chicago if we preferred—but that we had better remain encamped for that day, as there was a storm coming on, and in the mean time he would go and shoot some ducks for our dinner and supper. He was accordingly furnished with powder and shot, and set off again for game without delay.

The tent being all in order, my husband came for me, and we took leave of our friends in the wigwam with grateful hearts. The storm was raging without. The trees were bending and cracking around us, and the air was completely filled with the wild-fowl screaming and *quacking* as they made their way southward before the blast. Our tent was among the trees not far from the river. My husband took me to the bank to look for a moment at what we had escaped. The wind was sweeping down from the north in a perfect hurricane. The water was filled with masses of snow and ice, dancing along upon the torrent, over which were hurrying thousands of wild-fowl, making the woods resound to their deafening clamor. Had we been one hour later, we could not possibly have crossed the stream, and there seems to have been nothing for us but to have remained and starved in the wilderness. Could we be sufficiently grateful to that kind Providence that had brought us safely through such dangers?

The storm raged with tenfold violence during the night. We were continually

* Probably at what is now Oswego. The name of a portion of the wood is since corrupted into *Specie's Grove*.

startled by the crashing of the falling trees around us, and who could tell but that the next would be upon us? Spite of our fatigue, we passed an almost sleepless night. When we arose in the morning, we were made fully alive to the perils by which we had been surrounded. At least fifty trees, the giants of the forest, lay prostrate within view of the tent. When we had taken our scanty breakfast, and were mounted and ready for departure, it was with difficulty we could thread our way, so completely was it obstructed by the fallen trunks.

Our Indian guide had joined us at an early hour, and after conducting us carefully out of the wood, about nine o'clock brought us to *Piche's*, a log-cabin on a rising ground, looking off over the broad prairie to the east. We had hoped to get some refreshment here, *Piche* being an old acquaintance of some of the party; but alas! the master was from home. We found his cabin occupied by Indians and travelers—the latter few, the former numerous.

There was no temptation to a halt, except that of warming ourselves at a bright fire that was burning in the clay chimney. A man in Quaker costume stepped forward to answer our inquiries, and offered to become our escort to Chicago, to which place he was bound—so we dismissed our Indian friend, with a satisfactory remuneration for all the trouble he had so kindly taken for us.

The weather was intensely cold. The wind, sweeping over the wide prairie, with nothing to break its force, chilled our very hearts. I beat my feet against the saddle to restore the circulation, when they became benumbed with cold, until they became so bruised I could beat them no longer. Not a house or wigwam, not even a clump of trees as a shelter, offered itself for many a weary mile. At length we reached the west fork of the *Du Page*. It was frozen, but not sufficiently so to bear the horses. Our only resource was to cut a way for them through the ice. It was a work of time, for the ice had frozen to several inches in thickness, during the last bitter night. *Plante* went first with an axe, and cut as far as he could reach, then mounted one of the hardy little ponies, and with some difficulty broke the ice before him, until he had opened a passage to the opposite shore.

How the poor animals shivered as they were reined in among the floating ice! And we, who sat waiting in the piercing wind, were not much better. We were all across at last, and spurred on our horses, until we reached *Hawley's**—a large, commodious dwelling, near the east fork of the river.

The good woman welcomed us kindly, and soon made us warm and comfortable. We felt as if we were in a civilized land once more. We found, upon inquiry, that we could, by pushing on, reach *Lawton's*, on the *Aux Plaines*, that night—we should then be within twelve miles of Chicago. Of course we made no unnecessary delay, but set off as soon after dinner as possible. The crossing of the east fork of the *Du Page* was more perilous than the former one had been.

It was almost dark when we reached *Lawton's*. The *Aux Plaines†* was frozen, and the house was on the other side. By loud shouting, we brought out a man from the building, and he succeeded in cutting the ice, and bringing a canoe over to us; but not until it had become difficult to distinguish objects in the darkness. A very comfortable house was *Lawton's*, after we did reach it—carpeted, and with a warm stove—in fact, quite in civilized style. *Mrs. Lawton* was a young woman, and not ill-looking. She complained bitterly of the loneliness of her condition, and having been 'brought out there into the woods; which was a thing she had not expected, when she came from the east.' We could hardly realize, on rising the following morning, that only twelve miles of prairie intervened between us and *Chicago le Desire*, as I could not but name it.

Soon the distance was traversed, and we were in the arms of our dear, kind friends. A messenger was dispatched to 'the garrison' for the remaining members of the family, and for that day at least, I was the wonder and admiration of the whole circle, 'for the dangers I had seen.'"

* It was near this spot that the brother of Mr. Hawley, a Methodist preacher, was killed by the Sauks, in 1832, after having been tortured by them with the most wanton barbarity.

† *Riviere Aux Plaines* was the original French designation, now changed to *Deeplaines*, pronounced as in English.

North of Milwaukie, on the shores of Lake Michigan, are several thriving city-like towns, containing each several thousand inhabitants. They are *Ozaukee, Sheboygan, Manitowoc, and Two Rivers.*

City of Superior is at the head of Lake Superior, on the Bay of Superior and Nemadji River. It was laid out in 1854, by a company of gentlemen who judged from its site that it must eventually be a large city. It has a splendid harbor, six miles long and one broad, admirably sheltered from storms, and capable of containing the shipping of the entire chain of lakes. In three years, its population had increased to 1,500 souls, and many buildings had been constructed.

La Pointe, one of the oldest towns in the north-west, was first occupied by the French Jesuits and traders, in 1680. It is on Madeline Island of Lake Superior, which is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel. It has an air of antiquity, in its ruined port, dilapidated pickets, that formerly inclosed the place, and the old Fur Company's buildings, some of which are still standing. Here was the scene of the labors of Fathers Claude Allouez and Jean Marquette, and of an Indian battle between the warlike *Dacotahs* and *Algonquins*, in which the chapel of the Holy Spirit, erected by these devoted missionaries, was destroyed. Near it, on the mainland, is the newly laid out town of *Bayfield.*



Admiral Porter's Fleet passing through the Dam across Red River. This wonderful work of engineering skill was constructed by Lieut.-Col. Bailey, of Wisconsin.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
WISCONSIN.

To the calls of the Government for troops, no state responded with greater alacrity than Wisconsin. She has sent to the field, since the commencement of the war, forty-four regiments of infantry, four regiments and one company of cavalry, one regiment of heavy artillery, thirteen batteries of light artillery, and one company of sharpshooters, making an aggregate (exclusive of hundred day men), of seventy-five thousand one hundred and thirty-three men. To this large number, furnished by this young state, should be added three regiments of one hundred day men, who nobly responded to the call at a critical moment, when their services were much needed, and whose services were of so much importance to the government, as to call forth from the commander-in-chief the highest special commendation.

Wisconsin stood firmly and unwaveringly by the flag of the union. The bravery of her troops was not excelled. The "IRON BRIGADE" secured a distinguished place in the history of the war. East, west and south, upon many of the bloody fields of battle, Wisconsin's brave sons won for themselves an undying fame. Unflinchingly they fought for the union, and looked death in the face in a thousand different forms; without a murmur they fell, shattered and mangled upon the cold and gory field; without a murmur they bore the privations incident to a soldier's life; many alas! lingered and died in hospitals. Many a fireside was made desolate; the orphan children, the widowed mothers, the mourning fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters of Wisconsin can be numbered by thousands.

Early in the war the state suffered a great loss in the death of her excellent governor, LOUIS P. HARVEY. He was born at East Haddam, Conn., in 1820; in 1828, emigrated with his parents to Ohio, and was educated at the Western Reserve college. He was accidentally drowned, April 19, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, while stepping from one boat to another. He had gone there to carry, with his own hands, the means of relieving the soldiers of his state, wounded

at the battle of Shiloh. We give an extract of a private letter, containing some particulars of his life and character :

Governor Harvey had lived in Wisconsin about fifteen years—first engaged in teaching, then in mercantile pursuits. Six years ago he was chosen to represent his district in the senate, which office he held for two terms. He was then chosen secretary of state; and in 1861 was nominated for governor by the republican convention, and also by the union convention. He was elected by a good majority, and was inaugurated the first Monday after January. During the newspaper quarrel that always precedes an election, I never saw a single opprobrious reflection upon the conduct or character of Mr. Harvey, though I daily saw all the leading democratic papers of the state.

The duties of his office at such a time as this could not under any circumstances be light, and his were especially onerous : and it is said that he habitually worked till eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and was at it again at four or five in the morning. He was quite annoyed by a difficulty he had in getting the last regiment off—the 19th, an Irish regiment. Everything before had been done with such hearty good-will and enthusiasm, that it was painful to see the last regiment, or part of it, influenced to mutiny. But the governor, with the catholic priest, harmonized them in part, and they were sent on to St. Louis.

Immediately upon receiving the news of the Pittsburg battle, he resolved to go to the aid of the wounded. He sent dispatches to the principal towns to collect hospital supplies, and forward to his care. When his wife at first expressed a dislike to have him go, he said, "I expected to hear that from others, but I hoped to receive encouragement from you."

He stopped on his way to visit the Wisconsin soldiers in the hospital at Cairo, and spent three days with them without taking off his clothes. Then he proceeded to Pittsburg. In a letter he wrote back, and probably the last he ever wrote, he said : "I thank God for the good impulse to come here. I have accomplished more than I could have expected."

He was drowned on Saturday evening. The next day, Sabbath, a friend, meeting Governor Harvey's mother in church, said : "How *happy* you always look!" "Why shouldn't I," she said, "when I have such *good sons*?"

Gov. Harvey was to the time of his death a member of the congregational church. His cordial, unostentatious manner made him many warm personal friends.

The following shows how truly his death was lamented :

Our good Governor Harvey is dead. Our brave, good governor, whom every body loved, and over whose untimely fate all good hearts most sincerely mourn.

It is only an hour since the sad tidings of his death came to us across the wires in this city of Madison, the capital of Wisconsin. And the news has put all the people into mourning. Sincerer grief, more real and earnest sorrow I never saw exhibited. All persons, belonging to all political parties without any distinction, feel the great calamity as if it were personal; as if some dear, and unspeakably beloved friend had been snatched suddenly from their families and homes.

On the streets I met with rude, hard men, who, perhaps, had never wept before in their lives, and they could not speak to me without tears gushing out of their eyes, and voices half choked with bitter sobs. So sudden was the terrible blow, so unlooked for, so impossible, nearly, to be realized, that men, women, and little children are profoundly affected by it, not knowing what to make of it, feeling only that, if it is so, our public loss is great indeed; hoping against hope that the dreadful lightning words may be yet proven untrue by more faithful dispatches.

But alas! there is *no* hope. All is over with our noble governor in this world. Those ugly, treacherous waters of the Tennessee, swallowed up all his life, and have left us all in such grief that no words of mine could depict it.

It was only yesterday that the big-hearted governor, hearing of our terrible disasters at Pittsburg Landing—or, as history is likely to record it, our disasters at the battle of Corinth—issued his messages to every city in the state, calling upon the inhabitants to contribute all and every thing they could lay their hands on in the shape of linen, etc., and forward the same to him by the very next trains, that he

might himself carry those stores to our poor, wounded soldiers. Alas! poor gentleman! He little thought that while engaged on this great-hearted errand of mercy, he should fall a victim to the veriest accident which ever struck a brave man down.

Stepping from one boat to another on the Tennessee river, his foot fell short, and down he went into the rapid waters, never more to rise again!

While I write, the funeral cannon are booming over the city, and the unconscious, unsympathizing four lakes which encircle it, but *not* over unsympathizing hearts! Believe me, that few things could have befallen us which would have afflicted all classes so deeply. The proof is externally shown in the closing of the stores, in their decoration with crapes and the garments of death, in the flags hanging half-mast high from the capitol and the public buildings, in the tolling of all the bells in the churches, in the mournful grasps of men in the streets, in the white lips which announce to every incomer from the country the sad tidings, the appalling tidings, that our good governor, who left us so lately with such benevolence and mercy, and charity in his heart and hand, would never, never more return to us.

The governor's lady was at the station soliciting help for the poor wounded soldiers at the very moment that the station master was reading the telegraphic message which announced her husband's death. She heard it, all too soon, and fainted on the street. Her idol, whom she loved so dearly, was broken—broken, and no help! May God help her!

All over this state, all over the United States, this man's fate will be lamented and sorrowed over. He was only elected in January last, and no man ever began a public career with more brilliant promise, more encouraging auspices. And now all is over. The dark curtain has fallen, and the starry curtain has been uplifted, and he has gone under it where all good men go—to God and the blessed majority of the angels.

The "IRON BRIGADE OF THE WEST" was composed of the 2d, 6th and 7th regiments, and was commanded by General Gibbon.

The 2d regiment, which was identified with the army of the Potomac from its first organization, and which was the representative of Wisconsin at the first battle of Bull Run, was joined later in the season, by the 6th and 7th regiments. In the organization of the army by General McClellen, these regiments, together with the 19th Indiana, were organized as a brigade, and assigned to the command of Brigadier General Gibbon, General King having been promoted to the command of a division. Thenceforward their history is identical, and Wisconsin may well be proud of their record, which has procured for them the name of the "Iron Brigade of the West."

The winter was spent in camp at Arlington, Va., preparing for the spring campaign. In the grand review of the 27th of March, the Wisconsin troops, particularly the 2d, were complimented for their soldierly appearance and thorough acquaintance with military drill.

They participated in the advance on Richmond, under command of Major General McDowell; and subsequently under Major General Pope, acted as rear guard to the "Army of the Potomac," at the time it fell back on Washington. In the performance of this duty, "the 6th Wisconsin, the very last to retire, marched slowly and steadily to the rear, faced to the front again as they reached their new position, and saluted the approaching enemy with three rousing cheers, and a rattling volley. Every Wisconsin man who heard those cheers felt his heart thrill with pride for the gallant fellows who gave them."

In the three days fight of the 28th, 29th and 30th of August, at Gainesville and Bull Run, Gibbon's brigade suffered terribly. The 2d went into the fight with about 430 men, and lost in killed, wounded and missing, 286; the colonel and one captain being killed, and Major Allen, Captain Smith, and Lieutenants Baldwin, Bell and Esslinger, wounded. "Colonel O'Conner fell fighting bravely, and dearly beloved by his regiment." Captain J. F. Randolph, of company "H," was also killed in this battle. No truer or braver man has gone into action, or fallen a sacrifice to the wicked rebellion. The loss of the 6th, was 17 killed and 91

wounded, the latter number including Colonel Cutler and Lieutenants Johnson and Tichenor; and the 7th lost, in killed and wounded, 75 men, including Captain Brayton, company "B," killed, and Captains Walker and Walthers. Lieutenants Bird and Hobart, wounded. A correspondent from the field says of their action in these battles:

"Gibbon's brigade covered the rear, not leaving the field till after nine o'clock at night, gathering up the stragglers as they marched, preventing confusion, and showing so steady a line that the enemy made no attempt to molest them."

Afterward, in the short campaign in Maryland, under command of Major General McClellen, they nobly sustained their reputation at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, which terminated the campaign by forcing the rebels to retire across the Potomac. In the battle of Sharpsburg, September 14th, Captain W. W. Colwell, company "B," 2d regiment, of La Cross, was killed, while in command of the line of skirmishers. A fine officer, beloved by the whole regiment. His last words, as he was raised by the men of his command, were, "Advance the right, and press forward; don't give way." The 2nd went into the battle of Antietam, September 17, 150 strong, and came out with 59. Lieutenant Sanford, company "I," was killed; Lieutenant Colonel Allen, Captains Gibbon and Ely, and Lieutenants Jones and Hill wounded.

This short and meagre sketch of this brigade, cannot be more appropriately terminated, than by recalling a special order issued by their commanding general, of which the following is a copy.

HEADQUARTERS GIBBON'S BRIGADE, NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., }
October 7th, 1862. }

SPECIAL ORDER No. —

It is with great gratification that the brigadier-general commanding announces to the Wisconsin troops the following indorsement upon a letter to his excellency, the governor of Wisconsin. His greatest pride will always be to know that such encomiums from such a source are always merited.

"I beg to add to this indorsement the expression of my great admiration of the conduct of the three Wisconsin regiments, in General Gibbon's brigade. I have seen them under fire acting in a manner that reflects the greatest possible credit and honor upon themselves and their state. *They are equal to the best troops in any army in the world.*" [Signed.] GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN."

By command of Brigadier-General GIBBON.

The 20th regiment was organized under the call for seventy-five thousand. The men were recruited during the months of June and July, 1861. The organization was completed and the regiment mustered into the United States service in the beginning of August. The field-officers of this regiment were all promoted from the old regiments in the field.

On the 30th of August they left Camp Randall under orders for St. Louis, where they arrived on the 31st. On the 6th of September they were ordered to Rolla, at which place they remained for ten days, when they marched to Springfield on the 23d. They remained in the vicinity of Springfield until the beginning of December, when they were called upon to take part in the movement of General Herron's forces, for the purpose of effecting a junction with General Blunt, who was holding the enemy in check near Cane Hill, Ark., and thereby prevent the rebels from entering Missouri. On Sunday, the 7th of December, they came in sight of the enemy at Prairie Grove, Ark., having marched one hundred miles in three days. Their conduct, during the terrible fight which followed, showed they did not need their general's reminder, as he placed them in position, that "Wisconsin had never been disgraced by her sons in arms." They charged upon and took a rebel battery of six guns at the point of the bayonet, and being unable to take the guns from the field, disabled them, and slowly retired without confusion, under the fire of *five* rebel regiments. Captains John McDermott and John Weber, and Lieutenant Thomas Bintliff, were killed in this fearful charge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Bertram, Captains O. Gillett and H. C. Strong, with Lieutenants Jackson, Bird, Butler, Blake, Ferguson, Root and Miller wounded. The total loss was 49 killed, 148 wounded and 8 missing.

In an official order of General Herron to Governor Solomon, he said: "I congratulate you and the State on the glorious conduct of the 20th Wisconsin infantry in the great battle of Prairie Grove."

The famous IRON BRIGADE was later known in the War as Meredith's Brigade, and at Gettysburg, was composed of the 2d, 5th, and 7th Wisconsin, 19th Indiana, and 24th Michigan. The heroic bravery of this brigade of western men in the battles at this point, almost surpasses belief. They held the key of the position, inflicted terrible losses upon the enemy, and suffered terribly, some of these regiments losing *three quarters* of their men. On being asked by Gen. Doubleday to hold a certain point to the last extremity, he reported: "Full of the memory of past achievements, they replied cheerfully and proudly, *'If we can't hold it, where will you find the men who can?'*"

The credit of saving Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats and transports from the peril of certain destruction on the rocks and among the rapids by the sudden fall of Red River, during Banks' unfortunate expedition, in the spring of 1864, was due to the skill and energy of a Wisconsin volunteer officer. How the vessels were extricated is thus told by Admiral Porter:

Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, acting engineer of the 19th army corps, proposed a plan of building a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the vessels pass over. This proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it, but Colonel Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested General Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily into the work. Provisions were short and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success, if time would only permit. General Banks placed at the disposal of Colonel Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some three thousand men and two or three hundred wagons; all the neighboring steam-mills were torn down for material; two or three regiments of Maine men were set to work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival at Alexandria from Grand Ecore the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity; teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flat-boats were built to bring stones down from above; and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equaled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which, at the present stage of water, it seemed to be impossible to make a channel.

The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree-dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick, and stone, cross-tied with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was run out about three hundred feet into the river; four large coal-barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river, cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges. All of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep every thing before it. It will take too much time to enter into the details of this truly wonderful work. Suffice it to say, that the dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage, and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the dam. In another day it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th inst., the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which swung in below the dam at one side. Seeing this unfortunate accident, I jumped on a horse and rode up to where the upper vessels were anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls, if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. I thought I might be able to save the four vessels below, not knowing whether the persons employed on the work would ever have the heart to renew their enterprise.

The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water

rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on, anxious for the result. The silence was so great, as the Lexington approached the dam, that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank. Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss and stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried; the result was, that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with only one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a thing; and I thought if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service in the Mississippi. The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Colonel Bailey, only induced him to renew his exertions after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through.

The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair the damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would finally be brought over. These men had been working for eight days and nights up to their necks in water, in the broiling sun—cutting trees and wheeling bricks—and nothing but good humor prevailed among them. On the whole, it was very fortunate that the dam was carried away as the two barges that were swept away from the center swung around against some rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterward appeared, from running on certain destruction. The force of the water and the current being too great to construct a continuous dam, at six hundred feet across the river, in so short a time, Colonel Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty-five feet in the dam and build a series of wing dams on the upper falls. This was accomplished in three days' time, and on the 11th inst., the Mound City, Carondolet, and Pittsburg came over the upper falls, a good deal of labor having been expended in hauling them through, the channel being very crooked, scarcely wide enough for them. Next day the Ozark, Louisville, Chillicothe, and two tugs also succeeded in passing the upper falls. Immediately afterward the Mound City, Carondolet, and Pittsburg started in succession to pass the dam, all their hatches battened down, and every precaution taken to prevent accident. The passage of these vessels was a most beautiful sight, only to be realized when seen. They passed over without an accident, except the unshipping of one or two rudders. This was witnessed by all the troops, and the vessels were heartily cheered as they passed over. Next morning at ten o'clock, the Louisville, Chillicothe, Ozark, and two tugs passed over without any accident except the loss of a man, who was swept off the deck of one of the tugs.

In Wisconsin, as in other states, there were some men of disloyal stamp. All through the west, particularly in the year 1863, this feeling often exhibited itself in actual violence. The more usual manifestations were in opposition to the drafts; and riots, from this source, were not uncommon. In some instances the enrolling officers, while proceeding to their duty, were ambushed and assassinated. Among the various DRAFT RIOTS was quite a serious one in Ozaukee county, this state. The details we take from the Milwaukee papers.

The resistance to the draft in Ozaukee county has assumed quite a serious aspect. Early on Monday morning, the day on which the draft was to take place,

processions came into the village of Ozaukee, and paraded the streets with banners on which were inscribed "No Draft." At a preconcerted signal—the firing of two cannon—they marched to the courthouse, where they found the commissioner, Mr. Pors, had just commenced operations. The mob immediately attacked the courthouse, the commissioner fled, a part of the multitude pursuing him and assailing him with stones, brickbats and other missiles, until he took refuge in the postoffice. The other part continued their assault on the courthouse, and destroyed the papers and other machinery connected with the draft.

The commissioner, having escaped from the hands of the rioters, they turned round and wreaked their vengeance upon several eminent citizens who had been counseling obedience to the laws. Among those assaulted and beaten were: S. A. White, the county judge; L. Towsley, the district attorney; Judge Downs, register of deeds, and A. M. Blair, a leading lawyer. All these gentlemen were severely injured, and narrowly escaped with their lives. It is reported that Judge Downs had his leg broken.

The rioters then commenced destroying private property. The houses of Mr. Pors, Mr. Loomis, Mr. Blair, Dr. Stillman and H. H. Hunt were sacked. The Ozaukee Stone Mills were leveled to the ground. They pursued the proprietor with the purpose of taking his life, but he managed to secrete himself, and afterward escaped to this city. Previous to this they had obtained all the sheriff's papers in connection with the draft and destroyed them.

The house of Commissioner Pors was also visited with particular vengeance. The furniture was smashed up and dumped out on the street. Jellies, jams, and preserves were poured over the Brussels carpets, and ladies' personal apparel torn into shreds. The mob continued in their high-handed career, and every person who was known to be a peaceful, law-abiding and law-obeying citizen was threatened with violence to his person and property. In many cases these threats were carried out with fearful exactness.

We are confident the leaders in this riot will be dealt with summarily. We believe the body of the people there have been led on by designing, factious men, who are never content unless engaged in some riotous proceeding, no matter what its nature, if it only be resistance to the lawful constituted authority. Pillage and plunder is their great object, and they have led on innocent, unsuspecting people to commit their devilish deeds under the cry of "No Draft." We expect these modern *Santerres* and *Marats* will be caged.

The provost-marshal-general of the state, W. D. McIndoe, arrived here last night, and accompanied by eight companies of the 28th regiment, 600 strong, under command of Colonel Lewis, left for the scene of the disturbances in Ozaukee county.

The steamers Comet and Sunbeam had previously been chartered by the governor, and at half past three o'clock Wednesday morning took their departure for Port Washington, with the provost-marshal-general and troops on board.

The propeller Kenosha, which arrived here at nine o'clock Tuesday night, brought information that the mob at Ozaukee had three pieces of artillery, one of which was planted on the pier, and two on an elevation commanding the pier, and that they threatened to prevent the landing of troops. To prevent a collision at the pier, it was understood the troops would be landed at Port Ulao, five miles this side, and marched into Port Washington before daylight this morning.

P. S.—The Comet has just returned—two o'clock. The troops landed at Port Ulao and proceeded by land to Port Washington, arriving about seven o'clock in the morning. The rioters were completely taken by surprise, not one of them expecting that anything would be done by the State or United States authorities.

Seventy of the rioters have been captured and are in the custody of provost-marshal McIndoe. Some prominent citizens of Port Washington are among the prisoners. The destruction is represented as much greater than at first reported, six houses having been gutted. Clothing, furniture, and pianos were piled up in promiscuous confusion.

The troops marched to the rear of the town on the west side. Colonel Lewis immediately sent out scouts and extended his lines so as to completely

surround the town. Advancing in this manner, the scouts soon came in contact with some of the rioters, who appeared frightened out of their wits, having become aware of the presence of a body of troops. They rushed wildly from one side of the town to the other, endeavoring to make their escape. But it was no use. The lines of the soldiers gradually closed up, and the rioters were completely bagged—caught amid the ruin and destruction they had made. In a very short time the soldiers had arrested about seventy, including several women. The prisoners were taken and confined in the courthouse under guard. We can only surmise what will be the fate of the men. The law provides that all who resist or counsel resistance to the draft shall be sentenced to serve in the ranks of the army during the war. This is a very mild sentence, and will be carried out to the letter.

Arrival of the Rioters in Milwaukee.—The steamer Sunbeam brought here this morning 81 of the Ozaukee rioters, who were under the charge of a detachment from the 28th, consisting of Captain White's company. The company marched through the city in the form of a hollow square, with the prisoners in the center. They looked decidedly crestfallen, and were probably deeply ashamed of the scrape they have got themselves into. They have been taken to Camp Washburn, and will undoubtedly be put into the army without any further chance of a draft.

Resistance to the Draft in Washington county.—Some of the citizens of Washington county, catching the contagion from Ozaukee county, disgraced themselves and the state nearly to the same extent on Tuesday as was the case in the latter county.

On Monday there was no disturbance, and Mr. E. H. Gilson, the commissioner, completed, successfully, at West Bend, the draft for the towns of Barton, Farmington, Jackson, Kewauxum and West Bend, employing a little girl to draw the ballots. Tuesday, in taking up the town of Trenton, a large crowd packed the court house, and as soon as it was completed began to shout.

Sheriff Weimar and B. S. Weil endeavored to stem the tide, and counseled obedience to the laws. It was of no use, however, and Mr. Gilson, and the little girl, were advised to leave the building, which they did in haste. Gilson started for L. F. Frisby's office, but was overtaken by 15 or 20 excited men, one of whom caught him by the throat, another by the watch-guard, and another struck him a heavy blow in the right side with a stone of the size of a man's two fists. They told him to give up the rolls containing the list of men subject to draft, or they would murder him on the spot.

He evaded their demands as well as he could, meanwhile falling back until he reached Mr. Frisby's office, when he expostulated with them and appealed to them. Frisby and Weil did the same, and in the meantime Gilson managed to get into the office and escaped from the back door, seizing upon his overcoat with his revolver in it as he escaped. A friend who had left a horse in the woods, about a half a mile distant, for him, informed him of what he had done, and he was not long in reaching the horse, which he mounted and made for Hartford at the top of his speed. When near that place he met five or six men on horseback, armed with clubs, going in the direction of West Bend. They called to him:

"Are you running away from the draft?"

"No, but they are drafting you right fast up at West Bend."

"By G—d, we'll see about that," they replied, and put spurs to their horses.

Mr. Gilson reached Hartford in time to get aboard the train, and at once came to Milwaukee. He at once left here for Madison, arriving there yesterday morning. He is an old resident of Washington county, and has hitherto been one of the most influential men there.

Mr. Gilson resides at Newburg, in that county. He expects to hear that his house has been destroyed, and his family insulted and outraged. These high-handed proceedings call for, and will, we doubt not, receive prompt and vigorous action on the part of the executive.

Two Hundred Arrests made—Trouble in other Towns.—OZAUKEE, Wednesday Evening. EDITORS SENTINEL:—I have but a few minutes to write before the Sunbeam leaves with eighty-one "rebels" on board, bound for Fort Lafayette and a job of dirt digging. The work of repressing the outbreak goes bravely on. Nearly 200 arrests have been made, and a detachment of 200 soldiers have gone to Saukville to suppress a riot there.

A squad of 20 soldiers were out this P. M., near Belgium, and were attacked by a body of men, outnumbering them six or seven to one. The boys stood their ground bravely, wounding one of the rebels severely, if not fatally, and capturing fifty-nine. Two others brought in nine before dark.

Marshal McIndoe is doing his work well, and is ably assisted by the officers and men belonging to the department. They are sustained by the citizens, and it is more than probable that mob law will receive a lesson which will be remembered for some time.

A six-pounder field piece was captured about nine o'clock this morning, and is now under guard at the court-house. The insurgents were well armed, but are no match for the volunteers who are sustaining the cause of law and order.

The feeling of satisfaction is universal among the citizens and passengers.

The town presents a sad appearance. Seven buildings are completely gutted. Four elegant pianos are among the property destroyed.

MINNESOTA.

MINNESOTA derives its name from the Minnesota River. The water of this river is clear, but has a blueish hue, owing to the peculiar colored clay of its bed.

The name, Minnesota, indicates this peculiarity, and signifies "sky-tinted water." In 1679, Father Hennepin, a Dutch Franciscan friar, and two others, of La Salle's expedition, accompanied the Indians to their villages, 180 miles above the Falls of St. Anthony. "He was the first European who ascended the Mississippi above the mouth of the Wisconsin; the first to name and describe the Falls of St. Anthony; the first to present an engraving of the Falls of Niagara to the literary world.*

The first white man who visited the soil of Minnesota was a Frenchman, Daniel Greysolon du Luth, who in 1678 left Quebec to explore the country of the Assineboines. On the



ARMS OF MINNESOTA.

MOTTO—*L'étoile du Nord*—The Star of the North.

2d of July, of the next year, he planted the king's arms in Kathio, the great village of the Dakotahs, and, in the succeeding September, convened a council of the Indian nations at the head of Lake Superior. He built a fort, a trading post at the mouth of Pigeon River, and advanced as far as Mille Lac. In June, 1680, leaving his post, he met Hennepin among the Dakotahs, and descended the Mississippi with him. Before the termination of that century, other Frenchmen also visited Minnesota.

In 1689, Perrot, accompanied by Le Sueur, Father Marest, and others, took formal possession of Minnesota, in the name of the French king. They also built a fort on the west shore of Lake Pepin, just above its entrance—the

* From "The History of Minnesota, from the Earliest French Exploration to the Present Time; by Edward Duffield Neill, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society. Philadelphia, T. B. Lippincott & Co., 1858."

first French establishment in Minnesota. Le Sueur, in 1695, built a second post, on an island below the St. Croix.

At this period, Le Sueur discovered, as he supposed, a copper mine on Blue Earth River, a tributary of the Minnesota. He returned in 1700, built a fort on the Minnesota, remained during the winter, and in the spring descended the Mississippi, with one hundred tons of blue and green earth destined for France: but it is not known that he ever returned.

Within the next 60 years, Minnesota was visited by the French fur traders. In 1763, Capt. Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut, visited the country, and subsequently published his travels in England, in which he first called the attention of the civilized world to the existence of the ancient monuments in the Mississippi valley, which he discovered in the vicinity of Lake Pepin, and described. He also described a cave near St. Paul, which bears his name to this day. He designed to have returned to the country, with which he was greatly delighted: but the American Revolution intervening prevented.

"After the French came the British fur traders. The British North-west Fur Company occupied trading posts at Sandy Lake, Leech Lake, and other central points within the limits of Minnesota. That at Sandy Lake was built in 1794, the year of Wayne's victory. It was a large stockade, and contained two rows of buildings used as dwellings, provision store, and workshops. Fort William, on the north side of Lake Superior, eventually became their principal depot. This fort was on so large a scale as to accommodate forty partners, with their clerks and families. About these posts were many half-breeds, whose members were constantly increasing by the intermarriages of the French traders with the Indian women. Their goods, consisting principally of blankets, cutlery, printed calicoes, ribbons, glass beads, and other trinkets, were forwarded to the posts from Montreal, in packages of about 90 pounds each, and exchanged in winter for furs, which in the summer were conveyed to Montreal in canoes, carrying each about 65 packages and 10 men. The Mackinaw Company, also English merchants, had their headquarters at Mackinaw, while their trading posts were over a thousand miles distant, on the head waters of the Mississippi. Between the North-west and the Hudson's Bay Company a powerful rivalry existed. The boundaries of the latter not being established, desperate collisions often took place, and the posts of each were frequently attacked. When Lieut. Pike ascended the upper Mississippi in 1805, he found the fur trade in the exclusive possession of the North-west Company, which was composed wholly of foreigners. Although the lake posts were surrendered to our government in 1796, American authority was not felt in that quarter until after the war of 1812, owing to the influence the English exercised over the Indians. It was from fear of American rivalry that the British fur traders instigated the Indians to border wars against the early settlements. In 1816, congress passed a law excluding foreigners from the Indian trade."

In 1800, when the Territory of Indiana was organized, that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi was included within it; and in 1803, when Louisiana was purchased, that part of Minnesota west of the Mississippi for the first time became United States territory. The first American officer who visited Minnesota on public business, was Zebulon Montgomery Pike, a native of New Jersey, then a young lieutenant in the army. His errand was to explore the country, form alliances with the Indians, and expel the British traders found violating the laws of the United States. He was well treated by them; but as soon as he had departed, they disregarded the regulations he had established. Pike purchased the site of Fort Snelling, where, in 1819, barracks were erected, and a garrison stationed by the United States, which was the first American establishment in the country. Further explorations were made in 1820, by Gov. Cass; in 1823, by Major Long, and in 1832, by Henry R. Schoolcraft, the last of whom discovered the source of the Mississippi.

From 1836 to 1839, M. Nicollet (under whom was John C. Fremont), was engaged in making geographical surveys in this region, and ten years later, a scientific corps under Dr. Dale Owen, by their explorations, revealed much additional information respecting the topography and geology of this northern country: as also have the published journals of Stansbury, Pope and Marcy, officers of the U. S. corps of topographical engineers. All these surveys and explorations were by order of government.

The first settlers in Minnesota, aside from the missionaries, fur traders, and military, were a few Swiss emigrants from Pembina, the colony of Lord Selkirk, in the valley of the Red River, upward of 600 miles north of Fort Snelling. In the years of 1837 and 1838,

they opened farms on the site of St. Paul and vicinity. At this time the American emigrants had made no settlements on the Mississippi above Prairie du Chien. In October, 1833, Rev. W. T. Boutwell established, at Leech Lake, the first Protestant mission in Minnesota west of the Mississippi. In May, 1835, the first church in Minnesota was organized in the garrison at Fort Snelling, by Rev. Thos. S. Williamson and Rev. J. D. Stevens, missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions to the Dakotahs. In 1843, a settlement was begun on the site of Stillwater, a mill and other improvements commenced. The next year the first mill in Minnesota, above Fort Snelling, was built by B. Gervais, five miles north-east of St. Paul, at a point later known as Little Canada. In the year 1842, a store and some other trading shops were opened at St. Paul, which made it the nucleus of a settlement.

Previous to the organization of Wisconsin as a state, that part of Minnesota east of the Mississippi was included within it, and that part west in the Territory of Iowa.

"On the 3d of March, 1849, a bill was passed organizing the Territory of Minnesota, whose boundary on the west extended to the Missouri River. At the time of the passage of the bill, organizing the Territory of Minnesota, the region was little more than a wilderness. The west bank of the Mississippi, from the Iowa line to Lake Itasca, was unceded by the Indians.

At Wapashaw was a trading post in charge of Alexis Bailly, and here also resided the ancient voyageur, of fourscore years, A. Rocque. At the foot of Lake Pepin was a storehouse kept by Mr. F. S. Richards. On the west shore of the lake lived the eccentric Wells, whose wife was a *bois brule*—a daughter of the deceased trader, Duncan Graham. The two unfinished buildings of stone, on the beautiful bank opposite the renowned Maiden's Rock, and the surrounding skin lodges of his wife's relatives and friends, presented a rude but picturesque scene. Above the lake was a cluster of bark wigwams, the Dakotah village of Raymneecha, now Red Wing, at which was a Presbyterian mission house. The next settlement was Kaposia, also an Indian village, and the residence of a Presbyterian missionary, the Rev. T. S. Williamson, M.D.

On the east side of the Mississippi, the first settlement, at the mouth of the St. Croix, was Point Douglas, then, as now, a small hamlet. At Red Rock, the site of a former Methodist mission station, there were a few farmers. St. Paul was just emerging from a collection of Indian whisky shops, and birch-roofed cabins of half-breed voyageurs. Here and there a frame tenement was erected; and, under the auspices of the Hon. H. M. Rice, who had obtained an interest in the town, some warehouses were being constructed, and the foundations of the American House were laid. In 1849, the population had increased to two hundred and fifty or three hundred inhabitants, for rumors had gone abroad that it might be mentioned in the act, creating the territory, as the capital."

The officers appointed by President Taylor for the territory were, Alex. Ramsay, of Pa., governor; C. K. Smith, of Ohio, secretary; A. Goodrich, of Tenn., chief justice; B. B. Meeker, of Ky., and David Cooper, of Pa., associate judges; H. L. Moss, U. S. district attorney; and A. M. Mitchell, of Ohio, marshal. The governor and other officers soon after arrived at St. Paul, and on the 1st of June the territorial government was organized. Henry H. Sibley, of Mich., was shortly after elected the first delegate to congress. The territorial legislature met on the 3d of September, and elected David Olmsted president of the council, and Joseph W. Furber as speaker of the house. The next day they assembled in the dining room of the town hotel, and, after a prayer by Rev. E. D. Neill, the governor delivered his message. One of the first acts of the body was to incorporate "the Historical Society of Minnesota." The total population of the territory, on the 11th of June, 1849, was 4,049.

On the 33d of Feb., 1856, the U. S. senate authorized the people of Minnesota to form a state constitution, preparatory to admission into the Union. This was effected in the succeeding October, and on the 7th of April, 1858, the senate passed the bill admitting Minnesota into the Union. Henry M. Rice and James Shields were the first representatives of the new state in the national senate. In a census taken in 1857, preliminary to admission, the population was ascertained to be 150,037.

Like all new states, Minnesota has been injured by the spirit of speculation in land, especially in town sites. Prior to the commercial revulsion of 1857, it was estimated that 863 town sites had been recorded, enough to accommodate a town population of over two million.

Minnesota extends from latitude 43° 30' to 48°, and in longitude from 80° 29' to 91° 12': it is bounded on the E. by Lake Superior and Wiscon-

sin; on the N. by the British Possessions; on the W. by Dakota Territory, and on the S. by Iowa: its greatest length north and south is 380 miles, and it has a breadth varying from 183 to 358 miles: total area 81,259 square miles.

Minnesota occupies the elevated plateau of North America. At the "highth of land," or *Hauteurs des Terres*, in the northern part of the state, lat. 47 deg. 7 min. and long. 95 deg., "are the sources of the three great river systems of the continent. The slopes of the adjacent valleys, meeting upon this central ridge, give to the surface of Minnesota, with the general aspect of an undulating plain, the shape of a pyramidal roof, down whose opposite sides the waters descend to their ocean outlets." Two thirds of this surface feeds the Mississippi with its waters, which thus find their way to the Gulf of Mexico, while the remainder of the surface contributes in about equal proportions to the Red River of the North, flowing into Hudson's Bay, and to Lake Superior, whose final outlet to the ocean is through the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Highth of Land is about 1,500 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, and is the only hilly region, excepting the trap summits north of Lake Superior.

The majestic Mississippi takes its rise among the hills of Lake Itasca, and flows for 797 miles through the state. The Minnesota, 470 miles long, empties into the Mississippi five miles above St. Paul, and is now navigable for steamers for 238 miles, to the mouth of the Yellow Medicine. The Red River has a length of 379 miles, to the British line. The St. Croix River, so valuable for its pineries, is navigable for 52 miles. Lake Superior washes 167 miles of the border of the state, and the St. Louis River, at its extreme west end, is navigable 21 miles.

Hon. B. B. Meeker, a ten years' resident in Minnesota, writing in 1860, gives a description of its climate, soil and general resources, which we copy in an abridged form;

The climate of Minnesota is already proverbially good. Its complete exemption from all those diseases and maladies local to most new countries, and so justly a terror to all new comers, is conceded by all who have tested it by actual residence. There is hardly a town, or city, or neighborhood in the state, that is not able to bear testimony to more than one complete restoration from chronic disease of the lungs or some of the varied types of consumption assumed by that most subtle of all the agents of the fell destroyer.

Perhaps no locality on our continent has less of fever and ague. Indeed, if there be any cases of this kind, their origin is readily traced to some other states or territories, and but a short residence is necessary to eradicate it entirely. Hundreds and hundreds of families are annually driven from other western states to take up their residence in Minnesota, to escape this offensive and troublesome foe to the emigrant and his family. This is not only true of one, but of *every* portion of the state; and what is very remarkable, it is just as healthy around the lake shores and along the valleys of our water courses, as upon the prairies and table lands of the interior. In no part of America are the seasons better defined or more emphatically marked.

We will commence with the spring. This season usually begins about the middle of March, when the snow begins to melt and disappear suddenly. April is fickle and fluctuating—May tranquil, warm, and genial. The latter part of April the farmers plant potatoes and sow their spring wheat. About the first of May they sow their oats, and about the tenth plant their corn. After the first of May frosts rarely ever appear, certainly not to the same extent they do in states further south and east. This is a very remarkable fact, and is demonstrated yearly. I was informed by an aged missionary, in the spring of 1849, that he had lived in the country then sixteen years, and that he had observed the appearance of frost averaged two weeks earlier in northern Illinois than in Minnesota. Why this difference in favor of a more northern state, is an interesting problem for philosophers and geologists, with whom I leave the solution—the *fact*, however, is incontestable.

Summer in this state is indeed hot, sometimes even overpowering; but always succeeded by cool, breezy, delicious nights. Sleep here is repose indeed, and not exhaustion, as in more southern states. In no part of the world do crops grow more rapidly than in Minnesota, owing chiefly to two causes, the intense heat of summer days and the warm nature of the soil. This peculiarity of the soil and climate explains the hurried and swift maturity of the various species of corn, that many who have not witnessed the fact, believe can not ripen with any degree of certainty north of Ohio or Illinois. This quick action of the sun and soil on vegetation and grain, is necessarily a spur to the farmer, who is hurried from one department of his labor to another without much time for rest or relaxation. At first he will be apt to conclude that the planting of corn is too close on the sowing of wheat, oats, and barley; and the weeding of the former too near the harvesting of the latter. But

he will soon learn by observation and experience to keep them separate and apart by taking time by the forelock.

The autumns of Minnesota are bright, clear, and dry—well adapted to the cutting and curing of hay, and the in-gathering of the crops. It is also the best season for sport, as hunting, fishing, and driving. No state in the Union has better natural roads and thoroughfares, and at this season you can safely drive a carriage to the Red River—thence down that rich valley of land to the British interior—or westward to the Rocky Mountains, or southerly to Iowa or Missouri. A good team road you can find at this season in almost any direction, and perfect health by the way.

The winter here is cold, dry, and severe. Snow falls for sleighing generally about the twentieth of November, and from that time to Christmas. After that but little snow falls, and it is uniform winter till spring comes, when it makes its exit rather unceremoniously. But let no one suppose that winter here is cheerless and void of social interest. In no part of the country are there more social appliances and social pleasures than in Minnesota. Lyceums, lecture-rooms, social and dancing parties, sleighing excursions by day and by moonlight, are common sources of pleasure from the capitol to the country hamlet. This, too, is the season for harvesting the pine forest—an employment half business and half pleasure—a crop gathered in the winter and manufactured and sold in the spring and summer.

Minnesota, like all the other states, has more or less of poor or indifferent soil; at the same time few states in the Union have more productive or remunerating lands than Minnesota, and these are admirably distributed so as ultimately to equalize the population through the several important districts marked by the physical geography of the country. The great natural subdivisions of the state are:

I. The Lake Superior region or the region extending some sixty miles around the head of the great lake that bears that name. This district is for the most part woodland. Most of the soil is thin, low, and wet, with here and there a fertile locality of hard wood, as ash, sugar maple, and elm, having a clay or hard-pan subsoil. But little of this region is at present settled, and it is generally unknown to the emigrating public; as no road has yet been completed—from Superior City to the Mississippi—a distance of eighty miles only. It is to be regretted, and the government is to be blamed, that it has never constructed this road either for military or postal purposes, as well as for calling into requisition and settlement a large tract of the public domain, thus uniting, by a comparatively small expense, the two great valleys of the continent, the Lake and Mississippi. It would be essentially a national highway, and would speedily force into settlement all the cultivable lands between the two mighty waters. This, too, is the mineral, the copper and iron district of Minnesota—the *only* region in America where copper is found in *massive* purity. When the slumbering wealth of this region shall be appreciated, and capital and operatives shall have found a lodgment in this portion of Minnesota, agriculture in this vicinity will find an inexhaustible market and a rich reward at the head of the lake.

II. In the north-west of the state, heads the great valley or basin of the Red River of the North. This is almost a distinct region of country, and has many peculiarities in soil and population. The valley proper, is about thirty miles in width, being timbered and prairie and of the very richest soil, composed of a deep black loam, resting upon a clayey foundation. This is a vast luxuriant grass region—the ancient paradise of the buffalo herds—from which they have just been driven by the vanguard and outpost of our progressive population. This great valley is admirably adapted to the cultivation of hemp, barley, maize, wheat, oats, and potatoes.

III. The Upper Mississippi. By this I mean so much of the valley of the Upper Mississippi as lies north of the Falls of St. Anthony. On the east side or left hand of this river, from its source to the falls, the soil is generally inferior, and yet there are many portions of it are good and yield well. On the west side, however, the soil is not only good but generally excellent. The Sauk River valley, the Crow River valley and its branches, are not surpassed in fertility and productiveness in any western state. This region is not only well settled but populous, and is very productive in wheat, rye, oats, corn, and potatoes, which are shipped in large quantities from the falls to St. Louis, the most accessible and best market.

IV. The St. Peter's or Minnesota valley. This is an immense district of agricultural and grazing lands, stretching south-westerly first, and then north-westerly, embracing a tract of some five hundred miles, fertile in corn, wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, all of which are easily and cheaply floated to the Mississippi, thence south to the best market.

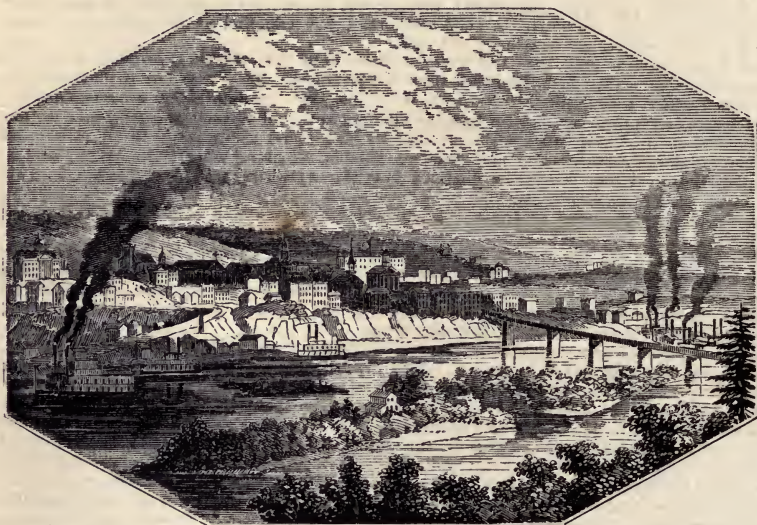
V. Lower Minnesota, or all that country lying west of the Mississippi and south of the St. Peter's or Minnesota River, including the very rich and fertile country drained by the Blue Earth. This whole country is well settled, and very fertile in corn and wheat.

The crops that do best in Minnesota are wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, and corn—the latter, not always a certain crop. The average yield of wheat this year is supposed to be twenty-five bushels to the acre, the largest average of any state of the Union.

There is no mineral coal in Minnesota, but the country is otherwise well supplied with fuel and means for manufacturing. For a prairie state, it is by far the best wooded and

timbered of them all. All the region between the Upper Mississippi and the Great Lake is a wilderness of wood, except a narrow belt of prairie along the river. All the great valleys above described have an abundance of wood for fuel, fencing, and building purposes.

I think it is the best watered country in the world. A settler can hardly select him a farm in any part of the state that will not be near a spring, a creek, or lake. Cascades and



St. Paul.

waterfalls, too, are to be found all over the state, and are valued for their beauty and utility. Water-power, as it is called, is inexhaustible in Minnesota, and is rapidly being appropriated to various branches of manufacturing. Flour and lumber have already become important staples, and command high and cash prices, from the Falls of St. Anthony to New Orleans. Other manufacturing will soon spring up, and make Minnesota, in this respect, the New England of the north-west.

The more intense periods of cold in the winter of Minnesota, are shorn of their severity, by the absence of winds and the peculiar dryness of the atmosphere, which imparts an elasticity and buoyancy to the spirits. It has been ascertained by theometrical observations, continued for many years at Fort Snelling, that its spring temperature is identical with that of Massachusetts; its summer with that of northern Ohio; its autumn with that of northern Vermont, and its winter is like that of Montreal. The population of Minnesota, in 1850, was 6,075, and in 1860, 176,535: and farms under cultivation, 19,075.

ST. PAUL, the capital of Minnesota, derives its name from the Catholic church which had been organized there six years previous to the laying out of the town. St. Paul stands on the left or east bank of the Mississippi; but at this particular point the course of the river is from south-west to north-east: the town is 8 miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, and 5 below Fort Snelling and the mouth of the Minnesota: distance, by the Mississippi, above New Orleans, 1,900 miles; above the mouth of the Ohio, 860; above St. Louis, 688; above Galena, 280; above La Crosse, 114; and about 400

from Chicago by the usual route of travel. The main part of St. Paul stands upon a plain of land about 80 feet above the river, and 800 above the Gulf of Mexico, on one of the most beautiful and commanding of sites. "Commercially, it is the key to all the vast region north of it, and, by the Minnesota River, to the immense valley drained through that important tributary to the Mississippi. The approach to it from below is grand and imposing. The traveler, after leaving Dubuque nearly 300 miles below, sees nothing to remind him of a city until he rounds the bend in the river below St. Paul, when her tall spires, substantial business houses, and neat dwellings burst upon his view." St. Paul is near the geographical center of the continent, and is the prominent business point of one of the most beautiful, fertile, and healthy of countries. Population 1860, 10,401.

The first settlers at St. Paul were the Swiss, originally from Pembina, Lord Selkirk's colony, on the Red River of the North. In the spring of 1825, the colonists there were driven from their homes by a terrible freshet in the river, consequent upon the melting of the snows. "After the flood, they could no longer remain in the land of their adversity, and they became the pioneers in emigration and agriculture in the state of Minnesota. At one time a party of 243 departed for the United States, who found homes at different points on the banks of the Mississippi. Before the eastern wave of emigration had ascended beyond Prairie du Chien, the Swiss had opened farms on and near St. Paul, and should be recognized as the first actual settlers in the country." They first located on the land on the east side of the Mississippi, between St. Paul and Fort Snelling, and commenced improvements. In March, 1838, the commander at the fort selected this land as a part of a military reservation. It was, therefore, withheld from sale. The settlers, who were principally the Swiss, were ordered to be removed by the war department. On the 6th and 7th of May, 1840, the troops from the fort, with undue haste, removed these unfortunate people, and destroyed their cabins: they then removed to the site of St. Paul: among them were Messrs. Massey, Perry, Garvis and Pierre.

"The year [1838] that the Dakotahs ceded the land east of the Mississippi," says Neill in his History of Minnesota, "a Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Parant, the ideal of an Indian whisky seller, erected a shanty at what is now the principal steamboat landing in St. Paul. Ignorant and overbearing, he loved money more than his soul. Destitute of one eye, and the other resembling that of a pig, he was a good representative of Caliban.

In the year 1842, some one writing a letter in his groggery, for the want of a more euphonious name, designated the place as 'Pig's Eye,' referring to the peculiar appearance of the whisky seller. The reply to the letter was directed in good faith to 'Pig's Eye,' and was received in due time.

In 1842, the late Henry Jackson, of Mahkato, settled at the same spot, and erected the first store on the high just above the lower landing; and shortly after, Roberts and Simpson followed, and opened small Indian trading shops. In the year 1846, the site of St. Paul was chiefly occupied by a few shanties, owned by 'certain lewd fellows of the baser sort,' who sold rum to the soldier and Indian. It was despised by all decent white men, and known to the Dakotahs by an expression in their tongue, which means, the place where they sell minne-wakan.*

St. Paul was laid off as a town into lots in July, 1847, by Ira B. Brunson, of Prairie du Chien, in the employment of residents. "The names of those who were then sole proprietors, barring Uncle Sam's prior lien, were Vetal Guerin, Alex. R. M'Leod, Henry Jackson, Hartshorn & Randall, Louis Roberts, Benj. Gervais, David Farribault, A. L. Larpenteur, J. W. Simpson, and J. Demarrais." For a year or two the place showed no signs of a promising future, until the Hon. Henry M. Rice bought in, and by his energy and reputation for forecast, "infused new life into the place." When the territorial bill for the organization of Minnesota was passed, St. Paul, through the exertions of Hon. Henry H. Sibley, was named as the temporary capital. The act was signed on the 3d of March, 1849. Says Neill:

"More than a month after the adjournment of congress, just at eve, on the 9th of April, amid terrific peals of thunder and torrents of rain, the weekly steam packet, the first to force its way through the icy barrier of Lake Pepin, rounded the rocky point, whistling loud and long, as if the bearer of glad tidings. Before she was safely moored to the landing, the shouts of the excited villagers announced that there was a Territory of Minnesota,

* Supernatural Water.

and that St. Paul was the seat of government. Every successive steamboat arrival poured out on the landing men big with hope, and anxious to do something to mold the future of the new state.

Nine days after the news of the existence of the Territory of Minnesota was received, there arrived James M. Goodhue with press, types, and printing apparatus. A graduate of Amherst College, and a lawyer by profession, he wielded a sharp pen, and wrote editorials, which, more than anything else, perhaps, induced emigration. Though a man of some glaring faults, one of the counties properly bears his name. On the 28th of April, he issued the first number of the 'Pioneer.'

On the 27th of May, Alexander Ramsey, the governor, and family arrived at St. Paul, but, owing to the crowded state of the public houses, immediately proceeded in the steamer to the establishment of the fur company known as Mendota, at the junction of the Minnesota and Mississippi, and became the guest of the Hon. H. H. Sibley.

For several weeks there resided, at the confluence of these rivers, four individuals who, more than any other men, have been identified with the public interests of Minnesota, and given the state its present character. Their names are attached to the thriving counties of Ramsey, Rice, Sibley, and Steele.

'As unto the bow, the cord is,
So unto the man is the woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.'

Fort Snelling, originally called Fort St. Anthony, is a noted point in the history of Minnesota. It



FORT SNELLING.

It stands on a lofty bluff, 5 miles above St. Paul, on the west bank of the Mississippi, at the junction of the Minnesota, and on the north bank of the latter. It is composed of large barracks and numerous edifices, surrounded by thick walls. Previous to the organization of Minnesota, in 1849, it was the only important point north of Prairie du Chien, and was

for years the rendezvous of missionaries, of scientific explorers, and of mercantile adventurers, on their way to the Dakotahs. The scenery at this point, up the valley of the Minnesota, is surpassingly beautiful. The fort was named from Col. Snelling. He was a brave officer of the war of 1812, and particularly distinguished himself at Tippecanoe and Brownstown. He died in 1828.

In Feb., 1819, the war department ordered the 5th regiment of infantry to concentrate at Detroit, for the purpose of transportation to the Mississippi, to garrison Prairie du Chien and Rock Island, and to establish a post as the head-quarters of the corps at the mouth of the Minnesota.

Col. Leavenworth ascended the Mississippi with his soldiers in keel boats, and erected temporary barracks above the present village of Mendota, on the south side of the river, where they wintered. Col. Snelling subsequently assumed command of the garrison. On the 10th of September of the next year (1820), the corner stone of Fort Snelling was laid.

The wife of Colonel Snelling, "a few days after her arrival at the post, gave birth to the first infant of white parents in Minnesota, which, after a brief existence of thirteen months, departed to a better land. The dilapidated monument which marks the remains of the 'little one,' is still visible in the graveyard of the fort. Beside Mrs. Snelling, the wife of the commissary, and of Captain Gooding, were in the garrison, the first American ladies that ever wintered in Minnesota."

The *Minne-ha-ha Falls*, the existence of which the genius of Longfellow

has perpetuated in living lines, is within a few minutes drive from Fort Snelling, or St. Anthony, being between these two points.

"Waterfalls, in the Dakotah tongue, are called *ha-ha*. The 'h' has a strong guttural sound, and the word is applied because of the *curling* or laughing of the waters. The verb *I-ha-ha* primarily means to *curl*; secondarily to *laugh*, because of the curling motion of the mouth in laughter. The noise of *Ha-ha* is called by the Dakotahs *I-ha-ha*, because of its resemblance to laughter. A small rivulet, the outlet of Lake Harriet and Calhoun, gently gliding over the bluff into an amphitheater, forms this graceful waterfall. It has but little of 'the cataract's thunder.' Niagara symbolizes the sublime; St. Anthony the picturesque; *Ha-ha* the beautiful. The fall is about sixty feet, presenting a parabolic curve, which drops, without the least deviation, until it has reached its lower level, when the stream goes on its way rejoicing, curling along in laughing, childish glee at the graceful feat it has performed in bounding over the precipice."



MINNE-HA-HA FALLS.

"Here the Falls of Minne-ha-ha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

St. Anthony is beautifully situated, on a gently rising prairie, on the left or east bank of the Mississippi, at the Falls of St. Anthony, 8 miles by land above St. Paul, 2 miles further north, and 12 by the windings of the river, and also 7 miles by the latter above Fort Snelling. "The first dwelling was erected in this city in the autumn of 1847, and Mrs. Ard Godfrey claims the honor of having given birth to the first of the fair daughters of St. Anthony." Here is located the University of the State. "Minnesota seems determined to be in advance of other states in education, for *two sections* in every township have been appropriated for the support of common schools, no other state having previously obtained more than *one* section in each of its townships for such a purpose."

The celebrated Falls of St. Anthony were named, in 1680, by their discoverer, Louis Hennepin, in honor of his patron saint.

"They are only twenty feet in height; but the scenery does not derive its interest from their grandeur, but from the perfect grouping of rock and wood and water on a magnificent scale. The Mississippi is upward of six hundred yards wide above the falls. These are quite perpendicular, and the water drops in beautiful single sheets on either side of a huge mass of white sandstone, of a pyramidal form, which splits the stream. The rapids below extend for several hundred yards, and are very broad, divided into various channels by precipitous islands of sandstone, gigantic blocks of which are strewn in grotesque confusion at the base of lofty walls of stratification of dazzling whiteness. These fantastically-shaped islands are thickly wooded, and birch and maple cling with desperate tenacity to nooks and crannies in the perpendicular cliffs. The banks of the river are of a character similar to the islands in its stream. The snowy-white houses of St. Anthony are almost hidden by the thick foliage of the left bank."

Situated at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, with an unlimited water power, St. Anthony has a fine prospect of becoming an important manufacturing and commercial city. It has abundance of building stone, is in a rich agricultural region, and with abundance of lumber in its vicinity.

Immediately opposite St. Anthony is the thriving town of *Minneapolis*. An elegant suspension bridge connects the two places. "As a work of beauty and art it can hardly be surpassed, while it has the appearance of great solidity; its massive cables being firmly anchored on either side in the solid rock. The work was undertaken in the spring of 1854, and finished the next year, at an expense of over \$50,000, being the first suspension bridge ever built in a territory, and the first to span the Father of Waters." The two places, St. Anthony and Minneapolis, have unitedly about 7,000 inhabitants.

Travelers visiting this region are apt to be eloquent in their descriptions. Part of this is no doubt to be attributed to the pure, dry, bracing atmosphere, which not only imparts a wondrous distinctness to the whole landscape, lending unwonted charms to the skies above, and to the earth beneath, but so braces up the system with the sensation of high health, that the stranger looks upon all things around him with most pleasing emotions. The effect of this elastic, life-giving atmosphere has, indeed, been described by some, as at times producing in them a buoyancy of feeling, that they could compare to nothing but the exhilaration occasioned by a slight indulgence in ardent spirits! Here the weak man feels a strong man, and the strong man a giant! The enthusiastic Bond, in his work on Minnesota, says that, owing to the strengthening nature of the climate, the labor of one man will produce more, and yield a larger surplus above his necessities, than in any other western state or territory. "We have," says he, "none of the languor, and debility, and agues, that turn men into feeble women in the harvest field, as they have south of us. *Labor here stands firmly on its legs, the year round, and drives things through!*"

Among the travelers in this region, who have spoken in its praise, is the celebrated savant Maury, superintendent of the National Observatory, at Washington. Says he:

At the small hours of the night, at dewy eve and early morn, I have looked out with wonder, love, and admiration upon the steel-blue sky of Minnesota, set with diamonds, and sparkling with brilliants of purest ray. The stillness of your small hours is sublime. I feel constrained, as I gaze and admire, to hold my breath, lest the eloquent silence of the night should be broken by the reverberations of the sound, from the seemingly solid but airy vault above.

Herschell has said, that in Europe, the astronomer might consider himself highly favored, if by patiently watching the skies for one year, he shall, during that period find, all told, one hundred hours suitable for satisfactory observations. A telescope, mounted here, in this atmosphere, under the skies of Minnesota, would have its powers increased many times over what they would be under canopies of a heaven less brilliant and lovely.

Col. F. A. Lumsden, of the New Orleans Picayune, writing from St. Anthony, two weeks before his death and that of his family by shipwreck, on the ill-fated steamer *Lady Elgin*, on Lake Michigan, thus gives vent to his admiration:

I have missed much by not having visited this section of country before, and one can have no correct idea of this region by anything they may hear or read about it. The scenery—the country—the lakes and the rivers—the crops and the climate are the finest in the world.

Such scenery as the Upper Mississippi presents I have never beheld: its beauties, its romantic grandeur can never be justly described. On either shore of this vast river, for miles on miles, stand the everlasting hills, their slopes covered with the emerald carpeting of spring.

As a place of summer resort, abounding in all the requisites of pleasure and health, St. Anthony excels all the watering places of the fashionable and expensive east. As for the Falls of St. Anthony, they are ruined by Yankee enterprise, and all their beauty has departed. Mills, foundries, dams and lumber rafts have spoilt all of nature's romantic loveliness by their innovations, and you would be astonished to see the hundreds of houses recently erected here, some of which are beautiful and costly specimens of architecture, that would prove ornaments to any city. The Winston House, at St. Anthony, is one of the largest and most elegant hotels of the north-west, built of stone at a cost of \$110,000, and furnished in princely style. It is now filled with southern people.

This is my fourth day here, and I already begin to experience the fine effects of the invigorating climate and stimulating atmosphere. I have been hunting and fishing, and found the sport excellent. There are plenty of deer in the neighborhood, but I have seen none of them yet. The chief shooting is the prairie chicken, and they are in abundance in the plains and stubble fields. For fishing one can hardly go amiss. Within a range of from six to twenty miles from the town, are several magnificent lakes. In all of these, the greatest quantity of fish is to be found, such as perch, of various kinds, pickerel, bass, trout, etc., while in numerous small streams, hundreds of trout—the *regular speckled trout*—are taken daily. A gay and joyous party of us yesterday visited Lake Minnetonka, where we got up a very handsome picnic, and had a good time. A party of six gentlemen, all from the south, are to start to-morrow for the buffalo grounds of the Red River of the North, on a grand hunting expedition.

The Minnesota River and Fort Snelling, as well as the pretty little Falls of Minnehaha, lie between St. Paul and this place. From the heights of Fort Snelling a most enchanting view of the rich valley of the Minnesota is had; and the traveler looks out upon the vast plain, stretching away beneath his vision, with emotions of surprise—almost of bewilderment—at the stupendous scene. *What wealth, what riches have the United States not acquired in the possession of this great domain of the north?*

Winona, is on the Mississippi River, 150 miles below Saint Paul, and has 4,000 inhabitants. It was named from the Indian maiden Winona, who, according to the legend, threw herself from a cliff into Lake Pepin, and found a grave in its waters, rather than wed an uncongenial brave. *Red Wing* and *Hastings* are smaller towns, on the Mississippi, the first the seat of Hamlin University, a methodist institution, and on that beautiful expansion of the Mississippi, Lake Pepin: Hastings is 25 miles below St. Paul.

Mendota is on a beautiful island, at the junction of the Minnesota with the Mississippi. It possesses great advantages in position, and was for a long time a noted trading post of the American Fur Company. Immediately in the rear of Mendota rises the lofty Pilot Knob, which is much visited.

Beside the above there are numerous other rising towns in Minnesota, of which we have not descriptions at hand, as *Wabashaw*, *Shakopee*, *Le Sueur*, *Nicollet*, *Stillwater*, *Lake City*, etc. Whatever descriptions may be given of the rising towns in the west are of doubtful value, excepting as a matter of history, for often is the rapidity of their increase so great, that the statistics of one season are of no reliability as a basis of knowledge a few seasons later.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, MISCELLANIES, ETC.

Nicholas Perrot was one of those master minds whose enterprises mark the history of their times. He was by birth a Canadian, bred to the excitements of a frontier life. Educated by service to the Jesuits, he became familiar with the customs and languages of the savages of the lakes of the far west. Years before La Salle launched the Griffin on Lake Erie, he was sent by government on an errand to the tribes of the north-west, and penetrated even as far south as Chicago. He was the first man known to have built a trading post on the Upper Mississippi, which he did on the shores of Lake Pepin. According to the Dakotah tradition, he gave seed and corn to their people, through the influence of which the Dakotahs began to be led away from the rice grounds of the Mille Lac region.

Louis Hennepin was born in Ath, Netherlands. He was bred a priest of the Recollect branch of the Franciscans. From his youth he had a passion for travel and adventure, and sought out the society of strangers, "who spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing." In 1676, he welcomed with joy the order from his superior to embark for Canada. He accompanied La Salle in his celebrated expedition to explore the far west. In Feb., 1680, he was dispatched by La Salle, with two voyageurs in a canoe, on a voyage of discovery up the unknown regions of the Upper Mississippi. It was on this journey that he discovered and named the Falls of St. Anthony. In 1683, he published, at Paris, a tolerably correct account of his travels in Minnesota. In 1698, he issued an enlarged edition, dedicated to King William, in which he falsely claimed to have descended the Mississippi to its mouth. His descriptions were stolen from the works of other travelers. Wishing to return to Canada, the minister of Louis XIV wrote, "As his majesty is not satisfied with the conduct of the friar, it is his pleasure that if he return thither, that they arrest and send him to the intendant at Rochefort." "In the year 1701, he was still in Europe, attached to a convent in Italy. He appears to have died in obscurity, unwept and unhonored."

Jean N. Nicollet was born in 1790, in Cluses, Savoy. So poor were his parents that he was obliged, at the early age of nine years, to gain a subsistence by playing upon the flute and violin. When ten years old, he was apprenticed to a watch-maker, and turned his leisure hours to the study of mathematics. He eventually moved to Paris and entered the normal school, later became a college professor, and gained distinction as an astronomer, receiving the decoration of the Legion of Honor. In 1832, he emigrated to the United States, poor and honest. In the summer of 1836, he came to Minnesota, and explored the sources of the Upper Mississippi, with scientific exactness. Soon after he received a commission from the United States to explore the sources of the Minnesota, and at this time was assisted by John C. Fremont. "The map which he constructed, and the astronomical observations which he made, were invaluable to the country." Hon. H. H. Sibley, in his notice of Nicollet, says:

"His health was so seriously affected after his return to Washington in 1839, that from that time forward he was incapacitated from devoting himself to the accomplishment of his work as exclusively as he had previously done. Still he labored, but it was with depressed spirits and blighted hopes. He had long aspired to a membership in the Academy of Sciences of Paris. His long continued devotion and valuable contributions to the cause of science, and his correct deportment as a gentleman, alike entitled him to such a distinction. But his enemies were numerous and influential, and when his name was presented in accordance with a previous nomination, to fill a vacancy, he was black-balled and rejected. This last blow was mortal. True, he strove against the incurable melancholy which had fastened itself upon him, but his struggles waxed more and more faint, until death put a period to his sufferings on the 18th of September, 1844.

Even when he was aware that his dissolution was near at hand, his thoughts reverted back to the days when he roamed along the valley of the Minnesota River. It was my fortune to meet him for the last time, in the year 1842, in Washington City. A short time before his death, I received a kind but mournful letter from him, in which he adverted to the fact that his days were numbered, but at the same time he expressed a hope that he would have strength sufficient to enable him to make his way to our country, that he might yield up his breath and be interred on the banks of his beloved stream.

It would have been gratifying to his friends to know that the soil of the region which had employed so much of his time and scientific research, had received his mortal remains

into his bosom, but they were denied this melancholy satisfaction. He sleeps beneath the sod far away, in the vicinity of the capital of the nation, but his name will continue to be cherished in Minnesota as one of its early explorers, and one of its best friends. The astronomer, the geologist, and the christian gentleman, Jean N. Nicollet, will long be remembered in connection with the history of the north-west.

'Time shall quench full many
A people's records, and a hero's acts,
Sweep empire after empire into nothing;
But even then shall spare this deed of thine.
And hold it up, a problem few dare imitate.
And none despise.'

Lake Itasca is one of the multitude of those clear, beautiful sheets of water which do so abound in Minnesota, that the aboriginal inhabitants were called, by

the early French *voyageurs*, the "*People of the Lakes*."

It is estimated by Schoolcraft, that within its borders are ten thousand of these, and it is thought, it is measurably to them that the husbandman of Minnesota is so blessed with abundance of summer rains.

The waters, pure, sweet, and cold, abound with fish of delicious flavor. The Indians often reared their habitations on the margins of the most beautiful and picturesque. The greater number are isolated and destitute of outlets; usually of an oval form, and from one to two and three miles in diameter, "with clear white sandy shores, gentle, grassy slopes, or rimmed with walls of rock, their pebbly beaches, sparkling with cornelians and agates, while the oak grove or denser wood



LAKE ITASCA.

The Source of the Mississippi.

which skirts its margin, completes the graceful outline."

Among all these sheets of water that by day and by night reflect the glories of this northern sky, the lake named *Itasca*, from an Indian maiden, is especially honored. For here, from the lap of encircling hills, in latitude 47 deg. 13 min. 35 sec., 1,575 feet above the ocean, and 2,527 miles from it, by its own meanderings, the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, finds his birth-place.

Lake Itasca was first brought to the notice of the civilized world as the source of the Mississippi, by Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft, Indian agent at Sault Ste. Marie. In the summer of 1832, he was given charge of an expedition to visit the Indians toward the source of the Mississippi. Attached to the expedition was a military escort, under Lieut. James Allen, Dr. Houghton, geologist of Michigan, and Rev. W. T. Boutwell, who was sent out by the American Board, preliminary to establishing missions among the Indians. They crossed over from the west end of Lake Superior, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th of July, reached the Elk Lake, named Itasca by Mr. Schoolcraft. "With the exception of traders, no white men had ever traced the Mississippi so far. The lake is about eight miles in length, and was called Elk by the Ojibways, because of its regularities, resembling the horns of that animal. Lieut. Allen, the commander of the military detachment, who made the first map of this lake, thus speaks:

'From these hills, which were seldom more than two or three hundred feet high

we came suddenly down to the lake, and passed nearly through it to an island near its west end, where we remained one or two hours. We were sure that we had reached the true source of the great river, and a feeling of great satisfaction was manifested by all the party. Mr. Schoolcraft hoisted a flag on a high staff on the island, and left it flying. The lake is about seven miles long, and from one to three broad, but is of an irregular shape, conforming to the bases of pine hills, which, for a great part of its circumference, rise abruptly from its shore. It is deep, cold, and very clear, and seemed to be well stocked with fish. Its shores show some boulders of primitive rock, but no rock in place. The island, the only one on the lake, is one hundred and fifty yards long, fifty yards broad in the highest part, elevated twenty or thirty feet, overgrown with elm, pine, spruce, and wild cherry. There can be no doubt that this is the *true source and fountain* of the longest and largest branch of the Mississippi."

THE INDIANS OF MINNESOTA.

"Minnesota, from its earliest discovery, has been the residence of two powerful tribes, the Chippewas or Ojibways, and the Sioux—pronounced *Sooz*—or Dahkotahs.* The word Chippewa is a corruption of the term Ojibway, and that of Dahkotah signifies the allied tribes. The Winnebago from Iowa, and the Menonomies from Wisconsin, have recently been removed to Minnesota. They are both small tribes compared to the above.

The Dahkotahs claim a country equal in extent to some of the most powerful empires of Europe, including the greater part of the country between the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri. The country from Rum River to the River De Corbeau has been alike claimed by them and the Ojibways, and has been the source of many bloody encounters within the last two hundred years. The Dahkotahs have destroyed immense numbers of their race, and are one of the most warlike tribes of North America. They are divided into six bands, comprising in all, 28,000 souls. Besides these, a revolted band of the Sioux, 8,000 strong, called Osinipilles, reside just east of the Rocky Mountains, upon Saskatchewan River of British America.

The Dahkotahs subsist upon buffalo meat and the wild fruits of their forests. The former is called *pemmican*, and is prepared in winter for traveling use in the following manner: The lean parts of the buffalo are cut into thin slices, dried over a slow fire in the sun, or by exposing it to frost—pounded fine, and then with a portion of berries, mixed with an equal quantity of fat from the hump and brisket, or with marrow in a boiling state, and sowed up tightly in sacks of green hide, or packed closely in baskets of wicker-work. This 'pemmican' will keep for several years.

They also use much of the *wild rice*, which grows in great abundance in the lakes and head streams in the Upper Mississippi country. The rivers and lakes of the Dahkotah and Ojibway country are said to produce annually several millions of bushels of it. It is said to be equally as nutritious and palatable as the Carolina rice. It grows in water from four to seven feet deep, which has a muddy bottom. The plant rises from four to eight feet above the surface of the water, about the size of the red cane of Tennessee, full of joints and of the color and texture of bulrushes. The stalks above the water, and the branches which bear the grain, resemble oats. To these strange grain fields, wild ducks and geese resort for food in the summer; and to prevent it being devoured by them, the Indians tie

* "The Dahkotahs in the earliest documents, and even until the present day, are called Sioux, Scioux, or Soos. The name originated with the early 'voyageurs.' For centuries the Ojibways of Lake Superior waged war against the Dahkotahs; and, whenever they spoke of them, called them *Nadowaysioux*, which signifies enemies. The French traders, to avoid exciting the attention of the Indians, while conversing in their presence, were accustomed to designate them by names which would not be recognized. The Dahkotahs were nicknamed Sioux, a word composed of the two last syllables of the Ojibway word for foes."—*Neill's Minnesota*.

it, when in the milky state, just below the head, into large bunches. This arrangement prevents these birds from pressing the heads down when within their reach. When ripe, the Indians pass among it with canoes lined with blankets, into which they bend the stalks and whip off the grain with sticks; and so abundant is it

DOG DANCE OF THE DAHKOTAHS.



OJIBWAY SCALP DANCE.



*The notes marked with accents are performed with a tremulous voice,
sounded High-yi-yi, &c.*

that an expert squaw will soon fill a canoe. After being gathered it is dried and put into skins or baskets for use. They boil or parch it, and eat it in the winter season with their pemmican. Beside the pemmican and wild rice, the country abounds in sugar-maple, from which the Indians make immense quantities of sugar. Their country abounds with fine groves, interspersed with open plains clothed with rich wild grasses—their lakes and rivers of pure water are well stored with fish, and their soil with the whortleberry, blackberry, wild plum, and crab apple; so that this talented and victorious race possess a very desirable and beautiful territory.

The Ojibways inhabit the head-waters of the Mississippi, Ottertail and Leach, De Corbeau and Red Rivers, and Winnipeg Lake. They are a powerful tribe, almost equaling the Dakotahs in numbers: they speak a copious language, and are of low stature and coarse features. The women have an awkward side-at-a-time gait; which proceeds from their being 'accustomed, nine months of the year, to wear snow-shoes, and drag sledges of a weight from two hundred to four hundred pounds. No people are more attentive to comfort in dress than the Ojibways. It is composed of deer and fawn-skins, dressed with the hair on for winter, and without the hair for summer wear.

They are superstitious in the extreme. Almost every action of their lives is influenced by some whimsical notion. They believe in the existence of a good and an evil spirit, that rule, in their several departments, over the fortunes of men; and in a state of future rewards and punishments."

EFFECT OF THE CLIMATE OF MINNESOTA ON LUNG DISEASES.

[From the Letters of the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell.]

I went to Minnesota early in July, and remained there until the latter part of the May following. I had spent a winter in Cuba without benefit. I had spent also nearly a year in California, making a gain in the dry season, and a partial loss in the wet season, returning, however, sufficiently improved to resume my labors. Breaking down again from this only partial recovery, I made the experiment now of Minnesota; and submitting myself, on returning, to a very rigid examination, by a physician who did not know at all what verdict had been passed by other physicians before, he said, in accordance with their opinion, "You have had a difficulty in the right lung, but it is healed." I had suspected from my symptoms that it might be so, and the fact appears to be confirmed by the further fact that I have been slowly, though irregularly gaining all the summer.

This improvement, or partial recovery, I attribute to the climate of Minnesota. But not to this alone—other things have concurred. First, I had a naturally firm, enduring constitution, which had only given way under excessive burdens of labor, and had no vestige of hereditary disease upon it. Secondly, I had all my burdens thrown off, and a state of complete, uncaring rest. Thirdly, I was in such vigor as to be out in the open air, on horseback and otherwise, a good part of the time. It does not follow, by any means, that one who is dying under hereditary consumption, or one who is too far gone to have any power of endurance, or spring of recuperative energy left, will be recovered in the same manner.

A great many such go there to die, and some to be partially recovered and then die: for I knew of two young men, so far recovered as to think themselves well, or nearly so, who by overviolent exertion brought on a recurrence of bleeding, and died, one of them almost instantly, and the other in about twenty-four hours; both in the same week. The general opinion seemed to be that the result was attributable, in part, to the overtone property of the atmosphere. And I have known of very remarkable cases of recovery there which had seemed to be hopeless. One of a gentleman who was carried ashore on a litter, and became a robust, hearty man. Another who told me that he had even coughed up bits of his lung, of the size of a walnut, and was then, seven or eight months after, a perfectly sound-looking, well-set man, with no cough at all. I fell in with somebody every few days who had come there and been restored; and with multitudes of others whose disease had been arrested, so as to allow the prosecution of business, and whose lease of life, as they had no doubt, was much lengthened by their migration to that region of the country. Of course it will be understood that a great many are sadly disappointed in going thither, and that as the number of consumptives making the trial increases, the funerals of the consumptive strangers are becoming sadly frequent.

The peculiar benefit of this climate appears to be from its dryness. There is as much, or even a little more of rain there than elsewhere, in the summer months, but it comes more generally in the night, and the days that follow brighten out in a fresh, tonic brilliancy, as dry almost as before. The winter climate is intensely

cold, and yet so dry, and clear, and still, for the most part, as to create no very great suffering. One who is properly dressed finds the climate much more enjoyable than the amphibious, half-fluid, half-solid, sloppy, grave-like chill of the east. The snows are light; a kind of snow-dew that makes an inch, or sometimes three, in a night. Real snow-storms are rare; there were none the last winter. A little more snow to make better sleighing would be an improvement. As to rain in the winter, it is almost unknown. There was no drop of rain the last winter, from the latter part of October to the middle, or about the middle of March, except a slight drizzle on thanksgiving day. And there was not snow melting enough for more than about eight or ten days to wet a deerskin moccasin (which many gentlemen wear all the winter). The following statement will show the comparative rain-fall, whether in the shape of rain or snow, for three different points, that may be taken to represent the whole country; being on the two coasts, and St. Paul in the middle of the continent: San Francisco, spring, 8 inches; summer, 0; autumn, 3; winter, 10; mean, 21. St. Paul, spring, 6 inches; summer, 12; autumn, 6; winter, 2; mean, 26. Hartford, spring, 10 inches; summer, 11; autumn, 10; winter, 10; mean, 41.

The San Francisco climate stands first, here, in dryness, it will be observed; but it requires to be noted, in the comparison, that while there is no rain-fall there for a whole six months, there is yet a heavy sea-fog rolling in every day, which makes the St. Paul climate really the driest of the two. The beautiful inversion, too, of the California water-season, at St. Paul, will be noticed; the water falling here in the summer, when it is wanted, and ceasing in the winter, when it is not.





Identification of Indian Murderers in Minnesota, by a Boy Survivor of the Massacre.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
MINNESOTA.

THIS new state of the far north was early in sending her regiments to the field. Her 1st regiment was in that opening battle of unfortunate issue, the battle of Manassas, in July, 1861. Her 2d regiment in the succeeding January, was at the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., where the union troops made the first bayonet charge of the war.

Small in population, yet MINNESOTA contributed 20,000 soldiers to the union army. But the rebellion had been in operation a little more than a year, when her own soil became the theater of most horrible tragedies, the suppression of which, for a time, absorbed all her energies. The times of the rebellion, therefore, was, in Minnesota, also, the times of the bloody scenes of savage barbarity known as

THE SIOUX WAR.

The most awful visitation of savage warfare that ever occurred to any community since the first settlement of this continent befel Minnesota, in August, 1862, under the leadership of Little Crow, the Sioux chief. Sunday, the 7th, the massacre began by the murder of six persons, at Acton, Messler county. The next (Monday) morning, occurred the horrible butchery at the lower Sioux agency. Some fugitives, at about 9 o'clock, A. M., carried the tidings to Fort Ridgley, twelve miles distant. Forty-six men, more than half of its little garrison, under Captain Marsh, started across the country to the scene of blood. At the lower-agency ferry they fell into an ambush; when the captain and a large part of his men, after a desperate battle, were slain. On Wednesday, the savages laid siege to the fort, which continued for several days.

In it were several pieces of artillery, and which, being well-served, the enemy were at last obliged to retreat. The German town of New Ulm, eighteen miles southwest of the fort, was attacked, and one hundred and ninety-two houses burnt. The defense was most heroic. The defenders were reinforced by armed bands from Mankato, La Seur and other points. These constructed rude barricades around a few of the buildings in the center of the village, and eventually suc-

ceeded in driving the enemy from the place: but all outside had been laid in ashes. New Ulm, a few days before, was a beautiful town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. Its main street ran parallel with the river for one and a half miles; the dwellings, the homes of comfort and happiness. In a few short hours, it was all one mass of ruins, only a small cluster of buildings remaining of what had been a smiling, peaceful village. Fort Abercrombie and other points were attacked by the enemy. Off from the villages, among the farmers, the brutal savages had unobstructed scope for their cruelty. The country visited by them was studded with the homesteads of that most amiable of people, German emigrants, who were the greatest sufferers.

No language can express the fiendish outrages perpetrated during this saturnalia of savage cruelty. "Not less than two thousand men, women and children, were indiscriminately murdered and tortured to death, and barbarities of the most hellish magnitude committed. Massacre itself had been mercy, if it could have purchased exemption from the revolting circumstances with which it was accompanied; the torture of unborn infants torn from their bleeding mothers, and cast upon their breasts; rape and violence of even young girls till death closed the horrid scene of suffering and shame. The theater of depredations extended from Otter-tail Lake and Fort Abercrombie, on the Red river, to the Iowa boundary, over a front of 200 miles, and from the western boundary of the state, eastwardly, to its heart, at Forest City; an area of 20,000 square miles. Eighteen counties were depopulated; 30,000 people driven from their homes, and millions, in value, destroyed."

"The parts visited by the Indians was one common scene of ruin and devastation; but very few houses left standing, and those sacked of everything worth the trouble to steal or effort to destroy—every bed and mattress, every blanket, spread and sheet, every article of wardrobe taken, every trunk broken open and spoiled, every article of provision carried off, every horse driven away, nearly every house burned with everything in it, and hundreds of families murdered or driven into a captivity worse than death.

Hardly a harvest finished, the grain uncut, the reaper standing where the horses were taken off in fright, or by the Indians; unbound, the rake lying on the gravel; unshocked, unstacked, every harvest-field trodden under foot, and every corn-field ravaged by herds of cattle howling for food, where no hand was left to give.

"The outraged inhabitants who escaped, wandered over the prairies, enduring hardships, trials and sufferings next only to death itself. One little boy, Burton Eastlick, less than ten years of age, alternately carried and led by the hand, a younger brother of five, taking every precaution to avoid being seen for eighty miles to Fort Ridgely, and safely arrived there with him. A woman with her three children escaped from her home with barely their lives. The youngest, an infant, she carried in her arms; the other two girls walked and ran painfully along by her side, through the tangled brush and briar vines. They lived on wild plums and berries, and when these were gone by the frost, on grape-tendrils and roots. They covertly like a brood of partridges, trembling, starving, nearly dead. The infant died. The mother laid its body under a plum-bush; scraped together a heap of dried leaves and covered it; placed a few sticks over them to prevent the rude winds from blowing them away; then, looking hastily around again, fled with her remaining ones. It was seven weeks ere they were found and rescued. Some of less nerve completely lost their minds by the first fright, and wandered about demented through the thickets until found."

A military force was hastily set on foot by the state authorities and placed under command of General Sibley, who checked the massacre, rescued the white prisoners—all of whom were women and children—and, having beaten the Indians in two battles, at Birch Coolie and Wood Lake, captured 2,000 of them, the rest being scattered as fugi-

tives in all directions. These Indian captives were subsequently tried, and, a large number of them being found guilty, were sentenced to be hanged. The final execution of the law, however, was only carried out on thirty-eight of the assassins. The damage done to that portion of the state which was the scene of the massacre, will not be recovered for years to come. For more than a month a large part of the population of Minnesota were fugitives from their devastated homes, and dependent on the charities of their distant neighbors, and of the generous people of other states for the necessities of life.

Writers of the time give these shocking details of the massacre at the Aower Agency and vicinity.

The signal had been given, and almost simultaneously a thousand savage war-whoops rent the air. If massacre alone had been their aim, not one from the agency would scarce have escaped; but the horses in the barns, the plunder in the stores, and the hopes of finding whisky, largely diverted the savages from their murderous work.

Not many of the whites had yet left their houses, or even their beds. Some of the savages, having led out the horses, fired the barns. Others rushed for the stores and warehouse, shooting before them whomsoever they met, by the roadside, before doors, or behind the counters. The shelves were soon emptied, with the assistance of the squaws, who had followed for the purposes of plunder, and the spoil carried away to be quarreled over among themselves. Barrels were rolled into the street, boxes tumbled out, and the buildings enveloped in flames. Then they burst into the mission chapel, boarding-house, and other dwellings, tomahawk in hand. Some were hewn to pieces ere they had scarce left their beds; others received their death-wounds leaping from windows or endeavoring to escape.

But who can tell the story of that hour? of the massacre of helpless women and children, imploring mercy from those whom their own hands had fed, but whose blood-dripping hatchets the next crashed pitiously through their flesh and bone—of the abominations too hellish to rehearse—of the cruelties, the tortures, the shrieks of agony, the death-groans, of that *single hour*? The few that escaped by any means heard enough, saw enough, felt enough to engage their utmost powers. Those that staid behind never told their story. From house to house the torch soon followed the hatchet; the flames enveloped alike the dead, dying and wounded. Tired of butchery in detail the savages fired a dwelling, and in it burned alive a mother and her five children; a few of their charred bones were afterward found among the ashes. Some escaped through back doors, over fields, down the side of the bluff to the river. Those fortunate enough got over by the ferry or otherwise hastened with utmost speed to the fort. Others hid among the bushes, in hollow logs or holes, behind stumps, or in the water. Madened with unresisted success—for not a shot, not a blow had yet been aimed at them—with fiendish yells the Indians followed or sought new victims among yet unsuspecting settlers. The ferry was taken possession of, the ferry-man's house, the neighboring stacks, the mills, the piles of lumber, were set on fire. The ferry-man himself, tomahawked before his own door, was disemboweled, his head, hands and feet chopped off and inserted in the cavity. They overtook a boy trying to escape. Tearing off every thread of clothing, they pricked and pierced him with their blunt-headed javelins, laughing at and mimicking his agony till death came to his relief. Narcis Gerrain, as they entered, leaped from the mill-window for the river; ere he had reached it of three shots they fired at him two pierced his breast. He swam across, almost drowned. Four days he went without food, and after dragging himself, more dead than alive, through woods and swamps, for sixty-five miles, was found by a party of refugees and carried to Henderson. Passing a stick through both ankles of a woman, they dragged her over the prairie, till, from that alone, torn and mangled, she died.

Those who escaped spread the alarm. As they heard it the people fled precip-

itately, scarce knowing whither they went. After them the Indians followed throughout the entire line of settlements, over a frontier of hundreds of miles, committing such barbarities as could scarce be exceeded if all hell were turned loose. Not far from the agency a few families of settlers had congregated. The Indians overtook them. The first volley killed the few men among them. The defenseless, helpless women and children, huddled together in the wagons, bending down their heads, and drawing over them still closer their shawls. "Cut-Nose," while two others held the horses, leaped into a wagon that contained eleven, mostly children, and deliberately in cold blood tomahawked them all—cleft open the head of each, while the others, stupefied with horror, powerless with fright, as they heard the heavy, dull blows crash and tear through flesh and bones, awaited their turn. Taking an infant from its mother's arms, before her eyes, with a bolt from one of the wagons, they riveted it through its body to the fence, and left it there to die, writhing in agony. After holding for a while the mother before this agonizing spectacle, they chopped off her arms and legs and left her to bleed to death. Thus they butchered twenty-five within a quarter of an acre. Kicking the bodies out of the wagons they filled them with plunder from the burning houses, and sending them back pushed on for other adventures.

They overtook other parties, killed all the men and children, and led away the young women and girls captive for fates worse than death. One family of a son and daughter, and their parents, received the alarm. Before they had time to escape they heard the war-whoop, and saw dusky forms approach the door. The father fired a shot at them through the window. Before he had time to load again the Indians broke in; the family rushed out by the back way, but before they had gone many yards the father, mother and son were killed. The daughter, seeing herself alone, fell likewise, and holding her breath feigned herself dead. The savages came up and commenced hacking and mutilating the bodies. Seizing the girl by her feet they began to drag her off. As she instantly made an effort to adjust herself, they took her and sent her back with the others they had captured. Only those that might serve their base passions were saved, the rest were shot down and butchered or tortured to death by inches.

One incident, if possible, more horrible than any other, was perpetrated on a member of the Schwandt family. All had been murdered but a son of Mr. Schwandt, aged thirteen years. He was beaten by the Indians until dead, as was supposed; but he lived to relate the entire incidents of the tragedy. This boy saw his married sister, Mrs. Waltz, who was *enciente*, cut open, the child taken alive from the mother, and nailed to a tree in the yard. It struggled some time after the nails were driven through it!

Mrs. Justina Kreiger, in her narrative, relates some shocking incidents. She was, with a party of others, men, women and children, fleeing with their teams, and for safety, to Fort Ridgely, when they were overtaken on the road by a band of Sioux, and most of them butchered. After relating how she saw her husband shot, she continues:

I now determined to jump out of the wagon and die beside my husband; but as I was standing up to jump, I was shot; seventeen buckshot entering my body. I then fell back into the wagon box. I had eight children in the wagon bed, and one in a shawl; all my own children, or my step children. All that I then knew was the fact that I was seized by an Indian and very roughly dragged from the wagon, and that the wagon was drawn over my body and ankles. I remained on the field of massacre, and in the place where I fell until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, unconscious of passing events. At this time of night, I arose from the field of the dead, with a feeble ability to move at all.

I soon heard the tread of savage men, speaking the Sioux language. They came near and proved to be two savages only. These two went over the field examining the dead bodies, to rob them of what remained upon them. They soon came

to me, kicked me, then felt my pulse, first on the right hand, then on the left, and to be sure, felt for the pulsation of the heart. I remained silent, holding my breath. They probably supposed me dead. They conversed in Sioux for a moment. I shut my eyes, and awaited what else was to befall me with a shudder. The next moment, a sharp pointed knife was felt at my throat, then passing downward to the lower portion of the abdomen, cutting not only the clothing entirely from the body, but actually penetrating the flesh, making but a slight wound on the chest, but at the pit of the stomach entering the body and laying it open to the intestines themselves. My arms were then taken separately out of the clothing. I was seized rudely by the hair and hurled headlong to the ground, entirely naked. How long I was unconscious I can not imagine, yet I think it was not a great while; when I came to I beheld one of the most horrible sights I had ever seen in the person of myself. I saw also these two savages about two rods off; a light from the north, probably the aurora, enabled me to see objects at some distance. At the same time I discovered my own condition, I saw one of these inhuman savages seize Wilhelmina Kitzman, my niece, yet alive, hold her up by the foot, her head downward, her clothes falling over her head; while holding her there by one hand, in the other he grasped a knife, with which he hastily cut the flesh around one of the legs, close to the body, and then by twisting and wrenching broke the ligaments and bone, until the limb was entirely severed from the body. The child screamed frantically, O God! O God! when the limb was off. The child thus mutilated was thrown down on the ground, stripped of her clothing and left to die. The other children of Paul Kitzman were then taken along with the Indians, crying most piteously. I now laid down, and for some hours knew nothing more.

An interesting description is given of the Indian prisoners, by a gentleman who saw them at South Bend. He writes:

They are confined in strong log prisons, and closely guarded, not so much to prevent their escape as to secure them from the vengeance of the outraged settlers. They are the most hideous wretches that I have ever seen; I have been in the prisons of Singapore, where the Malay pirates are confined—the Dyacks, who are the most ferocious and bloody-thirsty of their kind—but they are mild and humane in their appearance, compared to these Sioux warriors. Quite an incident occurred while I was there: A boy who had escaped, after seeing the murder of his mother and sisters, was brought in to look at the prisoners and, if possible, to identify them. One of the friendly Indians, who had distinguished himself by his bravery and humanity, accompanied the party to act as interpreter. When we entered the log house that served for a prison, the captives were mostly crouched on the floor, but one of them arose and confronted us with a defiant scowl. Another, supporting himself on his arm, surveyed the party with a look like a tiger about to spring. The boy advanced boldly, and pointed him out without hesitancy. Subsequent investigation showed that this wretch had murdered eleven persons. The boy's eyes flashed as he told the sickening tale of his mother's murder, and the spectators could scarcely refrain from killing the wretch on the spot. He never relaxed his sullen glare, and seemed perfectly indifferent when told of his identification by the interpreter.

The closing scene in this fearful tragedy, the execution of the thirty-eight condemned, at Mankato, Friday, December 26th, is thus described. Several of them smoked their pipes during the reading of the death warrant; and but little emotion was manifested.

On Thursday evening the ordinance of baptism was solemnized by the Catholic priests present, and received by a considerable number of the condemned. Some of them entered into the ceremony with an apparently earnest feeling, and an intelligent sense of its solemn character. All seemed resigned to their fate, and depressed in spirits. Most of those not participating in the ceremony sat motionless, and more like statues than living men.

On Friday morning, we accompanied the Rev. Father Ravoux to the prison of

the condemned. He spoke to them of their condition and fate, and in such terms as the devoted priest only can speak. He tried to infuse them with courage—bade them to hold out bravely and be strong, and to show no sign of fear. While Father Ravoux was speaking to them, old Tazoo broke out in a death-wail, in which one after another joined, until the prison-room was filled with a wild, unearthly plaint, which was neither of despair nor grief, but rather a paroxysm of savage passion, most impressive to witness and startling to hear, even by those who understood the language of the music only. During the lulls of their death song they would resume their pipes, and, with the exception of an occasional mutter, or the rattling of their chains, they sat motionless and impassive, until one among the elder would break out in the wild wail, when all would join again in the solemn preparation for death.

Following this, the Rev. Dr. Williamson addressed them in their native tongue; after which, they broke out again in their song of death. This last was thrilling beyond expression. The trembling voices, the forms shaking with passionate emotion, the half-uttered words through the teeth, all made up a scene which no one saw can ever forget. The influence of the wild music of their death-song upon them was almost magical. Their whole manner changed after they had closed their singing, and an air of cheerful unconcern marked all of them. It seemed as if, during their passionate wailing, they had passed in spirit through the valley of the shadow of death, and already had their eyes fixed on the pleasant hunting-grounds beyond. As their friends came about them, they bade them cheerful farewells, and, in some cases, there would be peals of laughter, as they were wished pleasant journeys to the spirit-land. They bestowed their pipes upon their favorites, and, so far as they had, gave keepsake trinkets to all.

They had evidently taken great pains to make themselves presentable for their last appearance on the stage of life. Most of them had little pocket mirrors, and, before they were bound, employed themselves in putting on the finishing touches of paint, and arranging their hair according to the Indian mode. All had religious emblems, mostly crosses, of fine gilt or steel, and these were displayed with all the prominence of an exquisite or a *religieuse*. Many were painted in war style, with bands and beads and feathers, and were decked as gayly as for a festival. They expressed a desire to shake hands with the reporters, who were to write about how they looked and acted, and with the artist who was to picture their appearance. This privilege was allowed them. The hands of some were of the natural warmth, while those of others were cold as ice. Nearly all, on shaking hands, would point their fingers to the sky, and say, as plainly as they could, "Me going up!" White Day told us it was Little Crow who got them into the scrape, and now they had to die for it. One said there was a Great Spirit above who would take him home, and that he should die happy. Thus the time passed during the tying of hands, and striking off the manicles.

At a little after nine o'clock, A. M., the Rev. Father Ravoux entered the prison again, to perform the closing religious exercises. The guard fell back as he came in, the Indians ranging themselves around the room. The Father addressed the condemned at some length, and appeared much affected. He then knelt on the floor in their midst, and prayed with them, all following and uniting with him in an audible voice. They appeared like a different race of beings while going through these religious exercises. Their voices were low and humble, and every exhibition of Indian bravado was banished.

While Father Ravoux was speaking to the Indians, and repeating, for the hundredth time, his urgent request that they must think to the last of the Great Spirit, before whom they were about to appear, Provost Marshal Redfield entered and whispered a word in the ear of the good priest, who immediately said a word or two in French to Milord, a half-breed, who repeated it in Dakota to the Indians, who were all lying down around the prison. In a moment every Indian stood erect, and, as the Provost Marshal opened the door, they fell in behind him with the greatest alacrity. Indeed, a notice of release, pardon, or reprieve could not have induced them to leave the cell with more apparent willingness than this call to death. At the foot of the steps there was no delay. Captain Redfield mounted

the drop, at the head, and the Indians crowded after him, as if it were a race to see which would get up first. They actually crowded on each other's heels, and, as they got to the top, each took his position, without any assistance from those who were detailed for that purpose. They still kept up a mournful wail, and occasionally there would be a piercing scream. The ropes were soon arranged around their necks, not the least resistance being offered. The white caps, which had been placed on the top of their heads, were now drawn down over their faces, shutting out forever the light of day from their eyes. Then ensued a scene that can hardly be described, and which can never be forgotten. All joined in shouting and singing, as it appeared to those who were ignorant of the language. The tones seemed somewhat discordant, and yet there was harmony in it. Save the moment of cutting the rope, it was the most thrilling moment of the awful scene. And it was not their voices alone. Their bodies swayed to and fro, and their every limb seemed to be keeping time. The drop trembled and shook as if all were dancing. The most touching scene on the drop was their attempts to grasp each other's hands, fettered as they were. They were very close to each other, and many succeeded. Three or four in a row were hand in hand, and all hands swaying up and down with the rise and fall of their voices. One old man reached out each side, but could not grasp a hand. His struggles were piteous, and affected many beholders.

We were informed by those who understand the language, that their singing and shouting was only to sustain each other—that there was nothing defiant in their last moments, and that no "death-song," strictly speaking, was chanted on the gallows. Each one shouted his own name, and called on the name of his friend, saying, in substance, "I'm here!" "I'm here!" Captain Burt hastily scanned all the arrangements for the execution, and motioned to Major Brown, the signal officer, that all was ready. There was one tap of the drum, almost drowned by the voices of the Indians—another, and the stays of the drop were knocked away, the rope cut, and, with a crash, down came the drop. The cutting of the rope was assigned to William J. Duly, of Lake Shetek, who had three children killed, and his wife and two children captured.

There was no struggling by any of the Indians for the space of half a minute. The only movements were the natural vibrations occasioned by the fall. After the lapse of a minute several drew up their legs once or twice, and there was some movement of the arms. One Indian, at the expiration of ten minutes, breathed, but the rope was better adjusted, and life was soon extinct. It is unnecessary to speak of the awful sight of thirty-eight human beings suspended in the air. Imagination will readily supply what we refrain from describing.

After the bodies had hung for about half an hour, the physicians of the several regiments present examined the bodies and reported that life was extinct. Soon after, several United States mule-teams appeared, when the bodies were taken down and dumped into the wagons without much ceremony, and were carried down to the sand-bar in front of the city, and were all buried in the same hole. The half-breeds were buried in one corner of the hole, so that they can be disinterred by their friends.

Every thing was conducted in the most orderly and quiet manner. As the drop fell, the citizens could not repress a shout of exultation, in which the soldiers joined. A boy-soldier, who stood beside us, had his mother and brothers and sisters killed: his face was pale and quivering, but he gave a shout of righteous exultation when the drop fell.

The people, who had gathered in great crowds, and who had maintained a degree of order that had not been anticipated, quietly dispersed as the wagons bore the bodies of the murderers off to burial. Few, we take it, who witnessed the awful scene, will voluntarily look upon its like again.

I O W A .

IOWA derived its name from the *Iowa* Indians, who were located on the Iowa River. They at last became incorporated with other tribes, principally



ARMS OF IOWA.

MOTTO—Our liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain.

among the Sauks, or Sacs and Foxes. These tribes had the reputation of being the best hunters of any on the borders of the Mississippi or Missouri. At the time the first white traders went among them, their practice was to leave their villages as soon as their corn and beans were ripe and secured, to go on to their wintering grounds, it being previously determined in council on what particular ground each party should hunt. The old men, women, and children embarked in canoes; the young men went by land with their horses; and on their arrival, they commenced their winter's hunt, which lasted about three months. In the month of April, they returned to their villages to cultivate their lands. Iowa was origin-

nally a part of the French province of Louisiana. The first white settlement was made at Dubuque. As early as 1800, there were mines of lead worked at this place by the natives, assisted by Julien Dubuque, an Indian trader, who had adopted their habits, married into their tribe, and became a great chief among them. In 1830, a war among the Indians themselves was carried on with savage barbarity. Some 10 or 12 Sac and Fox chiefs, with their party, were going to Prairie du Chien from Dubuque, to attend a treaty conference with the U. S. commissioners, when they were attacked at Cassville Island by a large war party of the Sioux, and literally cut to pieces, only two of all their number escaping. The tribe, now in great confusion and alarm, left Dubuque, mostly never to return, leaving the mines and this part of the country vacant, and open to settlement, as when occupied by them, they would allow no one to intrude upon their lands. In June of this year, Mr. L. H. Langworthy, accompanied by his elder brother, crossed the Mississippi in a

canoe, swimming their horses by its side, and landed for the first time on the west bank of the stream. Soon after this, a number of miners crossed over the river, possessed themselves of these vacant lands, and commenced successful mining operations. "This was the first flow or the first tide of civilization in Iowa." The miners, however, were soon driven off by Capt. Zachary Taylor, then commanding at Prairie du Chien, and a military force stationed at Dubuque till 1832, when the "Black Hawk War" commenced. After the Indians were defeated the miners returned.

Until as late as the year 1832, the whole territory north of the state of Missouri was in undisputed possession of the Indians. After the Indians were defeated at the battle of the Bad Ax, in Wisconsin, Aug., 1832, partly to indemnify the government for the expenses of the war, the Sacs and Foxes ceded to the United States a strip of country west of the Mississippi, extending nearly 300 miles N. of Missouri, and 50 miles wide, commonly called the "*Black Hawk Purchase*." Further purchases were made in 1836 and 1837; and in 1842, by a treaty concluded by Gov. Chambers, a tract of about *fifteen million acres* was purchased of the Sacs and Foxes, for one million of dollars. This tract, comprising some of the finest counties of the state, is known as the "*New Purchase*."

The Pottowatomies, who inhabited the south-western corner of the state, and the Winnebagoes, who occupied the "Neutral Ground," a strip of country on the northern borders, have been recently peaceably removed, and the Indian title has thus become extinct within the limits of Iowa. The territory now comprised within the limits of the state was a part of the Missouri Territory from 1804 to 1821, but after that was placed successively under the jurisdiction of Michigan and Wisconsin Territories. The following concluding details of its history are from Monette:

"The first white settlement in the Black Hawk Purchase was made near the close of the year 1832, at Fort Madison, by a colony introduced by Zachariah Hawkins, Benjamin Jennings, and others.

In the summer of 1835, the town-plat of 'Fort Madison' was laid off by Gen. John H. Knapp and Col. Nathaniel Knapp, the first lots in which were exposed to sale early in the year 1836. The second settlement was made in 1833, at Burlington, seventy-nine miles below Rock Island. About the same time the city of Dubuque, four hundred and twenty-five miles above St. Louis, received its first Anglo-American population. Before the close of the year 1833, settlements of less note were commenced at many other points near the western shore of the Mississippi, within two hundred miles of the northern limits of the state of Missouri. It was in the autumn of 1834, that Aaron Street, a member of the 'Society of Friends,' and son of the Aaron Street who emigrated from Salem, in New Jersey, founded the first Salem in Ohio, and subsequently the first Salem in Indiana, on a tour of exploration to the Iowa country, in search of 'a new home,' selected the 'beautiful prairie eminence' south of Skunk River as the site of another Salem in the 'Far West.' In his rambles thirty miles west of Burlington, over the uninhabited regions, in all their native loveliness, he was impressed with the great advantages presented by the 'beautiful and fertile prairie country, which abounded in groves of tall forest trees, and was watered by crystal streams flowing among the variagated drapery of the blooming prairies.' Transported with the prospect, the venerable patriarch exclaimed, 'Now have mine eyes beheld a country teeming with every good thing, and hither will I come, with my children and my children's children, and my flocks and

herds; and our dwelling-place shall be called 'Salem,' after the peaceful city of our fathers.'

Next year witnessed the commencement of the town of Salem, on the frontier region of the Black Hawk Purchase, the first Quaker settlement in Iowa. Five years afterward this colony in the vicinity of Salem numbered nearly one thousand souls, comprising many patriarchs bleached by the snows of seventy winters, with their descendants to the third and fourth generations. Such was the first advance of the Anglo-American population west of the Upper Mississippi, within the 'District of Iowa,' which, before the close of the year 1834, contained nearly five thousand white inhabitants. Meantime, for the convenience of temporary government, the settlements west of the Mississippi, extending more than one hundred miles north of the Des Moines River, had been by congress erected into the 'District of Iowa,' and attached to the District of Wisconsin, subject to the jurisdiction of the Michigan Territory.

The District of Iowa remained, with the District of Wisconsin, attached to the jurisdiction of Michigan Territory, until the latter had assumed an independent state government in 1836, when the District of Wisconsin was erected into a separate government, known as the Wisconsin Territory, exercising jurisdiction over the District of Iowa, then comprised in two large counties, designated as the counties of Des Moines and Dubuque. The aggregate population of these counties in 1836 was 10,531 persons. It was not long before the District of Iowa became noted throughout the west for its extraordinary beauty and fertility, and the great advantages which it afforded to agricultural enterprise.

Already the pioneer emigrants had overrun the first Black Hawk Purchase, and were advancing upon the Indian country west of the boundary line. Settlements continued to extend, emigration augmented the population, and land-offices were established at Dubuque and Burlington for the sale of such lands as were surveyed.

Meantime, the District of Iowa, before the close of the year 1838, had been subdivided into sixteen counties, with an aggregate population of 22,860 souls, distributed sparsely over the whole territory to which the Indian title had been extinguished. The same year, on the 4th of July, agreeably to the provisions of an act of congress, approved June 12, 1838, the District of Iowa was erected into an independent territorial government, known as the 'Territory of Iowa.' The first 'territorial governor and superintendent of Indian affairs' was Robert Lucas, formerly governor of Ohio, with James Clark secretary of the territory. Charles Mason was chief justice of the superior court, and judge of the first judicial district; Joseph Williams was judge in the second district; and Thomas S. Wilson in the third. The first delegate elected by the people to represent them in congress was Augustus C. Dodge.

The Iowa Territory, as first organized, comprised 'all that region of country north of Missouri, which lies west of the Mississippi River, and of a line drawn due north from the source of the Mississippi, to the northern limit of the United States.'

The first general assembly of the Iowa Territory made provision for the permanent seat of government. On the first of May, 1839, the beautiful spot which is now occupied by the 'City of Iowa' was selected.

During the year 1839, emigration from New England, and from New York by way of the lake route from Buffalo to the ports on the western shore of

Lake Michigan, and from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, began to set strongly into the Iowa Territory, and numerous colonies advanced to settle the beautiful and fertile lands on both sides of the Des Moines River and its numerous tributaries, as well as those upon the small tributaries of the Mississippi for two hundred miles above.

Population increased in a remarkable manner; aided by the unbounded facilities of steam navigation, both on the great lakes and upon the large tributaries of the Mississippi, the emigration to the Iowa and Wisconsin Territories was unprecedented in the history of western colonization. The census of 1840 exhibited the entire population of Iowa Territory at 43,017 persons, and that of the Wisconsin Territory at 30,945 persons.

Such had been the increase of emigration previous to 1843, that the legislature of Iowa made formal application for authority to adopt a state constitution. At the following session of congress, an act was passed to 'enable the people of the Iowa Territory to form a state government.' A convention assembled in September, and on the 7th of October, 1844, adopted a constitution for the proposed 'state of Iowa;' it being the fourth state organized within the limits of the province of Louisiana.

By the year 1844, the population of Iowa had increased to 81,921 persons; yet the people were subjected to disappointment in the contemplated change of government. The constitution adopted by the convention evinced the progress of republican feeling, and the strong democratic tendency so prominent in all the new states. The constitution for Iowa extended the right of suffrage to every free white male citizen of the United States who had resided six months in the state, and one month in the county, previous to his application for the right of voting. The judiciary were all to be elected by the people for a term of four years, and all other officers, both civil and military, were to be elected by the people at stated periods. Chartered monopolies were not tolerated, and no act of incorporation was permitted to remain in force more than twenty years, unless it were designed for public improvements or literary purposes; and the personal as well as the real estate of the members of all corporations was liable for the debts of the same. The legislature was prohibited from creating any debt in the name of the state exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, unless it were for defense in case of war, invasion, or insurrection; and in such case, the bill creating the debt should, at the same time, provide the ways and means for its redemption. Such were some of the prominent features of the first constitution adopted for the state of Iowa. Yet the state was not finally organized under this constitution, and the people of Iowa remained under the territorial form of government until the close of the year 1846.

The constitution of Iowa having been approved by congress, an act was passed March 3, 1845, for the admission of the 'state of Iowa' into the Federal Union simultaneously with the 'state of Florida,' upon the condition that the people of Iowa, at a subsequent general election, assent to the restricted limits imposed by congress, in order to conform with the general area of other western states; but the people of Iowa refused to ratify the restricted limits prescribed for the new state, a majority of nearly two thousand in the popular vote having rejected the terms of admission. Hence Iowa remained under the territorial government until the beginning of 1846, when the people, through their legislature, acquiesced in the prescribed limits, and congress authorized the formation of another constitution, preparatory to the admission of Iowa into the Union.

The people of Iowa, in 1846, assented to the restriction of limits, and the formation of a territorial government over the remaining waste territory lying north and west of the limits prescribed by congress. Petitions, with numerous signatures, demanded the proposed restriction by the organization of a separate territory, to be designated and known as the 'Dacotah Territory,' comprising the Indian territory beyond the organized settlements of Iowa. Congress accordingly authorized a second convention for the adoption of another state constitution, and this convention assembled in May, 1846, and adopted another constitution, which was submitted to congress in June following. In August, 1846, the state of Iowa was formally admitted into the Union, and the first state election was, by the proclamation of Gov. Clarke, to be held on the 26th day of October following. In the ensuing December, the first state legislature met at Iowa City."

Iowa is bounded N. by Minnesota and Dacotah Territory, W. by Missouri River, S. by the state of Missouri, and E. by Mississippi River. It is situated between $40^{\circ} 30'$ and $43^{\circ} 30'$ N. Lat., and between $90^{\circ} 20'$ and $96^{\circ} 50'$ W. Long. Its greatest width, from E. to W., is 307 miles, and 186 from N. to S.; included within its limits is an area of 50,914 square miles.

The face of Iowa is moderately uneven, without any mountains or very high hills. There is a tract of elevated table land, which extends through a considerable portion of the state, dividing the waters which fall into the Mississippi from those falling into the Missouri. The margins of the rivers and creeks, extending back from one to ten miles, are usually covered with timber, while beyond this the country is an open prairie without trees. The prairies generally have a rolling surface, not unlike the swelling of the ocean, and comprise more than two thirds of the territory of the state: the timbered lands only one tenth. The soil, both on the prairie and bottom lands, is generally excellent having a deep black mold intermingled with a sandy loam, sometimes of red clay and gravel. It is watered by streams of the clearest water, and its inland scenery is very beautiful. It is studded in parts with numerous little lakes of clear water, with gravelly shores and bottoms.

In the north-eastern part of the state are very extensive lead mines, being continuations of those of Illinois and Wisconsin. Vast coal beds exist, extending, it is stated, upward of *two hundred miles*, in the direction of the valley of the Des Moines River alone, which centrally intersects the state. The entire area of the coal fields in this state, is estimated to be not less than 35,000 square miles, nearly two thirds of the entire state. The beds of coal are estimated by geologists to be of the average thickness of 100 feet. Iron ore, zinc and copper are also found. Iowa is also rich in agricultural resources, its fertile soil producing all kinds of fruit and grains raised in northern climates. "As a general rule, the average quantity of snow and rain in Iowa is much less than in New York and New England. There are much fewer clouds. The cold weather in winter is about the same as in similar latitudes in the east; winter commences about the same time, but the spring generally opens much earlier. The intense cold weather is comparatively short. For a period of years the spring will average from two to four weeks earlier than in central New York. This difference is due to several causes.

In the east the proximity of large bodies of water gives rise to an immense number of very dense clouds, that prevent the spring sun from having the same effect as is experienced in the west. The altitude of the country, and the warm quick nature of the Iowa soil, are circumstances going far toward accounting for this difference. The heat of summer is much greater

than in the same latitude in New York and New England, though a person may work in the open sun in Iowa when the thermometer is 100 degrees above zero more comfortably than he can when it is at 90 degrees in New York. An atmosphere saturated with water is more sultry and disagreeable with the thermometer at 90, than a dry atmosphere with the thermometer at 100."

Iowa is blessed with abundance of water power, and the noblest of rivers; the Mississippi is on the east, the Missouri on the west, while numerous streams penetrate it, the finest of which is the Des Moines, the great central artery of the state, which enters it from the north and flows south-east through it for 400 miles: it is a beautiful river, with a rocky bottom and high banks, which the state is making navigable, for small steamers, to Fort Des Moines, 200 miles from its mouth.

By the census of 1856, the number of paupers was only 132 out of a population of more than half a million. Population, in 1836, 10,531; in 1840 42,017; in 1850, 192,214; in 1856, 509,000; in 1860, 674,948.



Eastern view of Dubuque, from Dunleith, Ill.

The view shows the appearance of Dubuque, as seen from the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad on the eastern side of the Mississippi. On the left is the terminus of the Pacific and Dubuque Railroad. On the right the Shot Tower. Back of the principal part of the city are the bluffs, rising to a height of about 200 feet.

DUBUQUE, the largest city, and the first settled place in the state, is on the right or western bank of the Mississippi, 1,638 miles above New Orleans, 426 above St. Louis, and 306 below the Falls of St. Anthony. The city proper extends two miles on a table area, or terrace, immediately back of which rise a succession of precipitous bluffs, about 200-feet high. A small marshy island is in front of the city, which is being improved for business purposes. The beautiful plateau on which the city was originally laid out, being too limited for its growth, streets have been extended up and over the bluffs, on which many houses have been erected of a superior order, among which are numerous elegant residences. The Dubuque Female College is

designed to accommodate 500 scholars. The Alexander College, chartered in 1853, is located here, under the patronage of the Synod of Iowa. Several important railroads terminate at this place, which is the head-quarters and principal starting place for steamboats on the northern Mississippi. Nearly one third of the inhabitants speak the German language. Population 1860, 13,021.

Mr. J. L. Langworthy, a native of Vermont, is believed to have been the first of the Anglo-Saxon race who erected a dwelling, and smelted the first lead westward of the Mississippi. He first came here in 1827. The first act resembling civil legislation, within the limits of Iowa, was done in Dubuque. Mr. Langworthy, with four others, H. P. Lander, James McPheeters, and Samuel H. Scales, having obtained permission to dig for mineral, entered into an agreement, dated July 17, 1830, by which each man should hold 200 yards square of ground, by working on said ground one day in six, and that a person chosen by a majority of the miners present, should hold the agreement, "and grant letters of arbitration." It appears, from an indorsement on the paper, that Dr. Jarrote held the articles, and was the first person chosen by the people in the territory to be clothed with judicial powers. In Oct., 1833, Mr. Langworthy and his brothers, with a few neighbors, erected the first school-house built in Iowa. It stood but a few rods from the Female College. The first brick building erected in Dubuque was in the summer of 1837, by Le Roy Jackson, from Kentucky. This house is now standing on the corner of Iowa and Eleventh-streets, and is owned and occupied by William Rebman, a native of Pennsylvania, who came to Dubuque in 1836, when a lad of 14 years, and acted as hodman to the masons who erected the building. When Mr. R. came to this place, there were some 30 or 40 dwellings, many of them log cabins. The first religious services were held in a log structure, used by various denominations. The first school was kept by Rev. Nicholas S. Bastion, a Methodist preacher; the school house stood on the public square, near the Centennial Methodist Church. It is said that the first lead discovered here was by *Peosta*, an Indian chieftain or the wife of one, who presented it to Capt. Dubuque.

The site of Dubuque was anciently known as the cornfields and place of mounds of the "*Little Fox Village*." It was named, in 1834, after *Julian Dubuque*, an Indian trader, who settled here in 1788, and is generally considered as the first white settler in Iowa. He is said to have been of French and Spanish parentage. He married into the Indian tribe, adopted their habits and customs, and became a great chief among them. He was of small stature, addicted to the vices incident upon the commingling of Spanish and Indian races in America, and a great medicine man. "He would take live snakes of the most venomous kind into his arms and bosom, and was consequently regarded by the Indians with superstitious veneration. He died a victim to his vices, and was buried on a high bluff that overlooks the river, near the Indian village at the mouth of Catfish Creek." When his grave was visited by L. H. Langworthy, Esq., in 1830, a stone house, surmounted by a cedar cross, with a leaden door, stood over the spot. The remains of two Indian chiefs were also deposited within. The cross had a French inscription, of which the following is a translation:

"Julien Dubuque, miner, of the mines of Spain. Died this 24th day of March, 1810, aged 45 years 6 mo."

The Indians, being instructed by Dubuque, worked the mines of lead here as early as 1800. About the year 1830, an Indian war, between the Sioux

and the Sacs and Foxes, caused the latter to forsake their village here. Upon this the whites entered upon these lands, and several made their fortunes in a single day, by striking upon a large lode. They were, however, soon ordered to recross the river by Zachary Taylor, commanding the United States forces at Prairie du Chien, as the territory had not yet been purchased of the Indians. After the Black Hawk purchase, the west side of the Mississippi was opened for settlement. By 1834, several stores were erected; the mines increased in richness, and emigration rapidly advanced. For a time "Lynch Law" was the only one recognized. The first execution for murder was that of a man who shot his partner. "Upon this event a court was organized, jury impaneled, trial had, criminal found guilty, and after a short time being allowed the prisoner to prepare for death, he was executed. The gallows was erected upon the south-west corner of White and Seventh-streets, upon a mound, which was only removed for the large block that now fills its place. The population, at that time, amounted to over 1,000, nearly the whole of which were witnesses to the final act of that dreadful tragedy."

The first newspaper issued here was by John King, Esq., under the following title:

"DUBUQUE VISITOR, *Truth our Guide—the public good our aim. Dubuque Lead Mines, Wisconsin Territory, May 16, 1836.*"

In 1838, some attention was paid to agricultural pursuits. The soil proving good, the prosperity of the place greatly increased. The exportations of lead that year exceeded 6,000,000 lbs. In 1846, the lands adjoining Dubuque were brought into market, and the next year Dubuque was reincorporated under its present charter. The population at that time was less than 3,000.

"Below the 'Little Fox village,' is the bluff where the Sioux made their last and final stand against the Sacs and Foxes. It stands close upon the shore of the Mississippi, with its perpendicular walls about two hundred feet in height, and sloping back toward a low prairie, by which it is surrounded and terminates with an abrupt descent to this prairie. Here and there, scattered around it, are castellated rocks, which make it one of nature's fortifications. The Sioux were encamped on the summit of this bluff. In the night the Sacs and Foxes commenced ascending, and when near their enemy, by a fierce encounter, they secured the outposts, and in a very short time had so reduced the number of the Sioux, that those remaining, rather than have their scalps hang at their enemies' girdles, threw themselves headlong from the precipice and were dashed to pieces. At the present time, a few of the bones of those devoted warriors may be found in this their last resting place; and of late years, when the Indians visit this spot, they cast pebbles and twigs from the summit upon the remains of those below."

To the foregoing outline we annex these details from the Lectures of Lucius H. Langworthy, Esq., upon the History of Dubuque:

In 1827, the speaker came to the mines, in company with a brother and two sisters, together with Mr. Meeker, on his return from Cincinnati, Maj. Hough, Capt. Donney and lady, and five or six others.

We embarked at Quincy, Illinois, in a pirogue, and were thirty days on the voyage. A pirogue is a kind of intermediate craft, between a canoe and a keel boat. The name is French, and signifies the kind of boats used by the early voyageurs to transport their furs and effects over the shoal waters and rapid streams of the western wilderness. I mention the time occupied in our journey hither, in order to show some of the difficulties of settling this new country at that early period. Think of a boat's crew, with several ladies on board, all unaccustomed to the river, being compelled to work a boat up with poles and oars, against the swollen current of this mighty stream, in the hot weather of June, sleeping on sand bars, or anchored

out in the river at night, to avoid the mosquitoes, or lurking Indians, living upon salt pork and dry biscuit, coffee without cream or sugar, and withal making only about eight miles average per day. But this was then the land of promise, as California has since been. In July of that year, the Winnebago war commenced. Much alarm was spread over the country, and the people erected forts and block houses for defense, abandoning all other employments for the time. Col. Henry Dodge led a company of miners against the Indians, at their town on Rock River. The village, however, was found deserted, and they returned after taking one lad prisoner.

We crossed over the Mississippi at this time, swimming our horses by the side of a canoe. It was the first flow, or the first tide of civilization on this western shore. There was not a white settler north of the Des Moines, and west of the Mississippi, to Astoria, on the Columbia River, with the exception of Indian traders. The Indians had all along guarded this mining district with scrupulous care. They would not allow the white people to visit the place, even to look at the old grass-grown diggings of Dubuque, which were known to exist here, much less would they permit mining to be done, or settlements to be made.

The country had just been abandoned by the red men, their moccasin tracks were yet fresh in the prairie trails along which the retiring race had fled on their mysterious mission westward, and the decaying embers were yet cooling on their deserted hearths within their now lonely and silent wigwams. Where Dubuque now stands, cornfields stretched along the bluffs, up the ravines and the Coule valley, and a thousand acres of level land skirting the shore, was covered with tall grass, as a field of waving grain. But the stalks of the corn were of the last year's growth, the ears had been plucked, and they were withered and blighted, left standing alone mournful representatives of the vanished race. A large village was then standing at the mouth of Catfish Creek, silent, solitary, deserted—nothing remained to greet us, but the mystic shadows of the past. About seventy buildings, constructed with poles and the bark of trees, remained to tell of those who had so recently inhabited them. Their council house, though rude, was ample in its dimensions, and contained a great number of furnaces, in which kettles had been placed to prepare the feasts of peace or war. But their council fires had gone out. On the inner surface of the bark there were paintings done with considerable artistic skill, representing the buffalo, elk, bear, panther, and other animals of the chase; also their wild sports on the prairie, and even their feats in wars, where chief meets chief and warriors mix in bloody fray. Thus was retained a rude record of their national history. It was burned down in the summer of 1830, by some visitors in a spirit of vandalism, much to the regret of the new settlers.

When the Indians mined, which was on special occasions, there were often fifty or a hundred boys and squaws at work on one vein. They would dig down a square hole, covering the entire width of the mine, leaving one side not perpendicular, but at an angle of about forty-five degrees, then with deer skin sacks attached to a bark rope they would haul out along the inclining side of the shaft the rock and ore. Their mode of smelting was by digging into a bank slightly, then put up flat rocks in a funnel shape, and place the ore within, mixed with wood; this all burnt together, and the lead would trickle down into a small excavation in the earth, of any shape they desired, and slowly cool and become fit for exportation.

The lead manufactured here in early times, by Dubuque and the natives, found its way to St. Louis, Chicago, Mackinaw, and other trading ports, and some even into the Indian rifle in the war of 1812, in the woods of Indiana and Michigan. The mode of smelting adopted at first, by the white people, was by building a furnace somewhat like two large chimney places, set in a bank of earth, leaving an aperture in the lower side, for a circulation of air. In these, large logs of wood were placed like back-logs, back-sticks and fore-sticks all fitting together, then the mineral was placed on the logs, covered with finer wood, and the whole set on fire. Thus, in twenty-four hours, the lead would be extracted and run into cast-iron molds. About fifty per cent. of lead was obtained in this way, leaving scoriæ and a waste of small pieces of ore to be run over in another furnace differently constructed. In this last process, about fifteen per cent. was added to the first product. Now, by the improved mode, of blast furnaces, about eighty-five per cent. is

obtained, showing that the ore is nearly pure, except only the combination of sulphur with it, which is the inflammable material, and assists in the process of separation.

As I have said, the speaker and an elder brother, in June of 1827, crossed the Mississippi in a canoe, swimming their horses by its side, landed for the first time on the western bank of the stream, and stood upon the soil of this unknown land. Soon after this, a number of miners crossed over the river, and possessed themselves of these lands, thus left vacant; their mining operations proved eminently successful.

About the fourth of July, Zachary Taylor, then commanding at Prairie du Chien, called upon the miners, in a formal and public manner, forbade their settlement, and ordered them to recross the river. This land was not yet purchased of the Indians, and, of course, came under the control of the war department. Captain Taylor, as he was then called, told the miners that it was his duty as a government officer, to protect the lands; that such were the treaty stipulations, and that they must be off in one week. They declined doing this, telling the captain that he must surrender this time. They urged that they had occupied a vacant country, had struck some valuable lodes, that the land would soon be purchased, and that they intended to maintain possession; to which Zachary Taylor replied, "*We shall see to that, my boys.*"

Accordingly a detachment of United States troops was dispatched, with orders to make the miners at Dubuque walk Spanish. Anticipating their arrival, they had taken themselves off, for at that early day they believed that "rough" would be "ready" at the appointed time. The miners were anxiously peering from the high bluffs on the east side of the river as the steamer came in sight bringing the soldiers, who were landed on the west shore. Three of the men, who had lingered too long, were taken prisoners. They were, however, soon released, or rather took themselves off. It is said that one of them, a large, fat man, by the name of *Lemons*, made his escape from the soldiers while at Galena, and taking the course of the high prairie ridge leading northerly, exhibited such astonishing speed, that the race has long been celebrated among the miners, as the greatest feat ever performed in the diggings.

The military force was stationed permanently at Dubuque, and the Indians, venturing back to the place, sure of safety and protection against their inveterate enemy, the Sioux, and other intruders, were encouraged to mine upon the lodes and prospects which the white people had discovered. From one mine alone the Indians obtained more than a million pounds of ore, in which they were assisted by the traders and settlers along the river, with provisions, implements, and teams. While the discoverers, those who had opened these mines again, after they were abandoned by them and the Spanish miners more than twenty years, were compelled to look across the water and see the fruits of their industry and enterprise consumed by the Indians. We lost, in this manner, more than twenty thousand dollars worth of mineral, which was taken from one lode by them.

In September, 1832, a treaty was held at Rock Island, by General Scott and others, on the part of the government, and the Black Hawk purchase was agreed to. It included all the country bordering on the west side of the Mississippi River, comprising the eastern portion of our state. About this time, those who felt an interest in the mines of Dubuque, returned to take possession of their former discoveries.

Many fine lodes and prospects were discovered, and considerable lead manufactured up to about January 25, 1833. I could here name many others who settled during this fall: Thomas McCraney, Whitesides, Camps, Hurd, Riley, Thomas Kelly, etc. In fact there were more than two hundred allured here by the flattering prospects of the country during this fall. But, in January, the troops were again sent down from Prairie du Chien, and removed the settlers the second time, merely because the treaty by which the land was acquired had not been ratified by the United States senate, a formal act that every one knew would take place at the earliest opportunity. This was a foolish policy on the part of the government, and operated peculiarly hard upon the new settlers, who were thus obliged to leave their cabins in the cold winter of 1832-3, and their business also until spring.

In June, 1833, Mr. John P. Sheldon, arrived with a commission from the department at Washington, as superintendent of the mines, the military force having been previously withdrawn, and the treaty confirmed. He proceeded to grant written permits to miners, and licenses to smelters. These permits entitled the holder to the privilege of staking off two hundred yards square of land wherever he chose, if not occupied by others, and have peaceful possession, by delivering his mineral to a licensed smelter, while the smelter was required to give a bond to the agent, conditioned to pay, for the use of the government, a fixed per centage of all the lead he manufactured. Mr. Sheldon continued to act in this capacity only about one year, for he could not be the instrument of enforcing this unjust and unwise policy. He saw that these men, like all other pioneers, who, by their enterprise were opening up a new country, and fitting it for the homes of those who follow their footsteps, should be left, by a wise and judicious system, to the enjoyment of their hard earnings. The hidden wealth of the earth, its pine forests and surface productions, should alike be offered freely to all those who penetrate the wilderness, and thus lay the foundation of future societies and states.

It has been the policy of our government, at various times, to exact rent for all mineral, or pine lumber, taken from the public lands; which policy is wrong and should be forever abandoned; for the early settlers have privations and hardships enough, without encountering the opposition of their own government, especially these miners, many of whom had labored for years on the frontiers, cut off from the enjoyments of home and all the endearments of domestic life. Your speaker was, himself, one of these, being thrown in early life upon the crest of the wave of western emigration, often beyond the furthest bounds of civilization, and not unfrequently amid the tragical scenes of border strife. Twenty-three years he labored, mostly in the mines, in different capacities, and during about half that period he has toiled in the deep, narrow caves and crevices, in the cold, damp ground, working upon his knees, sometimes in the water, and living like many other miners in "Bachelor's Hall," cooking his own food, and feeling secluded from society and far from the circle and associations of youthful friendship. Under such privations, he felt the demand of a heavy tax, by the government, to be oppressive indeed, and he would be wanting in consistency and spirit, if he had not, on all proper occasions, protested against a system that seems much more regal than republican, and which degrades the western pioneer to the condition of a tenant at will of the general government.

In 1833-4, the town of Dubuque continued to improve. It now first received its name by a public meeting held for that purpose, and began to assume the appearance of a prosperous business place.

At this time there were but very few men in the whole country who did not indulge in drinking and gambling. "Poker" and "brag" were games of common pastime, while the betting often run up to hundreds of dollars in a single sitting. It pervaded all classes; the merchants and other passengers, to and from St. Louis, while on the steamboats occupied their time chiefly in this way, and it was considered no disgrace to gamble. Balls and parties were also common, and it was not an unfrequent occurrence for one to treat his partner in the dance at the bar, if he did not, he generally performed that delicate and flattering attention to himself. The Sabbath was regarded as a holiday, and vice and immorality were prevalent in every form. Yet amidst all this there were occasional gleams of moral sunshine breaking through the clouds of dissipation, and a brighter future lay before us. Upon the establishing of courts here, first under the jurisdiction of Michigan, then under that of Wisconsin Territory, matters assumed a more peaceful and quiet aspect.

But there were even then occasions of turbulence and bloodshed, in quarrels about lands and claims. Mr. Woodbury Massey lost his life in one of these difficulties. There were no courts of competent jurisdiction to try cases of crime, or rights to property. A long time intervened between the withdrawal of the government protection and the establishment of civil laws by local authority.

No survey of the public lands had yet been made, and in the transition from the old to the new state of things, misunderstandings naturally arose. Under the government rules and regulations for the control of the mines, it was necessary to

work and have mining tools almost continually on the land claimed, in order to secure possession; under the new order of things there were no uniform customs prevailing, regarding possession of property; each man formed his own standard and was governed by his own opinions. It was not surprising, then, that difficulties should arise. He who has passed through all the scenes and trials incident to the settlement of a new country, will not readily seek another distant frontier as a home.

Woodbury Massey was the eldest of several brothers and a sister, all left orphans in early life. Himself and family were members and the chief founders of the first Methodist Church erected in this city; a man of fine education, polite and amiable in his disposition, one of our first merchants, and possessing a large share of popular favor. He was enterprising in business, and upright in all his dealings. Had he lived, he would no doubt have proved a main pillar and support in our young community. But in an evil hour he became the purchaser of a lot or lode, called the Irish lot, near where Mr. McKenzie now lives.

It appeared that a Mr. Smith, father and son, had some claim on this lot or lode. They were the exact opposite to Mr. Massey, in character and disposition. A suit before a magistrate grew out of this claim, and the jury decided the property to belong to Mr. Massey. It being a case of forcible entry and detainer, the sheriff, as was his duty, went with the latter to put him again in possession of the premises.

When they arrived upon the ground, the two Smiths, being secreted among the diggings, rose up suddenly, and firing their guns in quick succession, Mr. Massey was shot through the heart. His family, living near by, saw him fall, thus early cut down in the prime of his life and usefulness, a victim to the unsettled state of the times, and the ungoverned passions of turbulent men. The perpetrators of this deed were arrested and held in confinement until the session of the circuit court, at Mineral Point, Judge Irving presiding. Upon the trial, the counsel for the defense objected to the jurisdiction of the court, which was sustained by the judge, and accordingly the prisoners were discharged and let loose upon society. They, however, left this part of the country for a time.

One of the younger brothers of Mr. Massey, highly exasperated by this transaction, that no trial could be obtained for such offenders, had determined, it seems, that should the elder Smith ever come in his way, he would take the punishment for the murder of his brother into his own hands. One day, while sitting in his shop at Galena, he chanced to see Smith walking the public streets of the place, when, instantly snatching a pistol and hastening in the direction, he fired upon him with fatal aim. Thus Smith paid the forfeit of his life by intruding again among the friends of the murdered man, and in the community which had witnessed the scenes of his violence.

For this act of the younger brother, there seems to have been the broadest charity manifested. He was never tried, or even arrested, and still lives in the country, a quiet man, and greatly respected by all who know him.

The death of the father, of course, soon brought the younger Smith to the mines. It was understood privately that he determined to shoot one or the other of the surviving brothers at the very first opportunity. He was known to be an excellent shot with a pistol, of imperious disposition and rash temper. These rumors finally reached the ears of the fair haired, blue eyed sister, who was thus made to believe that he would carry his threats into execution. She was just verging into womanhood, with fresh susceptibilities, and all of her deep affections awakened by the surrounding difficulties of the family. One day, without consulting others, she determined, by a wild and daring adventure, to cut off all chances of danger in that direction. Disguising herself for the occasion, and taking a lad along to point out the person she sought, having never seen him herself, she went into the street. Passing a store by the way side, the boy saw Smith and designated him from the other gentlemen in the room by his clothing. On seeing him thus surrounded by other men, one would suppose that her nerves would lose their wonted firmness. He was well armed and resolute in character, this she knew; yet stepping in amidst them all, in a voice tremulous with emotion and ominous in its tones, she exclaimed, "If you are Smith, defend yourself." In an instant, as he arose, she

pointed a pistol at his breast and fired; he fell, and she retired as suddenly as she appeared. It was all done so quickly, and seemed so awful that the spectators stood, bewildered at the tragical scene, until it was too late to prevent the disaster.

It so happened that Mr. Smith had, at the time, a large wallet filled with papers in his breast pocket. The ball striking about its center did not of course penetrate all of the folded leaves, and thus providentially his life was spared.

Smith, soon recovering from the stunning effects, rushed into the street to meet his assailant; but she had fled and found shelter at the house of Mr. Johnson, a substantial merchant of the town, and was subsequently sent away, by her friends here, to some relatives in Illinois, where she was afterward married to a Mr. Williamson, formerly of this place. Her name, Louisa, has been given to one of the counties in our State. Smith lived several years, but the wounds probably hastened his death. She is also dead, and it is to be hoped that God's mercy has followed them beyond earth's rude strifes, and that they dwell in peace in a purer and better world.



Ruins of Camanche, Clinton county.

After the Great Tornado of June 3, 1860. Engraved from a view taken by photograph.

The west has, at various periods of its history, been subject to severe tornadoes, which have carried ruin and devastation in their course. The most terrible ever known, was that which swept over eastern Iowa and western Illinois, on the evening of Sunday, June 3, 1860. It commenced about five miles beyond Cedar Rapids, in Linn county, Iowa, and stopped near Elgin, Illinois, thus traversing a distance of nearly 200 miles. It varied in width from half a mile to two miles. It was of the nature of a whirlwind, or as some eye witnesses aver of two whirlwinds, moving in the same direction and near each other, which in shape resembled a funnel. The larger villages between Cedar Rapids and the Mississippi, were out of the course of this fearful destroyer; but much property was damaged, and more than fifty lives lost before reaching the river. The town of Camanche, on the Mississippi, in Clinton county, about 70 miles below Dubuque, was utterly destroyed, and New Albany, opposite it on the Illinois side, nearly ruined. It was stated in the

prints of the time, that, by this terrible calamity, 2,500 persons had been rendered houseless and homeless, and about 400 killed and wounded. The account of this event is thus given in the *Fulton Courier*:

The storm reached Camanche at 7.30 P.M., with a hollow, rumbling noise heralding its approach, which sounded like a heavy train of cars passing over a bridge. Moving with the velocity of lightning, it struck the devoted town, and the fearful work of havoc commenced. The scene that followed, as given by eye witnesses, can neither be imagined nor described. Amidst the roar of the tempest, the rustling of the wind, the reverberating peals of thunder, the vivid flashes of lightning, the pelting of the rain, the crash of falling buildings, the agonizing shrieks of terror stricken women and children, the bewildered attempts to escape, and the moans of the dying, but little opportunity was left to observe the general appearance of the blow.

Parents caught their children in their arms and rushed frantic for any place that seemed to promise safety. Many found refuge in cellars, which to others proved graves. So sudden was the shock that many in the upper parts of buildings were left no time to flee to other parts.

To go outside was as hazardous as to remain within. The turbulent air was filled with fragments of lumber, furniture, and trees, flying in every direction, with the force of cannon balls.

Amidst such intense excitement, attended with such fatal consequences, moments seem years. But from statements, that beyond doubt are correct, the storm did not rage less than two and a half, nor more than five minutes. It would seem impossible, on looking at the devastation, to suppose it the work of so short a time. Darkness immediately closed over the scene, and left a pall over the town only equaled by the darker gloom that draped the hearts of the survivors of the disaster.

At Albany, heavy warehouses were lifted entire, and removed some considerable distance, strong brick and stone buildings entirely demolished, while the lighter frame dwelling houses were, in most cases, entirely swept away. We could not estimate the whole number of buildings injured, but could learn of not over three houses in the whole town that were not more or less damaged—most of them destroyed. The ground was strewn with fragments of boards. The hotel kept by Captain Barnes was not moved from its foundation, but part of the roof and inside partitions were carried away. The brick (Presbyterian) church was leveled to the ground, and the Congregational much injured. The brick and stone houses seemed to afford but little more protection than the frame, and when they fell gave, of course, less chance of escape. But one place of business (Mr. Pease's) was left in a condition to use. The buildings, household furniture, provisions, and everything in fact, in most instances, were swept beyond the reach of recovery. The ferry-boat was lifted from the water and laid upon the shore. Cattle, horses, and hogs, were killed or driven away by the irresistible element. The loss of life, however, was far less than could have been expected. But five persons were killed, and perhaps fifty or sixty injured.

Camanche was almost completely destroyed. A very few buildings were, as if by miracle, left standing, but even these were more or less injured. The ground was covered with splinters, boards, furniture, etc., completely shivered to pieces. Nothing perfect or whole was to be seen, but everything looked as though it had been riven by lightning. The larger trees were blown down: while on the smaller ones that would yield to the wind, were to be seen tattered pieces of clothing, carpets, pillows, and even mattresses, nearly torn to shreds. The river below was covered with marks of the storm, and much property was lost by being swept into the water. The general appearance of the ground was much like the traces left by a torrent where flood-wood is left lying in its path. Where buildings once stood is now a mass of unsightly ruins. It is with difficulty that the lines of the former streets can be traced. Frame houses were swept away or turned into every conceivable variety of positions. Dead animals were left floating in the river or lying among the ruins. The feathers on the poultry were even stripped from their bodies. Everything was so completely scattered and destroyed that it was useless

to attempt to recover anything, and the citizens could only sit down in despair. Until 12 M. of Monday, the work of exhuming the bodies from the fallen ruins was still progressing. In one room that we visited, the bodies of children and females were lying (ten or twelve in number), clothed in their white winding sheets. It was a sight that we pray may never again be ours to witness. The little children, in particular, had but few face injuries, and lay as if sleeping.

In all, thirty-eight persons were reported missing at Camanche, and thirty-two bodies have been found. About eighty were reported as wounded, some of whom have since died. Information has been received which furnishes us with reliable accounts of 139 deaths caused by the tornado along the line of the Iowa and Nebraska road, including Camanche. On the Illinois side of the river the loss of life has not been quite so great, but we think we are safe in putting the total number of killed at 175. The wounded are by far more numerous, while the loss of property can not be definitely estimated. We hear of 150 cattle in one yard in Iowa that were all destroyed. Farm houses, fences, crops, railroad cars, and all property that fell in the path of the tornado, were left in total ruin. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, much of which will never be reported.

The tornado commenced in Linn county, Iowa, and stopped, as near as we can learn, in the vicinity of Elgin, Illinois. It, of course, would carry objects sometimes in opposite directions, moving as it did with the motion of a whirlwind. We saw one house that had been lifted from its foundation, and carried two hundred feet in a course directly contrary to the regular course of the tornado.

The escapes in all the places where the storm passed, were often truly miraculous. In Albany, Mr. Slaymaker had repaired to the church for the purpose of ringing the bell for worship, but seeing the appearance of a heavy rain approaching, concluded not to ring it. Had the congregation been called together it would have been certain death to all, as the walls of the church, being built of brick, fell on the inside. We saw a small house that had been carried several rods with three persons in it, and set down without damage to the house or inmates. A little daughter of Mr. Swett was lying on a bed, and was blown with it twenty rods into a grove, from whence it came unharmed, calling for its mother. An infant son of Mrs. Joseph Riley was buried beneath her, and it is thought that her own weight upon it was the cause of its death. One family took refuge in a meal chest, which, fortunately, proved strong enough to protect them from a mass of rubbish that covered them. Mrs. Oliver M'Mahan fell in a place where the floor of the first story had been previously partly broken, producing a sag or bend. The joists fell over her, but were long enough to reach over the bend, and thus saved her life. Mr. Effner had at one time been safely secure in his cellar, but going up for something to shield his child from the cold, was killed instantly. We saw two children who were killed in the arms of their mothers. At Camanche, the first story of a hardware store, with its contents, was carried into the river and lost, while the upper part of the building dropped down square upon the foundation as though placed there by mechanics. A child was blown from fifteen miles west of Camanche to that place and landed uninjured. One man in Iowa was taken up 200 feet. A family on a farm took refuge in a "potato hole," where they remained secure; but the house they left was completely demolished. Pieces of boards were picked up, eight and ten miles from Albany, in both north and south directions. A wagon was lifted into the air, broken to pieces, and the tire of one of the wheels twisted out of all shape. Nine freight cars, standing on the track at Lisbon, were blown some distance from the place they were standing. The tornado raised immediately over the house of Mr. Minta, in Garden Plain, and descended to strike the next house beyond. We noticed that those living in frame houses met with less loss of life than the inmates of brick or stone houses.

A passenger from the west informs us that a small boy was blown across Cedar River, and his mangled body left in the forks of a tree. In one family all that was left were three little girls, the father and mother and two children having been instantly killed. We saw where a fence board had been forced clear through the side of a house, endwise, and hundreds of shingles had forced themselves clear through the clapboards of a house.

Another eye witness says: A chimney, weighing about two tons, was broken off at its junction with the roof, lifted into the air, and hurled down into the front yard, burying itself in the ground a depth of three feet, without breaking or cracking a single brick. A light pine shingle was driven from the outside through the clapboards, lath and plaster, and projects two inches from the inside wall of a dwelling house. No other known force could have accomplished this. A common trowel, such as is used by masons, was driven through a pine knot in the side of a barn, projecting full two inches. In one spot was found a large pile of book covers, every leaf from which was gone, and twisted into a thousand shapes. Leaves were stripped of their tissue, leaving the fibers clean and bare as if a botanist had neatly picked it off. Tree trunks were twisted several times round until they were broken off. The Millard House, a three story brick structure, fronting north, was lifted up from its foundation and turned completely round, so that the front door faced the south. It then collapsed, and seemed to fall outwardly as if in a vacuum, and, strange to relate, out of seventeen persons in the house, only two were killed. One house upon the bank was lifted from its foundation and whirled into the river, crushing as it fell and drowning three persons, the inmates.

A piano was taken out of a house in the center of the town, and carried some distance to the river bank without breaking it.

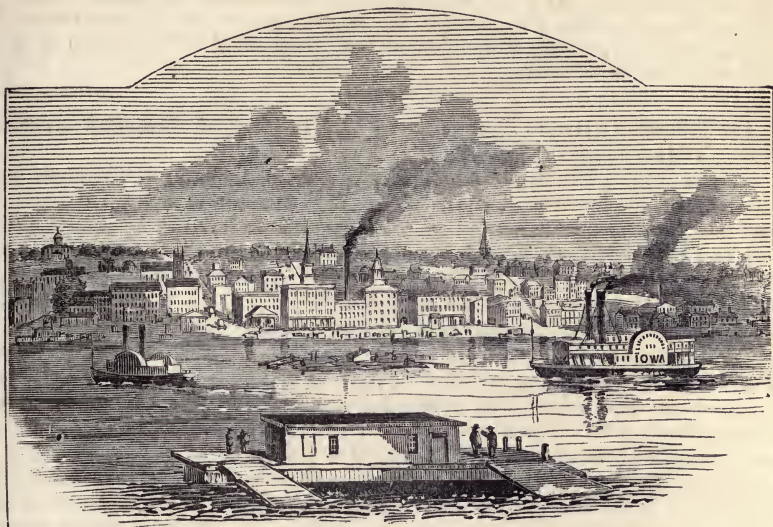
The effects upon some of the houses near Camanche, which were in the outer edge of the tornado, were very curious. Upon some roofs the shingles were stripped off in faciful shapes, a bare spot upon one roof exactly resembling a figure 8. Some roofs were entirely unshingled, and in some cases every clapboard was torn off. The sides of some houses were literally perforated with boards, splintered timbers and sharp stakes. In some parts of Camanche, where houses stood thickly clustered together, there is not a vestige of one left. Another tract of about forty acres is covered with splinters about two feet in length. The lower stories of some houses were blown out entirely, leaving the upper story upon the ground. The town is entirely ruined, and we do not see how it can ever be rebuilt. There are whole blocks of lots that are vacant entirely, with nothing but the cellar to indicate that a house ever stood there.

The whole atmosphere around the place is sickening, and a stench is pervading the whole path of the storm that is almost impossible to endure.

DAVENPORT, a flourishing city, the county seat of Scott, is beautifully situated on the right bank of the Mississippi, at the foot of the upper rapids, opposite the town of Rock Island, with which it is connected by a most magnificent railroad bridge, the first ever built over the Mississippi. The great railroad running through the heart of the state, and designed to connect the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, has its eastern terminus at Davenport. The city is 330 miles above St. Louis, and 100 below Galena. The rapids extend 20 miles above this place, and the navigation of the river is somewhat obstructed by them during the time of low water. The city is built on ground which rises gradually from the water, with a chain of rounded hills in the back ground. Pop: 1860, 11,268.

The city derived its name from Col. George Davenport, who was born in England, in 1783. He came to this country when a young man, entered the U. S. army as sergeant, and saw considerable service, on the frontier, in the war of 1812. After the war, he settled on Rock Island, opposite this town, and engaged in trading with the Indians. That vicinity was densely settled by them. The village of Black Hawk was there in the forks of Rock River and the Mississippi. He carried on the fur trade very extensively for many years, establishing trading posts at various points. On the 4th of July, 1845, a band of robbers entered his beautiful residence in the middle of the day, in the absence of his family, and in robbing, accidentally

shot him. He died the same night. All of the murderers were taken, three were hung and two escaped. Mr. Davenport was of a very free and generous disposition, jovial and fond of company. Wherever he went a crowd assembled around him to listen to his anecdotes and stories. He never sued



Southern view of Davenport, from the Rock Island Ferry.

The Steamboat Landing and Flouring Mill is seen in the central part. The Railroad Depot and A. LeClaire's residence, on an elevation in the distance, on the right. The Iowa College building on the left.

any one in his life, and could not bear to see any one in distress without trying to relieve them. The biographer of Col. Davenport gives these incidents:

During the Black Hawk war Mr. Davenport received a commission from Gov. Reynolds, appointing him acting quartermaster general, with the rank of colonel. In the latter part of the summer of 1832, the cholera broke out among the troops on the island, and ranged fearfully for about ten days; one hundred died out of a population of four hundred; every person was dreadfully alarmed. An incident occurred during this time which will show the state of feeling. Mr. Davenport, Mr. LeClaire, and a young officer were standing together in front of the store one morning. The officer had been giving them an account of the number of deaths and new cases, when an orderly came up to them with a message from Gen. Scott to Mr. LeClaire, requesting him to come down to the fort as soon as possible. Mr. LeClaire looked at Mr. Davenport to know what excuse to make. Mr. Davenport, after a moment, replied to the orderly to tell Gen. Scott that Mr. LeClaire could not come, as he was quite sick. The officer and orderly laughed heartily at Mr. Davenport and Mr. LeClaire being so much alarmed; but next morning the first news they received from the fort, was, that these two men were dead.

At the time the cholera broke out at Fort Armstrong, there were two Fox chiefs confined in the guard-house for killing the Menomonies at Prairie du Chien, and had been given up by their nation as the leaders, on the demand of our government, and were awaiting their trial. Mr. Davenport interceded for them with the commanding officer, to let them out of their prison, and give them the range of the island, with a promise that they should be forthcoming when they were wanted. The Indians were released, and they pledged their word not to leave the island

until permitted to do so by the proper authorities. During all the time the fearful epidemic raged on the island, and every person was fleeing from it that could get away, these two chiefs remained on the island, hunting and fishing, and when the sickness had subsided, they presented themselves at the fort to await their trial, thus showing how binding a pledge of this kind was with this tribe of Indians. Mr. Davenport, for many years, was in the habit of crediting the chiefs of the different villages for from fifty to sixty thousand dollars worth of goods annually, having nothing but their word pledged for the payment of them, which they always faithfully performed.

The following extracts relative to the early history of Davenport, are from Wilkie's History of the city:

"In the year 1833, there were one or two claims made upon the lands now occupied by the lower part of the city. The claim upon which the city was first laid out was contended for by a Dr. Spencer and a Mr. McCloud. The matter was finally settled by Antoine LeClaire buying them both out: giving them \$150. . . . Having fenced in this portion, Mr. LeClaire cultivated it until it was sold to a company in 1835. In the fall of this year, a company was formed for the purchasing and laying out a town site. They met at the house of Col. Davenport, on Rock Island, to discuss the matter. The following persons were present: Maj. Wm. Gordon, Antoine LeClaire, Col. Geo. Davenport, Maj. Thos. Smith, Alex. McGregor, Levi S. Colton, and Philip Hambaugh. These gentlemen, with Capt. James May, then in Pittsburg, composed the company which secured the site. . . .

In the spring of the next year, the site was surveyed and laid out by Maj. Gordon, U. S. surveyor, and one of the stockholders. The cost of the entire site was \$2,000 or \$250 per share. In May the lots were offered at auction. A steamboat came up from St. Louis, laden with passengers to attend the sale, which continued for two days. Some 50 or 60 lots only were sold, mostly to St. Louis speculators, at from \$300 to \$600 each. The remaining portion of the site was divided among the proprietors. The emigration this year was small, only some half dozen families coming in. The first tavern was put up this year and opened by Edward Powers, on the corner of Front and Ripley-streets. It was built by Messrs. Davenport and LeClaire, and was called "*Davenport Hotel*." A log shanty drinking saloon was also put up, which stood on Front-street, below the Western-avenue. It was long a favorite resort of the politician and thirsty. . . .

James Mackintosh opened the first store, and commenced business in a log house near the U. S. House, corner of Ripley and Third-streets. . . . Lumber at that time was brought from Cincinnati, and almost everything else from a distance. Flour at \$16 per barrel; pork at 16 cents per pound, were brought from that city. Corn was imported from Wabash River, and brought \$2 per bushel. . . . The ferry dates its existence from this year—it being a flat bottomed craft, technically called a "mud-boat." This, in 1841, was superseded by a horse-boat, which in time gave way to steam. . .

The first child born in Davenport, was in 1841, a son of L. S. Colton. . . The first law office was opened by A. McGregor. The first religious discourse was delivered by Rev. Mr. Gavitt, a Methodist, at the house of D. C. Eldridge. Preaching also from an Episcopalian the same spring. Religious services were held occasionally, in which a priest from Galena officiated. . . . The pioneer ball was held at Mr. LeClaire's, Jan. 8, 1836. Some forty couples were present, consisting of frontier men, officers from the island, and others. The music was furnished by fiddles, from which

no contemptible strains were occasionally drawn by Mr. LeClaire himself. . . The party danced till sunrise, then broke up—the gentlemen being, as a general thing, as genial as all the “punches” they could possibly contain, would make them.

In the summer of 1836, Mr. A. LeClaire was appointed postmaster. Mails came once a week from the east, and once in two weeks from Dubuque. The postmaster used to carry the mail across the river in his pocket, and the per centage for the first three months was *seventy-five cents*. In September, a treaty was held at East Davenport, between Gov. Dodge, U. S. commissioner, and the Sacs and Foxes. The object of the treaty was to secure possession of the land bordering on the Iowa River, and known as “Keokuk’s Reserve.” About one thousand chiefs and warriors were present, and were encamped during the time just above Renwick’s mill. . . . This was the last treaty ever held in this vicinity. There were seven houses at the close of this year. There was a frame dwelling partly finished and owned by a Mr. Shields. It has been since known as the “Dillon House” (*of which a gentleman, since governor of the state, was once hostler*). The year (1836) closed with a population of less than one hundred. Stephenson (now Rock Island) which had been laid out in 1834, had at this time a population of nearly five hundred.

The first duel “on record” in Iowa, was fought, in the spring of 1837, between two Winnebago Indians. These young men, in a carousal at Stephenson, commenced quarreling, and finally resorted to the code of honor. One had a shot gun, the other a rifle. On the Willow Island, below the city, at the required distance they fired at each other. The one with the shot gun fell, and was buried not far from the graveyard below the city. The survivor fled to his home in the Rock River country. The friends and relations of the slain clamored for the blood of the slayer, and the *sister* of the latter went for the survivor. She found him—entreated him to come back to Rock Island and be killed, to appease the wrathful manes of the deceased. He came—in a canoe paddled by his own sister—singing his death song. A shallow grave was dug, and kneeling upon its brink, his body tumbled into it, and his death song was hushed, as the greedy knives of the executioners drank the blood of his brave heart.

Dr. A. E. Donaldson, from Pennsylvania, came in July, 1837, and was, it is stated, the first regular physician. The religious services, for this year, and for a year or two afterward, were held in a house belonging to D. C. Eldridge. Clergymen of various denominations officiated. In 1838, during the summer, the first brick house was erected by D. C. Eldridge, standing on the S.E. corner of Main and Third-streets. Nearly at the same time, the brick building now used by the Sisters, in Catholic block, was completed as a church. A long controversy between Rockingham and Davenport, respecting the location of the county-seat, was terminated in favor of the latter, in 1840, by the citizens of Davenport agreeing to construct the court house and jail, free of expense to the county.

The celebrated “*Missouri War*” is ascribed to about this date. It arose from a dispute in regard to boundary—two lines having been run. The northern one cut off a strip of Iowa some six or eight miles in width, and from this portion Missouri endeavored to collect taxes. The inhabitants refused to pay them, and the Missouri authorities endeavored, by sending a sheriff, to enforce payment. A fight ensued, and an Iowan was killed, and several taken prisoners. The news spread along the river counties, and created intense excitement. War was supposed to be impending, or to have actually begun.

Col. Dodge, an individual somewhat noted as the one who, in connection with Theller, had been imprisoned by the Canadian authorities for a participation in the “Patriot War,” had lately arrived here, after breaking jail in Canada. His arrival was opportune—a call for volunteers to march against Missouri was circulated, and was responded to by some three hundred men, who made Davenport their rendezvous on the proposed day of marching. A motley crowd was it! Arms were of every kind imaginable, from pitchforks to blunderbusses, and Queen Anne muskets. One of the colonels wore a common rusty grass scythe for a sword, while Capt. Higginson, of company A, had been fortunate enough to find an old

sword that an Indian had pawned for whisky, which he elegantly belted around him with a heavy log chain.

The parade ground was in front of the ground now occupied by the Scott House. Refreshments were plenty, and "steam" was being rapidly developed for a start, when word came that peace was restored—Missouri having resigned her claim to the disputed ground. The army was immediately disbanded, in a style that would do honor to the palmiest revels of Bacchus. Speeches were made, toasts drunk, and a host of maneuvers, not in the military code, were performed, to the great amusement of all. Some, in the excess of patriotism and whisky, started on alone to Missouri, but lay down in the road before traveling far, and slept away their valor.

St. Anthony's Church, the first erected, was dedicated May 23, 1839, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Loras, of Dubuque. The Catholic Advocate thus states, "Mr. Antoine Le-Claire, a wealthy Frenchman, and a zealous and exemplary Christian, in partnership with Mr. Davenport, has granted to the Catholic congregation, in the very center of the town, a whole square, including ten lots, erecting, partly at his own expense, a fine brick church with a school room attached." The Rev. Mr. Pelamourgues, who first assumed charge of the church, still retains it.

The First Presbyterian Church was established in the spring of 1838, pastor, James D. Mason; the Davenport Congregational Church was organized July 30, 1839, by Rev. Albert Hale; their present church building was erected in 1844. The first regular services of the Protestant Episcopal Church were commenced here Oct. 14, 1841, by Rev. Z. H. Goldsmith. The corner stone of the present edifice of Trinity Church was laid, by Bishop Kemper, May 5, 1852. The Methodist Episcopal Church was established June 1, 1842; the First Baptist Church was established in 1839, N. S. Bastion, pastor; the German Congregation was established July 19, 1857, A. Frowein, pastor; "Church of Christ," or Disciples Church established July 28, 1839.

The first newspaper was the "Iowa Sun and Davenport and Rock Island News," issued in Aug., 1838, by Alfred Sanders. It was continued till 1841, when it was succeeded by the "Davenport Weekly Gazette." The "Weekly Banner" was started in 1848, by A. Montgomery; in 1855, it was bought by Messrs. Hildreth, Richardson & West, and was changed to the "Iowa State Democrat." The "Evening News," daily and weekly, was started by Harrington & Wilkie, Sept., 1856. The "Der Demokrat" (German) was established, by T. Guelich, in 1851.

Bellevue, the capital of Jackson county, is on the Mississippi, 12 miles below Galena. It is one of the oldest towns in the state, having been first settled in 1836, by J. D. Bell. The location being a beautiful one, had long been a favorite spot with the Indians. The population in 1860 was about 1,500.

The following interesting narrative of some incidents which took place here in the early settlement of the place is given to us by Wm. A. Warren Esq. He was the sheriff in command of the posse of citizens, some of whom it will be seen lost their lives in their efforts to restore law and order.

In the year 1836, was organized a band of horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and highway robbers, having their head-quarters near Elk Heart, Michigan, and extending their ramifications in all directions from that point, many hundred miles. The Rock River valley, Illinois, and the settled portions of what is now Iowa, were the chief points of their operations, although the band extended through Kentucky, Missouri, and even to the Cherokee Nation.

Their organization was complete. They had their pass words, and other means of recognition. No great master spirit controlled the whole organization, as is usually the case in criminal associations of that nature. The leaders were those whose education rendered them superior to the instincts of the half savage settlers with whom they were associated.

Their method of doing business, and escaping detection, was as follows: B.'s

band, in Iowa, would "spot" certain horses and other "plunder," and arrange to make a foray on some particular night. A., in Missouri, having obtained the knowledge of this, would start his band on a marauding expedition the same night. But those who were to do the plundering would make a feint to go north or south on a trading expedition, a day or two before the time fixed upon, and returning at night, would be carefully concealed until the proper time, when they would sally forth on the expedition in earnest. The two bands then meeting half way, would exchange the stolen property, and returning, dispose of the plunder, perhaps to the very persons whom they had robbed a few nights before.



Storming of the Bellevue Hotel, by the Citizens.

The engraving illustrates a scene in the early history of Bellevue. The hotel of the town was occupied by a band of outlaws, who had been the terror of the whole country for hundreds of miles distant. As they defied the authorities, the citizens were compelled to resort to arms. The stronghold was carried by storm, in which several were slain on each side.

Those of the band who were merely accomplices, were careful to be visiting some honest neighbor on the night of the robbery, and thus avert suspicion from themselves. By this means, it will be seen, that detection was almost impossible, and suspicion unlikely to rest upon the real perpetrators.

The then frontier village of Bellevue, was a central point on this route, and also the head-quarters of one of the most numerous and powerful of the bands. Its leader, William Brown, was a man remarkable in many respects. He came to Bellevue in the spring of 1836, and soon after brought out his family and opened a public house, which was destined to become famous in the village history. Brown, physically, was a powerful man, and in education superior to those around him. He possessed a pleasant, kindly address, and was scrupulously honest in his every day's dealings with his neighbors. It is said that none who reposed confidence in him in a business transaction ever regretted it. He was ably seconded by his wife, a woman of about 24 years of age, and of more than ordinary natural capacity. They had but one child, a little girl of some four years of age. Ever ready to assist the destitute, the foremost in public improvements, this family soon became idolized by the rude population of that early day, so that nothing but positive proof finally fastened suspicions of dishonesty upon them. Having, by his

wiles, seduced a larger part of the young men into his band, and being daily reinforced from other quarters, Brown became more bold in his operations, then threw off the mask, and openly boasted of his power and the inability of the authorities to crush him out. It was no idle boast. Fully two thirds of the able bodied men in the settlement were leagued with him. He never participated in passing counterfeit money, stealing horses, etc., but simply planned.

Any man who incurred the enmity of the "gang," was very certain to wake some morning and find his crops destroyed, his horses stolen, and the marks of his cattle having been slaughtered in his own yard; in all probability the hind quarters of his favorite ox would be offered for sale at his own door a few hours thereafter. If one of his gang was arrested, Brown stood ready to defend him, with an argument not now always attainable by the legal profession—he could, at a moment's notice, prove an *alibi*. Thus matters went on, until it became apparent to the honest portion of the community that the crisis had arrived.

As an instance of the boldness which they evinced, now the band had become so powerful, we give an incident of the stealing of a plow from a steamboat. In the spring of 1839, a steamboat landed at Bellevue *to wood*; the boat was crowded with passengers, and the hurricane deck covered with plows. It being a pleasant day, the citizens old and young, according to custom, had sallied forth to the river side, as the landing of a steamboat was then by no means a daily occurrence. The writer of this, standing near Brown, heard him remark to a man, named Hapgood, and in the presence of numerous citizens, "that, as he (H.) had long wanted to join Brown's party, if he would steal one of those plows, and thus prove his qualifications, he should be admitted to full fellowship." Hapgood agreed to make the trial, and thereupon, to our surprise, as we had supposed the conversation to be merely in jest, he went upon the hurricane deck, and in the presence of the captain, passengers, and citizens on shore, shouldered a plow and marched off the boat and up the levee. When on the boat, Hapgood conversed with the captain for a few minutes, and the captain pointed out to him which plow to take. In a few moments the boat was gone, and Hapgood boasted of the theft. It was supposed that he had bought the plow and paid the captain for it, but the next day, when the boat returned, there was great and anxious inquiry, by the captain, "for the man that took that plow," but he had disappeared, and remained out of sight until the boat was gone. About the same time another bold robbery occurred near Bellevue, the incidents of which so well illustrate the character of these ruffians, that we can not forbear recounting them.

One Collins, a farmer, living about eight miles from town, came in one day and sold Brown a yoke of cattle for \$80. Being a poor judge of money, and knowing Brown's character well, he refused to take anything in payment but specie. On his return home that evening, he placed his money in his chest. About midnight his house was broken open by two men, upon which he sprang from his bed, but was immediately knocked down. His wife coming to his rescue was also knocked down, and both were threatened with instant death if any more disturbance was made. The robbers then possessed themselves of Collins' money and watch and departed. In the morning he made complaint before a justice of the peace, accusing two men in the employment of Brown with the crime. They were arrested and examined. On the trial, Collins and his wife swore positively to the men, and also identified a watch found with them as the one taken. In their possession was found \$80 in gold, the exact amount stolen. A farmer living near Collins, testified that about 11 o'clock, on the night of the robbery, the accused stopped at his house and inquired the way to Collins'. Here the prosecution closed their evidence, and the defense called three witnesses to the stand, among whom was *Fox*, afterward noted as the murderer of *Col. Davenport*, all of whom swore positively that, on the night of the robbery, they and the accused played cards from dark till daylight, in Brown's house, eight miles from the scene of the robbery! In the face of the overwhelming testimony adduced by the state, the defendants were discharged!

Another laughable instance, displaying the shrewdness and villainy of these fellows, occurred early in the spring of 1838. Godfrey (one of the robbers of Collins) came into town with a fine span of matched horses, with halter ropes around

their necks. From the known character of their possessor, the sheriff thought best to take the horses into his custody. Brown's gang remonstrated against the proceedings, but to no effect. Subsequently a writ of replevin was procured, and the horses demanded—the sheriff refused to give them up. A general row ensued. The citizens, being the stronger party at that time, sustained the sheriff, and he maintained the dignity of his office. Handbills, describing the horses accurately, were then sent around the county. A few days afterward, a stranger appeared in town, anxiously inquiring for the sheriff, and upon meeting him, he announced his business to be the recovery of a fine span of horses, which had been stolen from him a short time before, and then so accurately described those detained by the sheriff, that the latter informed him that he then had them in his stable. Upon examining them, the man was gratified to find that they were his; turning to the crowd, he offered \$25 to any one who would produce Godfrey, remarking that, if he met him, he would wreak his vengeance upon him in a summary manner, without the intervention of a jury. Godfrey was not, however, to be found, and the horses were delivered to the stranger.

Imagine the consternation of the sheriff, when, two days later, the true owner of the horses appeared in search of them! The other was an accomplice of Godfrey, and they had taken that method of securing their booty. Similar incidents could be detailed to fill pages, for they were of continual occurrence.

On the 20th of March, 1840, the citizens of Bellevue, not implicated in the plans of the horse-thieves and counterfeiters, held a meeting to consider the wrongs of the community. But one opinion was advanced, that the depredators must leave the place or summary vengeance would be inflicted upon them all. It was resolved that a warrant should be procured for the arrest of the whole gang, from Justice Watkins—father of our present sheriff—and, upon a certain day, the sheriff, accompanied by all the honest citizens as a posse, should proceed to serve the same. The warrant was issued upon the affidavit of Anson Harrington, Esq., one of our most respectable citizens, charging about half the inhabitants of the town—Brown's men—with the commission of crimes.

A posse of 80 men was selected by the sheriff from among the best citizens of the county, who met in Bellevue on the first day of April, 1840, at 10 o'clock, A.M. Brown, in the mean time, had got wind of the proceedings, and had rallied a party of 23 men, whose names were on the warrant, and proceeded to fortify the Bellevue Hotel, and prepare for a vigorous defense. On the sheriff's arriving in Bellevue with his party, he found a red flag streaming from the hotel, and a portion of Brown's men marching to and fro in front of their fort, armed with rifles, presenting a formidable appearance.

A meeting of the citizens was then convened to consult upon the best method of securing the ends of justice, of which Major Thos. S. Parks was chairman. It was resolved that the sheriff should go to Brown's fort, with two men, and demand their surrender, reading his warrant, and assuring them that they should be protected in their persons and property. It was also resolved, if they did not surrender, to storm the house, and that Col. Thos. Cox, then a representative in the Iowa legislature, should assist the sheriff in the command of the party selected for this purpose.

The sheriff then went to the hotel, accompanied by Messrs. Watkins and Magoon. When near the house, they were suddenly surrounded by Brown and a party of his men, all fully armed. They captured the sheriff, and ordered Watkins and Magoon to return and inform the citizens, that at the first attempt to storm the house, they would shoot the sheriff. Being conducted into the house, the sheriff read his warrant and informed them of the proceedings of the meeting. Just then it was discovered that Col. Cox, with a party of citizens, was rapidly advancing on the hotel. Upon the sheriff's promise to stop them and then return, he was released by Brown. He met the party, and accosting Cox, requested him to delay the attack one hour, and if he (the sheriff) did not return by that time, for them to come on and take the house.

Cox was determined the Sheriff should not return, saying that he should not keep his word with such a band of ruffians. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and the sheriff went back. On his return he found that Brown's men had been

drinking freely to keep up their courage. After some parleying, Brown determined not to surrender, commanding the sheriff to return to his men and tell them to come on, and if they succeeded in carrying the hotel, it should only be over their dead bodies.

The sheriff returned and disclosed the result of his interview. Mrs. Brown, in the mean time, and a fellow called Buckskin, paraded the streets with a red flag. The citizens were then addressed by Cox and Watkins, and it was finally determined that a body of forty men should be selected to make the attack, upon which the posse started and charged upon the house at a full run. As our men entered the porch, the garrison commenced firing, but we being so near they generally over-shot their mark. At the first fire one of our best men, Mr. Palmer, was killed, and another, Mr. Vaughn, badly wounded. Brown opened the door and put out his gun to shoot, when he was immediately shot down by one of our men. The battle then became desperate and hand to hand. After considerable hard fighting, the "balance" of the gang commenced their retreat through the back door of the house. They were surrounded and all captured but three. The result of the fight was, on the part of the counterfeiters the loss of five killed and two badly wounded; on the part of the citizens, four killed and eleven wounded.

The excitement after the fight was intense. Many of the citizens were in favor of putting all the prisoners to death. Other counsels, however, prevailed, and a citizens' court was organized to try them.

During the fight, Capt. Harris anchored his boat in the middle of the river, and remained there until the result was known, when the passengers ascended to the upper deck and gave three hearty cheers. Doctors Finley, of Dubuque, and Crossman, of Galena, were sent for, and were soon in attendance on the wounded of both parties.

Much joy was manifested by the citizens at the breaking up of one of the most desperate gangs of housebreakers, murderers and counterfeiters, that ever infested the western country. The next morning a vote of the citizens was taken as to the disposal of the prisoners.

As the district court was not to meet for three months, and there being no jail in the county, and in fact none in the territory that was safe, and surrounded as we were on all sides, by offshoots of the same band, who could muster 200 men in a day's time to rescue them, it was deemed the merest folly to attempt to detain them as prisoners, and it was resolved to execute summary justice upon them. The question was then put, whether to hang or whip them. A cup of red and white beans was first passed around, to be used as ballots, the *red* for hanging, and the *white* for whipping.

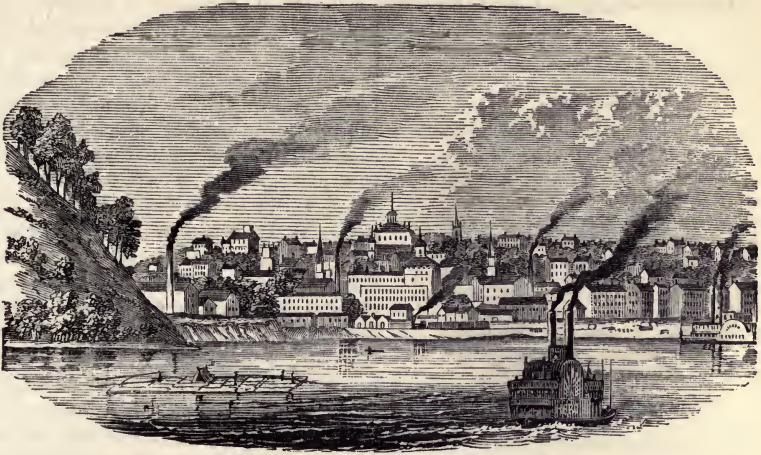
A breathless silence was maintained during the vote. In a few moments the result was announced. It stood *forty-two* white and *thirty-eight* red beans. The resolution to whip them was then unanimously adopted. Fox, afterward the murderer of Davenport, and several others made full confessions of many crimes, in which they had been engaged. The whole crowd of prisoners was then taken out and received from twenty-five to seventy-five lashes apiece, upon their bare backs, according to their deserts. They were then put into boats and set adrift in the river, without oars, and under the assurance that a return would insure a speedy death.

Animated by the example of Bellevue, the citizens of Rock River, Ill., Linn, Johnson, and other counties, in Iowa, arose *en masse*, and expelled the gangs of robbers from their midst, with much bloodshed.

Thus ended the struggle for supremacy between vice and virtue in Bellevue, which, from this day forth, has been as noted, in the Mississippi valley, for the morality of its citizens, as it was once rendered infamous by their crimes.

BURLINGTON, a flourishing commercial city, the seat of justice for Des Moines county, is on the western side of the Mississippi, 45 miles above Keokuk, 248 above St. Louis, and 1,429 above New Orleans. The city was organized under a charter from the Territory of Wisconsin, in 1838. It is

regularly laid out and beautifully situated. Part of the city is built on the high grounds or bluffs, rising in some places about 200 feet above the river, affording a beautiful and commanding view of the surrounding country: with the river, and its woody islands, stretching far away to the



South-eastern view of Burlington.

The view shows the appearance of the city, as seen from near the South Bluff: the eastern terminus of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad, the Court House, and other public buildings, on the elevated ground in the distance, appear in the central part; the North Bluff and Steamboat Landing on the right

north and south. It has a variety of mechanical and manufacturing establishments. The pork packing business is carried on extensively. It is the seat of the Burlington University, and contains 12 churches, in 1860, 6,706. inhabitants.

The country for sixty miles around Burlington, sometimes called the "garden of Iowa," is very fertile. Near the city are immense quantities of gray limestone rock, suitable for building purposes.

The first white person who located himself in Burlington, appears to have been Samuel S. White, a native of Ohio, who built a cabin here, in 1832, close to the river at the foot of the upper bluff. The United States, according to the treaty with the Indians, not being then entitled to the lands west of the Mississippi, the dragoons from Fort Armstrong came down, burnt White out, and drove him over to the Illinois side of the river. He remained on Honey Creek till the 1st of the next June, when, the Indian title being extinguished, he returned and rebuilt his cabin near its former site.

Mr. White was soon afterward joined by Amzi Doolittle, and in 1834, they laid out the first part of the town on the public lands. The survey of White and Doolittle was made by Benjamin Tucker and Dr. Wm. R. Ross. Their bounds extended down to Hawkeye Creek. White and Doolittle afterward sold out all their lands and removed. The first addition to this tract was made by Judge David Rorer, a native of Virginia, in April, 1836, who had emigrated the month previous. In July of this year, he built the first brick building ever erected in Iowa. Judge R. laid the first brick with his own hands. This building stood on what is now lot 438, the next corner north

of Marion Hall. This dwelling was taken down by Col. Warren, in 1854 or '55. The first location made outside the town, was by a settler named Tothoro, whose cabin was about three miles from the river; this was previous to June, 1833. He was consequently driven off by the dragons, and his cabin destroyed.

The town was named by John Gray, a native of *Burlington*, Vermont, and brother-in-law to White, the first settler.



JUDGE RORER'S HOUSE.

The first brick building erected in Iowa.

The Flint Hills were called by the Indians *Shokokon*, a word in their language signifying "flint hills;" these bluffs are generally about 150 feet above the river. Burlington became the county seat of Des Moines in 1834, under the jurisdiction of Michigan. In 1836 it was made the seat of government of Wisconsin Territory, and in the fall of 1837, the legislature of that territory first met at Burlington. When Iowa Territory was formed in 1838, Burlington became the seat of government. The building in which the legislative assembly first met stood on the river bank, just north of Columbia-street. It was burnt down soon afterward. At the first court held in

Burlington, three divorces were granted, one conviction for assault and battery, and one fine for contempt of court. The record does not show the grounds of contempt, but from other sources we learn it was a rencounter in open court, in which the tables of the judges, being dry goods boxes and barrels with planks laid across, were overturned. The hero of the occasion was afterward taken prisoner in the Santa Fe expedition from Texas.

Dr. Ross and Maj. Jeremiah Smith, who came to Burlington in 1833, were the first merchants. The first church (the Methodist Old Zion) was erected the same year, and is believed to have been the first house of worship erected in Iowa. In this venerable structure, which is still standing, the legislative body have met and courts have been held. The "*Iowa Territorial Gazette*," the first newspaper, was issued in the summer of 1837, by James Clarke, from Pennsylvania, who was subsequently governor of the territory. The second paper was the "*Iowa Patriot*," afterward the "*Hawkeye*," by James G. Edwards, of Boston. The *Iowa Historical and Geological Society* was organized in 1843, and is the oldest literary society in the state.

The following inscriptions are from monuments in the Aspen Grove Cemetery, at the N.W. border of the city:

Here lie the mortal remains of JAS. CLARKE, founder of the first Newspaper in Burlington, Member of the first Constitutional Convention, Secretary and Governor of the Territory of Iowa. Born July 5, 1812; died July 28, 1850

My Husband and our Father, ABNER LEONARD, minister of the Gospel, born Dec. 13, 1787, in Washington Co., Pa.; died Oct. 30, 1856.

Now with my Savior, Brother, Friend,
A blest Eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

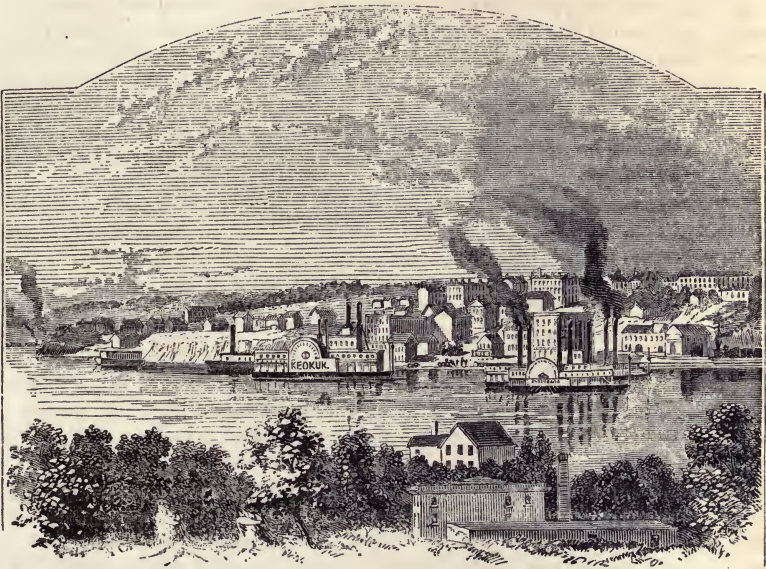
In memory of REV. HORACE HUTCHINSON, late Pastor of the Congregational Church, of Burlington. He was born at Sutton, Mass., Aug. 10, 1817. Graduated at Amherst College, 1839, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1843. He died March 7, 1846.

Sacred to the memory of REV. SAMUEL PAYNE, Missionary, native of New Jersey, who departed this life, Jan. 8, 1845, aged 38 years, 6 mo. and 17 days. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv, 13.

In memory of REV. THOMAS SCHULTZ, German Missionary of the Methodist Church; born July 11, 1821; died March 18, 1848. *Christus ist mein Leben und sterben ist mein Gewin.

In memory of REV. WILLIAM HEMMINGHAUS, German Missionary of the M.E. Church; born Jan. 26, 1808; died Jan. 24, 1848.

Wo ich bin da soll mein, diener auch sein.
Where I am, there shall be my servant. Jan. 12, 1826.



East view of Keokuk.

The view shows the appearance of Keokuk, as seen from the heights above the Ferry landing, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi. The Keokuk, Fort Des Moines and Minnesota Railroad is on the extreme left; the Keokuk, Mount Pleasant and Muscatine Railroad on the right.

KEOKUK, and semi-capital of Lee county, is a short distance above the confluence of the Des Moines with the Mississippi, on the west side of the Mississippi, 200 miles above St. Louis, 1,400 above New Orleans, and about 150 from Des Moines, the capital. It is at the S.E. corner of the state, at the foot of the "Lower Rapids," and being the only city of Iowa having uninterrupted communication with all the great tributaries of the "Father of Waters," it has not inaptly been called the "*Gate City*" of Iowa. The site of Keokuk is remarkably fine. It covers the top and slopes of a large bluff, partially around which the Mississippi bends with a graceful curve, commanding a fine prospect to the south and north. The city stands

upon an inexhaustible quarry of limestone rock, forming ample material for buildings. A portion of the great water power at this point is used in various manufactories, flouring mills, founderies, etc. The Mississippi, upward from this place, flows over a rocky bed of limestone, called the *Rapids*, 12 miles in extent, falling, in that distance, 24½ feet, making it difficult for the larger class of steamboats to pass. The city contains several splendid public buildings, the medical department of the State University, hospital, some eight or nine churches, and about 13,000 inhabitants.

The plat of the village of Keokuk was laid out in the spring of 1837, and in the ensuing June a public sale of town lots was held, and attended by a very large crowd. One boat was chartered in St. Louis, and numbers came up on other boats. Only two or three lots, the south-west corner of Main-street and the levee, and one or two others lying contiguous, were sold. The corner lot went for \$1,500, and a New York company still hold the deed of trust on it to secure the payment.

In 1840, the main portion of Keokuk was a dense forest, and where Main-street now is, were thick timber and underbrush. It was so swampy and rough between Third and Fourth-streets, as to be rather dangerous riding on horseback after a heavy rain. About a dozen cabins comprised all the improvements. In the spring of 1847, a census of the place gave a population of 620. Owing to the unsettled state of the titles, but little progress was made till 1849. From that time until the autumn of 1857 it had a rapid growth.

Keokuk derived its name from Keokuk (*the Watchful Fox*), a chieftain of the Sac tribe, distinguished for his friendship to the Americans during the Black Hawk war. He often lost his popularity with his tribe by his efforts to keep them at peace with the United States, and nothing but his powerful eloquence and tact sustained him. He was once deposed by his tribe, and a young chief elected in his place. He, however, soon attained his former position. Keokuk was born about the year 1780. He was not a hereditary chief, but raised himself to that dignity by the force of talent and enterprise. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence; fertile in resources on the field of battle; possessed of desperate bravery; and never at a loss in any emergency. He had six wives, was fond of display, and on his visits of state to other tribes, moved, it is supposed, in more savage magnificence than any other chief on the continent. He was a noble looking man, about five feet ten inches in height, portly, and over 200 pounds in weight. He had an eagle eye, a dignified bearing, and a manly, intelligent expression of countenance, and always painted and dressed in the Indian costume. He supplanted Black Hawk as chieftain of the Sacs and Foxes. He died in Missouri a few years since, and was succeeded in the chieftainship by his son.

The Des Moines River, which terminates at Keokuk, is one of the noblest of streams. Keokuk is the principal port of its valley, in which half the population and agricultural wealth of the state are concentrated. On the banks of the Des Moines stood the village of the celebrated chief *Black Hawk*, who there breathed his last, Oct. 3, 1840. He was buried near the banks of the river, in a sitting posture, as is customary with his tribe. His hands grasped his cane, and his body was surrounded by stakes, which united at the top.

Iowa is noted for the extent and magnificence of her prairies. These are of great advantage to the rapid and easy settlement of a country. When,

however, too extensive, without a sufficiency of timber, a prairie country has some serious drawbacks. Fortunately, in Iowa, the immense beds of coal partly supply the deficiency in fuel, and the prairie country there is remarkably healthy. It is generally rolling, often even hilly, the streams mostly



Prairie Scenery.

fresh running water, with sandy or gravelly beds, which condition prevents the origin of miasma, the great scourge of flat, prairie districts, where sluggish streams, winding their snaky shaped course through rich alluvial soils, generate disease and death from their stagnant waters, green and odious with the slime of a decaying vegetation. The prairie farms of Iowa; large, smooth and unbroken by stump or other obstruction, afford an excellent field for the introduction of mowing machines and other improved implements of agriculture.

The wonderful fertility of the prairies is accounted for by the fact that we have a soil "which for thousands of years has been bearing annual crops of grass, the ashes or decayed stems of which have been all that time adding to the original fer-

tility of the soil. So long back as we have any knowledge of the country, it had been the custom of the Indians to set fire to the prairie grass in autumn, after frost set in, the fire spreading with wonderful rapidity, covering vast districts of country, and filling the atmosphere for weeks with smoke. In the course of ages a soil somewhat resembling an ash-heap must have been thus gradually created, and it is no wonder that it should be declared to be inexhaustible in fertility. In Europe such tracts of fertile country as the plain of Lombardy are known to have yielded crops for more than 2,000 years without intermission, and yet no one says that the soil is exhausted. Here we have a tract naturally as rich, and with the addition of its own crops rotting upon its surface, and adding to its stores of fertility all that time. It need occasion no surprise therefore, to be told of twenty or thirty crops of Indian corn being taken in succession from the same land, without manure, every crop, good or better, according to the nature of the season."

A distinguished English chemist analyzed some of the prairie soils of the west. "His analysis, which was of the most scrutinizing character, bears out completely the high character for fertility which practice and experience had already proved these soils to possess. The most noticeable feature in the analysis is the very large quantity of nitrogen which each of the soils contains, nearly twice as much as the most fertile soils of Britain. In each case, taking the soil at an average depth of ten inches, an acre of these prairies will contain upward of three tons of nitrogen, and as a heavy crop of wheat with its straw contains about fifty-two pounds of nitrogen, there is thus a natural store of ammonia in this soil sufficient for more than a hundred wheat crops. In Dr. Voelcker's words, 'It is this large amount of nitrogen, and the beautiful state of division, that impart a peculiar character to these soils, and distinguish them so favorably. They are soils upon which I imagine flax could be grown in perfection, supposing the climate to be otherwise favorable. I have never before analyzed soils which contained so much nitrogen, nor do I find any record of soils richer in nitrogen than these.'"

"The novelty of the prairie country is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise from those who have lived amid the forests of Ohio and Kentucky, or along the wooded shores of the Atlantic, or in sight of the rocky barriers of the Allegheny ridge. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating. The outline of the landscape is undulating and graceful. The verdure and the flowers are beautiful; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gayety which animates every beholder.

These plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet, in themselves, *not flat*, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with easy, graceful slopes, and full, rounded outlines, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature. It is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape, and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake indented with deep vistas, like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands.

In the spring of the year, when the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain and glittering upon the dewdrops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The groves, or clusters of timber, are particularly attractive at this season of the year. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The rosewood, dogwood, crab-apple, wild plum, the cherry, and the wild rose are all abundant, and in many portions of the state the grape-vine abounds. The variety of wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of loneliness which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveler in the wilderness. Though

he may not see a house or a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, the traveler upon the prairie can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is traveling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene.

In the summer, the prairie is covered with long, coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a fully ripe harvest. The prairie-grass never attains its highest growth in the richest soil; but in low, wet, or marshy land, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the center or main stem of the grass—that which bears the seed—shoots up to the height of eight and ten feet, throwing out long, coarse leaves or blades. But on the rich, undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave, forming a compact, even sod, and the blades expand into a close, thick grass, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, until late in the season, when the seed-bearing stem shoots up. The first coat is mingled with small flowers—the violet, the bloom of the wild strawberry, and various others, of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in height, these smaller flowers disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface; and still later, a larger and coarser succession arises with the rising tide of verdure. It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, 'from grave to gay,' than graces the beautiful carpet of green throughout the entire season of summer."

"The autumnal months, in Iowa, are almost invariably clear, warm, and dry. The immense mass of vegetation with which this fertile prairie soil loads itself during the summer is suddenly withered, and the whole earth is covered with combustible materials. This is especially true of those portions where grass grows from two to ten feet high, and is exposed to sun and wind, becoming thoroughly dried. A single spark of fire, falling upon the prairie at such a time, instantly kindles a blaze that spreads on every side, and continues its destructive course as long as it finds fuel. These fires sweep along with great power and rapidity, and frequently extend across a wide prairie and advance in a long line. No sight can be more sublime than a stream of fire, beheld at night, several miles in breadth, advancing across the plains, leaving behind it a background of dense black smoke, throwing before it a vivid glare, which lights up the whole landscape for miles with the brilliancy of noonday. The progress of the fire is so slow, and the heat so intense, that every combustible in its course is consumed. The roots of the prairie-grass, and several species of flowers, however, by some peculiar adaptation of nature, are spared."

The winters on the prairie are often terrible. Exposed to the full sweep of the icy winds that come rushing down from the Rocky Mountains, without a single obstruction, the unlucky traveler that is caught, unprotected by sufficient clothing, is in imminent danger of perishing before the icy blast. December and January of the winter of 1856-7, were unprecedentedly stormy and cold in western Iowa. A writer for one of the public prints, who passed that winter on the western frontier of this state, gives this vivid picture of the sufferings of the frontier settlers, his communication being dated at "Jefferson's Grove, fifty miles from a postoffice."

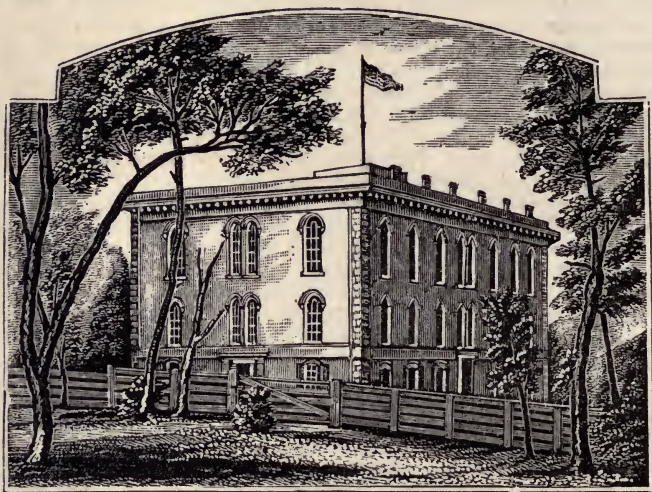
"Once the mercury has been 30 deg. below zero, twice 24 deg., several times 16 deg., and more than seven eighths of the time at some point below zero. Only two days in the whole two months has it been above the freezing point.

We have had four fierce snow storms, in which one could not see an object four rods distant, and I doubt if such storms can be excelled in fury in any of the hyperborean regions. Everybody was compelled to keep within doors; cattle were driven before the driving snow until they found refuge in the groves; and most of the houses, within doors, were thoroughly sifted with snow. But I will relate a few instances of frontier hardships.

Forty miles above here, at the very margin of the settlement, a family was caught by the first snow storm, almost without firewood and food. In the morning the husband made a fire, and leaving to seek for assistance from his nearest neighbors, distant six miles, directed his family to make *one more fire*, and then retire to bed, and there remain until he returned; they did so. After excessive hardships, he

returned on the second day, with some friends, and conveyed his wife and little children, on hand-sleds through the deep snow, to their kind neighbors.

Last summer five families ventured across a fifty mile prairie, uninhabited, of course, and commenced making farms on a small stream, very sparsely timbered, called Boyer River. The early frost nipped their late corn, and left them without food. Seven of the men of this little detached settlement, started in the Fall for Fort Des Moines, distant one hundred and fifty miles, to procure provisions and other necessities. When on their return, fifty miles from Fort Des Moines, on the North Koon River, they were overtaken by the severe snow-storm that commenced on the first day of December and raged for forty-eight hours. They then halted, constructed sleds, and started for their families, one hundred miles distant, across a trackless prairie. They suffered terribly, and one of them perished with the cold."



State Capitol, Des Moines.

Des Moines, which became in 1855 the capital of Iowa, is at the head of steamboat navigation on Des Moines River, in the geographical center of the state, about 170 miles west of Davenport, and 140 eastward of Council Bluffs. The line of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad passes through the city, as also will several others in contemplation. The city is situated at the confluence of Raccoon River with the Des Moines, the two streams uniting near the corporation limits. The scenery at this point is beautiful: a smooth valley, rising on all sides, by successive benches, back to the gently sloping hills, which finally attain a height of about 200 feet.

This spot was the council ground of the Indians. It was afterward the site of Fort Des Moines, selected by the officers of the U. S. army, on which barracks and defenses were erected. Most of the town is laid out with wide streets. On the elevations are beautiful building sites, commanding views of all the central town, of both rivers, and of the faces of most of the other hills, with their residences. On the summit of one of the hills is the present state house, and the square set apart for the permanent capitol. Some 6 or 7 churches are already erected, and 3 newspapers are printed. Population about 5,000.

MUSCATINE, the county seat of Muscatine county, is situated 100 miles above Keokuk, and 32 below Davenport. Commencing at the Upper Rapids, the Mississippi runs in a westerly direction until it strikes a series of rocky bluffs, by which its course is turned due south. At this bend, and on the summit of the bluffs, is situated the city of Muscatine, which is regularly



Western view of Muscatine.

laid out, with fine, wide streets, having several elegant buildings. It is a shipping point for a very great amount of produce raised in the adjoining counties. When the various railroads are completed which are to run in various directions from this point, Muscatine will have added to her natural advantages fine facilities for communication with every part of the country. Muscatine was first settled by the whites in 1836, previous to which time it was an Indian trading post, known by the name of *Manatheka*. Afterward it was called Bloomington. Population in 1860, 5,324.

Council Bluffs City, the county seat of Pottawatomie county, is near the geographical center of the United States, on the east side of the Missouri River, about 140 miles westward of Des Moines, the capital of the state, nearly opposite Omaha City, the capital of Nebraska, about 300 miles above Leavenworth City, and 685 above St. Louis. It is built on a beautiful extended plain. It has a number of fine stores, and many elegant private buildings. This is a flourishing place, and here a portion of the emigrants for the far west procure their outfits. It was for a long time an important point in overland travel to California, being the last civilized settlement before entering the Indian country. Four important railroads from the east are projected directly to this place, some of which are fast progressing to completion. The first one finished will be the Mississippi and Missouri, which, commencing at Davenport, already extends to beyond Iowa City. Population about 5,000.

A gentleman, who was at Council Bluffs in 1860, gives these valuable items upon the history of the town, and the condition and resources of the country:

The growth of Council Bluffs has been rapid within the last six years, and it still retains, as it is likely to retain, the position of the most important city of western Iowa. This point was formerly known as *Kanesville*, and was for about

three years—from 1846 to 1849—the residence of the Mormon hosts of Brigham Young, in his celebrated march to the great Salt Lake valley. After the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, they determined to build up a kingdom to themselves in the far west. They departed, but upon reaching the borders of the great plains they found they had not the number of cattle and horses, nor the provisions that were indispensable for so long and so distant a journey; so they selected a romantic and wooded valley, adjoining the great bottoms of the Missouri, for their temporary home. Timber was plenty, and with it they soon constructed log houses for fifteen thousand people. They inclosed several hundred acres of the rich and easily cultivated Missouri bottoms, and planted them with corn. Their cattle, fed on these fine pastures, increased in numbers rapidly. They raised large amounts of corn—for these fanatics are hard working, industrious men and women. In three years they found themselves so prosperous that they resumed their journey, and in due time found themselves at their destination in the "*Holy Valley*," at the Great Salt Lake.

As the Mormons left, other settlers came in. The name was changed to Council Bluffs. This cognomen had been given by Lewis and Clarke, a long time before, to a point on the Missouri, several miles above the present town. It had become a historical name, and it was wise in the new-comers to appropriate it to their use. So much for the early history of this place. The Mormon town was built in a very pleasant valley, that opens upon the great Missouri bottom from the north-east. It is four miles from the base of the hills, which are several hundred feet high, and very abrupt, to the river. The log houses left by the Mormons were used by the early settlers, and many of them are yet standing.

But it soon became manifest that the business part of the future city must be on the great plain or bottom, and out of the bluffs. And so the result has shown. The best part of the city is on the plain, though the finest places for residences are on the delightful slopes and hillsides of the valleys, which now constitute the upper town.

The view from the high bluffs back of the city is very commanding and beautiful. From the top of one of these hills one can see six rising cities in the far distance—Omaha, Saratoga, Florence, Bellevue, St. Marys, and Pacific City. At the foot of these bluffs the Missouri bottom extends four miles to the west, to Omaha, and to the south and north as far as the eye can reach. The bottoms are from four to ten miles in width, and are mostly dry and most fertile lands. Strips of timber abound. The bluffs facing the bottom are generally naked, and very abrupt. The eastern man will again and again wonder how the earth can be made to remain in such fantastic and sharply pointed shapes for centuries, as he finds them here. Back of the first range of bluffs, the country is covered with timber for some miles, when the rolling and open prairie becomes the leading feature for hundreds of miles, and indeed across the state of Iowa to the Mississippi River.

Council Bluffs claims a population of 5,000, but the usual deduction must be made. It has passed through the usual process of rapid and extended inflation, and consequent collapse and almost suspension of vitality. The paper part of the city embraces territory enough for a quarter of a million of people. The extensive and rich bottoms, instead of being cultivated as farms, are all staked off into city lots; and in years past, large numbers of them were sold to speculators. So crazy did these people become, that one man bought a quarter section of this bottom land, two miles from the present town, and gave his notes for *sixty thousand dollars* for the same. He collapsed, of course, as the crash of 1857 brought his air castle to the ground; and he can not now sell his land for twenty dollars per acre. Here is another large four story monument of folly in the shape of a brick hotel, some half a mile out from the present business part of the city. A man by the name of Andrews had sold out shares in Florence for large sums. He had realized about thirty thousand dollars in hard cash. He became giddy, bought a tract adjoining Council Bluffs, laid it off into city lots; and, to show his faith and to sell his lots, he erected this large and costly hotel. But it was never completed. The crash also caught him unprepared, and he went under, with thousands of others. His hotel is roofed, but not finished; and it looks the wreck it is, of the vast inflation which culminated and exploded three years ago.

Still there are many evidences of substantial prosperity in Council Bluffs. Several brick blocks of stores would do credit to older towns, and they are well filled with stocks of goods, and held by substantial, intelligent business men. The business portion is mainly on the plain, and is extending from the base of the bluffs toward the river. The present steamboat landing is about four miles from the town, and directly south of it. Council Bluffs has the Kanessville land office, where a large portion of the lands of western Iowa has been sold.

IOWA CITY, the first capital of the state of Iowa, is on the left bank of Iowa River, in Johnson county, 55 miles from Davenport, by the Mississippi

and Missouri Railroad, in the midst of one of the most beautiful and thriving of agricultural regions. Population in 1860, 5,214.

Annexed we present a sketch from a correspondent, giving a history of the city and of the University situated in it, which gives promise of great usefulness to the future of Iowa:



STATE UNIVERSITY, IOWA CITY.

The large building on the right was originally the first State Capitol.

locate the seat of government and superintend the erection of public buildings. These commissioners selected the site now occupied by Iowa City, on the east bank of the Iowa River, about 50 miles west of the Mississippi River. Congress had appropriated \$20,000 for the erection of the capitol, and subsequently granted the section of land on which the capitol was to be erected. The corner stone of the building was laid on the 4th of July, 1839. The proceeds of the sale of lots on the section granted by congress, defrayed the main part of the expense of the erection. The first session of the legislature was held in Iowa City, in December, 1841, in a temporary building the capitol not being yet finished. The building was first occupied by the legislature in 1844.

The location of the capital soon collected a considerable population in Iowa City. When the city was first laid out, there was but one log cabin on the ground. At the end of a single year, the number of inhabitants was seven hundred, and it continued steadily to increase. In 1852, the population was 3,500. The opening of the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, from Davenport as far as Iowa City, in 1854, and the rush of emigration into the state, gave a new impetus to the city.

In 1838, Congress passed an act to divide the Territory of Wisconsin, and form the Territory of Iowa out of that part which lay to the west of the Mississippi River. The governor of the new territory under the organic act, fixed the seat of government at Burlington. On the 21st of January following, the territorial legislature appointed commissioners to

In 1857 the population had increased to 8,000, and all kinds of business were exceedingly active and profitable. But the monetary crisis of 1857 put a stop to its prosperity, and since that time has diminished rather than increased, and in 1860 was only about 7,000. In 1856, the capital was removed from Iowa City to Des Moines, and permanently fixed there by the new constitution of the state, adopted in January, 1860.

When the seat of government was removed to Des Moines, the state house in Iowa City was given by the legislature to the State University, together with the 10 acres of land on which it stands. The State University has for its foundation 72 sections of land, granted by congress for the endowment of a university. In 1847, the state legislature passed a law organizing the University, and appointing trustees to manage its concerns, but the institution did not go into operation till 1855. At that time a chancellor and several professors were appointed, and the University was opened in a building hired by the trustees for that purpose. The year following a part of the state house was occupied by the preparatory department, and as lecture rooms for the professors. The building, however, was in a bad condition, and required fitting up in order to suit the purposes of an institution of learning. The city was full of people, and accommodations for students could not be easily procured, and in 1857, the pecuniary embarrassments of the country preventing the collection of the interest on the funds, the trustees saw fit to close the University for a time—this took place in the summer of 1858. By the new constitution of the state, adopted in 1857, a board of education was created, whose duty it was to take the entire charge of the educational institutions of the state. This board at their first meeting, in December, 1858, passed a law reorganizing the University, appointing a new board of trustees, with the understanding that the institution should be reopened as early as practicable. In October, 1859, they appointed the Rev. Silas Totten, D.D., L.L.D., president of the University, and in June following, proceeded to fill the professorships of mathematics, languages, philosophy and chemistry, and natural history. On the 19th of October, the University was reopened under the new organization.

In the session of 1858, the legislature granted \$13,000 to the University, for repairs on the state house, and for the erection of another building for the residence of students. A new roof was put upon the state house, and the other building begun and the exterior completed.

A further grant of \$10,000 was made in 1860, \$5,000 to be expended on the old building and in the purchase of philosophical and chemical apparatus, and the remainder upon the new building. The repairs and alterations of the state house have been completed, and it is now both an elegant and commodious building for the purposes of a university. It is built of cream colored limestone, and is 120 feet long by 60 broad, and two stories high, with a basement. The walls are of massive cut stone, and the rooms are spacious and lofty. The original cost of the building was \$160,000. It contains the chapel, library, cabinet, five lecture rooms, a room occupied by the State Historical Society, and a spacious entrance hall, surmounted by a dome. The other building is of pressed brick, 105 feet by 45, three stories high, and when finished will accommodate about 100 students. The buildings are situated on a ridge of land, the highest in the city, in the middle of a park of ten acres, which contains many fine old oak trees in a very flourishing condition. The site is beautiful, overlooking the valley of the Iowa River on the west and the city on the east, while from the top of the dome may be seen a vast extent of rolling country, prairie and woodland, spread out on every side.

The University has now all the requisites for a first class institution of learning. It has a choice library of 1,500 volumes, quite an extensive mineralogical cabinet, and a very complete philosophical and chemical apparatus. Provision has been made for the increase of the library and cabinet.

Fort Dodge, the county seat of Webster county, is beautifully situated on a platform of prairie land, on the east side of Des Moines River, on the line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad. Building was commenced here in

the fall of 1855. Several fine brick buildings and business-houses have been erected. Bituminous coal and iron ore, of a superior quality, are found in great abundance in the immediate vicinity.

Sioux City, Woodbury county, a new settlement at the confluence of the Big Sioux River, about 230 miles above Council Bluffs, is well situated on a high bank, and is the last place of importance on the Missouri.

Fort Madison, the county seat of Lee county, is a flourishing town. It contains the state-prison, and 4000 inhabitants. A fortification was built here in 1808, as a defense against the Indians, who obliged the garrison to abandon it. In the war of 1812, the fort was twice attacked by the Indians. In November, 1813, it was evacuated and the buildings burnt, as the contractor failed to furnish the garrison with provisions.

Grinnell is in Poweshiek county, 115 miles from Davenport, by the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, is a fine town, and noted as the seat of Iowa College.

There are in the state many small, city-like towns, as: *Keosauqua*, in Van Buren co.; *Lyons*, in Clinton; *Cedar Rapids*, in Linn; *Oskaloosa*, in Mahaska; *Cedar Falls*, in Black Hawk, and *Mount Pleasant*, in Henry. At the last named is the State Insane Asylum and the Wesleyan University and about 6000 inhabitants.

MISCELLANIES.

UNITED STATES LAND SYSTEM.

All the lands belonging to the United States, within the new states and territories, are surveyed and sold under one general system, which, from its simplicity, has been of incalculable benefit in the settlement of the west. This admirable system of surveys of lands by *townships* and *ranges*, was first adopted by Oliver Phelps, an extensive landholder in Genesee county, N. Y., who opened a land office at Canandaigua, in 1789. His was the model which was adopted for surveying all the new lands in the United States. Col. Jared Mansfield, appointed surveyor general of the United States for the North-western Territory, by Jefferson, in 1802, applied the system to the government lands, and greatly improved it. In brief it is this:

"*Meridian* lines are established and surveyed in a line due north from some given point—generally from some important water-course. These are intersected at right angles with a *base* line. On the meridians, the "*townships*" are numbered north and south from the *base* lines; and, on the *base* lines, "*ranges*" east or west of the meridian. Township lines are then run, at a distance of six miles, parallel to the meridian and base lines. Each township contains an area of 36 square miles; each square mile is termed a section, and contains 640 acres. The sections are numbered from 1 to 36, beginning at the north-east corner of the township, as the annexed diagram illustrates.

When surveyed, the lands are offered for sale at public auction, but can not be disposed of at a less price than one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. That portion not sold at public auction is subject to private entry at any time, for the above price, payable in cash at the time of entry.

6	5	4	3	2	1
7	8	9	10	11	12
18	17	16*	15	14	13
19	20	21	22	23	24
30	29	28	27	26	25
31	32	33	34	35	36

Pre-emption rights give the improver or possessor the privilege of purchasing at the minimum price."

By a wise provision of the law of the United States, every 16th section in each township is appropriated for the support of public schools. This is one thirty sixth of all the public lands, and in a state of 36,000 square miles would give one thousand to this object.

Previous to the adoption of this system of surveying the public-lands, great confusion existed for the want of a general, uniform plan, and in consequence titles often conflicted with each other, and, in many cases, several grants covered the same premises, leading very frequently to litigation most perplexing and almost interminable. Now, the precise boundaries of any piece of land can be given in a very few lines; and, in a moment, found on the maps in the government land offices, or, if the land has been sold to individuals, in the recorder's office in the county in which it may be situated, and where it is entered for taxation. The land itself can be easily found by the permanent corner posts at each corner of the sections.

The form of description of government lands is thus shown by this example: "North-East Quarter of Section No. 23; in Township No. 26 of Range No. 4, West of Meridian Line, in White Co., Ind., and containing 160 acres." It is usual to abridge such descriptions, thus: "N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. 23, T. 26, R. 4 W., in White Co., Ind., & cont'g 160 A."

The state institutions and principal educational institutions of Iowa are located as follows: the State University, Iowa City, and its Medical Department at Keokuk; State Agricultural College, on a farm in Story county; the Blind Asylum, in Vinton, Benton county; Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Iowa City; Insane Asylum, Mount Pleasant; the Penitentiary, Fort Madison; State Historical Society, Iowa City; Iowa Orphan Asylum, Farmington, Van Buren county. Among educational institutions are: the Iowa College, at Grinnell; Bishop Lee Female Seminary, at Dubuque; Cornell College, at Mount Vernon; Upper Iowa University at Fayette; Iowa Wesleyan University, at Mount Pleasant; and Indianola Male and Female Seminary, at Indianola.



The 13th Iowa raising the Union Flag on the new (unfinished) State Capitol at Columbia, South Carolina.

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

IOWA.

DURING the first three years of the war, Iowa contributed to the army of the United States 52,240 men, all of whom, with the exception of one regiment, were for three years service. In addition to this large force, the state had to summon the militia to protect her southern border against lawless men from Missouri, and her northern border against Indian outbreaks; and still another force to quell the movements of disloyal men in Keokuk county, in 1863.

She has promptly responded to every call made upon her in advance, more than filling her quotas; and no state has exhibited a purer, or more active patriotism. The spirit of her people was aroused at the first insult to the integrity of our nationality. A citizen writing from near her western frontier, describes how the population of his section responded to the calls of country. It illustrates but the universal spirit of the times in loyal communities.

Greene county lies on that narrow belt of timber, which, like an oasis, stretches far up the banks of the Coon river into the vast prairie of northwest Iowa. At the last presidential election the county polled but 266 votes. With only a weekly mail, far removed from the excitement incident to thickly populated communities, it might be supposed that the people would manifest but little interest in the war movements—but not so. So soon as the news of the repulse of our brave troops at Bull Run was confirmed, an effort was made to get volunteers from a small company that happened to be on drill. Immediately thirty-three men walked out and subscribed their names for the war. Yesterday, the company, numbering seventy-two, good hardy sons of toil, having taken the oath, marched for Des Moines, their place of temporary rendezvous. Thus, with but a few days' notice, one fourth of our men went from our midst, resolved to fight, and, if needs be, to die, for their dear country. Perhaps never in so short a time, since Malise the henchman—

“That messenger of blood and brand”—

assembled the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, was a braver and more determined little war party mustered.

One brave fellow, with tears in his eyes, said he could not take the oath, because his child was sick and not expected to live a day, but on being assured by

his neighbors that his family would be tenderly cared for, he rushed into the ranks, and soon marched away.

Another said he had a poor, sickly wife and young babe, and how *could* he go? but go he did, his grey-haired father telling him that he would take care of his wife and bade so long as he lived.

Two brave boys left their father, it may be on his deathbed, and with difficulty was the third son dissuaded from going, having once bidden them all good by. This morning I asked the father why it was his sons left him thus: "Oh! sir," said he, "since they read the account how our wounded soldiers in the hospital, and on the battle field at Bull Run were murdered, nothing could restrain them; and," continued the father, "I would as soon be dead as have our Government go down." I believe no more patriotic or truer men ever assembled on Lanrick Heath, or any other ground, than yesterday mustered on the bank of our unclassically named Coon river.

On the subject of our national troubles the feeling of our people is sad, quiet and intense. One man said to me yesterday, I hope our brave boys at the war will not be discouraged by the defeat of our troops at Bull Run, for we will all be ready to go when our turns come. Another of our oldest citizens said: "I have labored hard, lived frugally, and endured frontier hardships for twenty years, and have obtained what will make each of my children a comfortable home, yet I would freely give up my last dime's worth of property, rather that see our Government abandoned." And this is nearly the universal opinion of our people.

Once enlisted, it was seldom any regrets were expressed; thus illustrating that sacrifice for a good cause but increases love for it. A merchant in one of the interior towns of Iowa, the father of five sons, had four of them volunteers in the union army. The whole four left behind them families. A neighbor, of disloyal tendencies and meddling propensities, dropped into his store one day and began to upbraid him for countenancing his sons thus to leave their wives and children to go down South to fight in "a nigger war." The eyes of the other flashed in indignation, as he replied: "They go to protect me and my property; and I'll protect their families. There is my fifth and last son," pointing to a stripling behind the counter, "he will be old enough to enlist in the spring; and if he wont, *I'll hang him!*"

Iowa supplied her proportion of officers of merit: among them were General Corse, "the hero of Allatoona; Generals Fitz Henry Warren, Tuttle, Dodge, Lauman, Hatch, Rice, Crocker, and Belknap. Another was General Curtis, the "hero of Pea Ridge." Still another was General Herron, who was one of the youngest major generals in the service. These two last named were both identified with the army of the frontier. We subjoin notices of a few of these officers:

Major General FRANCIS J. HERRON was born in Pennsylvania, and about the year 1856 removed to Iowa, where he became engaged in business at Dubuque. During the year 1858, young Herron took great interest in the organization of the "Governor's Grays," an Iowa military company, which soon was scarcely to be equalled in drill throughout the United States, claiming to rank even with the noted Chicago Zouaves. When the secession movement commenced, he was captain of the company, and in December, 1860, by a vote of the members, he tendered their services to the then Secretary of War—Hon. J. Holt.

When the president called for three months' volunteers, Captain Herron's company was organized as part of the 1st regiment of Iowa volunteers, being designated as company I, and entered the service May 9, 1861. Captain Herron distinguished himself at the bloody battle of Wilson's creek, Mo., where General Lyon fell, August 10, 1861. The period of service of the regiment had previously expired; but instead of taking advantage of this to return in safety to their homes, they volunteered to remain, and marched out to battle against overwhelming

numbers. No general could ever say of an Iowa regiment, as McDowell reported of an Eastern corps—whose time had expired on the eve of conflict—"they marched away to the sound of the enemy's guns."

Captain Herron then returned home to raise a three years' regiment, and succeeded; obtaining the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the 9th Iowa infantry, with a commission dated from September 10, 1861. The regiment became attached to General Curtis' forces, operating in southwestern Missouri, and participated in the battles of Pea Ridge, March 7 and 8, 1862, where and when Lieutenant Colonel Herron commanded his regiment—the colonel having charge of a brigade. During the second day's fight, Lieutenant Colonel Herron was severely wounded by a cannon shot, breaking his leg at the ankle, at the same time that it killed his horse. Notwithstanding the nature of this wound, he led his men on foot for over an hour longer, until they reached the enemy's batteries, where he was surrounded, and after a desperate resistance, taken prisoner. He was removed to Van Buren, Arkansas, but shortly after exchanged, and placed under the charge of a careful surgeon. So valuable an officer was Lieutenant Colonel Herron considered by General Curtis, that he gave in exchange for him a full rebel colonel—Louis Herbert—so that Lieutenant Colonel Herron might not die on the rebel hands, but have proper attention paid to his wounds.

On the 16th of July, 1862, Lieutenant Colonel Herron was promoted to be a brigadier general of volunteers, and at the battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, December 7, 1862, he not only commanded two divisions of union troops, but fought and won the battle, against overwhelming numbers, before his reinforcements came up. During this engagement he led one of his divisions in person.

Several Iowa regiments took part in this desperate battle of Prairie Grove, and a description of it is due alike to them and to their heroic commander. The following is from the pen of one who was present:

General Blunt had advanced some twenty miles south of Fayetteville, Arkansas, with his forces, and there drawn the attack of Hindman, who advanced upon him rapidly from Van Buren, with about 30,000 troops and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Blunt, with his little band of 10,000 men at Cane Hill, would have been but a mouthful for such an immense army of well disciplined soldiery as this. He knew his danger, and sent hurried messages to General Herron, who had the command of the 2d and 3d divisions of the army of the frontier, and was at that time at Wilson's creek, four miles south of Springfield, Mo. The moment General Herron received intelligence of General Blunt's danger, he set his army in motion and made forced marches, accomplishing the feat of pushing his infantry one hundred and twelve miles in three days, and his cavalry one hundred and thirty-two miles in two days and a half.

On the morning of the 7th instant, as the advance guard, consisting of the 1st Arkansas cavalry and a portion of the 6th and 7th Missouri cavalry, were entering a wood, upon the south bank of Illinois creek, ten miles south of Fayetteville, they were fired upon from ambush and thrown into a panic that resulted in a rout, and the loss of their baggage train of twenty-four wagons. They went flying back two or three miles, until they met the main body, when they were rallied once more. Major Hubbard, of Pea Ridge fame, with a portion of two companies of the 1st Missouri cavalry, tried to stem the tide of rebels, but without success. Their superior numbers bore down everything before them, and among others this little band. Major Hubbard himself and two of his lieutenants were captured, and the remainder forced to retreat at double quick. Our infantry were soon brought forward, and a few pieces of artillery got into position that sent the bold scoundrels back as rapidly as they came. General Herron followed up his advantage as quickly as possible, and soon found himself in contact with the main rebel force.

This splendid army, contrary to our expectations, was well clothed, well armed and well fed, and better drilled than our own soldiery. It consisted of a corps of 26,000 men, commanded by General Hindman, and was in four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Rains and Frost, and was

supported by a park of artillery of twenty-two guns. Besides this, they had a great advantage in position. The battle field was a magnificent stretch of open ground, skirted on the east by an abrupt hill, covered with thick woods. On this bluff, concealed by the forest, were posted the rebels in full force.

Our forces only numbered 6500 or 7000, and consisted of the following infantry: The 94th and 37th Illinois; the 19th and 20th Iowa; the 26th Indiana and 20th Wisconsin. In addition to these were four companies of artillery, who worked 24 guns, and some half a dozen companies of cavalry. Our men were worn down by a long and continuous forced march, and some of them had been without food for twenty-four hours. However, when the ball opened, they deployed into the field with loud huzzas, and went at the work in hand with great bravery. It took some little time to get into position, and place the batteries in the most commanding localities, and it was fully ten o'clock, A. M., before the artillery duet was in full voice. As may be imagined, forty-five or fifty cannon well manned and discharged as rapidly as possible, make a tremendous racket. This was kept up until dark, when by that time green troops, who had never seen a cannon before, laid down within a yard of a gun and slept, undisturbed by the firing. We did not lose a single man throughout the whole day by artillery, though a score or two of horses were killed. Our gunners were much more skilled and precise in their aim than the rebels, which was shown by the result.

Upon the bluff or ridge occupied by the secesh, were many fine farm houses, which had been erected upon the elevation to escape the damps and vapors of the plain below. From the rear of two of these houses, was kept up a well-directed fire of some eight or nine guns. General Herron ordered the whole fire of our artillery to be directed upon the battery nearest to us, and silenced it in ten minutes.

The 20th Wisconsin infantry, led by Lieutenant Colonel Bertram, then charged up the hill and took the battery upon a double-quick. They had no sooner gained possession of the well-earned prize, than the rebels arose in myriads from the bushes in the rear of the garden containing the battery in question, and poured a fire into the ranks of our boys that sent their columns reeling back down the declivity again, with great loss of life and limb. In this struggle 197 were reported officially, as killed and wounded.

The rebels fought desperately, and seemed no more to regard a shower of bullets or a storm of grape than if it had been but a summer wind. No sooner had a solid shot plowed its way through their columns, or a shell opened a gap in their lines, than the vacancies were filled by others. They advanced steadily once more upon our left, and there we knew would be the hottest tug of the day. "'Tis darkest just before the dawn," some one has said. 'Twas so in our case. By a bold movement the rebels were once more checked, and just then the word came that the firing upon our extreme right was that of *General Blunt, who had arrived with a strong battery, and about five thousand men.* This intelligence added new courage to our men, and sent a vigor into every movement that meant victory or death.

General Blunt ranged his twenty-four pieces in a line, and opened a galling fire upon the left wing of the rebel army, and drew a portion of their attention toward his forces. They advance upon him from the wood at a double-quick, in eight ranks, seemingly half a mile long. They went down a gentle smooth slope, with an easy prey apparently in view. When they had got to a certain point, within cannister range, he opened his entire fire upon them, "fairly lifting them from the ground," as he afterward described it. This checked their impetuosity, and put terror into their hearts, but still they came on. Another and another volley was given them until they broke and fled, and when the remnant of this storming party had left the field the ground was strewn and piled with rebel slain. In the meantime our boys had not been idle. They pressed the enemy hotly at every point, and as the sun went down they were falling back in every direction. Before it had become fully dark, the only sounds of firing heard were those of our own musketry and cannon. The field was won and the victory gained.

At nine o'clock of the same evening the enemy were in full retreat toward Van

Buren, and at daylight this morning they were twelve miles away. A more complete and glorious victory never was obtained. As soon as the pall of night had descended upon their motions, a perfect stampede took place. Everything this morning denotes a hasty flight, and great fear lest we should pursue them. Although their force was large enough to crush us completely—in fact annihilate us—and they were well equipped and handled, our little army, of comparatively inexperienced troops, effected a brilliant repulse and won an unquestionable victory. This morning all the contested ground and every inch of the battle-field are in our hands, and the only rebels in view are piles of the dead and the ambulance parties carrying away the wounded.

The weather of the 7th was delightful. The sun shone clearly in a cloudless sky, and the air was as balmy and quiet as on a June morning. It was remarked by many old soldiers that if the continent had been searched it would have been impossible to have selected a more beautiful field of battle than that of Prairie Grove. General Herron's forces entered it from the northern extremity, and those of General Blunt from the southern. The rebels were posted upon the hills and in the woods for four miles along the eastern side of the field, while our batteries occupied the elevations upon the western side, a little more than a mile from the rebel lines. The intervening space was firm sward plowed field, stubble land, standing corn, and a narrow strip of brushwood, which skirted a little brook running through the middle of the valley. This open country was held by our infantry, and there they went through their maneuvers in full view of General Herron, who, for a good portion of the time, occupied a little hill near Murphy's battery, on the western side of the field. There could be witnessed the whole of this intensely exciting strife, not a movement of which escaped the quick attention of our young commander. The brilliant but disastrous charges made by the 20th Wisconsin and 19th Iowa upon the rebel battery were as plainly to be seen as the moves upon a chess board. The swarms upon swarms of rebels that came trooping out of the wood upon our left in numbers sufficient to appal a heart less strong than that of our commander were as openly seen with their gleaming muskets and flaunting banners, as if it had been a holiday parade, instead of the hottest battle that had ever taken place on this side of the Mississippi.

The whole country lying north of the Arkansas river is at our mercy, and nothing remains for us to do but to enter in and take possession. General Herron has added new laurels to his bright reputation, and, as may be supposed, he is the idol of his men. Our Government has in him a vigorous and skillful general and a sleepless soldier.

The spirit of the opposing commanders is well displayed in the address of General Hindman to his troops before the battle, and by that of General Herron to his army after the victory.

ADDRESS TO THE TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CORPS, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI ARMY, }
In the Field, December 4, 1862. }

SOLDIERS!—From the commencement to the end of the battle, bear constantly in mind what I now urge upon you:

First. Never fire because your comrades do, nor because the enemy does, nor because you happen to see the enemy, nor for the sake of firing rapidly. Always wait till you are certainly within range of your gun; then single out your man, take deliberate aim, as low down as the knee, and fire.

Second. When occasion offers, be certain to pick off the enemy's officers, especially the mounted ones, and to kill his artillery horses.

Third. Don't shout, except when you charge the enemy. As a general thing, keep silent, that orders may be heard. Obey the orders of your officers, but pay no attention to idle rumors, or the words of unauthorized persons.

Fourth. Don't stop with your wounded comrade; the surgeon and infirmary corps will take care of him; do you go forward and avenge him.

Fifth. Don't break ranks to plunder: if we whip the enemy, all he has will be

ours; if not, the spoils will be of no benefit to us. Plunderers and stragglers will be put to death upon the spot. File-closers are specially charged with this duty. The cavalry in rear will likewise attend to it.

Remember that the enemy you engage has no feeling of mercy or kindness toward you. His ranks are made up of Pin Indians, free negroes, Southern Tories, Kansas jayhawkers, and hired Dutch cut-throats. These bloody ruffians have invaded your country, stolen and destroyed your property, murdered your neighbors, outraged your women, driven your children from their homes, and defiled the graves of your kindred. If each man of you will do what I have here urged upon you, we will utterly destroy them. We can do this; we must do it; our country will be ruined if we fail.

A just God will strengthen our arms and give us a glorious victory.

T. C. HINDMAN,
Major General Commanding.

Official: R. C. NEWTON, A. A. General.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS OF GENERAL HERRON AFTER THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

HEADQUARTERS 2D AND 3D DIVISIONS, ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK., December 10, 1862. }

FELLOW SOLDIERS:—It is with pride and pleasure that I am enabled to congratulate you on the victory so recently achieved over the enemy. Meeting their combined forces, vastly your superiors in numbers, armed and equipped in the most efficient manner, contrary to what we have been led to believe, marshaled by their ablest generals, posted in a strong position of their own selection, prepared and ready to attack us, entertaining toward us feelings of hatred and fiendish passion, evoked by infamous lies which even rebel generals should have disdained to utter, you, fellow-soldiers, after a forced march of over one hundred miles in less than three days; weary, exhausted, and almost famishing, animated only by that feeling of patriotism that induced you to give up the pleasures and comforts of home to undergo the dangers and hardships of the field, did most gallantly meet, fight and repulse the enemy. Your fellow soldiers, elsewhere, your friends and relatives at home, your fellow-citizens and your country, as they learn of the splendid service of the artillerymen, of the determined, daring and brilliant charges of the infantry, will render you that praise and honor which is justly your due. Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Missouri, your native states, are proud of their noble sons. I, who witnessed your gallant daring in every encounter, in behalf of your country and myself, tender you grateful thanks for the services you have rendered. While we drop a tear, therefore, for those who have fallen, and sympathize with those who are yet suffering, let us not forget to render thanks to the Beneficent Giver of all blessings for the success that has thus far attested the truth and right of our glorious cause.

F. J. HERRON,
Brigadier General Commanding 2d and 3d Divisions.

Major General SAMUEL R. CURTIS was born in Ohio in 1807; graduated at West Point; studied the law; was a colonel of volunteers in the Mexican war; and military governor of Monterey. On his return home he divided his time between law and railroad engineering. He settled at Keokuk, and represented that district in congress at the outbreak of the rebellion. He gained lasting military reputation by his signal victory at Pea Ridge, described in our article, "Times of the Rebellion in Missouri."

Major General G. M. DODGE was born in Massachusetts; graduated at Partridge's military school, at Norwich, Vt., and was by profession a civil engineer. He entered the service as colonel of the Iowa 4th. He commanded a brigade, and was wounded at Pea Ridge. He was at Corinth, Iuka, Holy Springs and Vicksburg, at which last he was promoted to major general. In the Atlanta campaign he commanded the 16th army corps. He was again severely wounded during the

siege of Atlanta. Subsequently he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, and assigned to the command of that department. One who knew him relates the following illustrative anecdote:

While at Trenton, West Tennessee, we saw him do a thing which gave us a high opinion of his energy and determination. The Mobile and Ohio railroad had just been repaired, and as he had been entrusted with the construction he was anxious to get the trains through. One of the first locomotives that came down ran off the track near Trenton. He ordered all in the vicinity to help get it on; he pulled off his coat and helped at it himself, giving them such an example of working, driving energy, and showing such good judgment and vim in his directions and labor, that the damage was speedily repaired, and the train was soon whistling on its way. We were satisfied that General Dodge was no kid glove officer, but an earnest, practical, intelligent soldier, who did what many others would have only bunglingly ordered, and who thought it no disgrace to put his shoulder to the wheel if the cart stuck in the mud.

Brigadier General JOHN M. CORSE was nationally known for his heroic defense of Allatoona, in Sherman's Georgia campaign. The details of this remarkable affair have thus been outlined:

After General Hood crossed the Chattahoochee, a force of five brigades and eight guns, under General French, attacked Big Shanty, on the Chattanooga railroad, and succeeded in taking the place. They then moved on Ackworth, further north, which occupied them until evening. The next morning, October 5th, they drove in the Federal pickets at Allatoona. This post was defended by Brigadier General John M. Corse, who had abandoned Rome in order to protect Allatoona, which was of far greater value, from falling into the hands of the enemy.

General Corse commanded a garrison of 1700 men. General French, the rebel commander, sent to Corse a summons to surrender "to avoid the *useless effusion* of blood." Corse replied that he and his command "were ready for the *useless effusion* as soon as was agreeable to General French." Leaving their artillery on the south side, to shell the position, the rebels swung their infantry round to the north front, which was more practicable. The attack was violent and determined, and lasted until the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy withdrew, leaving 1300 killed and wounded on the field. Nearly 700 of Corse's heroes were either killed or wounded.

The rebels numbered about 7500 in all. They came provided with a wagon train to remove the rations which Sherman had accumulated at Allatoona, but they went away with empty wagons. The dead rebels had their haversacks full of uncooked black beans, sugar cane, etc. General Corse was wounded in the head, but not seriously. Only four guns were mounted in the fort. If the rebels had succeeded in taking the place, they would have been able, with the rations on hand, to have held it for several weeks.

General Sherman witnessed the action from Kenesaw Mountain, with breathless interest, aware of the vast interests at stake and peril to his future campaign in case of Corse's defeat. Two days afterward he issued a congratulatory order, commending General Corse for his gallant defense, which he considered an example illustrating both the necessity and possibility of defending fortified positions to the last.

No other state, we believe, has furnished a regiment with such a record as that of the 37th Iowa, or GREYBEARD regiment.

The formation of the 37th or Greybeard regiment illustrated the strength of patriotism among the people of Iowa. This regiment was all composed of volunteers not one of whom was liable to military duty. Every member was over forty-five years of age; and, therefore, it was called the Greybeard regiment. When first mustered into service, the regiment had 907 men. These "*boys*," as our volunteers are familiarly called, then had 1374 sons and grandsons in the union army. Twenty-seven of the common soldiers of the Greybeards were ministers of the gospel; 20 of these Methodist preachers.

The regiment were mostly substantial farmers from eastern Iowa; their Colonel G. W. Kincaid, being also an agriculturist from Muscatine county. No other state in the union has furnished such a corps as this; and no provision was made in the laws of the country for the acceptance of such. The War Department surmounted the difficulty, and they were mustered into service on the 15th December, 1862.

The regiment was designed for garrison duty, and were so employed, rendering most effective service. At Alton, Illinois, they guarded the rebel prisoners and with a remarkable faithfulness and success. The police of the prison was carried out with a thoroughness previously unknown, and the escapes were less. On being ordered to St. Louis, the citizens of Alton, headed by their mayor, keenly alive to the value of their services, assembled in public meeting, passed a series of appreciative resolutions, and united in a petition to the War Department, to retain them at their post. It was unsuccessful, as they had been ordered immediately away.

In Missouri, they guarded 180 miles of the Pacific railroad. They were, after this transferred to other points, and were at Memphis in 1864, when Forrest's cavalry made their sudden dash into that city. In 1865, they were employed in guarding the prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, and a part were also on duty at Cincinnati. As late as March, 1865, when the regiment was in its third year of service, it mustered 500 muskets, more than half of its original number. Its labors were unusually severe, for nearly the entire period each man was summoned on guard duty, every other day.

Not all of this paternal corps set good soldierly examples. One old hunter and trapper, who "passed" by the name of PENNY, and aged *sixty-five*, proved to be "bad coin." He ran off, and although due "hue and cry" was made, nearly three years elapsed before his hunters got on the right "scent," and he was discovered. The "old boy" was arrested as a deserter while setting his traps on the head waters of a frontier stream.

We turn from such a sad, melancholy dereliction of duty to the more pleasant contemplation of a sketch of the faithful FATHER KING, aged eighty-two years. It is drawn by one who knew and probably loved him. This father in the Greybeard camp makes a good picture of a Western pioneer. He may, indeed, be termed a "representative man."

The venerable Curtis King, "high private," in company H of the celebrated 37th Iowa, the regiment of "Silver Greys," or "Greybeards," has deservedly attracted much attention, alike from his great age, elevated character and exemplary patriotism. The following authentic particulars, obtained by an interview with him, can not fail to be read with interest:

"Father King," as his friends love to designate him, is six feet and an inch in height, of massive and well knit frame, genial presence, careful and kindly speech, good health and spirits, and will be eighty-two years of age on the 10th of May next. He is able to perform his military duties with alacrity, and has sustained the fatigues of guard duty with much less inconvenience than many younger soldiers. While those who were his juniors by scores of years, have been rendered invalids through patrol duty at night, this veteran of more than four-fifths of a century, has uninterruptedly returned to his post with cheerfulness and comfort. For this extraordinary power of endurance, at so advanced an age, he is indebted to a constitution derived from a family remarkable for strength, vivacity, stature, and longevity, and to his healthful habits of toil and religious sobriety.

Prior to the Revolution his grandfather, King, left Ireland, and with wife and six sons emigrated to the colony of Virginia, where, in the valley of the Rappahannock and in Culpepper county, he located on a mile square of land, leased from Colonel Carter. On this tract the children were reared, married and brought up their families. Thence King, youngest of the six sons and the father of Curtis, died at the age of fifty years from the bite of a *copperhead*—a fact which does not help to lessen the son's detestation of our more venomous modern copperheads.

Curtis' father fought under Washington through the Revolutionary war, and was guarding prisoners at Winchester when relieved by the return of peace. Among the first emigrants to the free soil of Ohio, was Curtis' only brother and two of his five sisters, while he and three sisters remained with their widowed mother on the old farm. At the age of nineteen, Curtis obtained the consent of the rest of the family to transfer their residence to the Great West, and after a journey of eight tedious weeks over the rugged mountains, they rejoined their friends at Hillsboro', in Highland county, Ohio.

It is worthy of remark, that in Virginia, neither the wealthy grandsire, nor any of his descendants ever used slaves. Curtis rented a cottage for his mother and his three sisters, but before long he found the latter all married and himself and mother alone. He thereupon, as he states, considered what he should do to make her happy, and concluded to marry a certain attractive young widow, of thirty-six years, "of good report, pious, and well disposed." He was then not 20 years old. Locating his wife and mother together, he devoted himself arduously to "trying to make a living," and "found the labor of his hands blessed abundantly, so that before long he was comfortably fixed in his sphere of life." Then new territories were discovered beyond the Mississippi and he was still led after them and was successful in his locations, and continued on the gaining land abundantly. In the town of Danby, Hendricks county, Indiana, his mother died, and was buried at the age of one hundred and three years. Her name was Obedience, and she was the daughter of Colonel Blackwell, of Virginia, a connection of the family of John Randolph, of Roanoke. Subsequently Curtis and his increasing family removed to Richland township, Wapello county, Iowa, near the Des Moines river, where they have now resided nearly sixteen years.

He has now been twenty-five years married to his second wife, who is just half his age, or forty-one years, and was sixteen when united in marriage with him, he being then fifty-seven years old. By her he has nine sons and three daughters, and by his former wife had six sons and three daughters—in all *twenty-one children*, 15 of them sons. The Irish ancestor, Curtis' grandfather, lived to the age of one hundred and fifteen years, and was six feet and six inches in stature. Several of Curtis' uncles were seven feet in height, and lived to an extreme old age. His mother's father migrated from England to Virginia, and here lived upon the rental of his ancestral estates in the old country. After his demise, the oldest son, Curtis Blackwell, removed from America to England, to manage the estate of his father.

The venerable Iowan has been in active military service since the 25th October last. He may well be excused a feeling of pride in his personal history and antecedents, and a desire that the facts of his life and family, since they have excited curiosity and comment, should be correctly published. May he be spared to hail the return of peace and the restoration of the union!

Of the conduct of the men of Iowa in battle we could fill a volume. We give a few instances—opening with the last decisive charge at Fort Donelson:

On the right, however, lay an open space, up which climbed the brigade of Lauman. The 2d Iowa led the charge, followed by the rest in their order. The sight was sublime. Onward they sped, heedless of the bullets and balls of the enemy above. The hill was so steep that the rebels left a gap in their line of rifle-pits on this crest of hill. Through this gap they were bound to go. Right up they went, climbing on all-fours, their line of dark blue advancing; the white line of smoke from the top of the works opposed by a line from our troops.

They reach the top—numbers fall—the suspense is breathless! See! they climb over the works—they fall—they are lost! Another group, and still another and another, closes up the gap. All is covered in smoke. The lodgment is made—the troops swarm up the hill-side, their bright bayonets glittering in the sun, and the firing slackens.

What is more wonderful is, that Captain Stone's battery of rifled 10-pounders, close behind the brigade, is tugging up the hill, the horses plunging, the riders

whipping. Upward they go, where never vehicle went before, up the precipitous and clogged sides of the hill. No sooner on the crest than their guns are unlimbered and the men at their posts. Percussion shells and canister are shot spitefully from the Parrot guns at the flying enemy. The day is gained—the position is taken—the troops surround the guns, and the enemy has deserted his post. The 34-pounder, which had caused so much havoc, is silenced by Colonel Cook's brigade, and the rebels fly to the main fort in alarm. The day is gained—the foe is running! Cheers upon cheers rend the air, and in a few minutes all is hushed.

At the battle of Shiloh it is said of them :

The 2d, 3d, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Iowa regiments were engaged in this battle. The 7th had made itself glorious at Belmont and the 2d at Fort Donelson, the 7th being at both battles. Here *every* Iowa regiment did its duty, and their lists of killed and wounded prove it. The 8th, 12th, and 14th were nearly all taken prisoners; and it was because they fought and held their ground to the last, in obedience to orders, instead of "retiring," as some of the Ohio and Illinois regiments did, and thus saving themselves. General Prentiss was taken prisoner with a portion of them. Many of our Iowa field and company officers have been killed or wounded, and the record shows or will show when an official report is made, that our Iowa troops shed their blood as freely as those from any other state.

Two Iowa regiments were led into the battle-field before their baggage had left the river. Arms had been placed in their hands only a few days before, for the first time, and they had never been drilled in loading and firing. Probably three-fourths of them had never before seen a ball-cartridge; yet two regiments of better *man-material* had never left the State of Iowa *nor any other state*, nor men more eager for a fight or placing that fight more distinctly on *principle*. The 15th was led almost directly to the battle-field, and afterward was intermingled with the 16th. The latter was led across an open field exposed to a rebel battery fire, and when formed in line on the opposite side was ordered *back again* by a "General" commanding. Arms and legs were cut off and several men killed while crossing this field and retiring, yet the regiment behaved nobly—certainly better than could have been expected of raw recruits under their first fire. The regiment was afterward formed, with the 15th, in another exposed field—a rebel battery and musketry in front in the woods. Here our regiments fought, for over an hour, against an almost concealed foe. In the mean time, an old regiment, of another state, came up and took position, and was the *first* to retire from the field. The Iowa regiments retired only when an advance and flanking movement was simultaneously made by an overwhelming force of the enemy. A delay of five minutes would have resulted in the surrounding and capture of our small force. The result was, in the 15th, the colonel wounded in the neck, major in the shoulder, twenty killed, and some eighty wounded; in the 16th, the colonel wounded in the arm, lieutenant-colonel had his horse shot, twenty-six killed and ninety-three wounded, the color-sergeant killed and six of the eight color-guard wounded. I would thank you to compare this with the reports of many *old* regiments reported by correspondents as having fought all day long most desperately, and had their hundreds killed and wounded. I think you will find the *average* not up to ours. That afternoon, the 16th, or a large portion of the regiment, was again in the battle, supporting a battery, under heavy rebel artillery-fire. At night they were in the advance, under Generals Hurlbut and Lauman, lying out in a drenching rain and expecting a conflict every moment. Next day they were marched out to join in the Monday's battle, but were held back to protect a reserve battery. That night and the following they lay out in the cold rain and mud, without overcoats or blankets, *on duty*.

Let me here say, that when these regiments marched to the battle-field on Sunday morning, they met scores and hundreds of soldiers belonging to other regiments (*not one man* from an Iowa regiment) going back to the river. In answer to inquiries, they all said their regiments had been "cut to pieces," and the rebels were whipping us, etc. They could not be turned back, although the effort was repeatedly made, and they warned our regiment not to advance; but the Iowa

boys pushed straight ahead and *nobly* did their duty. That afternoon thousands of these men were on the river bank, and aids not being able to rally them, generals themselves came down and literally drove them with swords to their duty. No Iowa soldier, or but very few, were found in that cowardly crowd; but *Iowa officers* helped to rally these recreants and march them off to the battle-field.

At the charge of Black-River bridge, in Grant's Vicksburg campaign, the 23d Iowa, of Lawler's brigade, won laurels. The circumstances are thus told by one of the soldiers:

Only eight companies were engaged in the charge, two being deployed as skirmishers at the time. There is no charge on record, in the history of this war, more brilliant or daring than that of the 23d on the Black-River bridge fortifications. When we received the order to charge, from our gallant Colonel Kinsman, we had a steep river-bank before us, then nearly a quarter of a mile of clear ground to the breast-works; on our right was a line of rifle-pits filled with rebel sharpshooters. At the word—forward, every man jumped upon the bank. A terrible enfilading fire from the sharpshooters struck our men ere we had hardly shown our heads. Onward the regiment dashed, the field and line-officers waving their swords in the front, led by Colonel Kinsman. The cross-fire of the rebels grew more terrible at every step. Many were lying dead and wounded on the ground. Our colonel fell, wounded in the leg; he rose up and again struggled forward; he was struck again and fell mortally wounded. For an instant it seemed that all were slain, so rapidly did our men fall. Lieutenant-Colonel Glasgow was now far in the lead, crying out to his men to avenge the death of their colonel. We beheld, for the first time, a deep, wide ditch, full of water, extending all along the front, and across the flank of the rebel works; but, nothing daunted, the right of the regiment, which came first on the works, plunged across the ditch, formed across the flank of the intrenchment, and poured a destructive enfilading fire into the mass of rebels at a few paces distant. They could not stand this, at once they started from their former place of safety; the right of the regiment rushed upon them with the bayonet, the left had swung across the ditch and were on the works too. The whole rebel line fled when their left broke. Exhausted as our men were, they outran the flying butternuts, in their efforts to reach the bridge, and took 1,600 of them prisoners. We had possession of the strong defenses of Black-River bridge, with seventeen pieces of artillery. This part of the programme was played in three minutes, solely by the 23d Iowa, during which time 120 men fell on the field. After this the rest of the brigade got up, and took a large number of prisoners on our right and left, who had thrown away their guns when they saw their defeat. Many escaped across the railroad bridge, some even swam the river, and quite a number were drowned while making this attempt.

The 21st and 22d Iowa and 11th Wisconsin were the regiments that supported us. They did their duty well; but the rebels were utterly routed before these regiments reached the works; and owing to the rapidity with which the 23d moved, the supporting regiments did not get near enough to receive much damage from the rebel fire. They were all splendid regiments, and have since distinguished themselves in a desperate assault on the defenses of Vicksburg.

The following incident occurred at the same battle, and is told under the caption of, *The Methodists in the Fight*:

The 24th Iowa is called a Methodist regiment. The colonel and several of the captains are Methodist preachers, and a majority of the soldiers are members of the Methodist Church. They did some of the best fighting of the day, yesterday. They went into the battle full of enthusiasm, and not one of them flinched during the engagement. Their major was wounded late in the day. He walked from the field, and, on his way to the hospital captured a stalwart confederate, and compelled him to carry him on his back to the provost-marshal's headquarters. It was a laughable sight to see Major Wright riding his captive into camp. The casualty-list of the Methodists is very large, and shows that they stood up to their work like true soldiers. On returning from the battle-field in the evening they held a

religious meeting, at which the exercises were very impressive. As I write they are filling the woods with "Old Hundred."

In this battle, after the enemy had been driven across the bridge, they endeavored to burn it to prevent pursuit, firing it in several places. The Iowa men made a strong effort to save it.

Conspicuous among the latter was Elias H. Durand of the 27th Iowa. Noticing a 6-pounder, that had been deserted by the foe, too hurriedly to permit even of its being fired or spiked, he sprang to it, and turning it by himself upon a group of rebels on the bridge, sighted it with the utmost coolness and precision, and fired. The double charge of grape was well aimed, and, as the heroic gunner sprang upon the piece to see the effect of his discharge, a yell of triumph from his comrades rang out upon the air. Of the rebel group all but two lay dead or dying on the timber they were endeavoring to kindle. Twice more did our impromptu artilleryman—who, it must be stated, did not belong to that arm of the service—load, sight, and fire the captured piece, and each time with the most fearful effect upon the enemy. As at first, he leaped upon the gun to see what his shot had effected; but by this time he had attracted the notice of a Mississippi sharpshooter, who instantly leveled his deadly rifle upon the brave fellow. The next moment Durand was seen to stagger and fall, and it was supposed that he was killed. But he was not to be so easily "*put out of the ring*," as he afterward remarked to his surgeon. At the instant that the rebel sharpshooter had pulled his trigger, Durand partially turned himself, and steadying himself upon the rammer of the piece, he was just in the act of leaping down to load again. The well-directed rifle-ball struck the rammer, and, splintering it, then passed into Durand's left shoulder, just below the clavicle or shoulder bone, and lodged a little above the inferior edge of the scapula or blade bone. He found that he could not use his arm, and therefore could not reload the 6-pounder. Determined, however, to continue the battle, he made his way down to the bridge, which was now more than half consumed, and seizing an ax from the hands of a dying pioneer, pressed forward with his brave comrades to assist in staying the progress of the flames. As he jostled forward his shoulder gave him dreadful pain; but, like a true hero, he pushed on until a piece of shell, fired from our own artillery, and falling short of its mark, wounded his remaining arm severely. Then seeing that he was no longer of any service, but rather a hindrance, he commenced his retreat. After getting clear of the masses of soldiers who were immediately by the bridge, he was met by an officer who halted him and asked why he was flying. "Flying, sir," he replied, with pardonable vehemence, "flying! Why it is as much as I can do to creep along, let alone fly! See this hole through my shoulder and this shell mark in my other arm?" The blood was flowing rapidly from his arm, and he must soon have fallen from weakness had not the officer, appreciating the bravery of the noble fellow, dismounted and bound up the wounded limb with his own hands. He then gave him directions how to reach the hospital and promised to have him promoted for his gallantry. His bravery was fully appreciated; for, on hearing his narrative, and learning also that he had served ten years in the old regular army, his commander had him commissioned a second-lieutenant of artillery.

And if anything were yet wanting, to illustrate the spirit of Iowa soldiers, we have it in the following striking instance of "the ruling passion."

It was immediately after the battle of the Hatchie. The dead in that terrible conflict had been laid beneath the mold, while the wounded had been brought to the church-building or placed in the spacious apartments of wealthy disloyalists of Bolivar. Among the number of unfortunates was William C. Nowlon, a sergeant of Company G, of the 3d Iowa infantry. His leg had been so badly shattered and torn by a musket-shot as to render amputation unavoidable. He was informed of such a necessity, but not a murmur or word of complaint escaped his lips, nor did the intelligence seem to cast over his face the least perceptible shade

of seriousness. The table was prepared—the instruments were placed conveniently, and everything put in readiness for the operation. He was brought out upon the verandah and placed upon the table—his poor, shattered, torn and half fleshless leg dangling around as if only an extraneous and senseless appendage. There was no sighing, no flinching, no drawing back or holding in.

There was not a simple feeling of dumb resignation, nor yet of brute indifference, but of *soldierly* submission—a heroic submission, without a question or a sigh. He indulged freely in conversation respecting the operation, until the chloroform was applied. From the waking and rational state he glided into the anæsthetic without the convulsive motion of a single muscle and without the utterance of a single incoherent sentence; but glided into it as the innocent and weary child glides into the sweet embrace of a healthy and restoring sleep. The operation was performed; the arteries all ligatured; the stump cleansed; and the last suture just in that instant applied. During the entire operation he had scarcely moved a muscle.

Just at this time, the large body of prisoners taken in the engagement were marched up the street, and were nearing the house where the maimed and bleeding soldier lay. The streets were all thronged by soldiery, and hundreds of them rushed to get a near sight of the vanquished, while they rent the heavens with their loud huzzas. A full regiment preceded the column of prisoners; and when just opposite, the band struck up, in force, the inspiring air of "*Hail Columbia*."

In a moment—upon the very instant, the color mounted to his face. He opened his eyes half wonderingly, and raised his head from the pillow with the steadiness and dignity of a god. The scenes of the conflict came back to him, and he thought that his noble regiment was again breasting toward the enemy through a shower of shot and shell. His brave comrades, he deemed, were falling one by one around him, just as they had done in that dreadful hour of fratricide and carnage. The spirit of the time came over him, and his features assumed an air of bold, fierce, fiery, and unyielding determination; and he broke forth into exclamations the most terrible and appalling I had ever listened to in all my life.

"Louder with the music! louder! louder!! louder!!! Burst the heavens with your strains! Sweeter! softer! sweeter! charm the blessed angels from the very courts of heaven! Victory! Victory!! Onward! onward!! No flagging! no flinching! no faltering! Fill up! fill up!! Step forward! press forward! Your comrades graves! The fresh graves of your slain! Remember the graves of your comrades! Blue Mills! Blue Mills!! Shelby! Shelby!! Hager Wood! Hager Wood!! Shiloh! Shiloh!! Shiloh!!! For God's sake, onward! Onward, in heaven's name! Onward! onward!! onward!!! See the devils waver! See them run! See! see!! see them fly!!!—fly! fly!!!"

During this outburst of passion his countenance kindled and became purple, till his look seemed that of diabolism. Such a fury marked his lineaments that I instinctively drew back. But there was "method in his madness." He only erred in mistaking time and in misplacing himself and his position; facts which the martial music and the "pomp and circumstance of war" in the public streets would have a natural tendency toward producing.

In the very middle of his fury he seemed suddenly to comprehend his mistake. He ceased abruptly, his whole frame in a tremor of emotion. He looked around upon the faces present, and without a word, quietly laid down his head. He grew meditative as he seemed to realize a full sense of his unhappy situation. At length his eyes gradually filled with tears, and his lips grew slightly tremulous. He quietly remarked, "Well, boys, good bye; I should do but sorry fighting on a wooden leg." He again relapsed into silence, and was shortly afterward carried away to his room.

Gay fellows were they too, in camp and on the march, as the following song testifies:

GAY AND HAPPY.

AS COMPOSED AND SUNG BY THE BOYS OF THE SIXTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

We're the boys most gay and happy,
 Tho' we're tented in the field;
 With our nation's banner o'er us,
 And its honor for a shield.

CHORUS—Then let the cannon boom as they will,
 We'll be gay and happy still;
 Gay and happy, gay and happy—
 We'll be gay and happy still.

Friends at home, be gay and happy,
 Never blush to speak our names;
 If our comrades fall in battle,
 They shall share a soldier's fame.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Colonel Corse is gay and happy—
 Holds his post with his command;
 Seldom has a soldier's honor
 Ever graced a better man.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

We're the gay and happy Hawkeyes,
 From the State of Iowa;
 Ready, when our colonel leads us,
 For the thickest of the fray,

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Rebels are not gay and happy;
 For their "scrip" they can not eat—
 Some like birds we keep in cages,
 Dining on "hard tack" and meat.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Girls at home, be gay and happy,
 Show that you have *woman's* pride,
 Never wed a home-sick coward—
 Wait and be a soldier's bride.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Gay and happy, hear the answer,
 None but fools get married now.
 Valiant men have all enlisted,
 And to cowards we'll not bow.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

We're the girls so gay and happy,
 Waiting for the end of strife.
 Better share a soldier's rations
 Than to be a coward's wife.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

For the gay and for the happy,
 We're as constant as the dove;
 But the man who dare not soldier
 Never can obtain our love.

CHORUS—Then let the cowards prate as they will,
 We'll be gay and happy still;
 Gay and happy, gay and happy—
 We'll be gay and happy still.

It is in place here to give the famous army song which Sherman's veterans chanted on their victorious march. It was written by Adjutant Byers of the 5th Iowa, while confined in the rebel prison at Columbia, South Carolina, and being set to music was frequently sung by the captives, as a relief to the monotony of their prison life. After Wilmington was taken, it was sung in the theater, producing immense enthusiasm :

THE MARCHING SONG OF SHERMAN'S ARMY ON THEIR WAY TO THE SEA.

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march for the sea."

When cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary
But to-day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banners shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

These bold singers ceased not their march when they reached the sea, but swept on as conquerors through Carolina; and Iowa boys in the advance were the first to raise the banner of stars over the capital of the state, Columbia, where not long before a captive Iowan

penned Sherman's march to the sea. Well may we say, as does an Iowa editor:

HURRAH FOR IOWA!—Colonel Kennedy of the 13th Iowa, Lieutenant McArthur, and Lieutenant W. H. Goodrell of the 15th Iowa, supported by about fifty men, constituted the advance guard which captured Columbia, South Carolina. The squad crossed the river in a small boat, and advanced on the city. The boys ran into a company of Wheeler's cavalry and received the benefit of several shots which did no damage. The colors of the 13th Iowa were flying over the old and new state houses before the 15th corps came up. The city surrendered to General Hazen.

A few weeks later, another "*Hurra for Iowa*" might have been given, topped with "a tiger," and a motion to "adjourn" for it was then that in the fall of Mobile, the 8th Iowa signalized, itself by leading in "the forlorn hope," in a gallant, successful and desperate charge against Fort Blakely. It was on this occasion that Lieutenant Vineyard, leading company G, fell desperately wounded. Some of his men halted a moment where he lay: "*Pay no attention to me, boys,*" he cried, "*move on!*" and the rebels found they *did*.

MISSOURI.

MISSOURI was originally included in the limits of Louisiana, purchased of the French government in 1803.



ARMS OF MISSOURI.

MOTTO—*Salus populi suprema lex esto*—Let the property of the people, be the supreme law.

The first Europeans who visited any part of its territory appear to have been Marquette and Joliet, the French missionaries from Canada, who sailed down the Mississippi in 1673. This river was more fully explored by La Salle, in 1682, who declared all the region between the Illinois country and the Gulf of Mexico to be an appendage of France. From this period, settlements began to be made in the valley of the Mississippi, and the territory was protected from Spanish invasion by a chain of fortifications, extending from the lakes to the gulf. Among these was Fort Orleans, built in 1719, near the mouth of the Osage, not far from the site of Jefferson City.

The settlements in the Mississippi valley were made advancing from its northern and southern extremities into the interior. Missouri being in the central part, its progress was slow. Its lead mines were worked as early as 1720. St. Genevieve, the oldest town, was founded in 1755; St. Louis in 1764: other settlements followed in quick succession. During the progress of the contest between France and Great Britain, many of the Canadian French emigrated by way of the lakes, and going southward, located themselves in both Upper and Lower Louisiana. These emigrants gave the first important impulse to the colonization of Missouri.

After the conquest of Canada, in 1763, the jurisdiction of the Mississippi passed from France to Great Britain and Spain, the Mississippi River being the dividing line between the possessions of the two latter powers. The whole population of Spanish Louisiana, north and south, at the time of the public transfer, in 1769, is stated to have been 18,840 persons, of whom 5,556 were whites, and the remainder negroes. A river trade had sprung up be-

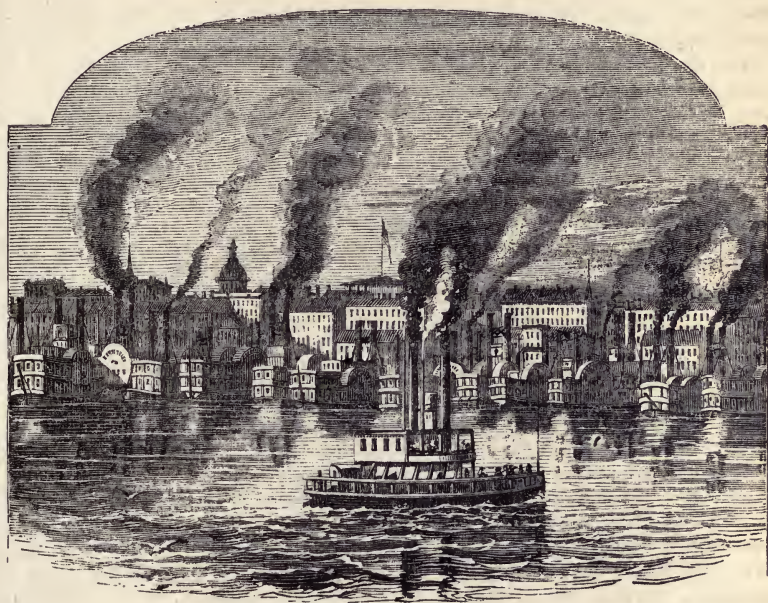
in 1854, the western border of the state became the theater of much excitement and many hostile demonstrations, arising from the contest between the free state men, who had emigrated into the adjoining Territory of Kansas, and the pro-slavery party, principally from the western border of Missouri, who were, by their opponents, termed "border ruffians." During the struggle for ascendancy, many outrages were committed, and many lives lost on both sides. Of late years, a political contest has sprung up between the emancipation and pro-slavery parties in this state, the final result of which remains to be seen.

Missouri is bounded N. by Iowa, E. by the Mississippi River, S. by Arkansas, and W. by Kansas, Nebraska, and the Indian territory. It is situated between 36° and $40^{\circ} 36'$ N. Lat., and between 89° and $95^{\circ} 36'$ W. Long. It is 287 miles long and 230 broad, containing upward of 65,000 square miles, nearly equaling in extent the six New England states together, and more than doubling them all in agricultural capacity. The surface of Missouri is quite varied. Alluvial, or bottom lands, are found on the margins of the rivers. In the interior, bottoms and barrens, naked hills and prairies, heavy forests and streams of water, may be often seen in one view. In the south-east part, near the Mississippi and south of Cape Girardeau, is an extensive marsh, reaching into Arkansas, and comprising an area nearly equal to the entire state of Connecticut. Back of this is a hilly country, rich in minerals, which extends to Osage River. One of the richest coal fields in the Union occupies the greater part of the state north of the Osage River, and extending nearly to the Iowa line. The coal is bituminous and much of it cannel. The great cannel coal bed in Calloway county, is the largest body of cannel coal known: in places it is 75 feet thick. On distillation, it yields excellent coke, and a gas that, being destitute of sulphur, burns with a bright and beautiful flame. The lead region is at an average distance of seventy miles from St. Louis, and covers an area of 3,000 square miles. While in Wisconsin the lead does not extend 100 feet in depth, the lead veins of Missouri extend, in places, more than 1,000 feet. The mineral region contains 216 localities of lead ore, 90 of iron, and 25 of copper. The state abounds in iron; in fact, no country in the world contains so much of this useful ore as Missouri; and her general mineral wealth is enormous, in coal, iron, copper, lead, etc. Minerals of the non-metallic kind are also abundant, limestone, sandstone, porphyries, gypsum, sienite, porcelain, pipe and variegated clays.

The country north of the Missouri, and that which adjoins Kansas, has been termed the garden of the west. In most places it has a beautiful, undulating surface, sometimes rising into picturesque hills, then stretching into a sea of prairie, interspersed with shady groves and streams of water.

Missouri possesses very great facilities for internal intercourse by water, having the navigation of the two greatest rivers in the United States, if not in the world. By means of the Mississippi River, forming her eastern boundary, she has commerce with the most northern territory of the Union, with the whole valley of the Ohio, some of the Atlantic states, and the Gulf of Mexico; by the Missouri, which passes through the central part of the state, she can extend her commercial intercourse to the Rocky Mountains. The climate is variable, in winter the streams are sometimes frozen so as to admit the passage of heavy loaded vehicles; the summers are very hot, but the air is dry and pure, and the climate may be classed among those most favorable to health. The soil of the state, speaking generally, is good and of great agri-

cultural capabilities, particularly the bottom lands, bordering the rivers. The principal agricultural staples are Indian corn and hemp. The southern highlands are finely adapted to the culture of the grape. In 1810, the population was less than 20,000; in 1830, in was 140,000; in 1850, 682,244, of whom 87,422 were slaves; in 1860, 1,173,317, including 114,965 slaves.



Central part of the Levee, at St. Louis.

The view was taken from Bloody Island, near the Railroad Depot, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi, and shows the steamboats lying at the Levee, in the vicinity of the Custom House, and the Court House, the upper portion of which is seen in the distance. The river front here, for a long distance, is generally crowded with steamers, lying abreast of each other, in tiers of three and four deep, indicating the extraordinary commerce of the city.

ST. LOUIS, the commercial capital of Missouri, and of the great central valley of the Mississippi, is situated on the W. bank of the Mississippi, 18 miles below the junction of the Missouri. It is in $38^{\circ} 37' 28''$ N. Lat., and $90^{\circ} 15' 16''$ W. Long., about 1,200 miles above New Orleans, 705 from Cincinnati, 822 from St. Paul, 564 from Louisville, Ky., 180 above Cairo, and 125 from Jefferson City, the capital of the state. The compact part of the city stretches about three miles along the river, and two miles back. The site rises from the river into two limestone elevations, the first, twenty, and the second forty feet above the ordinary floods of the Mississippi. The ascent to the first is rather abrupt, the second rises more gradually, and spreads out into an extensive plain. The city is well laid out, the streets being for the most part 60 feet wide, and, with few exceptions cross each other at right angles. Front-street, which extends along the levee, is upward of 100 feet broad, built upon the side facing the river with a massive range of stone warehouses, which make an imposing appearance. The population of St. Louis

in 1840, was 16,469; in 1850, 82,774; and in 1860, 162,179. About one third of the inhabitants are natives of Germany or their descendants.

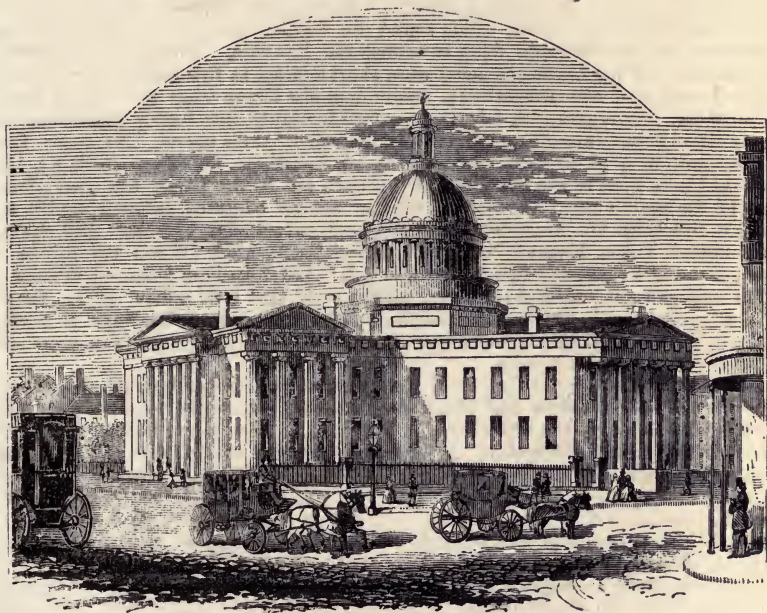
St. Louis is sometimes fancifully called the "*Mound City*," from a great mound, at the base of which it was first settled, and which is said by the Indians to have been the burial place of their ancestors for centuries.

The natural advantages which St. Louis enjoys, as a commercial emporium, are probably equal to any inland port in the world. Situated midway between two oceans, and near the geographical center of the finest agricultural and mineral region of the globe, almost at the very focus toward which converge the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, and the Illinois Rivers, she seems destined to be the great receiving and distributing depot for a vast region of country. It is now, next to New Orleans, the principal port on the Mississippi, and among the western cities is the rival to Cincinnati in population and wealth. "In a circuit of less than 90 miles from the city, iron, coal, lead, and probably copper, are sufficiently abundant to supply the Union for indefinite ages, and of this region St. Louis is the only outlet. The manufactures of St. Louis embrace a great variety of products. Among the manufacturing establishments may be mentioned, extensive iron works, flouring mills, sugar refineries, manufactures of hemp, rope and bagging factories, tobacco factories, oil mills, etc. The city is supplied with water from the Mississippi, drawn up by two engines, each of about 350 horse power, and forced through a 20 inch pipe to the reservoir, located about one mile west, and capable of holding thirty-two millions of gallons.

Very few cities in the Union have improved more rapidly in the style of its public buildings, than St. Louis; among these is the magnificent court house, which occupies a square, presenting a front on four streets: it is constructed of limestone, and erected at an expense of upward of one million of dollars. The custom house, another noble building, is fire proof, constructed of Missouri marble. The Lindell House is one of the most extensive and beautiful of hotels. The Mercantile Library building is a fine structure, having one of the best halls in the western states, capable of seating 2,300 persons. The library connected with the institution consists of upward of 14,000 volumes. The Library Association, among the curiosities in their possession, have the original model of John Fitch's steam engine, made about the year 1795; it is some two feet high, with a copper boiler. They also have a marble slab, about seven feet square, from the ruins of ancient Ninevah, covered with a figure in bas-relief and interesting cuneiform inscriptions. The *St. Louis University*, under the direction of the Catholics, has a spacious building in the city, with 18 instructors, and about 300 students, and some 15,000 volumes in its libraries. This institution was founded, in 1829, by members of the Society of Jesus, and was incorporated by the legislature in 1832. In the museum connected with the University, is the dagger of Cortez, 14 inches long, the blade consisting of two divisions, with an apparatus and spring in the hilt for containing and conveying poison. The Washington University was founded in 1853. The city contains various other excellent literary institutions: among these are several medical colleges. There are also hospitals, dispensaries, and other charities, for the medical care of the destitute. Among the charitable institutions, the most conspicuous are the Protestant and Catholic Orphan Asylums—the first under the direction of Protestant ladies, and the latter of the Sisters of Charity. The total value of the taxable property of St. Louis, for 1860, was about 100 millions of dollars.

The subjoined sketch of the history of St. Louis, is extracted from the London edition of the work of Abbe Domenech,* the original being in French:

St. Louis, the Queen of the West, was French by birth; her cradle was suspended in the forest watered by the Mississippi; her childhood was tried by many privations; and her adolescence was reached amid the terrors inspired by the Indian's cry. Her youth, though more calm, was scarcely more happy. Abandoned by her guardian, the Lion of Castile, she was again claimed by her ancient mother; but only to be forsaken anew. She then passed under the protecting wing of the American eagle, and became the metropolis of the Empire of the Deserts.



South-eastern view of the Court House, St. Louis.

M. d'Abadie, civil and military director-general, and governor of Louisiana, conceded, in 1762, to Messrs. Pierre Liguette, Laclède, Antoine Maxan, and Company, the monopoly of the fur trade with the Indians of Mississippi and Missouri. M. Laclède, a man of remarkable intelligence, of an enterprising character, and the principal chief of the company, immediately prepared an expedition, with a view of forming a large establishment in the north-west. On the 3d of August, 1763, he started from New Orleans, and on the 3d of November following, he reached St. Genevieve, situated sixty miles south of where St. Louis is actually built.

At that epoch the French colony, established sixty years before in Illinois, was in a surprising state of prosperity. It had considerably augmented its importance since 1732, at which period France was beginning to realize her great conception of uniting Canada to Louisiana by an extensive line of military posts, that were

*"Seven Years Residence in the Great Deserts of North America, by the Abbe Em Domenech, Apostolical Missionary, Canon of Montpellier, Member of the Pontifical Academy Tiberina, and of the Geographical and Ethnographical Societies of France, etc.:" in two volumes.

to have been supported by forts, the strategic positions of which were admirably chosen. But when M. Laclède arrived in the country, Louis XV had already signed the shameful treaty by which he ceded to England, in a most blamable and inconsiderate manner, one of the finest regions of the globe, the possession of which had cost nearly a century of efforts, discoveries, and combats, besides enormous sums of money. By that treaty, which will cover with eternal ignominy the memory of Louis XV, France yielded up to great Britain the two Canadies, the immense territory of the northern lakes, and the rich states of Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Western Louisiana, as far as the Gulf of Mexico.

The Britannie frontiers, north, west, and south, were then surrounded by that French race, so antipathetic to the Saxon one. It enveloped them by its power and its immense territory, by an uninterrupted chain of fertile countries, which extend from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, following the interminable and rich valley of the Mississippi, which winds round the English possessions like the coiling serpent whose innumerable folds entwined the Laocoon. Unhappily for France, the statesmen of her luxurious court were short-sighted in this matter; they did not know the value of our transatlantic dominions, nor foresee what the future might do for them. Occupied with miserable palace intrigues, they basely abandoned our finest colonies, and merely sought feebly to prolong their agony. Napoleon himself committed a great fault when he ceded Louisiana for fifteen millions. He thought that a bird in the hand was better than two in the bush; but what a bush he sold for such a sum! Louisiana, that of herself contains colossal wealth, did she not give birth to many powerful states by dismembering herself? Did she not draw toward Texas, Kansas, New Mexico, and California? When one thinks of this great and irreparable loss which Louis XV and Napoleon I caused France to suffer, one can not help sighing at the blindness of that fatal policy, which, for the sake of passing difficulties, from pusillanimous fear, or from the want of perfect knowledge of the resources and importance of the colonies, forgets the honor and interest of the empire it rules.

It was thus that in the time of M. Laclède, the Mississippi became the natural boundary of the French and English possessions; St. Genevieve was the only French settlement on the right bank of the river, all the others, being on the left, were made over to the English. After a short sojourn in that village, M. Laclède explored the country, and discovering, sixty miles more to the north, a table-land seventy-five feet above the Mississippi, and covered with forests and fertile ground, he took possession of it and laid the foundation of a town, which he named St. Louis, in the presence of the French officers of the Chartres and of two young Creoles, Messrs. Auguste and Pierre Chouteau. We had the satisfaction of seeing the latter in 1847, during the festival celebrated at St. Louis in honor of Laclède.

Scarcely was the rising colony established, which was augmented by French, Creole, and Illinois emigrants, who would not remain under the English dominion, when it was greatly alarmed by the arrival of 400 Indians, who, without being hostile, were nevertheless very troublesome, on account of their continual demands for provisions and the daily robberies they committed. M. Laclède made all possible haste to rescue his establishment from the peril that menaced it, and immediately acted in a manner that showed his tact and his profound knowledge of the Indian character. The chieftains having appeared in his presence, addressed him in these terms:

"We are deserving of pity, for we are like ducks and geese seeking clear water whereon to rest, as also to find an easy existence. We know of no better place than where we are. We therefore intend to build our wigwams around your village. We shall be your children, and you will be our father."

Laclède put an end to the conversation by promising to give his answer the next day, which he did in the following manner:

"You told me yesterday that you were like ducks and geese that seek a fair country wherein to rest and live at ease. You told me that you were worthy of pity; that you had not found a more favorable spot to establish yourselves in than this one; that you would build your village around me, and that we could live together as friends. I shall now answer you as a kind father: and will tell you that, if you imitate the ducks and geese, you follow improvident guides; for, if they had any forethought, they would not establish

themselves on clear water where they may be perceived by the eagle that will pounce on them. It would not have been so had they chosen a retired spot well shaded with trees. You, Missourians, will not be devoured by birds of prey, but by the red men, who have fought so long against you, and who have already so seriously reduced your number. At this very moment they are not far from us, watching the English to prevent them from taking possession of their new territories. If they find you here they will slay your warriors and make your wives and children slaves. This is what will happen to you, if, as you say, you follow the example of the ducks and geese, instead of listening to the counsels of men who reflect. Chieftains and warriors, think now, if it is not more prudent for you to go away quietly rather than to be crushed by your enemies, superior to you in number, in the presence of your massacred sires, of your wives and children torn to pieces and thrown to the dogs and vultures. Remember that it is a good father who speaks to you; meditate on what he has said, and return this evening with your answer."

In the evening the entire tribe of the Missourians presented itself in a body before M. Laclède, and announced to him that its intention was to follow his advice; the chiefs then begged of him to have pity on the women and children, by giving them some provisions, and a little powder to the warriors. M. Laclède acceded liberally to their request, and sent them off next day well supplied and happy.

On the 17th of July, 1755, M. de St. Ange de Bellerive resigned the command of the frontiers to the English, and came to St. Louis with his troops and the civic officers. His arrival favored the definitive organization of the colony; St. Louis became the capital of Upper Louisiana, and M. de St. Ange was appointed governor of the place. But Louis XV had made, in 1763, another treaty, by which he ceded to Spain the remainder of our possessions in North America. This treaty, kept secret during a year, completed the measure of humiliations and losses that France had to endure under such a reign. The official news of it was only received at New Orleans on the 21st of April, 1764, and the consternation it spread throughout Upper and Lower Louisiana was such that the governor, M. d'Abadie, died of grief. Serious disturbances were the consequence, and the tragical events which took place under the command of Gen. O'Reilly, of sanguinary memory, caused the administration of Upper Louisiana to remain in the hands of the French for several years. It was only on the 11th of August, 1768, that the Spanish troops were able to take possession of St. Louis for the first time, and even then they could not hold the position above eleven months. At last, peace being restored, the Spaniards again became masters of all the country in 1770, five years before the death of M. de St. Ange, who expired at St. Louis in 1775, aged seventy-six years. M. Laclède died at the Post of the Arkansas on the 20th of July, 1778, leaving no children.

In 1780, St. Louis was unsuccessfully attacked by 1,000 Indians and Englishmen, from Michillimackinac, who had received orders to seize upon the town on account of the part the Spaniards had taken in the war of American independence.

Spain never sought to derive any advantage from the resources of Upper Louisiana: it would seem as if she merely considered that mighty region as a barrier against the encroachments of her neighbor on her Mexican possessions. This policy alone can explain her indifference with regard to the government of that country. When she took possession of all the territory situated to the west of the Mississippi, she found there a French population already acclimated, civilized, and inured to fatigues, owing to the long wars it sustained against the English and the Indians. The prospect of a calm and peaceable existence had assembled this population on the borders of Arkansas, of the Mississippi, and of the Missouri, where it only awaited a protecting government, to enable it to give to industry and agriculture all possible development. All that Spain had to do was to open markets for its produce, and for exchanges with the southern colonies. This extensive empire, possessing the largest natural advantages, bounded by the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Pacific Ocean, might have, owing to the preponderance that it could have acquired (as we witness in our days), changed the course of events which have taken place in Europe since that epoch. France could not aspire to such power as long as she possessed Canada, but she should have thought of it when she abandoned that colony. The immense results obtained by the liberal institutions of the United States show clearly, in the present day, that the loss of

Canada would have turned to our advantage, and that by developing the produce of the possessions which we still retained to the west of the Mississippi, we should soon have been amply compensated for the sacrifices made in 1763, after the taking of Quebec. Such was the opinion of the intelligent men of France. Turgot, our celebrated statesman, in particular, foresaw the advantages to be derived from such a policy, and he even submitted a plan to the king by means of which that vast region he called Equinoctial France, was to become densely populated in a short time. But, as M. Nicollet observes in his essay on the primitive history of St. Louis, he was treated as a visionary.

What was easy for France was still much more so for Spain; but instead of adopting this simple policy—liberal and grand in its results—Spain contented herself with isolating the colonists and the Indians of Missouri and of Mississippi, imposing an arbitrary government upon them, checking all communication between the neighboring populations; establishing restrictions on importation, prohibiting foreign competition, restricting emigration, granting exclusive privileges, and making, without any conditions, concessions of lands, etc. It is not surprising, then, that she complains that her colonies cost her more than she realized by them. Nowhere, either in her laws or in her decrees, is there to be found a plan adopted with a view of developing the natural and moral resources of these countries. As the government appeared only to occupy itself with the exigencies of each day, in like manner the inhabitants did not seem to think of the morrow. The Creoles of Upper Louisiana, who were the descendants of a brave and enterprising nation, not finding in this state of things any support for their physical and moral faculties, penetrated into the depths of the forests, got amid a multitude of savage tribes whom they had not heard of before, began to explore the regions situated between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and created the fur trade in that extensive portion of North America. In this way was formed that class of intrepid men called *voyageurs* or *engages*, of whom we have already spoken, and who were as necessary in the plains of the west as are the Canadian *voyageurs* in the frozen countries of the north and north-west.

Meanwhile America had attained her independence, and France was commencing her revolution, when, all of a sudden, on the 9th of July, 1803, at seven o'clock in the evening, the inhabitants of St. Louis learned that Spain had re-ceded Louisiana to Napoleon, who, in turn had sold it to the United States. We will make no remark on the profound sensation produced by this unexpected news. We will merely observe that the colonists could scarcely recover from their astonishment on hearing that they had become republicans, and seeing a multitude of judges, lawyers, notaries, tax-gatherers, etc., arriving among them. They were even less able to understand that liberty which obliged them to leave their homes to vote at elections, or to serve as jurors. They had allowed civilization to advance without taking any notice of it. Their existence was so isolated, so simplified, that they lost sight of the advantages of social life. They possessed no public schools, and the missionaries, being too few in number, were seldom able to visit or instruct them in their religious duties. The object of their material life did not go beyond the domestic circle, the virtue and honesty of which were proverbial. They knew nothing of notaries, lawyers, or judges; and the prison remained empty during thirty years. To give an idea of the simplicity of the Creoles, we can not do better than relate an incident that took place a few years after the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

A Creole from Missouri was lounging about a sale of negro slaves on the borders of the Mississippi, in Lower Louisiana. The merchant, who was from Kentucky, asked him if he wished to buy *anything*: "Yes," replied the Missourian, "I want a negro." Having made his choice, he inquired the price of the one he selected. "Five hundred piastres," replied the merchant; "but, according to custom, you have *one year to pay*." At this proposition the purchaser became embarrassed; the thought of being liable to such a debt during an entire year annoyed him greatly. "No, no!" said he to the merchant, "I prefer paying you at once six hundred piastres, and letting the matter be ended." "Very well," said the obliging Kentuckian, "I will do *anything* you please to make the affair convenient to you." And the bargain was concluded.

The Spanish troops departed from Louisiana on the 3d of November, 1804. The American governor, W. H. Harrison, who had the chief command of the Indian territories of Upper Louisiana, organized the civil and judicial power of that country; and on the 2d of July, 1805, Gen. James Wilkinson established there, by order of congress, a territorial government, of which St. Louis was the capital.

The only military event in the annals of St. Louis was the attack upon the town by the English and Indians from Mackinaw, in 1780. The citizens had intelligence the previous fall of the contemplated expedition, and thereupon fortified the town with a rude stockade six feet high, made by two rows of upright palisades, a few feet apart, filled in between with earth. The outline of the stockade described a semi-circle around the place, resting its extremities upon the river, above and below the town, flanked by a small fort at each extremity. Three gates gave opening to the country in the rear, each defended by a piece of ordnance, kept well charged. Monette, in his *History of the Mississippi Valley*, gives these particulars:

The British commandant at Michillimackinac, hearing of the disasters of the British arms in Florida, conceived the idea of leading an expedition upon his own responsibility against the Spanish settlement of St. Louis. Early in the spring he had assembled one hundred and forty regular British troops and Canadian Frenchmen, and fourteen hundred Indian warriors for the campaign. From the southern extremity of Lake Michigan this host of savages, under British leaders, marched across to the Mississippi, and encamped within a few miles of St. Louis. The town had been fortified for temporary defense, and the hostile host made a regular Indian investment of the place. Skirmishes and desultory attacks continued for several days, during which many were killed, and others were taken captive by the Indians. Much of the stock of cattle and horses belonging to the place was killed or carried off.

The people at length, believing a general attack was contemplated, and having lost confidence in their commandant's courage, or in his preparations for defense, sent a special request to Col. Clark, then commanding at Kaskaskia, to come to their aid with such force as he could assemble. Col. Clark immediately made preparation to march to their relief. Having assembled nearly five hundred men under his command, he marched to the bank of the Mississippi, a short distance below the town of St. Louis. Here he remained encamped for further observations. On the sixth of May the grand Indian attack was made, when Col. Clark, crossing the river, marched up to the town to take part in the engagement. The sight of the Americans, or the "*Long-knives*," as they were called, under the command of the well-known Col. Clark, caused the savages to abandon the attack and seek safety in flight. They refused to participate in any further hostilities, and reproached the British commandant with duplicity in having assured them that he would march them to fight the Spaniards only, whereas now they were brought against the Spaniards and the Americans. They soon afterward abandoned the British standard, and returned to their towns, near Lakes Superior and Michigan.

An old settler, writing for the *Missouri Republican*, in 1826, and the *St. Louis Sketch Book*, gives these historical items:

A lapse of twenty years has ensued since I first obtained a residence in this rising town. . . . It did not, when I first knew it, appear to possess even the germ of the materials which have since been so successfully used in making it the mart of commerce and the seat of plenty. Then, with some exceptions, it was the residence of the indolent trader or trapper, or more desperate adventurers. . . . Twenty years ago there were no brick buildings in St. Louis. The houses were generally of wood, built in a fashion peculiar to the country, and daubed with mud. There were, however, some of the better order, belonging to the first settlers of the town, but whose massive walls of stone were calculated to excite the wonder of the modern beholder, giving the idea of an antique fortress. What was then called Chouteau's Hill, but which has since lost that distinctive appellation, was nothing else than a barren waste, over which the wind whistled in its unobstructed course, if we except only an occasional cumbrous fortification, intended for a defense, and evidencing the poverty of the country in military as in other talent. Then, and for a long while after, the streets were intolerably bad, resembling the roads in Ohio, where

it is related of a man that his hat was taken from his head just as he was disappearing forever in the regions of mud.

Twenty years since, and down to a much later period, the commerce of the country, on the Mississippi, was carried on in Mackinaw bateaux and keel boats. A voyage performed in one of the latter kind was a fearful undertaking; and the return trip from New Orleans was considered an expeditious one if made in *ninety days*. When an increased commerce took place, our streets were thronged with *voyageurs*, of all ages, countries and complexions. They were a source of constant trouble to a weak and inefficient police, with whom they delighted to kick up a row. Deprived, by the introduction of steamboats, of their usual means of living, and like the savage averse to settled life, they have almost entirely disappeared. At the time of which we write, the traveler who made a journey to the Atlantic states, did not resolve upon it without mature deliberation. . . . It then required from thirty to forty days to travel to Philadelphia. . . . The morals or religion of the people can not be defined. They had, it is true, vague notions of such things, but they were of so quiescent a character as to be easily set aside when in opposition to their pleasure or interest. There was but one church, and after a resort to this it was no uncommon thing to pass the remainder of the Sabbath evening in dancing or whist, for St. Louis then contained, at most, but a few hundred people."

"Previous to the year 1829," says the Sketch Book of St. Louis, "there was no Protestant church in St. Louis, but in that year the first Presbyterian church was built, and the Rev. Artemas Bullard engaged as the minister. . . . There were places where the Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Universalists, etc., held divine service, but none of them possessed church edifices until this year.

In 1844, another flood, equaling that which took place in the days of Crusat, visited the Mississippi. The river rose rapidly until the entire American bottom was submerged. Steamboats and all descriptions of water craft were to be seen winding their way through the woods opposite the city, conveying passengers to and from the coal hills on the Illinois shore, a distance of about twelve miles. This flood was very disastrous in its character, almost totally destroying Illinois town, which had become a village of several thousand inhabitants. The damage was immense, while not a few lives were lost, thousands of hogs, horses, cattle, sheep, fowls, etc., were drowned. 'Many who, before the flood, were in affluent circumstances, found themselves beggared. This was a marked event upon the trade of St. Louis, and she had scarcely recovered from the effects, when another calamity befel her. Late in the fall of 1848, that dreadful scourge, the cholera, made its appearance; the approach of cold weather stayed in a great measure the ravages of disease, but in the spring it developed itself in full force. . . . The disease now assumed a more bold and formidable appearance, and instead of stalking through dirty lanes and filthy alleys, it boldly walked the streets. . . . Funeral processions crowded every street. . . The hum of trade was hushed. The levee was a desert.'

When the disease was raging at its fiercest, the city was doomed to another horror—May 17, 1843, it was burned—fifteen squares were laid in ashes. The fire commenced on the steamer White Cloud. At the commencement the wind was blowing stiffly, forcing the boat directly into shore, which circumstance contributed seriously to the marine disaster. The wind set into the wharf, and although the cables of all the boats were hauled in, and they drifted out into the current, yet the *flaming vessel* seemed to outstrip them all in the speed with which she traveled down stream. . . . In a short time, perhaps thirty minutes, twenty-three vessels were burnt. . . . Fifteen blocks of houses were destroyed and injured, causing a loss of ten millions of dollars. Olive-street was the commencement in the city, and with the exception of one building, the entire space down to Market-street was laid in ruins. The progress of the flames was stayed by blowing up a portion of the buildings below Market-street with powder: in doing this, although timely warning was given, several persons lost their lives."

In July, 1817, came the Gen. Pike, the first steamer which arrived at St. Louis. She was commanded by Capt. Jacob Reed, and was built on Bear Grass Creek, near Louisville. In 1847, on the anniversary of the city's birth, a miniature representation of the boat was exhibited, and became the most curious feature of the celebration, as showing the changes in steamboat architecture. "This miniature representation was about twenty feet long; the hull that of a barge, and the cabin on the lower deck run up on the inside of the running board. The wheels were exposed, being without a wheel-house—she was propelled by a low pressure engine, with a single chimney and a large *walking beam*. The crew were supplied with poles, and where the current proved too strong for the steam, they used the poles, as on keel boats, to help her along. It was mounted on wheels, and drawn by eight white horses. The boat was manned by a crew of steamboat captains, who appeared in the dress usually worn by the officers and men in their various stations."

Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis, near the Illinois shore of the Mississippi, is the terminus of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. It received its name from the circumstance of its being the dueling ground for this region. It is within the limits of Illinois, and at the time of high freshets is partially covered with water. It has a growth of large forest trees. This spot was selected by duelists from its being neutral ground: the island was for some time disputed territory between the states of Illinois and Missouri. A fatal contest of this kind ensued between Thomas Biddle, of St. Louis, and one of his friends, in which both were killed. The origin of the duel seems to have been some jocose remark made by the antagonist of Mr. Biddle in regard to his (Mr. Biddle's) family affairs. Mrs. Biddle foolishly considering herself insulted, gave her husband no rest until he had challenged the author of the remark to mortal combat. Having passed over to Bloody Island, they fought at the distance of some three or four paces apart, and both fell mortally wounded. Mrs. Biddle, overwhelmed at the fatal consequences of her attempt to avenge her injured feelings, devoted the remainder of her life to penitence, and her fortune to charity. The annexed engraving is a view of a monument erected in memory of husband and wife, on the premises of St. Mary's



BIDDLE MONUMENT, ST. LOUIS.

Over the door are the words, *Pray for the souls of Thomas and Anne Biddle.*

Orphan Asylum, on Tenth-street, under the charge of the order of the "Daughters of Charity." The monument is about 20 feet high: the following words are affixed over the door, "Pray for the souls of Thomas and Anne Biddle."

The following inscriptions are from monuments within the city limits:

In memory of one whose name needs no eulogy, JOSEPH M. WHITE, late Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Florida. Born in Franklin county, Kentucky, 8th of Oct., 1798, died in St. Louis, at the residence of his brother, Thomas J. White, M.D., the 19th day of October, 1839.

THOMAS BARBOUR, M.D., son of the Hon. P. P. Barbour, of Virginia. Born Aug. 26, 1810, and died June 18, 1849. In all the relations of life, he illustrated the strength and beauty of Christian principle—ardent affection, generous friendship, and fervent charity were the spontaneous emotions of a heart imbued with the holy desire of glorifying God and doing good to man. As a practitioner of medicine he had attained a distinguished eminence. With the Medical Department of the University of Missouri, his name is associated as one of its founders and most able and faithful teachers. With the early history of the Central Presbyterian Church, of which he was an Elder, his name is recorded as one of its brightest ornaments.

JEFFERSON CITY, the capital of Missouri is situated on the right bank of Missouri River, on elevated, uneven and somewhat rocky ground, 125 miles W. of St. Louis. It contains the state house, a state penitentiary, the governor's house, several schools, 5 churches, 2 banks, and about 3,500 inhabitants, of whom near one half are Germans or of German origin. The state house is built of stone, at an expense of \$250,000, and presents a magnificent appearance as it is approached sailing up the river from the eastward.

Over the door of the main entrance of the capitol is the following inscription:

"Erected Anno Domini, 1838. L. W. Boggs, Governor; P. C. Glover, Sec'y of State; H. H. Baber, Aud. Pub. Accts; W. B. Napton, Att'y General; A. McClellan, Treasurer, Commissioners. S. Hills, Architect."



East view of Jefferson City.

The view annexed presents the appearance of the Capitol and other buildings, as the city is entered upon the Pacific Railroad. The bluff shown is 80 feet high, and on its summit is the residence of Gen. J. L. Minor, formerly secretary of the state. The Railroad Depot is at the foot of the bluff on the left; the Capitol on Capitol Hill is in the central part, at the base of which is the Ferry and City Landing.

The first white persons who located themselves within the limits of Jefferson City were John Wier and a Dr. Brown. Wier, who appears to have been a squatter, built his cabin on the spot where J. T. Rogers' (late mayor) house now stands. Wier's Creek, at the foot of Capitol Hill, was named after him. Dr. Brown, said to have been from Ireland, located himself on the declivity of Capitol Hill. William Jones, a bricklayer, kept the first ferry and house of entertainment at this place; he was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Rogers, the father of the mayor. Dr. Stephen C. Dorris, father of Dr. A. P. Dorris, was the first regular physician: he was succeeded by Dr. Bolton, and he in turn by Dr. Mills. Robert A. Ewing (afterward judge of the county court), was the first resident lawyer. Judge Wells was the next. Robert Jones was the first merchant: he had his store at the base of the Capitol Hill, near the ferry and city wharf. Among his purchases was that of two or three barrels of coffee, which at that time was considered a bold and hazardous speculation, as it was supposed it would take a long period to sell such an amount.

The first school was taught by Jesse F. Roys, an itinerant teacher from North Carolina; he was succeeded by Hiram H. Baber, Esq., a native of Virginia, and now, with one exception, the oldest inhabitant of Jefferson City. The school house was about half way between the railroad depot and the penitentiary. Jason Harrison, Esq., the first clerk of Cole county, was a native of Maryland; he came into Missouri in 1811, and into Jefferson City in 1831. The first brick structure erected was a one story building, 16 feet square, built by Wm. Jones, and occupied as the state treasury office: it stood opposite the Methodist Church. The first state house was built of brick, by Reuben Garnett, and stood in a lot adjoining the governor's house. It was accidentally burnt in Nov., 1837, and all the state papers, except those in the auditor's office destroyed. The seat of government was located in 1821, laid out in 1822, and the first sale of lots was made in 1823. The first trustees of the town were Adam Hope, John C. Gordon, and Josiah Ramsay, jr. The first governor resident in Jefferson City, was John Miller, and a man of great wealth. He died while member of Congress, and was buried at St. Louis.

The first printing press was started here in 1826, by Calvin Gunn, who, it is believed, was from Connecticut. It was called the "Jeffersonian Republican." The first house for public worship here was erected by the Methodists and Baptists: this was in 1838. The Episcopal church was erected in 1842; the first resident Episcopal clergyman was Rev. Wm. L. Hommann. The first Presbyterian church was built about the year 1845, and the first resident clergyman was Rev. Hiram S. Goodrich, D.D., from the eastern states, who came here about 1843. The Catholics, who are the largest religious body in the city, erected their first house of worship in 1847: their present handsome structure was built in 1857. The state penitentiary was opened about 1835: the first warden was Gen. Lewis Bolton, and for about three months he had but one convict under his charge, who was put here for horse stealing or some kindred crime. This prisoner was much delighted when the next convict arrived, for he was quite weary of solitude.

The Missouri River is about 1,000 yards wide at this place, its ordinary current three and a half miles an hour, and its fall four inches to the mile. The ordinary rise of water here is from 10 to 15 feet above low water mark. The highest floods occur annually in June, like the annual overflow of the Nile in Egypt. It is caused by the melting of the snow in the Rocky Mountains, nearly 3,000 miles distant. One of the greatest rise of waters known was on the 24th of June, 1844, at which time the water rose *thirty feet* above low water mark.

In this section the principal fish are the cat, buffalo, and shovel fish: sturgeon are also taken. The cat fish ordinarily weigh from 3 to 25 lbs. In some instances they have been known to weigh 200 lbs. The method by which they are taken is called "*jugging for cats*." A single line about four feet in length, having a hook baited with flesh, is attached to the handle of a gallon jug and then thrown into the middle of the current of the river. When the bait is swallowed it is known by the sinking of the jug, which acts like a cork: the fisherman thereupon takes up the line and secures the fish. The fisherman's usual method is to go up the stream, throw in his jugs, and float down with them, hugging the shore with his boat, so as to be in a position to closely watch his jugs, of which he can generally oversee some 10 or 12 at a time.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the Jefferson City graveyard:

Erected by the State of Missouri to the memory of GOV. THOMAS REYNOLDS, who died Feb. 9, 1844, aged 48 years. He was born in Bracken county, Kentucky, March 12, 1796: in early life he became a citizen of the State of Illinois, and there filled the several offices of Clerk of the House of Representatives, Attorney General, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1829, he removed to the State of Missouri, and was successively Speaker of the House of Representatives, Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit, and died Governor of the State. His life was one of honor, virtue and patriotism, and in every situation in which he was placed, he discharged his duty faithfully.

In memory of PETER G. GLOVER, born in Buckingham county, Va., Jan. 14, 1792; died in Osage county, Oct. 27, 1851, and lies buried here. He emigrated to Kentucky in early life, then to Missouri, where he filled the important public offices of the Justice of the County Court, Representative from Callaway, Senator from Cole, Auditor of Public Accounts, Superintendent of Common Schools, and Treasurer of the State, to the satisfaction of the people. As a father, husband, and friend, he was without reproach.

WM. A. ROBARDS, late Attorney General of the State of Missouri, born in Ky., May 3, 1817; died Sept. 3, 1851. Erected by the State of Missouri, of which he was a worthy citizen, and its able and faithful officer, having filled several offices of public trust.

New Madrid, the seat of New Madrid county, is on the Mississippi, 150 miles below St. Louis, in the south-eastern corner of the state, and has about 1,000 inhabitants. This is one of the old towns of Missouri, and the earliest American settlement west of the Mississippi River. Through the diplomatic talents of Colonel Wilkinson, the Spanish governor of Louisiana was induced to adopt a policy of conciliation to the western people, in hopes of attaching them to the Spanish government, and so forming a political union with the

Louisianians, that should terminate in a dismemberment of the east from the west, and an incorporation of the latter under the Spanish crown. Says Monette:

The first step toward the accomplishment of this desirable object was the plan of forming American settlements in Upper Louisiana, as well as in the Florida district of Lower Louisiana. A large American settlement was to be formed on the west side of the Mississippi, between the mouth of the Ohio and the St. Francis River. General Morgan, an American citizen, received a large grant of land about seventy miles below the mouth of the Ohio, upon which he was to introduce and settle an American colony. Soon afterward and in 1788, General Morgan arrived with his colony, and located it about seventy miles below the mouth of the Ohio, upon the ancient alluvions which extend westward to the Whitewater Creek, within the present county of New Madrid, in Missouri. Here, upon the beautiful rolling plains, he laid off the plan of a magnificent city, which, in honor of the Spanish capital, he called "New Madrid." The extent and plan of the new city was but little, if any, inferior to the old capital which it was to commemorate. Spacious streets, extensive public squares, avenues, and promenades were tastefully laid off to magnify and adorn the future city. In less than twelve months from its first location, it had assumed, according to Major Stoddart, the appearance of a regularly built town, with numerous temporary houses distributed over a high and beautiful undulatory plain. Its latitude was determined to be 36 deg. 30 min. north. In the center of the site, and about one mile from the Mississippi, was a beautiful lake, to be inclosed by the future streets of the city.

This policy was continued for nearly two years, in hopes of gaining over the western people to an adherence to the Spanish interests. Nor was it wholly unsuccessful. In the meantime, many individuals in Kentucky, as well as on the Cumberland, had become favorably impressed toward a union with Louisiana under the Spanish crown, and a very large portion of them had been highly dissatisfied with the policy of the Federal government, because it had failed to secure for them the free navigation of the river, either by formal negotiation or by force of arms. But this state of mitigated feeling toward the Spanish authorities was of but short duration.

New Madrid was nearly ruined by the *great earthquakes* of the winter of 1811-12, it being the center of the most violent shocks. The first occurred in the night of 15th Dec., 1811, and they were repeated at intervals for two or three months, being felt from Pittsburg to New Orleans. By them the Little Prairie settlement, thirty miles below this place, was entirely broken up, and Great Prairie nearly ruined. The graveyard at New Madrid, with its sleeping tenants, was precipitated into the river, and the town dwindled to insignificance and decay. Thousands of acres in this section of the country sunk, and multitudes of ponds and lakes were created in their places. "The earth burst in what are called sand blows. Earth, sand, coal, and water were thrown up to great heights in the air." The Mississippi was dammed up and flowed backward; birds descended from the air, and took refuge in the bosoms of people that were passing. The whole country was inundated. A great number of boats that were passing on the river were sunk, and whole crews perished; one or two that were fastened to islands went down with them. The country being but sparsely settled, and the buildings mostly logs, the loss of life was less than it otherwise would have been. Col. John Shaw gives these reminiscences of this event.*

While lodging about thirty miles north of New Madrid, on the 14th of December, 1811, about two o'clock in the morning, occurred a heavy shock of an earthquake. The house where I was stopping, was partly of wood and partly of brick structure; the brick portion all fell, but I and the family all fortunately escaped unhurt. At another shock, about two o'clock in the morning of the 7th of February, 1812, I was in New Madrid, when nearly two thousand people, of all ages, fled in terror from their falling dwellings, in that place

* "Personal Narrative of Col. John Shaw, of Marquette county, Wisconsin," published in the Collections of the Historical Society of Wisconsin.

and the surrounding country, and directed their course about thirty miles north to Tywapety Hill, on the western bank of the Mississippi, about seven miles back from the river. This was the first high ground above New Madrid, and here the fugitives formed an encampment. It was proposed that all should kneel, and engage in supplicating God's mercy, and all simultaneously, Catholics and Protestants, knelt and offered solemn prayer to their Creator.

About twelve miles back toward New Madrid, a young woman about seventeen years of age, named Betsey Masters, had been left by her parents and family, her leg having been broken below the knee by the falling of one of the weight-poles of the roof of the cabin; and, though a total stranger, I was the only person who would consent to return and see whether she still survived. Receiving a description of the locality of the place, I started, and found the poor girl upon a bed, as she had been left, with some water and corn bread within her reach. I cooked up some food for her, and made her condition as comfortable as circumstances would allow, and returned the same day to the grand encampment. Miss Masters eventually recovered.

In abandoning their homes, on this emergency, the people only stopped long enough to get their teams, and hurry in their families and some provisions. It was a matter of doubt among them, whether water or fire would be most likely to burst forth, and cover all the country. The timber land around New Madrid sunk five or six feet, so that the lakes and lagoons, which seemed to have their beds pushed up, discharged their waters over the sunken lands. Through the fissures caused by the earthquake, were forced up vast quantities of a hard, jet black substance, which appeared very smooth, as though worn by friction. It seemed a very different substance from either anthracite or bituminous coal.*

This *hegira*, with all its attendant appalling circumstances, was a most heart-rending scene, and had the effect to constrain the most wicked and profane, earnestly to plead to God in prayer for mercy. In less than three months, most of these people returned to their homes, and though the earthquakes continued occasionally with less destructive effects, they became so accustomed to the recurring vibrations, that they paid little or no regard to them, not even interrupting or checking their dances, frolics, and vices.

Father Cartwright, in his autobiography, gives us some facts to show that the earthquakes proved an element of strength to the Methodists. He tells us:

In the winter of 1812 we had a very severe earthquake; it seemed to stop the current of the Mississippi, broke flatboats loose from their moorings, and opened large cracks or fissures in the earth. This earthquake struck terror to thousands of people, and under the mighty panic hundreds and thousands crowded to, and joined the different churches. There were many very interesting incidents connected with the shaking of the earth at this time; two I will name. I had preached in Nashville the night before the second dreadful shock came, to a large congregation. Early the next morning I arose and walked out on the hill near the house where I had preached, when I saw a negro woman coming down the hill to the spring, with an empty pail upon her head. (It is very common for negroes to carry water this way without touching the pail with either hand.) When she got within a few rods of where I stood, the earth began to tremble and jar; chimneys were thrown down, scaffolding around many new buildings fell with a loud crash, hundreds of the citizens suddenly awoke, and sprang into the streets; loud screaming followed, for many thought the day of judgment was come. The young mistresses of the above-named negro woman came running after her, and begging her to pray for them. She raised the shout and said to them, "My Jesus is coming in the clouds of heaven, and I can't wait to pray for you now; I must go and meet him. I told you so, that he would come, and you would not believe me. Farewell. Hallelujah! Jesus is coming, and I am ready. *Hallelujah! Amen.*" And on she went, shouting and clapping her hands, with the empty pail on her head.

Near Russellville, Logan county, Kentucky, lived old Brother Valentine Cook, of very precious memory, with his wife Tabitha. Brother Cook was a graduate at Cokesbury College at an early day in the history of Methodism in these United States. He was a very pious, successful pioneer preacher, but, for the want of a sufficient support for a rising and rapidly increasing family, he had located, and was teaching school at the time of the above

* The late Hon. Lewis F. Linn, a resident of St. Genevieve, and for many years a member of the United States senate from Missouri, and a man of science, addressed a letter, in 1836, to the chairman of the committee on commerce, in which he speaks of the New Madrid earthquakes, and distinctly mentions water, sand, and coal issuing from the vast chasms opened by the convulsions.

named earthquake. He and his wife were in bed when the earth began to shake and tremble. He sprang out of bed, threw open the door, and began to shout, and started, with nothing on but his night-clothes. He steered his course east, shouting every step, saying, "My Jesus is coming." His wife took after him, and at the top of her voice cried out, "O Mr. Cook, don't leave me."

"O Tabby," said he, "my Jesus is coming, and I can not wait for you;" and on he went, shouting at every jump, "*My Jesus is coming; I can't wait for you, Tabby.*"

The years of the excitement by these earthquakes hundreds joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and though many were sincere, and stood firm, yet there were hundreds that no doubt had joined them from mere fright.

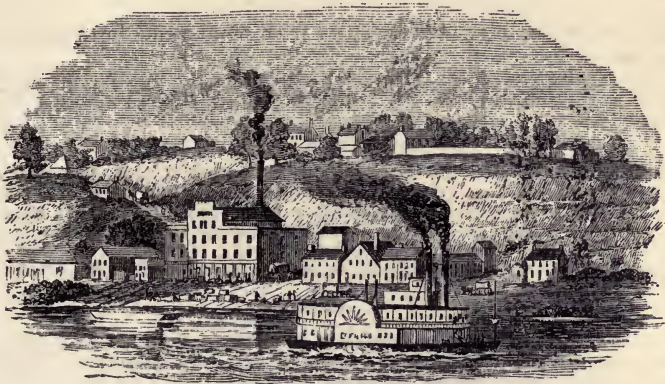
The earthquake gave Tecumseh, the Shawnee chieftain, the reputation of a prophet among the Indians of Alabama. A few months previous to this event, he was on his mission to the southern Indians, to unite all the tribes of the south with those of the north in his grand scheme of exterminating the whole white race from the wide extent of the Mississippi valley—from the lakes of the north to the Gulf of Mexico. Drake, in his memoir of Tecumseh, gives this anecdote:

On his return from Florida, Tecumseh went among the Creeks in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckhabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa River, he made his way to the lodge of the chief, called the Big Warrior. He explained his object, delivered his war talk, presented a bundle of sticks, gave a peace of wampum and a hatchet; all which the Big Warrior took. When Tecumseh, reading the intentions and spirit of the Big Warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger toward his face, said: "Your blood is white; you have taken my talk, and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight; I know the reason; you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me; you shall know; I leave Tuckhabatchee directly, and shall go straight to Detroit; when I arrive there, I will stamp on the ground with my foot, and snake down every house in Tuckhabatchee." So saying, he turned and left the Big Warrior in utter amazement, at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big Warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often and talked over this matter, and counted the days carefully, to know the time when Tecumseh would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon, as the period of his arrival, at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—the Indians all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; when at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckhabatchee was shaken down! The exclamation was in every mouth, "Tecumseh has got to Detroit!" The effect was electrical. The message he had delivered to the Big Warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war. The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumseh arrived at Detroit; and, in exact fulfillment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of New Madrid.

LEXINGTON, the county seat of Fayette, is situated for the most part on high grounds, on the south bank of the Missouri. The bluffs at the landing being about 200 feet above the river, the city is but partially seen from the decks of passing steamers. It is 125 miles above Jefferson City, and 250 from St. Louis. It contains the county buildings, 8 churches, the Masonic College, a flourishing institution, under the patronage of the Masonic fraternity of the state, and about 5,000 inhabitants.

Fayette, the county in which Lexington is situated, ranks the second in wealth in Missouri. Hemp is the most important production. Inexhaustible beds of bituminous coal are found in almost every part of the county, and the soil is rich and fertile. The Messrs. McGrew's establishment for the manufacture of bale rope, at Lexington landing, is admirably constructed. The hemp is unloaded at the upper story, and passes through the various stages of its manufacture, till it comes out bales of rope, ready for transportation to market, in the warehouse below. The machinery is moved by

steam, the coal to produce which is dug out of the earth a few feet only from the building. Eight tons of rope can be manufactured daily.



View of Lexington Landing.

The engraving shows the appearance of the steamboat landing as it appears from the point on the opposite side of Missouri River. The Messrs. M'Grew's Hemp Factory, Flouring Mill, etc., are seen in the central part; the road to the city back from the bluffs appears on the left; the places from whence coal is taken on the right.

Lexington was originally laid out about a mile back from the river, which, at that period, was hardly considered fit for navigation, goods being principally transported by land. The present city, being an extension of the old town, was commenced in 1839. At that time, the site on which the present court house stands was a cornfield, owned by James Aull, brother to Robert Aull, the president of the Bank of Lexington, both of whom were natives of New Castle, Del. The first court house was erected in the ancient part of Lexington, and is now occupied as a Female Seminary, a flourishing institution under the patronage of the Baptists. The first house of worship in Lexington, was erected about 1831 or 1832, by the Cumberland and the Old School Presbyterians. It was a small frame building, which stood a few rods west of the old court house. Rev. John L. Yantis, now president of the Theological College at Richmond, was one of the first preachers. The inhabitants previously attended public worship in the country, back from the river. The Baptist and Methodist churches were erected in 1840. The Episcopal church is a recent structure; the first minister who officiated was Rev. St. Michael Fackler, now a missionary in Oregon. The Dutch Reformed Church bought their meeting house of the Christians or Campbellite Baptists, in 1856.

The first regular public house in the modern part of Lexington, was the house next the residence of Robert Aull, the president of the bank, on the summit of the bluff. This spot commands an extensive prospect up and down the river, showing Wellington, 8 miles distant, also Camden, in Ray county, some 8 or 10 miles distant in a direct line, but 18 by the river. The first regular ferryman was William Jack, a Methodist class leader and exhorter, a man much esteemed for his Christian life and conversation. In 1827, C. R. Morehead, cashier of the Farmer's Bank, built and loaded the first flatboat, in which he transported the first tobacco raised for export in the county. This cargo, which consisted of forty-six hogsheads, with a quantity of bees-wax and peltries, was sent to New Orleans. The first goods brought by steamboats came in 1828, by the steamer William Duncan.

In 1838, at the period of the Mormon war, as it was called, Lexington contained some 500 inhabitants. The Mormons first located themselves in Jackson county, about 35 miles west. They afterward effected a more permanent settlement in Caldwell county. At first they were enabled to live peaceably with their neighbors. In 1838, difficulties arising, the governor of Missouri gave orders for their expulsion. A conflict took place in Ray county, in which Patten, a Mormon leader and elder was killed, and a number wounded. During this period it was quite a time of alarm in this section, and the inhabitants of Lexington fled to Richmond for safety.

Wm. Downing is believed to have been the first innkeeper in the ancient part of Lexington. Wm. Todd was the first judge of the circuit court; the present judge, Russel Hicks,

who first came into the county about the year 1825, hired himself out to a farmer for about ten dollars a month. He afterward became a school teacher, and while studying law, he supported himself by this occupation.

The following inscriptions are copied from monuments in the graveyard in this place:

In memory of REV. FINIS EWING, born in Bedford county, Va., July 10, 1773, died in Lexington, Mo., July 4, 1841. He was a Minister of the Gospel for forty-five years; was one of the fathers and founders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.

In memory of Reverend JESSE GREENE, born Nov. 29, A.D. 1791, died April 18, A.D. 1847. A pure Christian, a wise Counsellor, a faithful Minister, a Pioneer of Methodism in Missouri, part in the Council and Itinerant labors of his Church, and fell at his post. "I heard a voice from heaven, saying write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; Yea, saith the Spirit, their works do follow them." Rev. xiv, 13. The members of the Saint Louis Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South have erected this monument over his remains, A.D. 1850.

L. A. GRISWOLD, Hebe of Prudence Constellation, No. 34, A.A.R., surrendered her crown on Earth to be crowned with immortal glory in Heaven. In memory of Lockie A. Griswold, wife of Sylvanus A. Griswold, completed her errand of Mercy here, and was permitted to behold the Light of the Seraphic world, which ever inspired her with fraternal excellence, at 10 o'clock, P.M., Sept. 27, 1856.



North-eastern view of Kansas City.

Showing the appearance of Kansas City, at the Landing, as seen from the opposite bank of the Missouri. The forest shown in the distance, beyond the point of the bluff on the right, is within the territorial limits of Kansas. The Ferry Landing and the old Jail or Calaboose appear on the left.

KANSAS CITY is situated near the mouth of Kansas River, at the western boundary line between the state of Missouri and Kansas, 282 miles westward of Jefferson City, 456 from St. Louis, and 109 southerly from St. Joseph, on the Missouri. It is the western terminus of the line of the Pacific Railroad. A bluff, about 120 feet above high water mark, extends along the river for about a mile within the city limits. The principal part of the town is situated immediately back of the bluff, through which roads are being cut to the levee in front. This city is the great depot for the Santa Fe trade, and it is

estimated that *one fourth* of all the shipments up the Missouri River, from its mouth to the Rocky Mountains, are received here. Kansas City was incorporated in 1853. Population about 8,000.

As far back as the days of Lewis and Clarke, or the first expeditions of the various trapping companies of the French and the old pioneers of the west, the site of Kansas City has been a prominent point for the business of the old trappers and traders, who have had many a business transaction around their camp fires under the bluffs of the "*Kawsmouth*," as this spot was formerly called.

The principal portion of the land inclosed by the old city limits was entered by Gabriel Prudhomme, an old mountain trader. The selection, survey, and first sale of the lots was made in 1838. The survey was but a partial one, and owing to some disagreement, nothing was done by the stockholders except the erection of a few cabins. In 1846, the town was re-surveyed by J. C. McCoy, Esq., and the growth of the city may be dated as commencing from that year. Within eighteen months after the first sale of lots, there was a population of about 700. The proprietors of the town were J. C. McCoy, Wm. Gilliss, Robert Campbell, H. Jobe, W. B. Evans, Jacob Ragan, and Fry P. McGee.

The first house erected in Kansas City was a log cabin, which stood on the site of the building in which the Western Journal of Commerce is issued. This cabin was erected in 1839, by Thomas A. Smart, as a trading house. The second building was erected by Anthony Richers, a native of Germany, who was educated for the Catholic ministry. Father Bernard Donnelly, a native of Ireland and a Catholic, is believed to have been the first clergyman who officiated in public worship; he preached in a log building, now used as a school house, near Broadway, about half a mile back from the steamboat landing. The first physician was Dr. Benoist Troost, of Holland, formerly a surgeon under Napoleon. The first postmaster was William Chick, who for a time kept the office in the top of his hat. "*One eyed Ellis*," as he was familiarly called, appears to have been the first lawyer, who, it is stated, employed his leisure time in "picking up stray horses." Wm. B. Evans kept the first tavern, at the corner of Main and Levee-streets. The first newspapers were the "*Kansas Ledger*," first issued in 1852, and the "*Western Journal of Commerce*," first issued in Aug., 1854, under the name of the "*Kansas City Enterprise*."

A great portion of the early trade of the city was with the Indians, mountain and Mackinaw traders, boatmen, etc. Poneys, pelts, furs, etc., were received in exchange for powder, lead, tobacco, coffee, etc. The first and principal warehouses in town were erected in 1847. Col. E. C. McCarty, in company with Mr. Russell, started the first train from Kansas City to New Mexico; old Mr. McDowell took the charge of it, and was the first man that ever crossed the American Desert in a wagon. The following is extracted from the Annals of the City of Kansas, published in 1858:

The New Mexico, or, as it is generally known, the Santa Fe trade, is said to have first began at Boonville, or Old Franklin, as early as the year 1824. Mr. Monroe, Philip Thompson, the Subletts of St. Louis and Jackson counties, Nat. Sernes, and others, were among the first men ever engaged in the trade. The idea of taking or sending goods to New Mexico, was first suggested to these gentlemen by the richness and thick settlements of this valley of the Rio Grande Del Norte. When returned to the states, they commenced making preparations to forward goods to this valley. How to get their merchandise there, without being at an almost ruinous expense, was the most important subject of consideration. Finally, having resolved to go—to make the experiment at all hazards, they started, taking out their freight as best they could, some in one horse wagons, some in carts, some on pack-mules, and, *on dit*, with packs on their backs. They were successful—a better trade was found than they anticipated—more goods were sent out, with better carriage facilities, and in a few years large fortunes were realized. In 1845, Messrs. Bent and St. Vrain landed the first cargo of goods at Kansas City, that was ever shipped from this point to New Mexico in wagons that went out in a train. This train consisted of eighteen wagons, with five yoke of cattle to the wagon, and about 5,000 lbs. of freight to each team. A great excitement was extant. Mexican commerce had given new life to border trade. Gradually the business with New Mexico became concentrated at points on the river. From 1832 to 1848, or 1850, our neighbor city, Independence, had the whole command of

this great trade. Her merchants amassed fortunes, and the business generated by this prosperous intercourse, built up Independence into one of the most flourishing and beautiful towns in the west.

During these years, from 1832 to 1848, some few mountain and Mexican goods were landed among the cottonwoods below our city. Messrs. Bent & St. Vrain are among the oldest freighters engaged in transporting goods over the Great Plains; in 1834, they landed a small shipment of mountain goods at Mr. Francois Chouteau's log warehouse, near the island just east of the city. In 1846 our citizens then had what they thought to be quite a large and respectable trade with New Mexico, and the next year, 1847, it is conceded that Kansas City fairly divided this great trade with the city of Independence; and since 1850, Kansas City has had the exclusive benefit of all the shipping, commission, storage, repairing and outfitting business of the mountains and New Mexico, save, perhaps, a few wagons that have been loaded and outfitted at Independence by her own merchants.



A Train crossing the Great Plains.

From the most reliable information we can obtain, it is estimated that there are at least three hundred merchants and freighters now engaged in the New Mexico and mountain commerce. Properly, in this connection, may be inserted a few remarks concerning our mountain traffic and importations.

Some of our leading merchants for years have had trading houses established in the mountains, where they constantly keep a large stock of goods to trade with the Indians, who pay for these goods with their annuity money, with buffalo robes, with furs, pelts, hides, and Indian ornamental fabrics.

This trade done in the mountains, creates large importations of the above mountain products to our city. In 1857, the following importations were made: Robes, furs, etc., \$267,253 52; Mexican wool, \$129,600; goat skins, \$25,000; dressed buckskins, \$62,500; dry hides, \$37,500; peltries, \$36,000. Like the transport of Mexican goods, these imports come to us as the cargoes of the great mountain trains or caravans.

Train is only another word for caravan. These caravans, then, consist of from forty to eighty large canvas covered wagons, with from fifty to sixty-five hundred pounds of freight to each wagon—also, six yoke of oxen or five span of mules for every wagon—two men as drivers for every team, besides supercargoes, wagon masters, etc., who generally ride on horseback. When under way, these wagons are about one hundred feet apart, and as each wagon and team occupies a space of about ninety or one hundred feet, a train of eighty wagons would stretch out over the prairie for a distance of a trifle over three miles. In 1857, 9,884 wagons left Kansas City for New Mexico. Now, if these wagons were all in one train, they would make a caravan 223 miles long, with 98,840 mules and oxen, and freighting an amount of merchandise equal to 59,304,000 lbs.

A recent visitor at Kansas City gives some valuable items :

Just below the mouth of the Kansas, and between it and the highlands on which Kansas

City is located, is an extent of level bottom land, embracing some fifty acres, and covered sparsely with trees. This is the camping ground of the immense caravans of Russell, Majors & Co. We found several acres covered with the enormous wagons that are used in the prairie trade. Here is also an immense stable for the horses, mules, etc., and a place of deposit for feed for the thousands of oxen. It was to me something of a sight to see such a number of *land ships*. They will carry from seven to ten thousand pounds, and are drawn by from three to six yokes of oxen. They are covered when loaded, so as to protect the goods from the rains. I examined them, and found them made many hundreds of miles to the east. I saw a large number which came from Michigan. They are strong, heavily ironed and massive wagons.

The commercial business of the town is mostly transacted on the levee. The solid blocks of warehouses receive the goods from the steamers, and from them they are loaded into the immense wagons and taken to their final destination. Here is the landing and the starting place for the vast trade to Santa Fe and New Mexico. One of the singular features in the streets is the large number of Mexicans, or as every body here calls them, "greasers," with their trains of mules, loading for their far distant homes. Kansas City has been the starting place for this trade for thirty years. Many of the citizens have become wealthy by it, and the evidences of prosperity and thrift around us are traceable to the effects of this Santa Fe trade. I do not see any cause that can disturb this in the future. Heavy loads of goods and merchandise of all kinds are brought from St. Louis and the east, on steamers, to this, the last and the nearest point to the Territory of New Mexico, and as this business must increase with the settlement of the country to the west and south-west, the permanence of the prosperity of this city seems to be fixed.

These "greasers" are a hard looking set of men. They are a sort of compromise between the Indian and negro, with now and then a touch of Spanish blood. They are generally short and small, quite dark, very black straight hair, generally hanging about their faces. Their national hat is a low crowned slouch looking concern. They wear girdles, with knives, etc., convenient for use. Altogether they look like an ignorant, sensual, treacherous, thieving and blood-thirsty set, which is very much the character they bear among the people of this city.

Kansas City, being in Missouri, has a few slaves, but they are fast disappearing. Some forty were shipped off in one gang this spring for the southern market. The original settlers were Southerners and slaveholders, but the northern element has been pouring in upon them till a large proportion of the business men are now from the free states. There is now no talk about slavery, all are engaged in a more sensible business—building up the city.

ST. JOSEPH, the most populous and flourishing place in north-western Missouri, is situated on the E. bank of the Missouri, 565 miles N.W. from St. Louis, 391 from Jefferson City, and 206, by the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, from the Mississippi. The city is for the most part on broken and uneven ground, called the Black Snake Hills, and is surrounded by a rich and fertile country. There are 7 churches, 2 female seminaries, 2 daily and 3 weekly papers published here. There are several steam sawing and grist mills and other extensive manufacturing establishments. The Catholic Female Seminary of this place stands on a commanding elevation back from the city, and is seen from down the river at a great distance. The completion of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad makes this, at present, the most western point in the United States reached by the great chain of railroads, and has opened a new era in its prosperity. It is now the central point for all western travel. The Great Salt Lake mail, the Pike's Peak express, and the Pony express, taking dispatches to San Francisco in eight days, all start from this place. Population about 10,000.

The city of St. Joseph was founded by Joseph Robidoux, a native of St. Louis, and of French descent. Mr. Robidoux first visited this place in 1803, as an Indian trader, being in connection at that time with the American Fur Company. He was *forty days* in sailing up the Missouri from St. Louis, and camped out every night on shore with his boatmen, about a dozen in number. The Indians lived on the city grounds till they removed to the opposite bank

of the river, about 25 miles above. He erected his first trading house in 1831, about two miles below the city. In 1833, he built a second trading house on the spot now occupied by the City Hotel: and in 1838 pre-empted the site of the city.



South view of St. Joseph.

The view shows the appearance of the city, as it is approached from the south by the Missouri River. The Court House, in the central part, stands on an elevation of about 200 feet; the Railroad from Hannibal enters the city on the rich bottom lands on the right. The sand bank seen in the view on the left, is within the limits of Kansas.

The town was laid off in 1843. The first resident clergyman in the place was a Catholic, Rev. Thomas Scanlan, and the first public worship was held in the house of Mr. Julius C. Robidoux, the first postmaster in the place. Mr. R.'s first office was west of the Black Snake Creek, and he was the first regular merchant in St. Joseph. Rev. T. S. Reeve, the next minister, first preached in a log house on the corner of Third and Francis-streets. The first settlers were principally from Indiana, Kentucky and Ohio. Among the first settlers were Col. Samuel Hall, Capt. Wm. H. Hanson and William Ewing, from Kentucky; Capt. John Whitehead and James Cargill, from Virginia; Frederick W. Smith, from St. Louis; and Michael Rogers, from Ireland. Daniel G. Keedy, from Maryland, was the first physician. Jonathan M. Bassett, James B. Gardenhire, and Willard P. Hall, were among the first lawyers. Mrs. Stone, a widow lady, opened the first school. The first tavern was kept by David St. Clair, from Indiana, who came here in 1843. Jeremiah Lewis, from Kentucky, was the first ferryman.

Weston, a flourishing commercial town, on the Missouri River, about 4 miles above Fort Leavenworth, is the river port for Platte county, about 225 miles W.N.W., by the road, from Jefferson City, and upward of 500 by water from St. Louis. Its frontier position renders it a favorable position for emigrants starting for California and other points west. It was first settled in 1838. The great emigration westward of late years, has much increased the activity of trade at this point. Two newspapers are published here. Population about 3,500.

Independence, the county seat of Jackson, is important as one of the starting points in the trade to New Mexico, and other places westward. It is about five miles back from the Missouri River, and 165 miles W. by N. from Jefferson City. It was laid out in 1828, and is surrounded by a most beautiful and fertile country, abundantly supplied with pure water. Population about 3,500.



Hannibal.

HANNIBAL, Marion county, on the western bank of the Mississippi, is 15 miles below Quincy, Ill., and 153 above St. Louis. It is a flourishing town and the shipping port of a large quantity of hemp, tobacco, pork, etc., raised in the vicinity. Stone coal, and excellent limestone for building purposes, are abundant. Its importance, however, is principally derived from its being the eastern terminus of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, a line extending directly across the northern part of the state, and which, at this point, connects this great western railroad with the system of railroads eastward of the Mississippi. Hannibal was laid out in 1819, and incorporated in 1839. It is one of the most thriving towns on the Mississippi, has numerous manufacturing establishments, an increasing commerce, and about 8,000 people.

Col. John Shaw, in his personal narrative, relates some incidents that occurred in this section of Missouri in the war of 1812. He acted as a scout on this frontier. We here quote from him:

The Upper Mississippi Indians, of all tribes, commenced depredations on the frontiers of Missouri and Illinois, in 1811, and early in 1812. Several persons were killed in different quarters. About thirty miles above the mouth of Salt River, and fully a hundred above the mouth of the Missouri, was Gilbert's Lick, on the western bank of the Mississippi, a place of noted resort for animals and cattle to lick the brackish water; and where a man named Samuel Gilbert, from Virginia, had settled two or three years prior to the spring of 1812. In that region, and particularly below him, were a number of other settlers. About the latter part of May, 1812, a party of from twelve to eighteen Upper Mississippi Indians descended the river in canoes, and fell upon the scattered cabins of this upper settlement in the night, and killed a dozen or more people.

This massacre in the Gilbert's Lick settlement, caused great consternation along the Missouri frontier, and the people, as a matter of precaution, commenced fortifying. Some seven or eight forts or stockades were erected, to which a portion of the inhabitants resorted, while many others held themselves in readiness to flee there for safety, in case it might be thought necessary. I remember the names of

Stout's Fort, Wood's Fort, a small stockade at what is now Clarksville, Fort Howard, and a fort at Howell's settlement—the latter nearest to Col. Daniel Boone; but the people bordering immediately on the Missouri River, being less exposed to danger, did not so early resort to the erection of stockades.

About this time, probably a little after, while I was engaged with eighteen or twenty men in building a temporary stockade where Clarksville now stands, on the western bank of the Mississippi, a party of Indians came and killed the entire family of one O'Neil, about three miles above Clarksville, while O'Neil himself was employed with his neighbors in erecting the stockade. In company with O'Neil and others, I hastened to the scene of murder, and found all killed, scalped, and horribly mangled. One of the children, about a year and a half old, was found literally baked in a large pot metal bake kettle or Dutch oven, with a cover on; and as there were no marks of the knife or tomahawk on the body, the child must have been put in alive to suffer this horrible death; the oil or fat in the bottom of the kettle was nearly two inches deep.

I went to St. Louis, in company with Ira Cottle, to see Gov. Clark, and ascertain whether war had been actually declared. This must have been sometime in June, but the news of the declaration of war against Great Britain had not yet reached there. On our return, I was strongly urged by the people to act as a spy or scout on the frontier, as I was possessed of great bodily activity, and it was well known that I had seen much woods experience. I consented to act in this capacity on the frontiers of St. Charles county, never thinking or troubling myself about any pecuniary recompense, and was only anxious to render the distressed people a useful service. I immediately entered alone upon this duty, sometimes mounted, and sometimes on foot, and carefully watching the river above the settlements, to discover whether any Indians had landed, and sometimes to follow their trails, learn their destination, and report to the settlements.

Upon my advice, several of the weaker stockades were abandoned, for twenty or thirty miles around, and concentrated at a place near the mouth of Cuivre or Copper River, at or near the present village of Monroe; and there a large number of us, perhaps some sixty or seventy persons, were some two or three weeks employed in the erection of a fort. We named it in honor of the patriotic governor, Benjamin Howard, and between twenty and thirty families were soon safely lodged in *Fort Howard*. The fort was an oblong square, north and south, and embraced about half an acre, with block houses at all the corners except the south-east one.

As the war had now fairly commenced, an act of congress authorized the raising of six companies of Rangers; three to be raised on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, and the other three on the Illinois side. The Missouri companies were commanded by Daniel M. Boone, Nathan Boone, and David Musick. The commission of Nathan Boone was dated in June, 1812, to serve a year, as were doubtless the others.

The Indians, supplied by their British employers with new rifles, seemed bent on exterminating the Americans—always, however, excepting the French and Spaniards, who, from their Indian intermarriages, were regarded as friends and connections. Their constant attacks and murders, led to offensive measures.

Of the famous *Sink Hole* battle, fought on the 24th of May, 1814, near Fort Howard, I shall be able to give a full account, as I was present and participated in it. Capt. Peter Craig commanded at Fort Howard; he resided with his father-in-law, Andrew Ramsey, at Cape Girardeau, and did not exceed thirty years of age. Drakeford Gray was first lieutenant. Wilson Able, the second, and Edward Spears, third lieutenant.

About noon, five of the men went out of the fort to Byrne's deserted house on the bluff, about a quarter of a mile below the fort, to bring in a grindstone. In consequence of back water from the Mississippi, they went in a canoe; and on their return were fired on by a party supposed to be fifty Indians, who were under shelter of some brush that grew along at the foot of the bluff, near Byrne's house, and about fifteen rods distant from the canoe at the time. Three of the whites were killed, and one mortally wounded; and as the back water, where the canoe was, was only about knee deep, the Indians ran out and tomahawked their victims.

The people in the fort ran out as quick as possible, and fired across the back water at the Indians, but as they were nearly a quarter of a mile off, it was of course without effect. Capt. Craig with a party of some twenty-five men hastened in pursuit of the Indians, and ran across a point of the back water, a few inches deep; while another party, of whom I was one, of about twenty-five, ran to the right of the water, with a view of intercepting the Indians, who seemed to be making toward the bluff or high plain west and north-west of the fort. The party with which I had started, and Capt. Craig's soon united.

Immediately on the bluff was the cultivated field and deserted residence of Benjamin Allen, the field about forty rods across, beyond which was pretty thick timber. Here the Indians made a stand, and here the fight commenced. Both parties treed, and as the firing waxed warm, the Indians slowly retired as the whites advanced. After this fighting had been going on perhaps some ten minutes, the whites were reinforced by Capt. David Musick, of Cape au Gris, with about twenty men. Capt. Musick had been on a scout toward the head of Cuivre River, and had returned, though unknown at Fort Howard, to the Crossing of Cuivre River, about a mile from the fort, and about a mile and a half from the scene of conflict; and had stopped with his men to graze their horses, when hearing the firing, they instantly remounted and dashed toward the place of battle, and dismounting in the edge of the timber on the bluff, and hitching their horses, they rushed through a part of the Indian line, and shortly after the enemy fled, a part bearing to the right of the Sink Hole toward Bob's Creek, but the most of them taking refuge in the Sink Hole, which was close by where the main fighting had taken place. About the time the Indians were retreating, Capt. Craig exposed himself about four feet beyond his tree, and was shot through the body, and fell dead; James Putney was killed before Capt. Craig, and perhaps one or two others. Before the Indians retired to the Sink Hole, the fighting had become animated, the loading was done quick, and shots rapidly exchanged, and when one of our party was killed or wounded, it was announced aloud.

This Sink Hole was about sixty feet in length, and about twelve to fifteen feet wide, and ten or twelve feet deep. Near the bottom on the south-east side, was a shelving rock, under which perhaps some fifty or sixty persons might have sheltered themselves. At the north-east end of the Sink Hole, the descent was quite gradual, the other end much more abrupt, and the south-east side was nearly perpendicular, and the other side about like the steep roof of a house. On the south-east side, the Indians, as a further protection in case the whites should rush up, dug under the shelving rock with their knives. On the sides and in the bottom of the Sink Hole were some bushes, which also served as something of a screen for the Indians.

Capt. Musick and his men took post on the north-east side of the Sink Hole, and the others occupied other positions surrounding the enemy. As the trees approached close to the Sink Hole, these served in part to protect our party. Finding we could not get a good opportunity to dislodge the enemy, as they were best protected, those of our men who had families at the fort, gradually went there, not knowing but a large body of Indians might seize the favorable occasion to attack the fort, while the men were mostly away, engaged in the exciting contest.

The Indians in the Sink Hole had a drum, made of a skin stretched over a section of hollow tree, on which they beat quite constantly; and some Indian would shake a rattle, called *she-shu-qui*, probably a dried bladder with pebbles within; and even, for a moment, would venture to thrust his head in view, with his hand elevated shaking his rattle, and calling out *peash! peash!* which was understood to be a sort of defiance, or as Black Hawk, who was one of the party, says in his account of that affair, a kind of bravado to come and fight them in the Sink Hole. When the Indians would creep up and shoot over the rim of the Sink Hole, they would instantly disappear, and while they sometimes fired effectual shots, they in turn became occasionally the victims of our rifles. From about one to four o'clock in the afternoon, the firing was inconstant, our men generally reserving their fire till an Indian would show his head, and all of us were studying how he could more effectually attack and dislodge the enemy.

At length Lieut. Spears suggested that a pair of cart wheels, axle and tongue.

which were seen at Allen's place, near at hand, be obtained, and a moving battery constructed. This idea was entertained favorably, and an hour or more consumed in its construction. Some oak floor puncheons, from seven to eight feet in length, were made fast to the axle in an upright position, and port-holes made through them. Finally, the battery was ready for trial, and was sufficiently large to protect some half a dozen or more men. It was moved forward slowly, and seemed to attract the particular attention of the Indians, who had evidently heard the knocking and pounding connected with its manufacture, and who now frequently popped up their heads to make momentary discoveries; and it was at length moved up to within less than ten paces of the brink of the Sink Hole, on the south-east side. The upright plank did not reach the ground within some eighteen inches, our men calculating to shoot beneath the lower end of the plank at the Indians; but the latter, from their position, had the decided advantage of this neglected aperture, for the Indians shooting beneath the battery at an upward angle, would get shots at the whites before the latter could see them. The Indians also watched the port-holes, and directed some of their shots to them. Lieut. Spears was shot dead, through the forehead, and his death was much lamented, as he had proved himself the most active and intrepid officer engaged. John Patterson was wounded in the thigh, and some others wounded behind the battery. Having failed in the object for which it was designed, the battery was abandoned after sundown.

Our hope all along had been, that the Indians would emerge from their covert, and attempt to retreat to where we supposed their canoes were left, some three or four miles distant, in which case we were firmly determined to rush upon them, and endeavor to cut them totally off. The men generally evinced the greatest bravery during the whole engagement. Night now coming on, and having heard the reports of half a dozen or so of guns in the direction of the fort, by a few Indians who rushed out from the woods skirting Bob's Creek, not more than forty rods from the north end of the fort. This movement on the part of the few Indians who had escaped when the others took refuge in the Sink Hole, was evidently designed to divert the attention of the whites, and alarm them for the safety of the fort, and thus effectually relieve the Indians in the Sink Hole. This was the result, for Capt. Musick and men retired to the fort, carrying the dead and wounded, and made every preparation to repel a night attack. As the Mississippi was quite high, with much back water over the low grounds, the approach of the enemy was thus facilitated, and it was feared a large Indian force was at hand. The people were always more apprehensive of danger at a time when the river was swollen, than when at its ordinary stage.

The men in the fort were mostly up all night, ready for resistance, if necessary. There was no physician at the fort, and much effort was made to set some broken bones. There was a well in the fort, and provisions and ammunition sufficient to sustain a pretty formidable attack. The women were greatly alarmed, pressing their infants to their bosoms, fearing they might not be permitted to behold another morning's light; but the night passed away without seeing or hearing an Indian. The next morning a party went to the Sink Hole, and found the Indians gone, who had carried off all their dead and wounded, except five dead bodies left on the north-west bank of the Sink Hole; and by the signs of blood within the Sink Hole, it was judged that well nigh thirty of the enemy must have been killed and wounded. Lieut. Drakeford Gray's report of the affair, made eight of our party killed, one missing, and five wounded—making a total of fourteen; I had thought the number was nearer twenty. Our dead were buried near the fort, when Capt. Musick and his men went over to Cape au Gris, where they belonged, and of which garrison Capt. Musick had the command. We that day sent out scouts, while I proceeded to St. Charles to procure medical and surgical assistance, and sent forward Drs. Hubbard and Wilson.

St. Charles, the capital of St. Charles county, is on the northern bank of the Missouri River, 18 miles from its mouth, and about 20 by land from St. Louis. The first settlement of St. Charles dates back to the year 1764,

when it was settled by the French, and for a long time was regarded as the rival of St. Louis. The opening of the North Missouri Railroad has added much to its prosperity. It is handsomely situated on the first elevation on the river from its mouth. The rocky bluffs in the vicinity present beautiful views of both the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Quarries of limestone, sandstone, and stone coal have been opened near the town. The village is upward of a mile long, and has several streets parallel with the river. It contains the usual county buildings, several steam mills, etc., a Catholic convent, a female academy, and St. Charles College, founded in 1837, under the patronage of the Methodists. Population about 3,000.

Boonville, a flourishing town, the county seat of Cooper county, is on the S. bank of Missouri River, 48 miles N.W. from Jefferson City. It has important commercial advantages, which have drawn to it the principal trade of S.W. Missouri, of a portion of Arkansas, and the Cherokee Nation. It has a healthy situation, and is surrounded by a rich farming region. Grapes are cultivated here to some extent. Iron, lead, stone coal, marble and limestone are abundant in the vicinity. The New Mexico or Santa Fe trade is said to have first begun at Boonville, or Old Franklin, as early as 1824. Population about 4,000.

Ironton, the county seat of Iron county, is on the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad, 87 miles from St. Louis. The county abounds in mineral wealth, iron, marble, copper, and lead, and the town, containing some few hundred inhabitants, is becoming quite a summer resort from its excellent medicinal springs.

Potosi is one of the oldest towns in the state, having been settled in 1763, by Messrs. Renault and Moses. It is near the line of the Iron Mountain Railroad, 54 miles from St. Louis. It is the county seat of Washington, and has been long noted as the seat of the richest of lead mines. The town has about 700 inhabitants.

The famous *Mine a Burton*, at this place, was the most important and principal discovery made in Missouri under Spanish authority. It took its name from M. Burton, a Frenchman, who, while hunting in this quarter, found the ore lying on the surface of the ground. This was about the year 1780. Hon. Thos. H. Benton gives this account of Mr. Burton from personal knowledge, and published it in the *St. Louis Enquirer* of October 16, 1818:

He is a Frenchman from the north of France. In the forepart of the last century, he served in the low countries under the orders of Marshal Saxe. He was at the siege of *Bergen-op zoom*, and assisted in the assault of that place when it was assailed by a division of Marshal Saxe's army, under the command of Count Lowendahl. He has also seen service upon the continent. He was at the building of Fort Chartres, on the American bottom, afterward went to Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburg), and was present at Braddock's defeat. From the life of a soldier, Burton passed to that of a hunter, and in that character, about half a century ago, while pursuing a bear to the west of the Mississippi, he discovered the rich lead mines which have borne his name ever since. His present age can not be ascertained. He was certainly an *old soldier* at Fort Chartres, when some of the people of the present day were little children at that place. The most moderate computation will make him one hundred and six. He now lives in the family of Mr. Micheaux, at the Little Rock ferry, three miles above Ste. Genevieve, and walks to that village almost every Sunday to attend Mass. He is what we call a square built man, of five feet eight inches high, full chest and forehead; his sense of seeing and hearing somewhat impaired, but free from disease, and apparently able to hold out against time for many years to come.

In 1797, Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, who afterward became identified with the history of Texas, explored the country about Mine a Burton, and obtained a grant of a league square from the Spanish government, in consideration of erecting a reverberating furnace and other works, for the purpose of prosecuting the mining business at these mines.

"Associated with Mr. Austin, was his son Stephen F. Austin, who, in 1798, commenced operations, erected a suitable furnace for smelting the "ashes of lead," and sunk the first regular shaft for raising ore. These improvements revived the mining business, and drew to the country many American families, who settled in the neighborhood of the mines. The next year a shot-tower was built on the pinnacle of the cliff near Herculaneum, under the superintendence of Mr. Elias Bates, and patent shot were made. A manufactory of sheet lead was completed the same year, and the Spanish arsenals at New Orleans and Havana, received a considerable part of their supplies for the Spanish navy from these mines."

Hermann, capital of Gasconade county, is on the line of the Pacific Railroad, 81 miles from St. Louis. It was first settled in 1837, by the German Settlement Society, of Philadelphia. The place and vicinity are noted for the culture of the grape, being second only to Cincinnati. A good year's growth of the grape will yield over 100,000 gallons of wine, worth from \$1 25 to \$2 per gallon.

There are in the state a large number of towns of from 1,000 to 3,000 inhabitants, beside those described. These are among them: *Canton*, in Lewis county, 175 miles N.E. from Jefferson City. *Carondolet*, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, 6 miles from St. Louis. This is an old town, settled half a century since, and named from one of its early settlers, Baron De Carondolet. *Chillicothe*, the county seat of Livingston, is 129 miles west of Hannibal, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. *Columbia*, the county seat of Boone, 33 miles N.N.W. from Jefferson City, and is the seat of the State University and of two colleges. *Fulton*, county seat of Callaway, is 24 miles N.E. from Jefferson City. Here is located Westminster College and the State Lunatic and Deaf and Dumb Asylums. *Glasgow* is in Howard county, on the left bank of the Missouri, 60 miles N.W. of Jefferson City. *La Grange* is on the Mississippi, in Lewis county, 104 N.N.E. of Jefferson City. *Louisiana* is on the left bank of the Mississippi, 82 miles N.E. of Jefferson City. *Palmyra*, the county seat of Marion, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, 14 miles from Hannibal, has two colleges and two academies, and is considered the most beautiful town of northern Missouri. *St. Genevieve*, the capital of St. Genevieve county, is situated on the W. bank of the Mississippi, 72 miles below St. Louis, and 117 S.E. from Jefferson City. St. Genevieve exports large quantities of copper, lead, limestone, marble, and white sand; the latter article is of superior quality, being used in the glass works of Boston and Pittsburg. It is noted as the oldest town in Missouri, having been settled by a few French families in 1751. *Tipton* is in Moniteau county, 38 miles from Jefferson City. *Washington* is in Franklin county, on the line of the Pacific Railroad, 54 miles from St. Louis. *Huntsville*, county seat of Randolph, is on the North Missouri Railroad, 160 miles N.W. from St. Louis: near it is Mount Pleasant College. *Mound City*, or Hudson, is at the junction of the North Missouri and Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroads, 168 miles from St. Louis. *Mexico*, the county seat of Audrian, is on the North Missouri Railroad, 50 miles N.E. from Jefferson City.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, MISCELLANIES, ETC.

Gen. William Clark was born in Virginia in Aug., 1770, and in 1784 removed, with his father's family, to the Falls of the Ohio, now the site of Louisville, where his brother, the distinguished Gen. George Rogers Clark, had a short time previously established a fort. In 1793, he was appointed by Washington lieutenant of riflemen. "In 1803 he was tendered by Mr. Jefferson the appointment of captain of engineers, to assume joint command with Captain Merriwether Lewis, of the North-western Expedition to the Pacific Ocean. This was accepted, and the party left St. Louis in March, 1804, for the vast and then unexplored regions between the Mississippi River and the ocean, under the joint command of himself and Lewis, they being, by a special regulation to that effect, equal in rank. On this perilous expedition, he was the principal military director, while Lewis, assisted by himself, was the scientific manager. Gen. Clark then kept and wrote the Journal, which has since been published, and assisted Lewis in all his celestial observations, when they were together. On their return to St. Louis from the Pacific Ocean, in the fall of 1806, Capt. Lewis was appointed governor of the territory then designated as Upper Louisiana, and the place of lieutenant-colonel of infantry was offered to Gen. (then Capt.) Clark: but he preferred the place of Indian agent at St. Louis, having become, by his intercourse with the various tribes on the Missouri, well acquainted with the proper course to be pursued toward them; and he remained in this office until he was made brigadier general for the Territory of Upper Louisiana, under the laws of congress. During the late war with Great Britain he was applied to by the war department to revise the plan of the campaign then going on under Gen. Hull, and was offered the appointment of brigadier general in the United States army, and the command then held by Hull; these, however, he refused, being convinced that the operations of this officer were too far advanced to be successfully remedied. In 1813, President Madison appointed him, in place of Gov. Howard, resigned, governor of the territory and superintendent of Indian affairs, after he had twice refused to be nominated to the first office. He held both these offices until Missouri was admitted into the Union as a state in 1820. Upon her admission, he was nominated against his consent as a candidate for governor, but was not elected, being in Virginia at the time of election. He then remained in private life until 1822, when he was appointed by President Monroe, superintendent of Indian affairs. As commissioner and superintendent of Indian affairs for a long series of years, he made treaties with almost every tribe of Indians, and exhibited to all of them the feelings of a philanthropist, as well as a becoming zeal for the rights of the government of his country. He was applied to, to accept the office of United States senator from Missouri, but declined, believing that he could more efficiently serve his country, and the cause of humanity, in the Indian department than in the national halls of legislation. He was the youngest of six brothers, the four oldest of whom were distinguished officers in the Revolutionary war. One of them fell in the struggle; another was killed by the Indians upon the Wabash, and his brother, Gen. George Rogers Clark, is well known to the people of the west. The early history of Kentucky is identified with his, and as long as that noble and proud state maintains her lofty eminence, she will cherish his name. Gen. Clark was a resident of St. Louis for more than thirty years, and died there in September, 1838, aged 68 years."—*Blake's Biog. Dict.*

Gov. Benjamin Howard was born in Virginia. From 1807 to 1810, he was a representative in Congress from Kentucky, when he was appointed governor of Missouri Territory. In 1813, he resigned the latter office being appointed brigadier general in the U. S. service. This was the period of the war with Great Britain, and he was in command of the 8th military department, then embracing all the territory from the interior of Indiana to the Mexican frontier. He died after two days illness, at St. Louis, in Sept., 1814. He was a brave and patriotic man, and his loss was sincerely felt. Several forts in the west have been named from him.

Hon. Lewis F. Linn was born near Louisville, Ky., in 1795, and was educated to medicine, which he practiced after his removal to Missouri. From 1833 to 1843, he was a senator in congress from Missouri, and died Oct. 3d, in the last named year

at his residence in St. Genevieve. His congressional career was eminently distinguished for ability, and for his identification with the interests of the Mississippi Valley. His virtues were eulogized by many of the best men in the country.

Hon. Thomas Hart Benton "was born in Hillsborough, North Carolina, March 14, 1782, and educated at Chapel Hill College. He left that institution without receiving a degree, and forthwith commenced the study of law in William and Mary College, Virginia, under Mr. St. George Tucker. In 1810, he entered the United States army, but soon resigned his commission of lieutenant-colonel, and in 1811 was at Nashville, Tenn., where he commenced the practice of the law. He soon afterward emigrated to St. Louis, Mo., where he connected himself with the press as the editor of a newspaper, the *Missouri Argus*. In 1820, he was elected a member of the United States senate, serving as chairman of many important committees, and remained in that body till the session of 1851, at which time he failed of re-election. As Missouri was not admitted into the Union till August 10, 1821, more than a year of Mr. Benton's first term of service expired before he took his seat. He occupied himself during this interval before taking his seat in congress in acquiring a knowledge of the language and literature of Spain. Immediately after he appeared in the senate he took a prominent part in the deliberations of that body, and rapidly rose to eminence and distinction. Few public measures were discussed between the years 1821 and 1851 that he did not participate in largely, and the influence he wielded was always felt and confessed by the country. He was one of the chief props and supporters of the administrations of Presidents Jackson and Van Buren. The people of Missouri long clung to him as their apostle and leader; and it required persevering effort to defeat him. But he had served them during the entire period of thirty years without interruption, and others, who aspired to honors he enjoyed, became impatient for an opportunity to supplant him. His defeat was the consequence. Col. Benton was distinguished for his learning, iron will, practical mind, and strong memory. As a public speaker he was not interesting or calculated to produce an effect on the passions of an audience, but his speeches were read with avidity, always producing a decided influence. He was elected a representative in the thirty-third congress for the district of St. Louis, and on his retirement from public life devoted himself to the preparation of a valuable register of the debates in congress, upon which he labored until his death, which occurred in Washington on the 10th of April, 1858, of cancer in the stomach."—*Lanman's Dict. of Congress*.

EXPULSION OF THE MORMONS FROM MISSOURI.

[From Perkins' Annals of the West.]

From the time of Rigdon's conversion, in October, 1830, the progress of Mormonism was wonderfully rapid, he being a man of more than common capacity and cunning. Kirtland, Ohio, became the chief city for the time being, while large numbers went to Missouri in consequence of revelations to that effect. In July, 1833, the number of Mormons in Jackson county, Missouri, was over 1,200. Their increase having produced some anxiety among the neighboring settlers, a meeting was held in the month just named, from whence emanated resolutions forbidding all Mormons thenceforth to settle in that county, and intimating that all who did not soon remove of their own will would be forced to do so. Among the resolutions was one requiring the Mormon newspaper to be stopped, but as this was not at once complied with the office of the paper was destroyed. Another large meeting of the citizens being held, the Mormons became alarmed and contracted to remove. Before this contract, however, could be complied with, violent proceedings were again resorted to; houses were destroyed, men whipped, and at length some of both parties were killed. The result was a removal of the Mormons across the Missouri into Clay county.

These outrages being communicated to the Prophet at Kirtland, he took steps to bring about a great gathering of his disciples, with which, marshaled as an army, in May, 1834, he started for Missouri, which in due time he reached, but

with no other result than the transfer of a certain portion of his followers as permanent settlers to a region already too full of them. At first the citizens of Clay county were friendly to the persecuted; but ere long trouble grew up, and the wanderers were once more forced to seek a new home, in order to prevent outrages. This home they found in Caldwell county, where, by permission of the neighbors and state legislature, they organized a county government, the country having been previously unsettled. Soon after this removal, numbers of Mormons flocking in, settlements were also formed in Davis and Carroll:—the three towns of the new sect being Far West in Caldwell; Adam-on-di-ah-mond, called Diahmond or Diahman, in Davis; and Dewit, in Carroll. Thus far the Mormon writers and their enemies pretty well agree in their narratives of the Missouri troubles; but thenceforth all is contradiction and uncertainty. These contradictions we can not reconcile, and we have not room to give both relations; referring our readers, therefore, to Hunt and Greene, we will, in a few words, state our own impressions of the causes of the quarrel and the catastrophe.

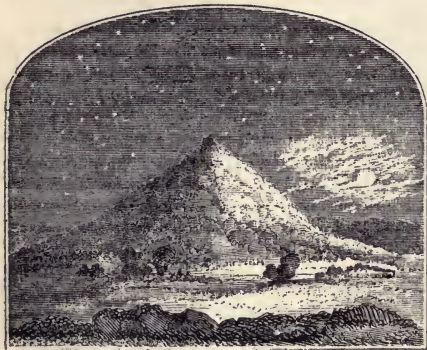
The Mormons, or Latter-day Saints, held two views which they were fond of dwelling upon, and which were calculated to alarm and excite the people of the frontier. One was, that the west was to be their inheritance, and that the unconverted dwellers upon the lands about them were to be destroyed, and the saints to succeed to their property. The destruction spoken of was to be, as Smith taught, by the hand of God; but those who were threatened naturally enough concluded that the Mormons might think themselves instruments in His hand to work the change they foretold and desired. They believed also, with or without reason, that the saints, anticipating, like many other heirs, the income of their inheritance, helped themselves to what they needed of food and clothing; or, as the world called it, were arrant thieves.

The other offensive view was, the descent of the Indians from the Hebrews, taught by the Book of Mormon, and their ultimate restoration to their share in the inheritance of the faithful: from this view, the neighbors were easily led to infer a union of the saints and savages to desolate the frontier. Looking with suspicion upon the new sect, and believing them to be already rogues and thieves, the inhabitants of Carroll and Davis counties were of course opposed to their possession of the chief political influence, such as they already possessed in Caldwell, and from the fear that they would acquire more, arose the first open quarrel. This took place in August, 1838, at an election in Davis county, where their right of suffrage was disputed. The affray which ensued being exaggerated, and some severe cuts and bruises being converted into mortal wounds by the voice of rumor, a number of the Mormons of Caldwell county went to Diahmond, and after learning the facts, by force or persuasion induced a magistrate of Davis, known to be a leading opponent of theirs, to sign a promise not to molest them any more by word or deed. For this Joe Smith and Lyman Wight were arrested and held to trial. By this time the prejudices and fears of both parties were fully aroused; each anticipated violence from the other, and to prevent it each proceeded to violence. The Mormons of Caldwell, legally organized, turned out to preserve the peace; and the Anti-Mormons of Davis, Carroll and Livingston, acting upon the sacred principle of self-defense, armed and embodied themselves for the same commendable purpose. Unhappily, in this case, as in many similar ones, the preservation of peace was ill confided to men moved by mingled fear and hatred; and instead of it, the opposing forces produced plunderings, burnings, and bloodshed, which did not terminate until Governor Boggs, on the 27th of October, authorized Gen. Clark, with the full military power of the state, to exterminate or drive from Missouri, if he thought necessary, the unhappy followers of Joe Smith. Against the army, 3,500 strong, thus brought to annihilate them, and which was evidently not a mob, the 1,400 Mormons made no resistance; 300 fled, and the remainder surrendered. The leaders were examined and held to trial, bail being refused; while the mass of the unhappy people were stripped of their property to pay the expenses of the war, and driven, men, women, and children, in mid winter, from the state, naked and starving. Multitudes of them were forced to encamp without tents, and with scarce any clothes or food, on the bank of the Mississippi, which was too full of ice for them to cross. The people of Illinois, however, received the fugitives when

they reached the eastern shore, with open arms, and the saints entered upon a new and yet more surprising series of adventures than those they had already passed through. The Mormons found their way from Missouri into the neighboring state through the course of the year 1839, and missionaries were sent abroad to paint their sufferings, and ask relief for those who were persecuted because of their religious views; although their *religious* views appear to have had little or nothing to do with the opposition experienced by them in Missouri.

THE IRON MINES OF MISSOURI.

No country on the globe, of the same extent, equals Missouri in the quantity of iron. "The metalliferous region of Missouri covers an area of at least 20,000



PILOT KNOB.

One of the Iron Mountains, and rising to the height of five hundred and eighty-one feet.

square miles, or about 12,800,000 acres, and the same formation extends southward into Arkansas and westward into the territories. In this great region is a uniformity of mineral character as unusual as the great extent of the deposits. The whole country is composed of lower magnesian limestone, and bears lead throughout its entire extent, and in numerous localities, iron mines of great value exist. The ore is massive, generally found on or near the surface, and of remarkable purity. Among the most remarkable of these iron formations is the celebrated *Iron Mountain*, in St. Francis county, near Potosi, and about 80 miles south from St. Louis by the Iron Mountain Railroad, and 30 west of the Mississippi

River. On account of the difficulty of transportation, and the prevailing impression that the ore from the Iron Mountain could not be smelted, it remained unproductive till the formation of the Iron Mountain Company, in 1845. It now furnishes the chief material for the St. Louis rolling-mill, and is the principal support of the iron manufactures of Missouri.

The mountain is the south-western termination of a ridge of porphyritic rocks. It is of a conical shape, flattened at the top, and slopes toward the west. It is made up exclusively of specular oxide of iron, the most abundant and valuable ore in the state, in its purest form, containing no perceptible quantity of other mineral substances except a little less than one per cent. of silica, which, according to Dr. Ditton, who made an analysis of the ore four or five years ago, rather improves than injures its quality. The quantity of the ore is inexhaustible, and, for most purposes, its quality requires no improvement.

The area of the Iron Mountain covers an extent of some five hundred acres. It rises to the height of two hundred and sixty feet above the general level of the surrounding country. Its whole top is a solid mass of iron, and one can see nothing but iron lumps as far as the eye can reach. The ore of this mountain is known as the specular oxide, and usually yields some sixty-eight or seventy per cent. of pure iron, and so free from injurious substances as to present no obstacle to working it directly into blooms. The metal is so excellent that much of it is now used by the manufacturers on the Ohio River, for mixing with the ore found there. There are in operation at the mountain three blast furnaces, producing from seven thousand to seven thousand five hundred tons of metal annually. Besides this immense deposit of ore above the surface, a shaft sunk at the base of the mountain gives fifteen feet of clay and ore, thirty feet of white sandstone, thirty-three feet of blue porphyry, and fifty-three feet of pure iron ore. This bed of mineral would be immensely valuable if there was none above the surface.

"About six miles south and a little east of the Iron Mountain are deposits of ore no less rich, and scarcely less extensive. These are chiefly in *Pilot Knob* and *Shepherd Mountain*. The Pilot Knob ore is different from all other ore of the neighborhood, both in appearance and in composition. It is of finer grain, and more compact, and breaks with a gray, steel-like fracture. It contains from ten to twenty per cent. of silica, which renders it more readily fusible, and better fitted for some purposes. The Knob is a very striking feature in the landscape. Rising almost perpendicularly five hundred and eighty-one feet on a base of three hundred and sixty acres, and almost wholly isolated, it has long served as a land-mark to the pioneers of Missouri. Hence its name. A very large portion of the mountain is pure iron. It is somewhat difficult to estimate the quantity of the ore, on account of its being interstratified with slate. The rocks about the base of the mountain are dark gray, silicious and slaty. At a height of three hundred feet they show more traces of iron. At a height of four hundred and forty-one feet there is a stratum of pure ore, from nineteen to twenty-four feet thick. Beneath and above this are beds of ore mixed with the silicious rocks. It is estimated that the amount of ore above the surface is not less than 13,872,773 tons, and probably much more. Its igneous origin is not certain, but probable; and hence it is probable that it extends downward to an indefinite extent, according to the well-founded theory of geologists.

Shepherd Mountain, which is a little more than a mile south-west of Pilot Knob, rises to a height of 660 feet on a base of 800 acres. It is penetrated with veins or dykes of ore, running in different directions, but mostly vertical, and of indefinite extent.

From the mine, which is worked at about 500 feet from the top of Pilot Knob, the ore is carried in cars on a railway running down the side of the mountain, on a fearfully steep inclined plane. Upon this plane we climbed laboriously to the mine and then ascended to the flagstaff, firmly fastened among the rocks, on the topmost peak, which are so well worn by the feet of strangers that they present the appearance of pure wrought iron, which is hardly remarkable in view of the fact that horse-shoes and knives have been repeatedly made from the crude ore, merely by hammering.

When we state, on the authority of Prof. Swallow, that there is enough ore, of the very best quality, within a few miles of Pilot Knob and Iron Mountain, above the surface of the valleys, not reckoning the vast deposits that lie beneath, to furnish one million tons per annum of manufactured iron for two hundred years, some estimate may be formed of the vast advantages that must accrue to Missouri from the possession of so rich a store of that indispensable metal, which, greater in its power even than gold, has always stood pre-eminent in its influence on the prosperity of nations, seeming, as it were, to communicate to those who own and manufacture it some of its own hardy and sterling qualities."

The mines of Elba, Sweden, and Norway, all together do not equal these peaks. The substantial wealth of England and Belgium is drawn from their mines, but neither of them possess the mineral wealth, the iron, lead, coal, tin and copper of this single state.

Gen. James Wilkinson was born in Maryland about the year 1757, was educated to medicine, entered the army of the Revolution, and was breveted brigadier general. After the war he settled in Kentucky in commercial business. Again entering the army, he had command of the United States forces in the Mississippi valley. In the war of 1812, he served on the northern frontier. He died in 1825, aged 68. He published "*Memoirs of My Own Times*," 3 vols. 8vo., 1816.

Major Amos Stoddard, the first American governor of Upper Louisiana, was born in Woodbury, Conn., and was a soldier of the Revolution. He was subsequently clerk of the supreme court in Boston, also practiced law at Hallowell, Maine. In 1799, he entered the army as captain of artillery. About the year 1804, he was appointed first military commandant and civil governor of Upper Louisiana, his headquarters being St. Louis. He died of lockjaw in 1813, from a wound received at the siege of Fort Meigs. He was a man of talent, and was the author of *Sketches of Louisiana*, a valuable work.







A UNION FAMILY DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOME BY GUERRILLAS.

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

MISSOURI.

AT the outbreak of the Rebellion the governors of all the border slave-states were secessionists with the single exception of Maryland. Some of them, it is true, professed "neutrality;" but subsequent events proved them to have been rebels in disguise, and therefore especially despicable for uniting hypocrisy to their treason. Prominent among these was Claiborne F. Jackson of Missouri, whose atrocious policy brought upon his state untold miseries. The result of the presidential campaign was no sooner known than he and his accomplices in crime began their attempt to take the state out of the union. What rendered this conduct the more nefarious was the knowledge, on the part of Jackson, that the majority of the people were opposed to uniting their fortunes with the Southern confederacy. In a letter to Judge Walker he says, "I have been, from the beginning in favor of prompt action on the part of the Southern States, but the majority of the people have differed from me." And yet, with this knowledge, he plunged his state into the whirlpool of treason and blood.

In January, 1861, the state legislature passed an act calling a convention, and providing for the election of delegates. Contrary to the expectation of the leaders, who had used every art to carry out their designs, the convention proved to be a loyal body.

Determined not to be foiled, the rebel leaders began to raise troops, which were placed under the control of the governor. Preparations were also made to seize the arsenals and all other public property before the new president should be inaugurated. In all these movements the governor was the most active spirit. He even entered into correspondence with the secession leaders in other states, and pledged Missouri to the cause upon which they had entered.

When the president called for troops, his act was denounced by Jackson in terms violent and abusive; and he called the legislature together in order to obtain the means of placing the state on a war footing.

The action of this body was not waited for, and on the 20th of

April the enemies of the government seized upon the arsenal at Liberty, near the state line, and laid their plans for obtaining the possession of a much more important one located at St. Louis. In this, however, they were foiled by the activity and energy of Capt. Stokes, of the United States army, who succeeded in removing an immense amount of the material of war into the State of Illinois, which doubtless would soon have fallen into the hands of the secessionists and greatly aided their cause.

Capture of Camp Jackson.—Early in May, Governor Jackson ordered out the militia of the state to go into camps in their several districts, ostensibly to obtain instruction in military drill, but in reality to precipitate the state into secession. The legislature, at the same period, passed what was termed the "Military Bill," which was, in the language of General Harney, "an indirect secession ordinance, ignoring even the forms resorted to by other states." This bill gave the governor despotic power; three million of dollars were to be placed in his hands; authority was given him to draw for soldiers as long as there was a man left unarmed, and to question the justness of his conduct was to incur the death penalty. Every soldier was required to take an oath of allegiance to the State of Missouri.

At Linden's grove, in the outskirts of St. Louis, a camp was formed, called Camp Jackson. The principal avenues were named Beauregard, Davis, etc., and a quantity of arms, shot, and shell, stolen from the U. S. arsenal at Baton Rouge, was received there, which had come up the river in boxes, marked "Marble," "Nails," and "Collin's Axes." A secession flag was displayed; the troops were constantly cheering for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy; prominent union men visiting the camp were insulted and hailed as federal spies. It was a secession camp and nothing else. In all it contained about 1000 men, under General D. M. Frost.

On the 6th of May the police commissioners of St. Louis insolently demanded of Captain Nathaniel Lyon, the officer in command of the arsenal, that he should remove the United States troops from all places and buildings occupied by them outside of the arsenal, on the ground that the United States government had no right to occupy or touch the soil of the sovereign State of Missouri.

Captain Lyon, on his own responsibility, on the 10th summoned the home guard of the city (composed largely of Germans,) whom he had provided with arms at the arsenal, to assemble at their different posts, at noon, for an unknown service. At two o'clock the whole town was greatly agitated by the tidings that some 7000 men, with 20 pieces of artillery, under Captain Lyon, were marching up Market street for Camp Jackson. On their arrival they rapidly surrounded it, planting batteries upon all the commanding heights.

Upon learning of their approach, General Frost sent a note to Captain Lyon, disowning any disloyal intentions on their part; that they had simply gathered in obedience to the laws of the state for instruction. Captain Lyon refused to receive this communication, and dispatched one to General Frost demanding his unconditional surrender within "one half hour's time." The demand was agreed to, and they, to the number of 800, were made prisoners of war, marched to the arsenal, and, for the time, held there under guard, excepting those who were willing to take the oath of allegiance: of these there were less than a dozen. On the return of the troops to the city, they were not only taunted and spit upon by the mob, but revolvers were discharged at them, when the former turned and fired into the crowd, wounding and killing twenty-two persons, mostly innocent spectators.

The energetic measures of Captain Lyon for the time awed the secession spirit of the city and vicinity; and he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers and given command of the union forces in Missouri.

Skirmish at Booneville.—Union men, of all parties throughout the state, at this period began to be proscribed and driven from their homes. Governor Jackson, who, with General Sterling Price, had assembled a large force of State troops, at the capital, Jefferson City, learned that General Lyon was on his way to attack

him, on the 15th of June fled with his forces to Boonville, forty miles above, burning, as they went, the railroad bridges on the route. Thither General Lyon, with 2000 men, pursued and defeated them in a slight skirmish, in which they broke ranks and ingloriously fled. Lyon took their camp equipage and a large number of prisoners, many of whom being of immature age, "misguided youths, led astray by ingeniously devised frauds of designing leaders," he liberated on condition that they should not serve against the United States. "But lest, as in the affair of Camp Jackson, this clemency should be misconstrued, he gave warning that the government would not always be expected to indulge in it to the compromise of its evident welfare."

Action near Carthage.—In the beginning of July General Lyon left Boonville in pursuit of the enemy in the south-western portion of the state. On the 5th Colonel Franz Sigel had a brilliant fight with the enemy in the vicinity of Carthage, he having been sent into that section of country just after the affair at Booneville. Sigel's troops consisted of 1200 men, being parts of the two infantry regiments of Sigel and Solomon, and two batteries of artillery. The rebels, under Generals Parsons and Rains, numbered 5000 men, including two regiments of cavalry and five pieces of artillery. Early in the morning Sigel marched from his camp just south-east of Carthage, and nine miles north of that place found the enemy, at half past nine o'clock, drawn up in line of battle, on elevated ground of a prairie, just beyond Dry Run Creek. By most skillful maneuvering Sigel defeated them and continued his retreat with but insignificant loss—the enemy suffering severely.

Early in July General Fremont was appointed to the command of the Western Department, and made his headquarters at St. Louis. His arrival was at the season of gloom and despondency consequent upon the defeat at Manassas. Of the new levies of federal troops few were in the field: the term of enlistment of the three-months' men was just expiring, while 50,000 rebel soldiers were on the southern frontier. General Pope was in north Missouri with nearly all the disposable force, and Lyon was at Springfield with an army of less than 6000 men, threatened by an enemy nearly four times his own number. There was danger, also, on the Mississippi river, where General Pillow, from New Madrid, was threatening General Prentiss and his small force, at Cairo. Unable to reinforce General Lyon, that gallant officer made the best possible use of the small force at his disposal. On the 1st of August, learning that the enemy, under McCulloch and Price were advancing upon him, he went out to meet them, and the next day had a severe skirmish at Dug Spring, the enemy suffering from a very successful charge of the United States cavalry. This was followed by a general engagement, on the 10th of the same month, in which Lyon lost his life in a noble but unequal struggle.

Battle of Wilson's Creek.—The rebels, under Ben McCulloch were from 20,000 to 25,000 in number, the union forces under Lyon, less than 6000. The union general, having learned that the enemy was meditating an attack, determined to become the attacking party, as that plan promised the greatest success. According, on Friday evening, August 9th, General Lyon set out from Springfield, with the intention of falling upon the enemy next morning at daylight. His little army was divided into two columns: one of 3700 men, under his own command; the other of 1500, under Colonel Sigel, who had orders to attack the enemy at a point three miles distant from that to be assailed by the main column.

The result is told, in a few lines, by one who was, at the time, within the southern lines, and who wrote from his own knowledge and from information received from those who took a part in the conflict. He says: "Notwithstanding McCulloch's reputation as a wary and watchful chief, his army, outnumbering the enemy three or four to one, was completely surprised. Indeed, so silent was the march,

so perfect the plan of attack, that the first notice they had of the enemy's presence was the shot and shell from the batteries of Totten and Sigel falling into the very heart of their camp. The federal accounts claim that success would not have been doubtful had the gallant Lyon lived half an hour longer. But the panic that prevailed among the rebels, and how very nearly the field was lost, could only be told by those whose reports have never seen the light. I have heard persons who were upon the field say that, many were still asleep, many preparing breakfast, and others eating, when the enemy's artillery opened upon them. Many fled at the first alarm; but a large army still remained. The contest was long and doubtful, till Lyon, bravely leading a charge in person, fell. The union forces then withdrew, under the command of Major S. D. Sturgis. The movement of Sigel, in the end, proved unsuccessful. He was compelled to retire with the loss of nearly all his artillery."

The official report of our loss was 1235. The 1st Kansas and 1st Missouri, each lost about half of their entire number. The rebels reported their loss at 1738. Sturgis, in his report, thought it "probably would reach 3000."

The result of the battle made it necessary for the remnant of Lyon's army to retreat, which was effected in good order, under Sigel, upon whom the command now devolved. Hundreds of citizens accompanied the army; and south-western Missouri was overrun and devastated by the rebels.

The Siege of Lexington.—On Wednesday the 11th of September, a force of 2640 union soldiers were in Lexington, under the command of Colonel Jas. B. Mulligan, (a young lawyer of Chicago, of Irish parentage), when the advance of the enemy approached the town, which in a few days was increased to 30,000 men, under General Sterling Price. In the mean while our troops had built entrenchments around their camp, inclosing some fifteen acres, including within its limits the college buildings. Price invested the works on the 12th, but no direct assault was made until the 18th. The little band heroically held his large army at bay; but all access to the river being cut off they suffered intensely for water, and it was not until their provisions were exhausted and nearly the last cartridge fired that they surrendered.

General Price obtained considerable eclat by a stratagem he used in approaching the union lines. He made a *movable* breastwork of hempen bales of some twenty rods in length, behind the cover of which his men, as they rolled them ahead, advanced in security close up to the union works. He was not a rebel at heart; but he had, against his better nature, been seduced into treason. After the surrender he chided one of his men for indignities offered to the union flag, closing his rebuke with the expression, "*I yet love that flag.*"

Price was endeared to the people of Missouri by generous and noble personal traits; and, when he sided with the rebel cause, these qualities, by their influencing others into error, were productive of greater evil than could have been in the power of any mere villain with superior intellectual force to have inflicted.

Battle of Belmont.—Belmont is a point on the Mississippi river, nearly opposite Columbus, Ky. It is about twenty miles below Cairo, and was the scene of one General Grant's first battles. His whole force in this battle, which took place on the 7th of November, 1861, was 2350. He lost 507 men; the rebels 966, beside their entire encampment with valuable stores. The following account is given by one present.

Landing two and half miles above Belmont, it was two hours before we had disposed our men in line of battle to engage the enemy; thus giving them full time for preparation, and to come out and meet us, when the engagement soon became general. Although the enemy were two to our one we never faltered, but drove them from one stronghold to another, until we were told to charge the batteries. The enthusiasm of our men, on receiving this order, beggars description; some threw off their coats, all whooped and yelled, and each man went to work as

though the taking of the batteries depended on his own exertions; they leaped like cats, from log to log, and from brush to brush, sometimes running, sometimes crawling, never wavering until they had taken the enemy's last gun. Our boys drove them through their encampment, and down the river bank, taking their tents, stores, and baggage.

Our men and officers were so elated with their victory, that they went round shaking hands and congratulating one another on the result, and General Grant's order to fall into line and retire to their transports was not executed as rapidly as it should have been, and some half an hour was consumed in these manifestations, until the enemy had outflanked us, by landing the rebel general, Cheatham's brigade—fresh troops from Columbus—between us and our transports. This movement was concealed from us by the bend of the river. No alternative was left but to fight it out, and cut our way through the serried columns. The order to march was given, and, although our troops had had six hours of hard fighting they did not appear weary, but attacked the enemy with renewed vigor and drove him back, and cut their way through his ranks to our transports. Beaten again, the enemy planted their new, fresh artillery, supported by infantry, in a cornfield just above our transports, with the intention of sinking them, when we started up the river, and of bagging the entire army; but thanks to the gunboats, Lexington and Tyler, and their experienced gunners, they saved us from a terrible and certain doom; they took up a position between us and the enemy, and opened their guns upon them, letting slip a whole broadside at once. This movement was performed so quick that the rebel guns *were silenced as soon as they opened*. The first shot from the gunboats was a cannister-shot, and it made a perfect lane through the enemy's ranks. Defeated in this—their *third movement*—the enemy's infantry broke for our transports, and as we pushed from shore they fired upon us until we got out of range, their bullets coming on our transports "like hail upon a meeting house," but they did but little execution.

Price, after the fall of Lexington, finding himself unable to hold it, retreated to the south-west, with Fremont in pursuit. Many incidents of interest took place, which have become obscure in consequence of the more brilliant occurrences of a war abounding in splendid exploits. But the famous charge of Fremont's body-guard, at Springfield, on the 25th of October, 1861, remains memorable. It is thrillingly described by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Among the foreign officers whom the famous General Fremont drew around him was Charles Zagonyi—a Hungarian refugee, but long a resident of this country. In his boyhood, Zagonyi had plunged into the passionate, but unavailing struggle which Hungary made for her liberty.

General Fremont welcomed Zagonyi cordially, and authorized him to recruit a company of horse, to act as his body-guard. Zagonyi was most scrupulous in his selection; but so ardent was the desire to serve under the eye and near the person of the general, that in five days after the lists were opened two full companies were enlisted. Soon after a whole company, composed of the very flower of Kentucky, tendered its services, and requested to be added to the guard. Zagonyi was still overwhelmed with applications, and he obtained permission to recruit a fourth company. The fourth company, however, did not go with us into the field. The men were clad in blue jackets, trowers, and caps. They were armed with light German sabers, the best that at that time could be procured, and revolvers; besides which, the first company carried carbines. They were mounted upon bay horses, carefully chosen from the government stables. Zagonyi had but little time to instruct his recruits; but in less than a month from the commencement of the enlistment the body-guard was a well-disciplined and most efficient corps of cavalry. The officers were all Americans except three—one Hollander, and two Hungarians, Zagonyi and Lieutenant Maythenyi, who came to the United States during his boyhood.

On the prairie, near the town, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the

line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider. To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then drawing up in front of his men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke:

"FELLOW-SOLDIERS, COMRADES, BROTHERS!—This is your first battle. For our three hundred the enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, or if any think the number is too great, now is the time to turn back." He paused; no one was sick or tired. "We must not retreat. Our honor and the honor of our general and our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers for the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, '*The Union and Fremont!*' Draw saber! By the right flank—quick trot—march!"

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every lip, and, with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept on to its deadly purpose. Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts, what visions of peaceful cottages nestling among the groves of Kentucky or shining upon the banks of the Ohio and the Illinois, what sad recollections of tearful farewells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during these fearful moments of suspense? No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clenching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clank of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each brave rider and each straining steed of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

"'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

They pass the fair ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half way past the forest, when, sharp and loud, a volley of musketry bursts upon the head of the column; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The farther corner of the road is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The rebels are not surprised. There, to his left, they stood crowning the height, foot and horse, ready to engulf him, if he should be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do—run the gauntlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge up the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his saber over his head, and shouting, "Forward! follow me! quick trot! gallop!" he dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company and most of the second follow. From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets; the poor fellows clutch wildly at the air and fall from their saddles, and maddened horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked; farther down the hill they fly, like wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out of the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under the shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looked around him, and to his horror sees that only a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, "They do not come—we are lost!" and frantically waves his saber.

He had not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the guard was not from hesitation. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood, and saw the enemy's line, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some of his men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the wood so dense that it could not be penetrated. Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi's saber, and at once gave the order, "Forward!" At the same time, Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Kentuckian, shouted, "Come on, boys! remember old Kentucky!" and the third company of the guard, fire on every side of them—from behind trees, from under the fences—with thundering strides and loud cheers, poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have lost seventy dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm, and lies upon the stones, his faithful charger

standing motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; he kept his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them yet!"

The guard is formed under the shelter of the hill. In front, with a gentle inclination, rises a grassy slope broken by occasional tree stumps. A line of fire upon the summit marks the position of the rebel infantry, and nearer and on the top of a lower eminence to the right stand their horse. Up to this time no guardsman has struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody lane. Their time has come. Lieutenant Maythenyi, with thirty men, is ordered to attack the cavalry. With sabers flashing over their heads, the little band of heroes spring toward their tremendous foe. Right upon the center they charge. The dense mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole rebel squadron scatter in disgraceful flight through the cornfields in the rear. The bays follow them, sabering the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick among the uncut corn.

Zagonyi holds his main body until Maythenyi disappears in the cloud of rebel cavalry; then his voice rises through the air—"In open order—charge!" The line opens out to give play to the sword-arm. Steeds respond to the ardor of their riders, and, quick as thought, with thrilling cheers, the noble hearts rush into the leaden torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows press through. Their fierce onset is not even checked. The foe do not wait for them—they waver, break, and fly. The guardsmen press into the midst of the rout, and their fast falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the boldest of the southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from behind trees and thickets. Seven guard horses fall on a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught around the shoulders by a grape-vine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is cut down by his friends.

The rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the fair-ground, some hurry into the cornfield, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the village. The guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle rings his clarion voice—"Come on, old Kentuck! I'm with you!" And the flash of his sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches a barn a man steps from behind the door and lowers his rifle; but before he had reached the level, Zagonyi's saber-point descended upon his head, and his life-blood leaps to the very top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now rages through the village—in the public square and along the street. Up and down the guard ride in squads of three or four, and, wherever they see a group of the enemy, charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand. No one but has a share in the fray.

There was at least one soldier in the southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charged alone upon a large body of the guard. He passed through the line unscathed, killing one man. He wheels, charges back, and again breaks through, killing another man. A third time he rushes upon the union line, a score of saber-points confront him, but he pushes on until he reaches Zagonyi—he presses his pistol so close to the major's side that he feels it and draws convulsively back, the bullet passes through the front of Zagonyi's coat, who at the same instant runs the daring rebel through the body; he falls, and the men, thinking their commander hurt, kill him with a half dozen wounds.

"He was a brave man," said Zagonyi afterward, "and I did wish to make him prisoner."

Meanwhile it has grown dark. The foe has left the village, and the battle has ceased. The assembly is sounded, and the guard gathers in the plaza. Not more than eighty mounted men appear; the rest are killed; wounded, or unhorsed. At this time one of the most characteristic incidents of the affair took place.

Just before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to sound a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but darted after Lieutenant Maythenyi. A few moments afterward he was observed in another part of the field busily pursuing the flying infantry. His active form

was always seen in the thickest of the fight. When the line was torn in the plaza, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him said, "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the guard. I dismiss you." The bugler showed his bugle to his indignant commander—the mouth-piece of the instrument was shot away. He said, "The mouth was shoot off. I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and saber." It is unnecessary to add the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

I must not forget to mention Sergeant Hunter of the Kentucky company. His soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the guard. He had served in the regular cavalry; and the body-guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill-master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was killed he caught another from the rebels: the third horse taken in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those that I shot," said he, "another may have hit them; but these I touched with my saber I am sure of, because I *felt* them."

At the beginning of the charge, he came to the extreme right and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The major, seeing him, said:

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in the front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterward.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds—none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot holes.

It was now nine o'clock. The wounded had been carried to the hospital. The dismounted troopers had been placed in charge of them—in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired, before morning, twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

The loss of the enemy, was 116 killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hill-side, some of the foe had returned to the field, taken away their wounded and robbed our dead. The loss of the guard was 53 out of 148 actually engaged, 12 men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train.

The fame of the guard is secure. Out from that fiery baptism they came children of the nation; and American song and story will carry their heroic triumph down to the latest generation.

Fremont's campaign in south-western Missouri was arrested by an order from the War Department, at the beginning of November. Fremont, at that time, was deprived of command in Missouri, and a new campaign was prosecuted in the south-west, with signal ability and success, under General Curtis, who drove the confederate forces out of the state into Arkansas; and after Sterling Price had formed a junction with VanDorn and McCulloch, he defeated their combined forces in the memorable battle of Pea Ridge, just on the south-west line of the state.

While Price's army was on its retreat they passed through Fayetteville, just over the state line. This beautiful mountain-town was the brightest spot in all Arkansas. Several literary institutions, conducted by northern-born men, were blessing this entire region of

country. Light, knowledge, and Christian love were spreading among the people, and a pure, moral tone diffused into the society of the place. William Baxter, president of one of these institutions, in his frank-hearted and artless little volume, "*Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove*," tells us how, on this retreat of Price, his men conducted themselves, on their arrival at his town.

I was somewhat familiar with the great retreats in history, but never before had I realized the full meaning of the term. Early in the morning of the 21st of February, the Missouri army, which had been marching day and night, constantly harassed by the enemy, made its appearance, the roads were bad, their clothing, their looks dispirited, no music to cheer them, no bright prospects before—it was a practical picture of secession; and O how sadly did the Missouri troops *secede* from their beloved state! thousands of them, alas, never to return! One of the officers, the judge advocate of Price's army, stopped a while at my house, and wept like a child at the thought of leaving home and country behind. There are many others, who complain bitterly because McCulloch had not come to their aid, to enable them to make a stand on their own soil against the foe now eagerly pressing upon their rear.

The officers of the commissary and quartermaster's department, unable to remove their stores, threw open the various depots to the soldiers and citizens; the permission thus granted was construed into a general license to plunder, and pillage soon became the order of the day. An officer, fearing the effects of liquor upon a wearied, pursued, and reckless soldiery, took the precaution to burst in the heads of a number of barrels of whisky, which constituted a portion of the army stores, and the cellar was soon several inches deep with the precious fluid. By some means the place was discovered, and scores drank the filthy puddle which the spilled liquor had made. Private stores were broken open, and every one helped himself to whatever suited him; and as regiment after regiment poured in to swell the tide of waste and robbery, the scene became one of riot and unrestrained plunder. And yet, strange to say, this was not in an enemy's country; these men claimed to be the defenders of the very people that they were despoiling; and at that very moment the men of Arkansas were acting as rear-guard to this very army, engaged, hundreds of them, as I have just stated. Passing among them as I did while thus employed, so general had the work of destruction and plunder become, that it was almost impossible to find a single soldier who did not possess some evidence of being carried away by the spirit of the hour. Here was one with a cigar box half filled with sugar, another with a pair of lady's gaiters sticking out of his pocket; this had a pair of baby's shoes, that, some fine lace; artificial flowers adorned the caps of some; while jars of pickles, tin cups full of molasses, tape, calico, school-books, letters, law papers, sheets of tin-plate, in fact nearly every article known to traffic, even to a thermometer, might have been seen in the motley throng. Indeed, any one could see at a glance that the greater part of them had taken articles for which they had no use whatever. . . . Officers threatened, cursed, called them thieves, made appeals to their manliness and state pride, and to the fact that they were among those battling in the same cause; but all in vain; stealing had become a recreation, and they would steal. General Price himself strove to check the disorder which I have attempted faintly to describe, but for once his commands were powerless, and the work of ruin went on.

The troops encamped, for the night, south of us, but many of the officers remained in town. Among those that I best remember were General Rains, for once sober, and most gentlemanly in his manners; Major Savary, who shed tears at being thus made "an exile from home;" Churchill, Clarke, said to be the best artillerist in Price's army; Emmett McDonald, who indeed looked and talked like the brave soldier that he was; and Ben McCulloch, meditating doubtless upon the dark deeds that the morrow would bring.

The brutal McCulloch, the next day wantonly burnt the best part of the town; and, in his vandalism, consigned the colleges, with their fine libraries, to the flames.

Mr. Baxter gives us another picture, the entrance of the union advance, in the pursuit. As they welcomed our heroic soldiers, and saw, once more our beautiful but long exiled flag, he tells us how their hearts bounded with glorious emotions; how the sweet tears of pleasure started, and the nerves thrilled, as the successive waves of delicious sensation struck and passed over these vibrating, human chords of the immortal soul.

Another day passed, one of strange quiet; one army had swept by in hurried retreat, the other, we felt assured would soon appear in pursuit. Most of the men who favored the southern cause had left, and to nearly all who remained, the approach of the union army meant deliverance. Night came, and southward the camp-fires of the armies of Price and McCulloch could be seen, while to the northern sky a glow, like that of the aurora borealis, was given by those of the federal soldiery. With the next dawn came the report of the advance of the men of the north; the heavy pickets, pressed back by the advancing enemy, rode slowly by, and soon, in hot haste, came a scouting party who had been watching the movements of the pursuing foe. In answer to our inquiries, they said the "feds" were rapidly coming; and, indeed, they were with the swiftness and fury of a storm. The last of the rebel pickets were but a few hundred yards north of my residence, watching with deep interest a few gleaming points of steel on the wooded hill opposite; soon a line of blue wound down the hill-side, the pickets turned their horses' heads southward; there was a clatter of hoofs, a flashing sabers, a wild and fierce hurrah, ringing shots from revolvers, men fleeing for life, men and steeds in the chase both seemingly animated by the same spirit of destruction; in a word, the most exciting of military spectacles; a cavalry charge had been made past my door. Within a few moments men had been slain and wounded, prisoners taken, and our town was in possession of the advance guard of the union army.

And now they streamed in on every side; the whole country seemed alive with mounted men. A loud shout was heard on the public square; we turned our eyes in that direction, and a splendid banner, made when the union sentiment ran high, but which for months had been concealed, was floating from the flag-staff on the court-house, and we were once more under the stripes and stars. Strange that an emblem should have such power over the human soul! and yet the first sight of the ocean or the down-rushing flood of Niagara did not awaken such emotions as the waving folds of that banner of the free. Carefully had it been concealed, and faithfully preserved when its possession would have been deemed a high crime if discovered. A few eyes had been permitted to look upon it in secret during the dark days; the tones of the voice were low when it was mentioned; on one occasion a *confederate officer* had only a *mattress* between him and *that flag*; but now it was flung out once more by loyal hands to the free air, hailed with almost frantic delight by loyal voices, stretched to its utmost tension by a strong breeze; every stripe distinct, every star visible; the old flag, the joy of every loyal heart! Scorn and contumely had been heaped upon it; to mention it, save in condemnation, a crime; its place usurped by another banner, but the day of its triumph had come at last.

Soon the main body of the troops, under General Asboth, rode into town. Their appearance, when contrasted with that of the legions of Price, who preceded them, was magnificent; and, indeed, apart from any comparison, they were a noble body of men. They were mostly from Iowa and Illinois; under a chief who had seen service in Europe, and who looked more like a soldier than any of the hastily improvised generals who were with the army whose retreat we had just witnessed. The union ladies warmly and gladly saluted the flag which was borne at the head of the column, and my wife was the first, from the balcony of our dwelling, to wave and shout a welcome. An officer observing her, while thus greeting the banner, called out, "Where are you from?" "*Massachusetts*," was the reply. "*Ah*," he said, "*I thought so! I too am from Massachusetts.*"

This force, which entered Fayetteville, was the cavalry of Curtis,

which, after a brief stay, returned north to the main body. The rebel army being largely reinforced south of the town, again passed through it, a few days later, to attack Curtis, when occurred the *Battle of Pea Ridge*, which we thus outline.

The 5th of March was cold and blustering, and the ground became whitened with the falling snow, when intelligence came to the headquarters of General Curtis, near Sugar Creek, that the enemy were approaching to give battle. The general sent orders to his various divisions to concentrate at Sugar Creek hollow. Sigel tarried at Bentonville, a point ten miles distant, with a German regiment and battery, until nine o'clock the next morning, when he was attacked by a large advance of the enemy. Having a large baggage train to guard, Sigel retreated slowly along the road. He fought his way, most gallantly, until within three or four miles of the main body, when part of the first division came to his relief, opening upon the enemy with artillery and infantry and checked the pursuit, which closed the fight for the day.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the rebels attacked the right of the union line. The fight was heavy here during the day and the losses severe. General McCulloch, commanding the rebel forces, fell shot through the heart. The next morning, at sunrise the battle was again renewed. Sigel moved steadily forward, with the left, and driving the enemy from the hills, when General Curtis ordered the right, under General E. A. Carr, and the center, under General Jefferson C. Davis, to advance. In the final position, thus obtained, the rebels were inclosed in a segment of a circle. A charge of infantry was then made, extending throughout the whole line, which completely routed the rebels, and they fled in great confusion.

The total union loss was 1301; that of the enemy far greater—among these were four of their generals: McCulloch, McIntosh, Herbert, and Slack; while our highest officer killed was the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Hendricks, of the 22d Indiana.

In his official report, General Curtis said: "Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri may proudly share the honor of victory which their gallant heroes won, over the combined forces of VanDorn, Price, and McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas."

A vivid description of the flight of the routed army is given in *Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove*, from which the following is extracted:

The living tide, which had swept through our town to the Boston Mountains, began to flow back. VanDorn had arrived to take the command of all the forces in that region. We heard the salutes which welcomed his arrival, and about the same time there came the first news from Fort Donelson; but how different from the reality: it was represented as an unmitigated disaster to the union cause; twenty thousand prisoners had been taken, and the confederate cavalry was in hot pursuit of the remnant of the fleeing host. Bulletins to this effect were circulated through the camp, and all felt certain that a similar fate soon awaited the little army of General Curtis, then encamped in the vicinity of the now famous field of Pea Ridge; and, though much has been said concerning this—one of the most important and stoutly contested battles of the war—yet I am bold to say that the story of that field has not yet been told. In the official reports of General Curtis and his division commanders, the occurrences of the three eventful days are clearly and modestly set forth; but neither he nor they were aware of the utter rout of the enemy, from the fact that they had no large body of cavalry to follow up the victory.

General Curtis estimated the forces he met and vanquished at about 30,000—three times the number of his own little but brave band; but the southern men themselves claimed a much larger force: by most it was placed at from 40,000 to 45,000; and from the number of the regiments, nearly all of them full, and from the appearance of the troops, and the time it took them to pass, I think 40,000 rather inside than beyond the real number. In Price's army were the divisions of Rains, Slack, and Frost. McCulloch had a large army before the retreat from

Cross Hollows, and many newly-raised regiments were said to have joined him at Boston Mountain; and to these must be added the Indian brigade, under General Pike. Most of these troops passed through our town on the 3d and 4th of March.

The quiet which reigned after the army had passed northward was soon broken by the roar of artillery, which told that the battle had begun; this firing took place near Bentonville, where VanDorn, in his report of the battle, says that he found Sigel posted with a force of 7000 strong. The truth is that Sigel was there, but with not quite as many hundreds as he was reputed to have thousands. With this small yet determined band he kept fighting and retreating; and the severe loss inflicted upon the enemy during that well-conducted retreat, was well calculated to create and keep up the impression that Sigel had 7000 instead of but 600 men.

This falling back, in the face of an overwhelming force, was called a retreat of all the federal forces; and we soon got news that the invading army was in full flight in Missouri; and then that it had been overtaken and surrounded. At this juncture our feelings were not of the most agreeable character. Our news, be it remembered, however, was from the southern side alone; we knew nothing of the splendid strategy of Sigel, the truly chivalrous deeds of Asboth, the unflagging courage and endurance of Carr, Davis, and, indeed, of every man in those terrible three days, for every man there did his duty. How cheering to us would have been the knowledge of the calm self-reliance of Curtis, who, though surrounded, as he knew, by a vastly-superior foe, abated neither heart nor hope; having come to fight, not to surrender! Thus passed Thursday and Friday. On Saturday morning the news was not so favorable for the exultant expectants of a triumph before which all others were to pale; the contest was said to be fearful, the slaughter, on both sides, immense; still the advantage was with the south. Then the report came that a carriage was coming containing a wounded officer; and one of those who had just returned from the battle-field said: "It is true, gentlemen, that a carriage is coming, but the officer in it, be he whom he may, is dead, for I helped to lift him into it; his face was covered, I did not know him, but that he is dead I know." Soon the carriage came in sight; and we learned that it contained the body of the famous Ben McCulloch.

This was unexpected and startling; matters began to wear a serious aspect; and, just after nightfall, hearing a wagon from the direction of the battle-ground passing my door, I went out to make some inquiries, and found that it contained the body of General James McIntosh, who fell nearly at the same time with McCulloch. The body was taken into the house of an acquaintance of mine; I entered, and there he lay, cold and stark, just as he was taken from the spot where he fell; a military overcoat covering his person, and the dead forest leaves still clinging to it. His wound had not been examined; I aided in opening his vest and under-garments, and soon found that the ball had passed through his body, near, if not through the heart.

Returning home from the sad scene I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming down the road from the battle-field; soon horse and rider came into view, both evidently much jaded. I hailed him, and asked the news from the fight; he replied by calling me by name, and I soon found it to be one of our citizens, well known to me, an officer in the confederate army, but just before the breaking out of the war a strong union man, who, like many others, was forced, by public sentiment, into the army. "How is the contest going?" said I. He replied: "We had them all surrounded; but just before I left a movement was made by our troops to *let them get away* if they *wished* to do so. Orders were given to our regiment for every man to take care of himself. Our friend Wilson's son, a lad of fourteen, had his leg shot off, and I thought I would come and let the father know the condition of the son. A terrible time it was, I tell you; their men were vastly better drilled than ours; and when under fire they moved with as much precision as on the parade-ground, but our's broke ranks often."

A few officers came in during the night, and a confederate surgeon, when I met him the next morning, said that they were badly beaten. "The very earth trembled," said he, "when their infantry opened fire upon us."

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning, the army, which a few days before had

passed my house so exultant and confident of an easy and complete victory, came back; but it was an army no longer.

When Price went by a quick march on his way to Boston Mountain, he was only falling back to lay a trap for his enemies; but now the army was a confused mob, not a regiment, not a company in rank, save two regiments of cavalry, which, as a rear guard, passed through near sun-down; the rest were a rabble rout, not four or five abreast, but the whole road, about fifty feet wide, filled with men, every one seemingly animated with the same desire—to *get away*. Few, very few, had guns, knapsacks, or blankets; every thing calculated to impede their flight had been abandoned; many were hatless, and the few who had any thing to carry were those who had been fortunate enough to pick up a chicken, goose or pig; if the latter, it was hastily divided so as not to be burdensome, and the usual formalities of butchering and taking of the bristles were dispensed with. Very few words were spoken; few of them had taken any food for two or three days; they had lost McCulloch, McIntosh, Slack, Reeves, and other officers of note, and, in a word, they were thoroughly dispirited. And thus, for hours, the human tide swept by, a broken, drifting, disorganized mass, not an officer, that I could see, to give an order; and had there been, he could not have reduced the formless mass to discipline or order. Many called in, with piteous stories of suffering from hunger, and were relieved, as far as our means would permit; but these soon failed, and all we could furnish was pure water. Four members of the 3d Louisiana stopped at one time to get water, and one of them looking round, said: "This is the *largest number of our regiment* that I have *seen* since we left the battle-field." Of another I inquired: "What has become of the 3d Louisiana?" He replied: "There is no 3d Louisiana."

An old friend of mine—John Mays, a true union man—who had three sons in the confederate army, as I am fully assured, contrary to their wishes and principles, when he heard the sounds of battle, started for the field to see what was the fate of his boys, and was returning with one of them when I asked him, "How went the day?" He replied: "It was a perfect stampede; whole regiments threw down their arms and fled." Indeed, after the fall of McCulloch and McIntosh, and the capture of Colonel Hebert, there was no one to take command of that portion of the army; the necessary result was the hurried and disorderly flight I have attempted to describe. The victors had no cavalry to keep up the pursuit; and, indeed, constant watching and fighting for three days had left them in such a condition that they were unable to reap all the advantages of their valor. Still it was a most decisive victory; much of the routed army never was got together again; and no portion of it made a stand, but only to be again sorely beaten, until it had traversed the state from north to south, and crossed the Mississippi; escaping Curtis only to fall into the hands of Rosecrans and Grant.

In a few days scouting parties from the battle-field came to our town; several of the soldiers came to my house; some of them had been down with General Asboth, and knew me, and of course were friendly. One of them claimed to have killed Ben McCulloch. Being familiar with the appearance of the rebel chief, I was curious to know whether he, who had sent the bitterest foe to union men to his account, was really before me. I asked him to describe the person he had killed, and he described McCulloch with as much precision as I could have done myself; every peculiarity of his dress, his white hat, black velvet or velvet-suit, with long stockings drawn over boots and pantaloons up to his knees, were all mentioned; and as there was probably not another man in either army dressed like the Texan chief, I felt no doubt that his statement was correct. He said McCulloch was sitting on his horse, with his glass to his eye, when he discovered him; he took deliberate aim, fired and he fell. Southern men, who were near him when he was killed, state that he was observing the movements of the enemy through his field-glass when he received the fatal shot; thus corroborating the story of the federal sharp-shooter. I did not ask him his name, but saw afterward, in the report of the battle, that it was Peter Pelican.

General Halleck, upon succeeding Fremont, immediately adopted stringent measures against rebels and those who sympathized with

them. This commanding officer was directed to arrest and imprison all persons found in arms against the government, and all who, in any way, aided them. Success attended his plans. The campaign of General Curtis, in the south-west, resulted in driving the rebels out of two states and across the Mississippi; and the expedition against Island No. 10, under General Pope and Commodore Foote, was one of the most brilliant operations of the war, as the most splendid results were obtained by strategy rather than fighting—all the advantages usually attendant on a bloody and decisive victory, without loss of life.

ISLAND NO. TEN.

Upon the evacuation of Columbus, on the 3d of March, the enemy fell back upon and fortified Island No. Ten, a place of remarkable strength, situated in the Mississippi, just opposite the boundary line of Kentucky and Tennessee. The general course of the river is south, but at the island it makes a sharp bend to the north for several miles, and then, turning south in a semi-circle, forms a tongue of land, opposite the northern point of which, on the Missouri side, is New Madrid, which last is two or three miles below the island. On the 3d of March the corps of Gen. Pope, which had been disciplined by severe service in Missouri, arrived before New Madrid, which was strongly garrisoned. He took possession of Point Pleasant, eight miles below the town, with a body of troops, and planted sunken batteries and rifle pits, so that the enemy's gunboats could not pass up the river. The enemy erected batteries on the east side the of stream, and in conjunction with six gunboats, in vain attempted to shell Pope from his position. New Madrid was well defended by redoubts and intrenchments, and the land being low the gunboats commanded the country for some distance.

Gen. Pope took up a position below the town, cutting off supplies, and pushing forward works to command the place. On the 13th he opened fire most vigorously, disabling several of the gunboats. In the night a severe thunder storm ensued. Under cover of the darkness, the enemy having been severely handled, secretly abandoned their works, and in panic rushed aboard of their gunboats and transports.

When the morning of the 14th dawned, their departure became known. Their flight had been so hasty, that they left their dead unburied, their suppers untouched, standing on their tables, candles burning in their tents and every other evidence of a disgraceful panic. Nothing except the men escaped, and they only with what they wore. They landed on the opposite side of the river, and scattered in the wide bottoms. Immense supplies of property, even the officers' private baggage, all their artillery, amounting to 33 pieces, thousands of stands of arms, tents for ten thousand men, were among the spoils. Our whole loss during these operations was 51 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was unknown; beside his dead unburied, more than one hundred new graves attested that he had suffered severely.

The investment of the Island was begun on the 16th, by the fleet of Commodore Foote, from above it. Although a continuous bombardment was kept up during the seige, little harm was thus done to the enemy. When Gen. Pope got possession of New Madrid his troops lined the Missouri bank, below the Island, and their batteries were vigorously replied to by those of the enemy on the Tennessee shore, and the Island. There were, however, no means for Gen. Pope to cross the river while the enemy's gunboats occupied below the Island, and all the union boats were above it. It was necessary to cross to successfully assail the enemy's batteries there. Gen. Schuyler Hamilton suggested a plan, which was adopted, to cut a canal, on the Missouri side, from above the Island to New Madrid below, and through it bring steamboats to enable them to transport their troops across the river. The cutting of the canal was performed by Col. Bissel and his regiment of engineers, and was a work of great difficulty. The idea of cutting a canal large enough for good sized steamboats, for four miles, and then to saw off,

four feet under water, at least one thousand trees, ranging from six inches to three feet in diameter, beside removing unnumbered snags for a distance of eight miles, was something novel in warfare. Napoleon's drawing his cannon over the icy crags of the Alps, was nothing in comparison. These trees were cut off by hand by means of long saws worked by twenty men. After digging the canal the water came through with such a current that the boats had to be dropped by lines over nearly the whole distance of twelve miles. For nineteen days the work was prosecuted with untiring energy and determination, under exposures and privations very unusual, even in the history of warfare. It was completed on the 4th of April, and will long remain a monument of enterprise and skill.

On the 5th of April the steamers and barges were brought near to the mouth of the bayou which discharges into the Mississippi at New Madrid, but were kept carefully out of sight from the river, while our floating batteries were being completed. The enemy, as was afterward learned, had received positive advices of the construction of the canal, but were unable to believe that such a work was practicable. The first assurance they had of its completion, was the appearance of the four steamers loaded with troops, on the morning of the 7th of April, the day of the defeat and surrender of the rebels.

In the meanwhile Commodore Foote, above the Island, had accomplished some important points. The first of those was the spiking of a battery at the head of the Island, a daring and most gallant act, which was performed on the night of the 1st of April by Col. Roberts, of the 42d Illinois. Each gunboat furnished a yawl manned by six oarsmen. Selecting forty men picked from Company A, each armed with a revolver, they started on their perilous errand, and just as a severe thunder storm was approaching.

With muffled oars the boats advanced cautiously along the edge of the bank. Owing to the violence of the storm and darkness, they got within a few rods of the battery, when a blinding flash of lightning glared across the water, revealing to the rebel sentinels dark objects approaching. The next instant impenetrable darkness closed in. The sentinels fired wildly, and then fled in terror. Our boats made no reply. In two or three minutes they touched the slope of the earthworks. The men sprang over the parapet, sledges and files were busy, and with a few vigorous strokes all the guns were spiked. They were six in number, one of them a splendid nine inch pivot gun, received the personal attention of Col. Robert's brawny arm. In an inconceivably short time the boats were on their way back, and all arrived safely and exultant.

On the night of the 4th, the gunboat Carondelet, and on that of the 6th, the Pittsburg succeeded in running past the Island. On the 7th, these boats attacked and silenced the batteries on the Tennessee shore, at the point destined for crossing. Meanwhile the division of Gen. Paine embarked in the boats that had come through the bayou, and was followed by the other corps over the river, where they attacked the enemy and drove them to the impassable swamps in their rear, where they were compelled to surrender. While these events transpired, the Island surrendered to Commodore Foote; but most of the troops had before abandoned it. About 7000 prisoners were captured in all, with 123 pieces of heavy artillery, 30 field guns, beside an immense amount of munitions, and seven steamboats. It was a great success, reflecting lasting credit to the general in command.

An officer of the 39th Ohio, present, gives us an amusing description of the scenes of the flight and surrender. He first alludes to the famous canal.

All this done, and forthwith, to the astonished eyes of rebels, came slowly *steaming out of the woods four fine steamers*, able to carry easily three thousand men! This last was the unkindest *cut* of all. They felt sore that General Pope should have out-generated them out of New Madrid, but the idea, so sacriligious in its character, of bringing, in opposition to all the laws of nature, "*steamboats overland*," was too much.

Our troops landed at twelve, yesterday, and commenced the pursuit—down across the Kentucky line into the swamps of Tennessee. Now the rebels are

long-winded and run well, if they do not fight. This fact our boys can testify to. Here they went—Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana—puffing, blowing and swearing at the “unchivalrous” treatment—as Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa stepped on their heels, and occasionally pulled at the coat tails that stuck out so invitingly. Once in a while they would get mad and shoot, and have the compliment returned—but it was the old song, “nobody hurt.” When the poor fellows found our battery planted below, and the two gunboats, with the stars and stripes ahead of them, and their half dozen cowardly gunboats, taken good care to leave them, they appeared to resign themselves to their fate. They sat down on logs, crawled into tree tops, dodged into houses, and went promiseously loose. Guns and cartridge boxes were thrown away—clothing and blankets, ammunition, lumber of all kinds, from the favorite eighteen inch tooth-pick to a thirty-two pounder, lay along their line of march—even the march of the chivalry, one of whom “at any time whips five Yankees.” But one division of our little army reach the enemy, until they were all made prisoners.

Gen. McCall was first in command, and had formally surrendered his force. He marched it in about nine at night. I almost felt sorry, the poor fellows looked so chop fallen. Gen. Pope had just two regiments to receive them, while the force surrendered was seven regiments from Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana.

It was nothing strange to see half a dozen of our soldiers bringing in fifty armed men. Now, it may seem strange, but it is true. I never yet saw men so completely humiliated. Some of their officers were as dashing and bloviating as ever. One says, “well, I have been fighting all my life; but its over with me now. I am a prisoner, but gentlemen, you can not subdue the South—just as sure as you live in the next great battle we will whale you to death. *You can't whip the South.*”

Some beautiful farms, in fine cultivation, rise up out of the marshes here, very productive. But such a pale, cadaverous people are the inhabitants, that one could almost be persuaded that they are a mixed race. Of this “poor white trash,” there is a large portion in the Southern army. Their white masters have made them believe, in their ignorance, that we are a set of demons. One poor woman, where the 39th boys arrested a dozen rebels to-day, raised her voice in prayer and fervently blessed God that Major Noyes did not have her and her children all murdered at once. She must have confidently expected that we would adorn ourselves with the scalps of her little white headed urchins. One whole family floated down on a raft the other day—man, woman and tow-headed urchins, all were towed a shore by one of our boats. The good lady was a voluble talker, and told us all her wrongs. She says, “I has jist got this one dress and no skeerts. I wears it till its slick and dirty and has to go to bed till its washed.” I believed all the story but the last part. I should like to take a few such families home with me, on exhibition, to show the beautiful workings of the system of slavery upon the laboring white man.

After Gen. Halleck was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States, Gen. Curtis succeeded him in the Department of the South-West, and Gen. Schofield assumed command of the army of the frontier, the operations of which were mainly confined to South-Western Missouri.

The next matter of moment to the people of Missouri, after the surrender of Island No. 10, was the battle of *Prairie Grove*, December 7, 1862, over the state line, near Fayetteville, Arkansas. This was fought just nine months after the battle of Pea Ridge, within a few miles of the same spot, and like that also a signal union victory. It is described on page 541.

Early next year the rebel Marmaduke made two unsuccessful raids into Missouri. On the 8th of January, 1863, he attacked Springfield with 6000 troops, and was beaten off with severe loss, by the union

forces under Gen. E. B. Brown. Being foiled in this attempt, Marmaduke moved his whole force northward, when he was again defeated by a greatly inferior force at Hartsville. Gen. Fitz Henry Warren having learned of the approach of the enemy toward Springfield, ordered Col. Merrill, of the 21st Iowa, to make a forced march with 700 men to the relief of that place. These troops were the 21st Iowa, 99th Illinois infantry, detachments of the 3d Iowa and 3d Missouri cavalry, and a section of artillery under Lieut. Waldsmidt. At Hartsville they met the enemy, where the action occurred, and it is called the Hartsville fight; but it should be termed the "*battle of the Wagons*," for wagons contributed in a large measure to the victory. Gen. Warren, for greater speed, had dispatched all the infantry in wagons. The presence of such an immense train, led Marmaduke to believe that the union force was correspondingly large. Hence his excessive caution led to his defeat, by one eighth of his own number. The details of this remarkable victory are thus given by Warren:

Our artillery opened fire at eleven o'clock. The position of our troops was: one thousand thrown out three and a half miles on the Houston road; one thousand held the town approach from Springfield; one thousand rested on the Gasconade, south of town, covered by a high bluff; while twenty-five hundred to three thousand men were in the open field in front of our line, and occupying the court house, and other buildings in the town. Their artillery (five pieces) was in battery on a high bluff east of town, and to occupy it, they used a road cut by my order for the same purpose during my former occupancy of Hartsville. The officers in command with Generals Marmaduke and McDonald were Colonels Porter, Thompson, Burbridge, Shelby, Henkle, Jeffrey and Campbell. The battle opened, after the fire of artillery, by a charge of Jeffrey's cavalry (seven hundred) on our whole line. The infantry, lying flat, held themselves with great coolness until the line was in easy range, when they fired with great accuracy, and threw the whole force into utter confusion. From this time until half past four the firing was incessant, but smaller bodies of men were brought out, and although at times both flanks and the center were heavily pressed, no large column moved up. Our men held their cover and did fine execution, while the artillery shelled the enemy from the court and other houses. At this time (3 o'clock), had we a reserve of five hundred men, we could have broken their line, and compelled their retreat in disorder, but every man was required to hold our only avenue of retreat on the Lebanon road, where our communication was constantly threatened. The enemy commenced falling back—as I am informed by Lieut. Brown, of the 3d Iowa cavalry, taken prisoner, while reconnoitering at Wood's Fork, during the first fight—at three o'clock, and the retreat became general at twilight. In the meantime our artillery ammunition being nearly spent, Colonel Merrill, ignorant of their movements, ordered the detachments to fall back on the Lebanon road, which they did in perfect order, with their whole transportation, losing not even a musket or cartridge box. Our loss, as by statements appended herewith, is seven killed and sixty-four wounded, five prisoners and two missing. There is large in men and officers. From subsequent details, I am satisfied it will exceed three hundred killed and wounded, besides two lieutenants and twenty-seven privates prisoners. Among the killed (whose bodies were recognized at Hartsville) are Brigadier General Emmet McDonald, Cols. Thompson and Hinkle, and Major Rubley. At the mouth of Indian creek, they paroled and released Lieut. Brown, and the other prisoners. Gen. Marmaduke, several times on the march, expressed his wonder at the bravery of our troops, repeating, "*Why, Lieutenant, your boys fought like devils.*"

I can not sufficiently express my admiration of their conduct. The 21st Iowa and 99th Illinois were never before under fire, yet not a single man or officer flinched. Nothing could have been finer than their steadiness and discipline.

The 3d Iowa and 3d Missouri cavalry were equally cool and determined; but they have before seen dangerous service.

Capt. Black, commanding the 3d Missouri cavalry, made for himself a most enviable reputation; thirteen shot holes in his coat sufficiently indicated where he was—in the hottest of the fire. The artillery saved the battle. Lieut. Waldsmidt's gunnery was superb, and his coolness astonishing. The enemy's Parrott gun got his range and fired with great precision, compelling him to change the position of his piece constantly.

The often defeated, but pertinacious Marmaduke, in the succeeding April made an assault upon Cape Girardeau and was gallantly repelled by Gen. McNeil. No large body of rebel troops again invaded Missouri until the spring of 1864, when Rosecrans was military commander of the state. Then occurred *Price's last campaign*. Its events have thus been outlined.

Price chose a time when we were poorly prepared to meet him, Rosecrans not having troops enough at command to stop him until a large part of the state had been traversed and ravaged. Price, having crossed the Arkansas, reorganized his troops at Batesville. There Shelby joined him, leaving Steele, whom he had hitherto been threatening, as a cover to Price's advance. At once our troops began to collect. Steele rapidly followed Price from Arkansas with a part of his troops, reinforced at Duval's Bluff by Mower's infantry division and Winslow's cavalry, from Washburne's command, which the latter sent across from Memphis. A. J. Smith, who was going to join Sherman, crossed to Brownsville, Ark., and thence, by a long march of nineteen days and 312 miles, on short rations, reached Cape Girardeau, Mo. Nine days on transports carried him thence to Jefferson City.

No sooner did Price commence his march from Batesville, than it was evident that Pilot Knob, Rolla, Springfield, and Jefferson City, (all important points), would be directly aimed at. Should these be carried St. Louis would be in danger.

Price, with 15,000 men, advanced, without opposition, to Pilot Knob, which was partially fortified and garrisoned with less than 1000 men, under General Hugh Ewing. On the morning of the 26th the attack on the town commenced, and, for several hours, the battle raged fiercely outside the works. The fighting continued for two days. Ewing finally retired to the fortifications and defended them most pertinaciously. The rebels finding that the works could not be carried by assault, placed their artillery upon a commanding hill, which at once rendered Ewing's position untenable. At three o'clock on the morning of the 28th, Ewing, with his little band, evacuated the fort, taking the road towards Harrison, on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad. Although the enemy had troops on all sides of the town, it was some time before they learned of his retreat. Pursuit was immediately commenced, and for two or three days the federals were sorely pressed and compelled to fight at every step. At Harrison, Ewing was reinforced by a small force of cavalry, and succeeded in reaching Rolla in safety. The rebels lost 500 men in the attack and retreat; and Ewing not over 200.

Price now aimed at Jefferson City, crossing the Osage. Here our troops had been concentrated, under General Fisk, from Rolla, Springfield, and elsewhere. After some skirmishing at Jefferson City, Price retired to Booneville. Our forces remained quiet, and without pursuit, until Pleasanton came up, when the latter followed Price to Booneville, and harassed his rear with Sanborn's troops. Meanwhile Price had captured Harding's new regiment at Glasgow, on its way to Jefferson City. Most of our cavalry was now concentrated at the Black Water, where Winslow, from Washburn's command, joined it. On the 17th, Pleasanton moved from Sedalia in pursuit of Price, whom he struck at the Little Blue on the 22d, and drove thence to the Big Blue. Here Price forced Blunt to retire, and awaited Pleasanton's attack.

On the following day, the 23d, a severe battle was fought near Westport. It seems to have been a singular affair. Curtis was first driven from Westport, by

the enemy under Shelby, who was in turn attacked and defeated by Pleasanton. The enemy then turned south, on the Fort Scott road, and henceforward occupied himself only to get away with the spoils of his campaign. Pleasanton and Curtis, having joined forces, briskly pursued, and at length reached the enemy on the 25th. Under cover of a dense fog, Pleasanton attacked and routed him, capturing camp equipage, one cannon, twenty wagons full of plunder, and several hundred head of cattle. The enemy retreated, and at length secured a better position across Mine Creek, which he guarded with a full battery.

Marmaduke and Fagan's entire divisions were joined in line of battle, supported by seven pieces of artillery. The first brigade, under Colonel Philips, and the fourth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Benteen, soon arrived upon the ground, and formed their line of battle; and this little force of cavalry, scarcely 3000 men, on the order being given to charge, dashed against more than three times their number. Across the prairie they went, filling the air with their enthusiastic yells, and carrying consternation and death to the rebel ranks. A hand to hand saber-fight ensued, which, however, was very brief, as the enemy broke and fled in all directions.

The results of this charge were: seven pieces of artillery, two battle-flags, Generals Marmaduke and Cabell, five colonels, and about 700 prisoners.

Once more, at Marias des Cygnes, the enemy attempted a stand, but was forced to retreat, destroying a long train of wagons and some ammunition, to prevent its recapture.

Again, on the 28th, Price was overtaken at Newtonia, and defeated with a reported loss of 250 men. More wagons were here destroyed.

Last of all, at Fayetteville, Ark., his rear-guard was again harassed, and one more skirmish ensued of a similar character with the preceding.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

In addition to the devastation of regular warfare, Missouri suffered more, perhaps, from guerrilla bands, than any other state. Many of these bandit chiefs were harbored and protected by disloyal citizens. The crimes of these men were such as would have been deemed impossible a few years since; but now no pen can exaggerate their barbarities. When the rebel armies were driven out of Missouri, most of these plundering bands left the northern and interior portions of the state, and confined their foul deeds mainly to the south-west. Of their deeds in that region, Mr. Baxter, in his work already quoted, gives us these facts as coming within his knowledge:

The leaders of these bands, though in some instances men of ability, were mostly intemperate, and when under the influence of drink perpetrated crimes, which we fain would hope they would have shrank from in their sober moments. On one occasion, about the last of June, the bands of Coffee, Rains, and some others came into our town, bringing as prisoners several men whom they had taken from their homes while endeavoring to secure their crops. The men were accused of no crime, and were engaged in their usual peaceful labors when arrested. A few days after they were brought in, Coffee, who was seldom sober, and some of the other officers, began to talk about shooting those prisoners, in retaliation for some men they had lost in an engagement with some federal cavalry a few days before. They mutually excited each other while in their cups, and even in the hearing of some citizens spoke of shooting their prisoners; their friends regarded their threats as due more to the liquor they had taken than any serious intention to injure innocent men; but no, the drunken wretches were in earnest, and before the dawn of another morning they had executed their murderous purpose.

About midnight, without the least form of trial or intimation of the fate that awaited them, the prisoners, four in number, were marched southward under a strong guard. About a mile from the town they turned into a dim and unfrequented road; and when about a quarter of a mile from the main road were

halted. On the lower side of the road was a comparatively clear spot, the undergrowth having been cleared away; into that space they were ordered; the word was given; the report of fifteen or twenty guns was heard; they all fell, and their murderers returned and left them just as they lay. The firing was heard in town, but the cause of it was known only to the drunken and brutal Coffee and his companions, by whose order this deed, black as the hour at which it took place, was done.

Only three of the poor wretches, however, were dead, the other was shot through the body and fell; and after the departure of the executioners he crawled through the bushes and over the rocks, about a quarter of a mile, to the nearest house. His wounds were of a horrible character, and no expectation was entertained that he could live more than a few hours. In this condition, with death, as he felt assured, close at hand, he told his sad story: he said that he and his companions had never had arms in their hands on either side; that they were taken prisoners at home while at work; that they knew of no reason for their arrest, but, without warning and without crime, had been torn from their families; they had not been tried, and only knew their fate when brought to the place of the foul murder. He gave his name and that of his fellow-prisoners, and desired that their families might be informed of their fate. A few hours more would, in all probability, have brought an end to his sufferings; but the next day the news got out that one of the victims was still alive; some of the band rode out to see him, and one of them gave him some drug which soon resulted in a sleep from which he never woke again. The shooting at midnight was doubtless consummated by deliberate poisoning in open day.

The bodies of the other three were found, weltering in their blood, by some of the neighbors the next morning, whose fears and suspicions had been aroused by the firing in such an unfrequented place at an hour so unusual, and who immediately set about giving them a burial, hasty it is true, but decent as circumstances would permit.

They were proceeding in their pious task, preparing a grave large and deep enough for three; but before the task was half accomplished, the murderers of the previous night came upon them, made them throw the bodies into the half-dug grave, and would not permit them to hide, with earth, the corpses of the poor victims from the light of day and the reach of dogs and vultures. One of the burial party, however, an old man, and a union man, after their departure, came back and built a wall of loose stones around the place of the dead, and then protected it with brush that the bodies might rest unmolested by either brute or foul bird.

Noble old man! hard didst thou toil in thy labor of love in the heat of that summer day; no human eye saw thy sweat and toil, or knew the thoughts of thy heart as thou didst labor at the grave of the murdered ones; but the honest and noble purpose of thy heart, and the pious labor of thy hands, were not unnoted of God; and the little mound thou didst raise over these strangers in that solitude will seem, to thy fellows, like a mountain-peak raising thee nearer to heaven than thou ever didst stand before.

Another murder, darker, and more unprovoked, if possible, than the foul midnight deed just narrated, took place a few miles from town; and, as the subject of it was well known for miles around, it struck a strange and undefinable terror into nearly every household; for, if such persons as the victim in this instance were not safe, there were none who could feel secure.

He was a man by the name of Neal, a leading member of the Methodist Church, of simple manners and a pure life, well and widely known, and universally regarded as a good man. He was a union man, as nearly all of his type of character were, and yet he was not offensively so; he did not boast of his attachment to the old government, nor did he speak harshly or bitterly of his neighbors who favored the rebellion. He was too old and of too pacific a spirit to take up arms, and was ready, at all times, to relieve the wants of the sick and suffering without reference to their position on the great questions of the day.

No intemperate language, no unfriendly act was charged against him; his only

crime, he had never wavered in his attachment to the government, he never had approved of the mad act of secession; yet yielding to the violence of a storm that he was powerless to resist, he retained his principles in a day of great defection, and for this, at last, he became one of the noble army of martyrs for the union, whose graves are to be found all over the seceding states, whom generations to come will yet honor.

One afternoon several mounted men, friendly to all appearance, rode up to his gate, asking food for themselves and animals; they were invited to alight and remain till provision could be made for their wants; they entered the house and found two or three men there, relatives of the family, and entered freely into conversation with them, but not giving the slightest intimation as to which party they were attached. Supper was served; they all sat down and partook; at its close, the strangers said that General Curtis, whose army was encamped some twenty or thirty miles northward, had heard that he, Neal, had been giving information to the southern army, and that he must go with them to the federal camp to answer to this charge. The old man, with all the fearlessness of innocence, expressed his willingness to go; but his wife was fearful, she hardly knew why; the strangers, however, insisted that he and the men who were in the house should go with them instantly to the camp, tied their hands behind them, and they, riding, with the captives on foot before them, set off.

They had only proceeded a few hundred yards, when they halted their prisoners, formed them in a line, and informed them that if they had any prayers to offer they had better begin, as they had only five minutes to live. Appalled by this intelligence, they began to plead for their lives. The old man prayed them to spare him, but they were deaf to his entreaties. Suddenly one of the younger prisoners, seeing death inevitable, by a violent effort broke the ropes which confined his hands, and ran for the woods and escaped; upon this the murderers fired upon the rest, killing the old man and wounding the others, and then hastily abandoned the scene of blood. They were confederates and had endeavored to palm themselves off as union soldiers, had been hospitably entertained, and rode off with the blood of their innocent and unsuspecting host upon their heads.

This was the first killing of a private and unarmed citizen that had taken place, and the sensation it produced was immense. As soon as it was known, those who gathered around the evening fire, in nearly every house and cabin, looked anxiously into each other's faces, and spoke in low tones of the dead and their own probable future. If a stranger or two rode up to a dwelling, wives and mothers became fearful, and children turned ghastly pale; none knew who would be the next victim, and a shadow seemed to have fallen upon every household.

One, writing from St. Louis, says:

All the south-western portions of Missouri has been depopulated; houses have been sacked and burnt; horses, swine, sheep, and cattle have been stolen; their brave defenders have often been shot down, and women and children have been robbed of the clothes they wore. There are now in this city widows, whose husbands have been murdered before their eyes; their houses have been stripped of everything valuable, and even the very shoes have been taken from their feet.

One woman saw her husband driven away by the bayonets of a gang of marauders, she knew not where. She afterward learned, from rumor, that he had been murdered and left about ten miles from his home. She went on foot to the place, and was guided to the decaying body of her husband by the offensive odor which the wind wafted from it. How terrible to a solitary, helpless woman must have been that awful scene!

One respectable woman came into St. Louis barefoot, with a single cotton dress to shield her from "chill November's surly blast."

We see, every day, entering our city creaking and rickety carts, drawn by lean and hungry oxen, laden with half-clad women and children, with the remains of their furniture and bedding. Sometimes girls with old quilts wrapped around them are riding upon lean horses or shriveled or gaunt mules.

Many suffered, as did the author of the following affidavit:

I, Franklin Wood, was born in the State of Maryland, and raised in Washington county, O.; have resided in the State of Missouri for the last fourteen years, prior to the 25th of March, 1862, and was living in the town of Independence, Jackson county, Mo., at the time of the breaking out of the present rebellion, working at my trade (stone-cutting) when President Lincoln called upon Missouri by requisition, last April, for four regiments of soldiers to protect Washington City. Claib. Jackson, governor of said state, refused to fill the requisition, when it was proposed, by some loyal union men, to raise companies and go to Washington City. I made the same proposition to raise a company in Jackson county, but failed. After speaking frequently in favor of the union, in opposition to abuse, I was arrested by a band of guerrillas under Jack Harris, late member of the legislature. I was working in my shop at the time when Jack Harris ordered his men to demolish my work: consisting of monuments, a number of head-stones, table-tops, etc., valued at \$1000—all of which they wantonly destroyed because I refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. As an inducement to do this, I was offered a command in the rebel army. Still refusing, they took me over to the court-house square, and, after placing a rope around my neck, proceeded to hang me, when I was rescued by the timely assistance of Mr. Samuel D. Lucas, County clerk, who appealed to them in my behalf. I was then taken by William Botts (ex-sheriff of the county, who was second in command,) to the jail-yard, when, upon again refusing to take the rebel oath, I was tied to the "negro whipping-post"—a place of punishment for slaves—my coat was cut and torn from my back, and I received twenty-five lashes from a cowhide in the hands of said Botts.

While this was going on, Jack Harris ordered a body of men to set fire to my house and shop, which was done, destroying the buildings and all their contents. I was thrown into the county-jail, and confined in a room fourteen feet square, in company with twenty-one others—fourteen white men and seven negroes. Two of the white men died, during the winter, from hardship and exposure. Our rations, per day, for each prisoner, was about three ounces of pork and six ounces of cold corn bread, with water. We were compelled to lie upon the hard oak floor with no covering or fire during the inclemency of the winter season.

There were about seventy-five persons in Harris' band at the time I was taken prisoner; and I am personally acquainted with about sixty of them, who were residents of Jackson county. I lost between \$4000 and \$5000 worth of stock and outstanding accounts. I have a disease contracted through ill-treatment and exposure during my confinement, which may shorten my days; yet what are my troubles compared with those of thousands of others, who have lost their all in the cause of the constitution and the union?

On the 28th of February last, a detachment of General Pope's division came into, and took possession of, Independence, and I was released with the others. I was so afflicted with rheumatism that I was unable to walk, but had to be carried to the transport and conveyed to the general hospital. There, under the kind treatment of Surgeon R. Wells, I so far recovered as to be able to make my way here; and by the blessing of God I may yet live to see the day when my enemies and the enemies of my country may tremble and the rebellion be crushed.

FRANKLIN WOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to, before me, this 26th day of April, 1862, at Marietta, Ohio.

MANLY WARREN, Notary Public.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, who writes from Springfield, Mo., tells the following sad tale:

The tender mercies of secession are cruel. I have just heard the sad story of a widow who has buried two sons and a daughter since the outbreak of the rebellion. Her three children all fell by the hand of violence.

She lived in the White River country—a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country she and her family stood almost alone on the side of the national union. Her neighbors were advocates of rebellion, and even before the arrival

of our army in Springfield, all loyal citizens were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hillside—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart; took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave it to him, and kissed him good-bye, never expecting to see him again.

He had not been gone many days when her persecution began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his heart. Joy at his escape from death was henceforth mingled with gloomy apprehension. Next she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancied himself secure; was alone at work in the field. The family with whom he lived was absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body, in the house, pierced with a bullet. His torn cap, and other signs, witnessed the severity of his struggle before he yielded to his murderer.

From this time the family of Mrs. Willis lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. Often they saw men prowling about with guns, looking for the young men. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods, and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden, and William was sitting upon the fence.

"Don't sit there, William," said his mother, "you are too fair a mark for a shot." William went to the door, and sat upon the step. "William," said his sister, "you are not safe there. Come into the house." He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when suddenly another shot rang upon the air, and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her. "I never wished any one in torment before," she said, "but I did wish the man that killed him was there."

Her three eldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They are all in the national army to-day. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch his body; but after a time she consented. The clods were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her heart, when a whip-poor-will fluttered down, with its wild, melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The notes so terrified the conscience-stricken, superstitious wretches that, for a moment, they fled in dismay.

Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had fled for their lives. The unhappy woman was left, with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was compelled to go thirty miles, on horseback, to mill for food, and afterward to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack of meal upon his back. On her return she met her children about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbor's yard, her two eldest boys, aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered, in her absence, for the crime of loyalty to the union. Together with a white-headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined, into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth.

The widow now escaped, for refuge, to this city. And here, to crown her sorrows, in the absence of her three oldest remaining sons, a drunken soldier of the 5th Kansas regiment shot her daughter, Mary, as she was standing in the door of her house. Is it any wonder that this woman's hair is gray, her forehead full of wrinkles, or that she should say, with tremulous tones: "I feel that I shall not live long. The only thing which sustains me is the love of Christ."

Another writes: The stories of barbarities committed upon union men, at the south, have been so horrid that we have been almost disposed to discredit them.

Take this as an instance: I met a lady, who, with her husband, was from Mas-

sachusetts—herself a Presbyterian—who told me that in a neighborhood where they had resided, *nine* of their neighbors were murdered by the bushwhackers, who came in with a list of the names of the doomed men, and went from house to house on their hellish errand. Finding one man, they would compel him to escort them to the house of the next, and when within sight of the house of the new victim, they would dispatch the man in hand. No begging would suffice. The reply was, "You are radicals, and we are sent to kill you." After shooting, they cut the throats of each from ear to ear. They cut off the ears and nose of one man, and then cut out his heart. One man, after they had wounded him, they shot while his wife was bathing the wound. Another, shot in three places, yet alive, begged for the chance of his life. "No; we don't do our business in that way," was the reply; and the captain put his revolver to the head of the poor man and killed him.

The *St. Louis News* of May 1st, 1862, gives this account of the murder of eleven men in Cedar county: one of whom was Obediah Smith, a member of the state legislature:

The scene of the atrocities was the neighborhood of Bear creek post-office, in the eastern part of Cedar county. On Sunday, the 19th of April, a band of guerrillas, thirty-one in number, came into the neighborhood from Calhoun, in Henry county. They first captured seven soldiers of the State Militia, three of whom were of Col. Gravelly's regiment, and four of Capt. McCabe's company, who were on their return from guarding the Paymaster to Springfield. After being captured, they were stripped of all their clothing but their shirts and drawers, formed in a line, and shot from behind, the charges entering the back of their heads. All seven were killed, and fell to the ground in a heap. Having perpetrated this butchery, the villains went to the north of Stockton, in the same county, and captured Robert Williams and — Powell, taking them up to the house of a secessionist to feed. Finding no corn at this house, they asked Mr. Williams for directions to a place where they could get feed; but while he was standing before them, giving the requested information, they shot him in the head, killing him instantly. They then turned to Powell and fired at him, wounding him. Nevertheless, he sprang up and ran three quarters of a mile before they overtook him. He fell on his knees and plead for his life, but the pitiless murderers gave him a second shot, which finished him. They then took his gun and went to Powell's house, where they were met by the women, who told them they had ruined them. The scoundrels replied: "We have killed them, and you can not help yourselves."

They next went to the house of Obediah Smith, and pretended to be Kansas troops. Mr. Smith, believing them to be such, went out to the fence to speak with them, carrying with him, however, his Sharpe's rifle and a pistol. The captain of the band remarked to him: "You have a gun just like mine; let me see it." Smith unsuspectingly handed the weapon to him, which the bushwhacker had no sooner received than he said: "I will give you the contents of this gun," and fired at him. The ball missed its aim, but the muzzle was so close to Mr. S.'s person, that the powder burned his face. He, however, fired his pistol twice, knocking two of the scoundrels from their horses. He then ran toward his house, his brave wife keeping between them for about forty yards, when, as he was trying to escape through the orchard, they fired and brought him down. Coming up to where he lay, they shot him again and again in the back; and then, turning him over, shot him the face. He had thirty-eight bullet wounds on his body. The murderers then robbed him of his money, \$700 or \$800 and threw the empty purse in his wife's face.

Among the horrible acts was one perpetrated by the rebel fiends on the night of the 3d of November, 1861. The passenger express train bound west, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, when it had reach Little Platte river bridge, nine miles east of St. Joseph, was precipitated into the river, the whole train going down with a terrible

crash, hurling nearly 100 men, women, and children, into the chasm. The following account of the affair is from a St. Louis paper :

The bridge was a substantial work of 100 feet span, and about 35 feet above the river. The timbers of the bridge had been burned by these horrible wretches underneath the track, until they would sustain but little more than their own weight, and the fire was then extinguished, leaving the bridge a mere shell. The train, bringing from 85 to 100 passenger, including women and children, reached the river at 11 o'clock at night, and, the bridge looking secure, passed in ; but no sooner had the locomotive measured its length upon the bridge than some 40 or 50 yards of the structure gave way, precipitating the entire train into the abyss below. All the seats in the passenger coaches were torn and shoved in front, carrying men, women and children in a promiscuous heap down the declivity, and burying them beneath the crushed timber, or throwing them out of the cars through the broken sides. Some were mangled by the machinery tearing through the timbers ; several were caught between planks, pressing together like a vice. Others were struck by parts of the roof as it came down with mighty force, and still others were cut with pieces of glass. In the midst of this confusion the two last cars of the train went down, pitching the passengers into the wreck, or throwing them into the water, which at this point is about a foot and a half in depth.

Only three persons—J. W. Parker, superintendent of the United States Express, Mr. Mars, mail agent, and Mr. Hager—were able to afford assistance to the suffering—the remainder of those who were not killed outright being so disabled as to be helpless. After doing all that was possible for those requiring immediate attention, Mr. Hager, at midnight, left the wreck to go to St. Joseph for medical and other assistance. He walked five miles of the way, when he found a hand-car, upon which he proceeded the remainder of the journey. Two hundred yards west of the bridge he discovered a heavy oak railroad tie strongly strapped across the track, and two miles further on he found the trestle work over a small stream on fire, which, however, had not as yet been so badly burned that trains could not pass over or could not be easily extinguished.

Arriving at St. Joseph, the alarm was soon spread throughout the city, and, although it was one o'clock at night, 75 men, including all the physicians in the neighborhood, a train fully equipped, supplied with medical stores and other necessities, went to the scene of the disaster.

The wounded had emerged from the wreck, and were lying on the banks and upon a sand bar in the river. Seventeen dead bodies were recovered, and it is believed that this number embraced all who were killed up to that time. Two are so badly mangled that it was not expected they would survive till morning, while many others were dangerously wounded, and would have to be well taken care of to recover. Many who will escape with their lives, will be maimed and crippled.

The annals of atrocity furnish nothing more fiendish than the "*Sam Gaty Butchery*," in the spring of 1863, as related by the *St. Joseph Herald* :

The steamboat *Sam Gaty* had arrived at Sibley's Landing where the channel was close to shore, and was hailed by some men on the bank, followed by the cracking of a dozen or more guns. The pilot put her in shore, and George Todd and about twenty-five of his gang of guerrillas came aboard. It was almost morning, and there was no moon. The rebels were dressed in butternut, having a pair of Colt's navy revolvers each (and some as many as three and four), and shot-guns and rifles. Todd wore a large cloth coat, with an ample cape and flowing sleeves, and had also a slouched hat, which he soon exchanged with a passenger for a new light-colored beaver. He gave the command, and the work of murder commenced. The passengers were mostly ladies, and the few gentlemen were unarmed.

They first killed George Meyer, by shooting him in the back. Meyer was formerly in this city, and when Col. Peabody was here after the siege of Lexington,

he was in Major Berry's cavalry command, acting as Quartermaster. For a time he was Serjeant-Major of the 5th Cavalry, Col. Penick. During the last winter he was frequently engaged, with Assistant-Secretary Rodman, in the Senate at Jefferson City, in writing up the journal. He was a young man of the most generous impulses, and will be mourned by a large number of men, *who will avenge his death.*

The cowardly butchers next blew out the brains of William Henry, a member of Capt. Wakerlin's company. He, too, was a St. Joseph boy, and was formerly engaged in a stall in our city market, and at one time, we think, labored for John P. Hax, a meat dealer. He leaves a wife and four children in our city wholly unprovided for. They next led out to slaughter young Schuttner, of this town, whom they first robbed of \$200, then shot. He revived the next morning, and will probably recover.

The most revolting act in the bloody drama was the ordering ashore of twenty negroes, drawing them up in line, one man holding a lantern up by the side of their faces, while the murderers shot them, one by one, through the head. This inhuman butchery was within three yards of the boat. One negro alone of all that were shot is alive.

Christ. Habacher, who lives near Hamilton's Mill, in this city, was aboard, but managed to hide his money, and got off scot free. Charley, formerly bar-keeper for Christian Wagner, in Jefferson City, was robbed of every dollar he had, some \$450. George Schriver of this city was led out to be shot, and a watchman on the boat halloed, "hold on there, he is one of my deck hands," and they led him back, taking \$72 from him, being all he had except \$20, which he had secreted on the boat. George Morenstecker, a grocer, on the corner of Tenth street and Frederick avenue, in this city, and a captain in the 33d Missouri, was robbed of \$1060 and his gold watch. The affair ended by the gang going aboard the boat and compelling the passengers to throw overboard fifty wagon-beds, 100 sacks of flour, and a large amount of other stores, including sugar, coffee, etc. Wearing apparel of ladies and gentlemen was indiscriminately plundered.

There were about 80 contrabands aboard, sent on their way to Kansas by Gen. Curtis. Sixty jumped off and ran away, and are now under Col. Penick, whose men are scouring the country for these murderers. When the guerrillas drew their revolvers on the negroes as they stood in line, the women on the boat screamed and cried, and begged them not to kill them, but the work of death went on.

Speedy vengeance followed this act of diabolism. These guerrillas were pursued into Jackson county by Major Ransom of the 6th Kansas, seventeen of them shot, and two hung. Indeed, retribution swift and terrible often overtook the perpetrators of these cruel wrongs. The *Palmyra Courier* describes a tragic scene of this nature, which occurred in the fall of 1863.

Saturday last, the 18th instant, witnessed the performance of a tragedy in this once quiet and beautiful city of Palmyra, which in ordinarily peaceful times would have created a profound sensation throughout the entire country, but which now scarcely produces a distinct ripple upon the surface of our turbulent social tide.

It will be remembered by our readers that on the occasion of Porter's descent upon Palmyra, he captured, among other person, an old and highly respected resident of this city, by name, Andrew Allsman. This person formerly belonged to the 3d Missouri Cavalry, though too old to endure all the hardships of very active duty. He was, therefore, detailed as a kind of special or extra Provost Marshal's guard or *cicerone*—making himself generally useful in a variety of ways to the military of the place. Being an old resident and widely acquainted with the people of the place and vicinity, he was frequently called upon for information touching the loyalty of men, which he always gave to the extent of his ability, though acting, we believe, in all such cases, with great candor, and actuated solely

by a conscientious desire to discharge his whole duty to his government. His knowledge of the surrounding country was the reason of his being frequently called upon to act as a guide to scouting parties sent out to arrest disloyal persons. So efficiently and successfully did he act in these various capacities, that he won the bitter hatred of all the rebels in this city and vicinity, and they only awaited the coming of a favorable opportunity to gratify their desire for revenge. The opportunity came at last, when Porter took Palmyra. That the villains, with Porter's assent, satiated their thirst for his blood by the deliberate and premeditated murder of their helpless victim, no truly loyal man doubts. When they killed him, or how, or where, are items of the act not yet revealed to the public. Whether he was stabbed at midnight by the dagger of the assassin, or shot at midday by the rifle of the guerrilla; whether he was hung, and his body hidden beneath the scanty soil of some oaken thicket, or left as food for hogs to fatten upon; or whether, like the ill-fated Wheat, his throat was severed from ear to ear, and his body sunk beneath the wave—we know not. But that he was foully, causelessly murdered, it is useless to attempt to deny.

When General McNeil returned to Palmyra, after that event, and ascertained the circumstances under which Allsman had been abducted, he caused to be issued, after due deliberation, the following notice:

"PALMYRA, Mo., October 8.

"JOSEPH C. PORTER—SIR: Andrew Allsman, an aged citizen of Palmyra, and non-combatant, having been carried from his home by a band of persons unlawfully arrayed against the peace and good order of the State of Missouri, and which band was under your control this is to notify you that unless said Andrew Allsman is returned, unharmed, to his family within ten days from date, ten men who have belonged to your band unlawfully sworn by you to carry arms against the Government of the United States, and who are now in custody, will be shot, as a meet reward for their crimes, among which is the illegal restraining of said Allsman of his liberty, and, if not returned, presumptively aiding in his murder.

"Your prompt attention to this will save much suffering.

"Yours, etc.

W. R. STRACHAN.

"Provost Marshal General, District N. E. Mo.

"Per order of Brigadier General commanding McNeil's column."

A written duplicate of this notice he caused to be placed in the hands of the wife of Joseph C. Porter, at her residence in Lewis county, who, it was well-known, was in frequent communication with her husband. The notice was published widely, and as Porter was in northeast Missouri during the whole of the ten days subsequent to the date of this notice, it is impossible that, with all his varied channels of information, he remained unappraised of General McNeil's determination in the premises.

Many rebels believed the whole thing was simply intended as a *scare*—declaring that McNeil did not *dare* (!) to carry out the threat.

The ten days elapsed, and no tidings came of the murdered Allsman. It is not our intention to dwell upon the details of this transaction. The tenth day expired with last Friday. On that day ten rebel prisoners, already in custody, were selected to pay, with the lives, the penalty demanded. The names of the men so selected were as follows:

Willis Baker, Lewis county; Thomas Humston, Lewis county; Morgan Bixler, Lewis county; John Y. McPheeters, Lewis county; Herbert Hudson, Ralls county; Captain Thomas A. Snider, Monroe county; Eleazer Lake, Scotland county; Hiram Smith, Knox county.

These parties were informed Friday evening, that unless Mr. Allsman was returned to his family by one o'clock on the following day, they would be shot at that hour.

Most of them received the announcement with composure or indifference. The Rev. James S. Green, of this city, remained with them during that night, as their spiritual adviser, endeavoring to prepare them for their sudden entrance into the presence of their Maker.

A little after 11 o'clock A. M., the next day, three government wagons drove to

the jail. One contained four, and each of the others three rough board coffins. The condemned were conducted from the prison and seated in the wagons—one upon each coffin. A sufficient guard of soldiers accompanied them, and the cavalcade started for the fatal grounds. Proceeding east to Main-street, the cortege turned and moved slowly as far as Malone's livery-stable; thence turning east, it entered the Hannibal road, pursuing it nearly to the residence of Colonel James Culbertson; there, throwing down the fence, they turned northward, entering the fair-grounds (half a mile east of town) on the west side, and driving within the circular amphitheater, paused for the final consummation of the scene.

The ten coffins were removed from the wagons, and placed in a row, six or eight feet apart, forming a line, north and south, about fifteen paces east of the central pagoda or music stand in the center of the ring. Each coffin was placed on the ground with its head toward the east. Thirty soldiers, of the Missouri state-militia, were drawn up, in a single line, facing the row of coffins. This line of executioners extended directly from the east base of the pagoda, leaving a space between them and the coffins of twelve or thirteen paces. Reserves were drawn up in line upon either flank of these executioners.

The arrangements completed, the doomed men knelt on the grass between their coffins and the soldiers, and while the Rev. R. M. Rhodes offered up a prayer. At the conclusion of this each prisoner took his seat upon the foot of his coffin, facing the muskets which, in a few moments, were to launch them into eternity. They were nearly all firm and undaunted. Two or three only showed signs of trepidation.

The most noted of the ten was Captain Thomas A. Snider, of Monroe county, who was captured, at Shelbyville, disguised as a woman. He was now elegantly attired in a coat and pantaloons of black broadcloth and a white vest. A luxurious growth of beautiful hair rolled down his shoulders, which, with his fine personal appearance, could not bring to mind the handsome but vicious Abolom. There was nothing especially worthy of note in the appearance of the others. One of them, Willis Baker, of Lewis county, was proven to be the man who, some time before, shot and killed Mr. Ezekiel Pratte, his union neighbor, near Williamstown, in that county. All the others were rebels of lesser note, the particulars of whose crimes we are not familiar with.

A few minutes after one o'clock, Colonel Strachan, provost-marshal-general, and Rev. Mr. Rhodes, shook hands with the prisoners. Two of them accepted bandages for their eyes—all the rest refused. A hundred spectators had gathered around the amphitheater to witness the impressive scene. The stillness of death pervaded the place.

The officer in command now stepped forward, and gave the word of command: "Ready—aim—fire!" The discharges, however, were not made simultaneously, probably through want of a perfect understanding of the orders and of the time at which to fire. Two of the rebels fell backward upon their coffins and died instantly. Captain Snider sprang forward and fell with his head toward the soldiers, his face upward, his hands clasped upon his breast, and the left leg drawn half way up. He did not move again, but died immediately. He had requested the soldiers to aim at his heart, and they had obeyed but too implicitly. The other seven were not killed outright; so the reserves were called in, who dispatched them with their revolvers.

The lifeless remains were then placed in the coffins; the lids, upon which the name of each man was written, were screwed on, and the solemn procession returned to town by the same route it had pursued in going; but the souls of ten men that went out came not back.

Friends came and took seven of the corpses; three were buried by the military in the public cemetery; and the tragedy was over.

Retaliation of the same character occurred at St. Louis, on the 29th of October, 1864, for the murder of Major Wilson, of the 3d Missouri, and six of his men, by the guerrilla chief, Sim Reeves. The major and his comrades had been taken prisoners at Pilot Knob, and were

killed after their surrender. Their bodies were accidentally discovered in the woods by young men out gathering persimmons. Three of them were horrible mutilated by the hogs. The others had on United States uniforms, one being that of a major of cavalry. From papers and orders in his pocket, and other circumstances, it was identified as that of the unfortunate Wilson. Upon this, six rebel prisoners, of the Arkansas and Missouri cavalry, were selected to be shot in retaliation. The names of these doomed men were: James W. Gates, Geo. T. Bunch, Hervey H. Blackburn, John Nichols, Chas. W. Minnekin, and Asa V. Ladd. The circumstances of their execution were thus detailed at the time:

The men were told of their fate, last night, and were allowed every opportunity for preparation that could, under the circumstances, be given. They were placed together in a separate ward, and it is said that the scene beggared description. They were cut to the soul with horror, and gave expression to their terrible agony with such wailings as can not be repeated.

In the mean time Lieutenant-Colonel Heinrichs chose the place of execution, at Fort No. 4, the same place where Barney Gibbons, the deserter, was shot several weeks ago, and made such necessary preparations as he could. Six stakes were sunk in the ground, eight feet apart, each stake having a little seat attached for the men to sit upon, and the name, rank, regiment, etc., of each man was inscribed on a label tacked overhead.

The place was well adapted for the purpose, because it was clear of the city, yet sufficiently near; the space was large and open, and the parapet of the fort would receive any bullets that might miss their mark.

At half past two, the prisoners, under a strong guard, left the Gratiot-street prison, and were marched out to the fort, where the troops of the post were already under arms and forming a hollow square, with the six stakes at the upper, open side. Upon arriving on the ground, the six men were placed, each beside his stake and ordered to take his seat, after which their arms were pinioned to the stakes, behind, to prevent the bodies falling forward on the ground. Fifty-four men, forty-four of the 10th Kansas (dead shots,) and ten of the 41st Missouri, were detailed as the firing-party. Thirty-six men stood, six before each stake, with three in reserve, behind each six, in case the first volley should not be effective.

The wretched men were allowed to speak. They said it was hard to be compelled to die that way, and all prayed to God to have mercy upon their souls. It was a dreadful sight, and made the stoutest heart quail. The wailing voices of the six mingled together in the clear autumnal air, and were wafted up to heaven to the Great Father, who looked down in pity on his poor, helpless, and imploring creatures. A chaplain knelt down and prayed, and after taking a pious leave of each the ghastly white caps were produced and drawn over their faces. The scene then presented was thrilling, and may be represented as follows:

GATES.	BUNCH.	BLACKBURN.	NICHOLS.	MINNEKIN.	LADD.
† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.
Fifteen paces.					
†	†	†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†	†	†

Six men with loaded muskets (five with bullets,) before each stake.

Three men with loaded muskets (two with bullets,) behind each six, as reserve.

Lieutenant-Colonel Heinrichs gave the word "Ready—aim—fire." The thirty-six muskets flashed as one, and each of the doomed men died almost instantly. Five out of the six received two bullets through the heart; the sixth died even sooner than those thus shot.

We conclude these narratives of horror by an account of the *Cen-*

tralia Butchery, which took place on the 27th of September, 1864. The only satisfactory reflection connected with the affair is, that a few days after, Anderson, the guerrilla leader, was killed, and his band routed, near Albany, by a force sent out in pursuit, under Lieutenant-Colonel S. P. Cox, 32d Regiment E. M. M. The particulars of the butchery were thus given in the *St. Joseph Morning Herald*:

Bill Anderson and his body of bushwhacking fiends, numbering from 250 to 300 men, rode into the town of Centralia, on the North-Missouri Railroad, and there waited for the passenger-train coming north to Macon. He had his pickets stationed a mile from town, on a prominent place in the prairie. Passengers on the train saw them and believed they were rebels; but the conductor, supposing all was right, and anticipating no danger, ran the train into Centralia.

As it approached the station, Anderson had his men drawn up near it, and mounted, ready to run in case there was any force on the train; but finding there was none, he gave orders to dismount and surround the train, which his men did with their revolvers in their hands. Then commenced a scene of consternation: men, women, and children, frightened and crying, imploring for their lives, money, and the clothing they had on their persons—all were in the greatest state of alarm and confusion. Anderson's men walked through the cars with pistol in hand.

They would point their pistols at the passengers' faces, ready to fire if they did not hand over their money and valuables. Some passengers, who were frightened, at once handed over every thing they had which was of any account. Others, having more presence of mind, threw their money to the ladies, who were not molested by the bushwhackers, as Anderson told his men, in the train, not to trouble women or children. After they had robbed the passengers, they ordered them out into a line and marched them around the bluff and kept them there a short time.

There being twenty-four unarmed soldiers aboard, they were ordered into a line, marched out a few paces from the train and shot. After they had killed the soldiers, one of Anderson's men said he recognized a German Jew, in the crowd of citizens, who had tried to have him hung, when a prisoner among the federals, and, as soon as he had finished talking, fired at the Jew. He was then ordered out of the line, when a number of Anderson's men fired at him, killing him instantly. While some of the bushwhackers were guarding the passengers others were rifling the baggage-car and taking what they wanted.

After possessing themselves of the plunder, they set fire to the passenger-train, and it was soon in ashes. In the mean time a freight-train had arrived. It was also captured and burnt. The engine of the passenger-train was all that was saved. They all then left, going in the direction of the Missouri River. Some of the passengers came to Sturgeon, some went below, and some remained at Centralia. One passenger was robbed of \$2,000, and others of smaller amounts. If a passenger did not give up his money he was threatened with being shot. An officer and a soldier saved their lives by being dressed in citizen's clothes.

Among the brave and noble soldiers who were shot were some from Atlanta, on furlough and discharged. A lieutenant, who was a cripple, was with them, and was walking on crutches. He was ordered to take off his coat and vest. They then killed him. Two hours after they had burnt the train, a detachment, numbering 150 men, of Colonel Keutzner's regiment of twelve-months' men, and under the command of Major Johnson, arrived at Centralia, and immediately formed in line of battle. Anderson also drew up in line of battle and ordered his men forward. They came on with a yell; making a dash on the federals, causing their horses to stampede and scatter in all directions, his men after them, and shooting them down. Some fifteen made their way into Sturgeon; and it is thought, from the information of those who escaped, that fifty or seventy-five soldiers were killed. They were new recruits; had seen no service; their horses were wild and unmanageable, and they were forced to retreat.

An eye-witness, a gentleman from Indiana, gave these additional incidents of the slaughter:

The engineer of the northern-bound train said the steam in the boiler was quite low, and that, after he discovered the character of the troops in Centralia, it was an utter impossibility to back the train out of danger. This may be true, but many people will ask why that train was suffered to run into a band of bush-whackers, when the conductor and passengers saw them a mile distant, and it was well known that Bill Anderson's gang had, that morning, been at that station.

As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about thirty-two years of age. He was dressed in a federal soldiers' coat, black pantaloons, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens—men, women, and children—to march in one direction, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes in the other. In getting off the platform two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson, and fell off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of the passengers, who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were twenty-four soldiers on board the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th, and the old 25th Missouri infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. One was wounded in the leg and hobbled on crutches. All the soldiers were formed in line, and Anderson walked up to them and thus addressed them:

"You federals have just killed six of my soldiers; scalped them and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any body to be scalped; but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as any body. From this time forward I ask no quarter and give none. Every federal soldier on whom I can put my finger shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I shall expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d—d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, declaring that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping any of his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are federals; and federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle-bows." A line of bush-whackers, with revolvers, were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives; but every man was shot.

All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and thence under the depot-building. The building was fired and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flame, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell, pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry, and money.

One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot-leg, and, on demand, handed over the balance. A guerrilla asked him if he had secreted any money and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and that if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was drawn off by the guerrilla, the money obtained, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German and he was instantly killed.

When the war began, Missouri was a slave-state; but, before it ended, by her own act, there is not a slave on her soil. This terrible incubus being removed, she is prepared to advance rapidly in the path of happiness and prosperity.

KANSAS.

KANSAS, prior to 1854, was included within the limits of the "Indian Territory," lying west of Missouri, and the adjoining states. It was thus



ARMS OF KANSAS.

MOTTO.—*Ad Astra per Aspera.*—To Prosperity
through Adversity.

called from the circumstance of its being the territory on which several tribes of Indians, mainly from east of the Mississippi, were located under the direction of the general government. The principal tribes thus placed within the present limits of Kansas, were the Delawares, who were estimated at upward of 800 in number; the Kickapoos, at about 900, the Shawnees, at about 1,300: the Kansas, one of the original tribes of this region, were located on the Kansas River, farther westward, and were supposed to number about 2,000.

The first white man who traversed the soil of Kansas seems to have been M. Dutisne, a French officer, sent in 1719, by Bienville, the gov-

ernor of Louisiana, to explore the territory west of the Mississippi. He passed up Osage River, a southern tributary of the Missouri, and visited several Indian villages within the present limits of Kansas.

In 1804, Lewis and Clark, on their celebrated Rocky Mountain expedition, passed up the Missouri River, on the eastern boundary of Kansas. The oldest fort on this river is Fort Leavenworth, which was established in 1827. This, with the missionary establishments among the Indians, were the first places occupied by the whites.

In 1832, the small pox reduced the Pawnee Indians, in Kansas, one half. Thus, enfeebled, they entered into a treaty with the United States, disposing of their Kansas possessions, and agreed to reside wholly north of the Nebraska River, and west of Missouri. Here, under the patronage of government, they erected dwellings, shops, etc., and commenced agricultural improvements. Their young men, however, formed war parties, and committed depredations upon the tribes around them. They were severely

chastised by the Comanches and Osages; and the Utahs, from their mountain fastnesses, avenged themselves of former cruelties. To crown the misery of the Pawnees, the Blackfeet and Sioux Indians, in the north and west, ravaged their fields, burned their houses, and drove away their horses and cattle. Disheartened, they migrated south, and settled near the Ottos and Omahas, where the remnant now exist.

"The whole Indian population of Kansas," says Mr. Greene, in his History of the Kansas region, 1856, "is probably 25,000. The immigrant tribes are the Kickapoos, Wyandots, Sacs and Foxes, Munsees, Weas and Plankeshaws, Peorias and Kaskaskias, Ottawas, Pottowatomies, Chippewas, Delawares, and Shawnees; embracing in all a population of about 5,000, and including within their reservations, prior to the treaties of 1853 and '54, almost ten millions of acres. A million of acres were ceded by the Delawares, Weas and Kickapoos, in May, 1853, to be sold at auction. The Shawnee Reserve embraces thirty miles west of the Missouri line and fifteen south of Kansas River. The Wyandots have thirty sections in the angle formed by the confluence of the Kansas and Missouri. The Delawares retain a tract ten miles wide and forty long, extending east from the mouth of Grasshopper Creek. The Pottawatomies own thirty miles square, cut through the middle by Kansas River. The Kickapoos have a small reserve at the head of the Grasshopper. North of the river and below Pottawatomie, the Kansas still hold a tract twenty-two miles long and one wide."

In 1820, on the admission of Missouri into the Union, the congress of the United States passed the "Missouri Compromise" act, prohibiting slavery in all territory of the United States north of 36° 30'. Kansas being north of this line was included within the limits of the prohibition. In 1854, on the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, congress, after an exciting discussion, passed the "Kansas and Nebraska bill," which in effect rendered nugatory the Compromise Act of 1820. This at once opened up a contest between slave-holders and free-soil men for possession. The richest part of Missouri, that most densely filled with a slave population, lay adjacent to the soil of Kansas. Were Kansas to become free territory the people feared that there would be no security in western Missouri for slavery. They determined, therefore, to introduce and fasten the institution in Kansas.

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill had agitated the whole country, and widely spread the information of the fine climate and rich soil of Kansas: this excited the desire of multitudes of the citizens of the free states to emigrate thither, introduce their institutions, open farms on its virgin soil, and found new homes for themselves and their children in the beautiful prairie land. The conflict which ensued between the pro-slavery and the free-soil parties was inevitable.

Soon as the tidings of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill reached western Missouri, some thousands of the people crossed over the borders and selected farms, and for a while they had the control of the political movements in the territory, ere the van of the free state emigrants could reach it.

Many of the latter came hither in bodies, neighbors joining together for that purpose, and in Massachusetts, an Emigrant Aid Society was created, for (it was alleged) pecuniary gain, by the means of organized capital in forming centers for settlers.* To counteract this, "Blue Lodges" were

* The Emigrant Aid Society was originally formed in Massachusetts, May 4, 1854, just before the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. In the succeeding February a new char-

established in western Missouri to assist pro-slavery emigration. Soon all emigrants came armed, for events showed that only by a struggle and bloodshed the question of ascendancy would be settled.

A. H. Reeder, the first governor of the territory, and appointed by President Pierce, arrived at Fort Leavenworth, Oct. 6, 1854, and soon after visited Lawrence, where he was met by the citizens, and was welcomed in an address by Gen. Pomeroy. The governor stated in his reply that, as far as possible, he should maintain law and order, and preserve the freedom of speech. The first election of a delegate to congress took place Nov. 29, 1854. The territory was divided into nineteen districts. Gov. Reeder, who resided at Fort Leavenworth, appointed election judges, and gave instructions to have the vote properly taken. It appears, however, that an organized body of Missourians, in some instances, took forcible possession of the polls, and elected Gen. Whitfield as a delegate. In the election for the territorial legislature, on March 30, 1855, large organized bodies from Missouri controlled the polls, appointing their own judges, where those previously appointed would not conform to their wishes. In consequence of this, every district (with one exception) returned pro-slavery men to the prospective legislature.

The legislature met on the 2d of July, at Pawnee, according to the proclamation of the governor, and was organized by the election of D. S. Stringfellow as speaker. In the course of the first week they passed an act removing the seat of government from Pawnee to the Shawnee Manual Labor School, to take effect from and after its passage: they also passed an act adopting the laws generally of Missouri as the laws of Kansas. On the 6th of July, the governor vetoed the act removing the seat of government. It was, however, passed over his veto by a two thirds vote, and the two legislative houses met at the Shawnee Mission on the 16th of July. On July 25, in a joint session, they elected the various county officers for a term of *six years*. Various other extraordinary and unusual acts were passed.* A resolution was carried declaring the incompetency of the governor, and a memorial was dispatched to Washington praying for his removal.

Gov. Reeder and Judge Elmer, of the supreme court, having been removed by the general government, Wilson Shannon, an ex-governor of Ohio, was appointed governor, and Judge Moore, of Alabama, succeeded Judge Elmer. On Sept. 5, 1855, a free state convention met at Big Springs, which resolved to repudiate all the acts passed by the legislature held at the Shawnee Mission. On the

ter was obtained, in which the objects of the society were declared to be "For the purposes of directing emigration westward, and aiding in providing accommodations for the emigrants after arriving at their places of destination." The total capital was about \$100,000. The plan was to give fixed centers for emigrants, with mills, schools, and churches, and thus to benefit the stockholders by the opportunities which the application of associated capital would give in the rapid rise of the real estate around these centers. Emigrants under it provided their own expenses; but by going in companies had the advantages of traveling at reduced rates. The great bulk of emigration was not, however, from distant New England, but from the hardy population of the north-west, familiar with pioneer life and inured to its hardships.

* "Among their labors were an act to fix the seat of government at Lecompton; acts making it a capital offense to assist slaves in escaping either into the territory or out of it, and felony, punishable with imprisonment at hard labor from two to five years, to conceal or aid escaping slaves, to circulate anti-slavery publications, or to deny the right to hold slaves in the territory; an act giving the right to vote to all persons who had paid a poll tax of one dollar, whether residents or not; an act requiring all voters, officers, and attorneys, to take an oath to support the fugitive slave law and the acts of this legislature; and an act giving the selection of jurors to the sheriff. They also adopted the Missouri laws in a heap."

19th of September, a convention assembled at Topeka, in which it was resolved to take measures to form a state constitution. On the 9th of October, the free state men held their election, allowing no nonresident to vote: 2,400 votes were cast, nearly all of which were for Gov. Reeder as delegate to congress. They also elected delegates to assemble at Topeka, on the fourth Tuesday of the same month, to form a state constitution. This convention met, and chose Col. James Lane its president: a constitution was formed in which slavery was prohibited. Immediately after the adjournment of this convention, the pro-slavery party called a "Law and Order convention," over which Gov. Shannon and Judges Lecompte and Elmer presided, in which the Topeka convention was denounced as a treasonable assemblage.

In Nov., one Coleman, in a quarrel about a land claim, killed a Mr. Dow, a free state settler, at Hickory Point, about 12 miles from Lawrence. Coleman then proceeded to Lecompton, to Gov. Shannon, and swore a complaint against Branson, at whose house Dow had lodged, that Branson had threatened his (Coleman's) life. Branson was thereupon arrested by Sheriff Jones, but was rescued by his neighbors, and took refuge in Lawrence. These transactions caused great excitement. The people of Lawrence armed as an attack was threatened. Gov. Shannon issued his proclamation, stating an open rebellion had commenced, and calling for assistance to carry out the laws: this was circulated through the border counties of Missouri, volunteer companies were raised, and nearly 1,800 men crossed over from Missouri, having with them seven pieces of cannon, obtained from the U. S. arsenal near Liberty, Mo. This formidable array encamped at Wakerusa, over against Lawrence, which was now threatened with destruction. Gov. Shannon, Chief Justice Lecompte and David R. Atchison accompanied the troops. For more than a week the invading force continued encamped, and a deadly conflict seemed imminent. Fortunately for the peace of the country, a direct conflict was avoided by an amicable arrangement. The invading army retired from Lawrence, Dec. 9, 1855.

In Dec., 1855, the Topeka constitution was adopted by a vote of the people, and state officers were appointed. On Jan. 4, 1856, in a message, Gov. Shannon indorsed the pro-slavery legislature and code, and represented the formation of the Topeka constitution as equivalent to an act of rebellion. This was followed by a proclamation, on Feb. 4th, directed against the free state men, and on the strength of it, indictments for treason were found against Charles Robinson, Geo. W. Brown, ex-Gov. Reeder, Gen. Lane, Geo. W. Deitzler, and others, connected with the formation of the free state government. Robinson, Brown, Deitzler, and many others, were arrested and imprisoned at Lecompton during the entire summer, guarded by the United States' dragoons.

In March, 1856, the house of representatives, at Washington, having under consideration the conflicting claims of Gov. Reeder and Gov. Whitfield to represent Kansas in congress, appointed a commission to investigate the fact. This committee consisted of Howard, of Michigan, Sherman, of Ohio, and Oliver, of Missouri, who, being directed to proceed to Kansas, arrived at Lawrence on the 17th of April. While in Kansas this "congressional committee of investigation" collected a large mass of testimony which went to prove that frauds had been perpetrated by the pro-slavery party at the ballot box, also that many outrages had been committed, in which the free state settlers were principally the sufferers.

Early in April, 1856, two or three hundred pro-slavery men, from Georgia and the Carolinas, arrived in the territory, under the command of Maj. Buford, of Georgia. On the 24th of April, Sheriff Jones entered Lawrence and arrested several free state men. On the 8th of May, Gov. Robinson, while descending the Missouri on his way east, was seized and detained at Lexington, Mo., and afterward sent back to Kansas on the charge of treason. Gov. Reeder and Gen. Lane, being indicted on the same charge, succeeded in making their escape out of the territory. On the 21st of May, Sheriff Jones, with a posse of some four or five hundred men, proceeded to Lawrence, ostensibly for the purpose of executing the process of the courts. Several pieces of artillery and about 200 of Sharp's rifles were taken, two printing presses, with a large quantity of material, were destroyed, and the Free State Hotel and Dr. Robinson's mansion were burnt as nuisances. On the 26th, a skirmish occurred at Ossawatimie, in which three free state and five pro-slavery men were killed. The free state men now began to make a concerted and armed resistance to the pro-slavery bands which were spread over the country. Parties of free state emigrants coming up the Missouri, were turned back, and forbid entering the territory, so that their only ingress into Kansas was overland through Iowa. For months civil war prevailed, and the settlers were distressed by robberies, murders, house burnings, the destruction of crops, and other atrocities.

The free state legislature, according to the time fixed, met at Topeka, July 4, 1856. As they were about organizing for business, Col. Sumner (who was accompanied by a body of U. S. dragoons), went into the hall, and claiming to act under the authority of the president of the United States, dispersed the assemblage. On the 5th of Aug., a body of men from Lawrence marched against a post, near Ossawatimie, occupied by a company of marauders, said to be Georgians. After a conflict of three hours, the post, a large block-house, was carried with a loss of one or two killed, and several wounded on both sides. Other conflicts took place in other places, attended with loss of life. Gov. Shannon was removed early in August, and acting Gov. Woodson, on the 25th of that month, issued a proclamation declaring the territory in a state of rebellion.

Gov. Geary, the successor of Gov. Shannon, arrived in the territory about the 1st of Sept., and by proclamation ordered all the volunteer militia to be discharged, and all bodies of men acting without the authority of government, instantly to disband or quit the territory. After this the outrages and skirmishes rapidly diminished, and order was gradually restored.

The next season, the pro-slavery party, at a convention held at Leecompton, formed a state constitution, familiarly known as the *Leecompton Constitution*, and in the session of 1857-8, applied to congress for admission into the Union. Great opposition was made to it on the ground that the convention which formed it was fraudulently elected, and did not represent the will of the people, as it was favorable to slavery. After a long and memorable struggle, the instrument was referred to the people of Kansas, on the 4th of Aug., 1858. They rejected it by a vote of more than six to one—11,300 against to 1,788 votes in favor.

To this period the party lines in Kansas had been divided between the pro-slavery and the free state men. Soon after, these distinctions gave place to the Democratic and Republican parties. The next territorial legislature met in Jan., 1859, and the Republicans, having the majority, took measures by which a convention met at Wyandot, in the succeeding July, and formed

a state constitution, known as the *Wyandot Constitution*, which prohibited slavery. This constitution, on reference to the people, was adopted by a large majority. The lower house of congress, in the succeeding session, 1859-60, passed the bill, but the senate failed to act upon it, so it was lost. Kansas, therefore, remained in a territorial condition until January 30th, 1861, when it was admitted as a free state of the Union. The severe contest in regard to the institutions of Kansas was thus closed, only, however, to give place to a more terrible struggle, involving the whole nation.

Kansas is bounded N. by Nebraska, E. by Missouri, S. by the Indian Territory, and W. by Colorado Territory. It extends between the parallels of 37° 30' and 40° N. Lat., and 94° 30' and 102° W. Long.



South view of Fort Leavenworth.

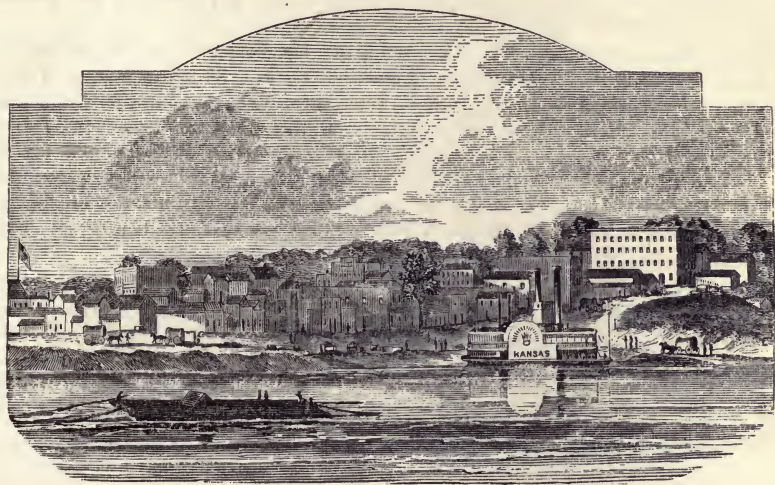
The view is taken from a point near the residence of the Chaplain. The block-house, which appears near the central part, is the oldest building standing in Kansas. It is pierced for musketry and cannon; the lower part is constructed of brick, the upper of logs, etc. The barrack buildings appear beyond; the Quartermaster's building is seen on the right.

The eastern part of Kansas is one of the most beautiful and fertile sections of country found in the United States. It consists, for the most part, of rolling prairies, having a deep, rich and fertile soil. The smooth and graceful hills, covered with dense vegetation, extend westward from the Missouri about 200 miles, having, in many places, the appearance of a vast sea of grass and flowers. The timber is principally in the vicinity of the rivers and streams, but a remarkable provision exists in the abundance of limestone found on the crest of all the elevations, just cropping out from the surface, hardly interfering with vegetation. This is admirably adapted for buildings and fences. Numerous coal beds are said to abound.

The Kansas or Kaw is the only stream of importance passing into the interior. The climate is healthy, the air being pure and dry. The winters are usually mild and open, with little snow. Kansas possesses very superior advantages for the raising of cattle. Almost all kinds of grain and fruits can be produced in great abundance. In March, 1855, the population was estimated, in round numbers, at 8,000; a year later it was estimated at 60,000; in 1860, it was 107,110.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, formerly the most important military post in the United States, is situated on the west side of the Missouri River, 31 miles

above the mouth of Kansas River, and 4 miles below Weston, Mo. This is the oldest fort on the Missouri, having been established in 1827: it received its name from Col. Leavenworth, an officer of distinction in the Niagara campaign. It is the great frontier depot for other military posts on the Santa Fe, Utah and Oregon routes, and the general rendezvous for troops proceeding to the western forts. The fort stands on an elevation of about 150 feet, and about 150 yards back from the steamboat landing. Several thousand acres of fine land in the vicinity are reserved for the use of the force at this point.



South-eastern view of Leavenworth City.

The view shows the appearance of the city as seen from the Missouri side of the river. The Market House and Theater building, surmounted by a flag, is shown on the left; and the Planters' House, the Steamboat and Steam Ferry Landings on the right.

On some occasions, as many as 1,000 laborers and artisans have been employed here in the government service at one time. The buildings consist of the barracks, magazines, the officers' houses, hospital, the quartermaster's building, and others. General Persifer F. Smith, the commander of the Utah expedition, died here on Sunday evening, May 16, 1858: his remains were taken east for burial. The government has a small chapel here, in which the Rev. Leander Ker, of Scotch descent, officiates as chaplain of the post. Mr. Ker likewise has the charge of a school of 30 or 40 children, the books, stationery, etc., being furnished by the government.

During the difficulties with Utah, in 1858, the transportation establishment of the army, under Russell & Waddell, the contractors, between the fort and the city, was the great feature of this vicinity, with its acres of wagons, herds of oxen, and regiments of drivers and other employees. This firm had millions of dollars invested in the business, employed six thousand teamsters, and worked *forty-five thousand oxen*.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, on the W. bank of Missouri River, the largest town and commercial metropolis of Kansas, is 3 miles below the fort, 37 N.E. from Lawrence, 70 S. from St. Joseph, Mo., and by the Missouri River 495

from St. Louis. Several daily and weekly newspapers are published here. Leavenworth city was founded in the autumn of 1854. Previous to this it was covered with a heavy growth of forest trees, the hunting ground for the officers of Fort Leavenworth, traversed by wolves, wildcats, wild turkeys, and deer. The first building was a frame shanty, erected in 1834, near which is an elm tree, under which the first number of the "Kansas Weekly Herald" was printed, in September, 1854. The first printer was General Lucius Eastin, of Kentucky. The first public house was the Leavenworth Hotel: the Planters' House was erected in 1856. Rev. Mr. Martin, O. S. Presbyterian, was among the first clergymen who preached in the place. Population about 15,000.

Wyandot is situated on the west bank of the Missouri, at the mouth of Kansas River, 37 miles below Leavenworth City, and 35 miles east of Lawrence. It is a new, beautiful and flourishing place, regularly laid out on ground rising gracefully from the water. Being built on the curve of the river, it is in full view of Kansas City, in Missouri, from which by water it is about a mile distant, and two miles by land; a steam ferry-boat plies between the two places. It is a busy town, and the outlet between southern Kansas and the Missouri River. At Wyandot commences the great Pacific Railroad. Population about 3,000.

Atchison, 46 miles above Leavenworth, on the Missouri River, is, next to Leavenworth, the largest town in Kansas, with a population estimated in 1865 at 8,000. Here daily start the overland stages for the Rocky Mountains. A railroad has been commenced, leading hence to connect with the South Pacific on the Republican Fork. When the grass starts up in the spring, the place is so thronged with the teams of overland emigrants one can scarcely cross the streets.

LAWRENCE, the county seat of Douglas county, is beautifully situated on the right bank of Kansas River, 45 miles W. from Kansas City, Mo., and 12 from Leecompton. The Eldridge House, 100 by 117 feet, is at this time by far the finest building in Kansas. Mount Oread is about half a mile S.W. of the Eldridge House. On this elevation it is in contemplation to build a college: the view from this location, embracing a space of from 50 to 70 miles in circumference, is exceedingly beautiful. Population about 5,000.

Lawrence received its name from Amos A. Lawrence, of Boston, Mass. In July, 1854, a company of 24 persons, principally from New England, came up the Missouri River to Kansas City, and from thence traveling by land, located themselves on the site of Lawrence, the spot having been selected by Chas. H. Branscomb, agent of the Massachusetts Aid Society. In September following, a second company of about 70 persons arrived. These two companies of pioneers held their first regular meeting Sept. 16, 1854, being called to order by Dr. Robinson. A. H. Mallory was chosen president, C. S. Pratt, secretary, and a committee of six to manage the affairs of the company, viz: J. Doy, J. F. Morgan, A. H. Mallory, J. N. Nace, G. L. Osborne and L. P. Lincoln. On Sept. 20, 1854, at a meeting of the "Lawrence Association," the following persons were chosen officers, viz: Dr. Chas. Robinson, president; Ferd. Fuller, vice president; Caleb S. Pratt, secretary; Levi Gates, jr., treasurer; Erastus D. Ladd, register; A. D. Searl, surveyor; John Mailley, Owen Taylor, John Bruce, jr., arbitrators; and Joel Grover, marshal.

Very soon after their arrival, the settlers were visited by a body of 150 Missouri borderers, ordered to strike their tents, and leave the territory to return no more. But this the people declining, the borderers left, and commenced the organization of "Blue Lodges," to foster pro-slavery emigration.



Northern view of Lawrence.

The view shows the appearance of Lawrence as seen from the opposite bank of Kansas River, having the eye slightly elevated. The Eldridge Hotel, on Massachusetts-street, is seen on the right. A log cabin, the first structure in Lawrence, is shown near the bank. The passage down the bank to the ferry, with the Whitney and Waverly Houses above, appear on the left.

Lawrence and Leavenworth were the first towns located in Kansas. Some time in the summer of 1854, Clark Stearns, of Missouri, squatted at this place and erected a log cabin, the first structure built here (still standing at the head of Massachusetts-street). It is stated that the Lawrence Company intended to have passed on to the Big Blue River, at Manhattan, some 60 miles above. Having arrived near this spot, some of the company rode their horses to the summit of Mount Oread, to find a suitable place to encamp during the night. Discovering Stearns' cabin, and being charmed with the appearance of the country, they determined to stop here, and accordingly encamped on the present site of the Eldridge Hotel.

The first meeting for public worship was held in a building constructed of long poles united at the top, intertwined with sticks, twigs, hay, etc., and then sodded over. This was on the first Sunday after the arrival of the company. Erastus D. Ladd, of New England origin, read a sermon on the occasion. The first school was kept by Edward P. Fitch, of Massachusetts. The first framed building was erected by Rev. S. Y. Lum, of New Jersey, the first regular preacher and agent of the Home Missionary Society. The Free State Hotel (afterward burnt), the first in the place, was built by the

Emigrant Aid Society, and was kept by Col. Eldridge. The first newspaper, "*The Herald of Freedom*," was issued in the fall of 1854, by G. W. Brown, from Pennsylvania. The first merchants' shops were opened by C. L. Pratt and Norman Allen, on Massachusetts-street. The first ferryman was Wm. N. Baldwin.

Lawrence will ever be a memorable spot as having been the head-quarters of the free state settlers during the "Kansas War:" it was particularly obnoxious to the contrary party, on account of the free soil sentiments of the inhabitants. On the 11th of May, 1856, Marshal Donaldson, in order to arrest several obnoxious free state men, summoned a posse, took the Georgia emigrants, under Maj. Buford, under pay, together with several hundred others. Having proceeded to Lawrence, he announced his determination to make arrests. The citizens, in a public meeting, denied the charge of having resisted the authorities of the territory. On the morning of the 21st of May, a body of about 500 men came from the camp, near Lecompton, and halted on Mount Oread, in Lawrence, near the residence of Gov. Robinson. They were headed by the U. S. Marshal Donaldson, who claimed the assembled force as his posse, they having responded to his late proclamation. They formed in line facing the north-east, and planted two cannon in range with the Free State Hotel and other large buildings in Massachusetts-street. About noon, the marshal, with a posse of ten men, arrested G. W. Deitzler, Col. Jenkins, Judge Smith, and some others, taking them as prisoners to their camp. About 3 o'clock, P. M., Sheriff Jones, accompanied by about twenty-five armed horsemen, rode up to the door of the Free State Hotel and stopped. Gen. Pomeroy, and several others, went out to meet him. The sheriff demanded that all the arms be given up to him, and said he would give them one hour for this purpose. Pomeroy then, after some consultation with the committee, delivered up several pieces of artillery. The U. S. Marshal Donaldson having dismissed his posse, they moved their two field pieces into Massachusetts-street, and were immediately summoned to the spot to act as the sheriff's posse. The sheriff then gave information that the Free State Hotel had been presented by the grand jury of Douglas county as a nuisance, together with the two newspapers, the *Herald of Freedom* and *Free State*, and that Judge Lecompte wished them removed. A lone star flag having for a motto "*Southern Rights*," was thereupon raised over these offices, the presses destroyed, and the type thrown into the river. An attempt was next made to batter down the hotel by cannon shot, but not succeeding, it was set on fire and reduced to ashes. After this, several private houses were robbed, and money, clothing, and other articles were pillaged. During the night following, the house of Gov. Robinson, on Mount Oread, having a valuable library, was set on fire and consumed. The total damage to property in Lawrence was estimated at \$150,000.

During the summer, until late in the fall, civil war raged in the territory, many murders and other atrocities being committed. On the 14th of Sept., an army of 2,500 Missourians, arranged in three regiments, with five pieces of artillery, appeared before Lawrence, with threats of destruction to the town. The people threw up breastworks, and made hasty preparations for defense, but they must have been overwhelmed in case of attack. This was averted by the interference of Gov. Geary, with a body of U. S. dragoons, who threw himself between the conflicting parties, and prevailed upon the Missourians to retire to their homes.

LECOMPTON is a village of about 600 inhabitants: it has a Methodist church and several land offices, and is some twelve miles westward of Lawrence, and 35 from Leavenworth. The capital was located here in August, 1855, by the territorial legislature. A fine capitol building has been commenced, the foundations laid and part of the first story reared, but owing to the failure of obtaining the necessary appropriations, the building has been suspended.



Northern view at Lecompton.

The long building seen in the central part of the view is the Masonic Hall, in the upper story of which the noted Lecompton Constitution was formed. The lower story, and most of the other buildings represented, are used for land offices.

The site of this place was taken up by Thomas Simmons and his son William, in the fall of 1854; in the spring of 1855, it was purchased of them by a company, consisting of Judge Lecompte, of Maryland, Daniel Woodson, secretary, from Virginia, C. B. Donaldson, from Illinois, John A. Halderman, from Kentucky, private secretary of Gov. Reeder, Samuel J. Jones, sheriff, from Virginia, and Dr. Aristedes Rodrique, from Pennsylvania. The town was then laid out, on the grounds rising from the river, covered with forest trees, many of which still remain.

The first structure erected here was Simmons' log cabin, still standing about one fourth of a mile back from the river; the next was a log cabin built on the river bank, under the direction of Sheriff Jones. The first framed house here was put up by Samuel J. Cramer, from Virginia. Rev. Mr. Prichard, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, delivered the first sermon in this place, over a grocery store, while, it is said, a company were playing cards below. Dr. Rodrique was the first physician. The first house of entertainment was kept on the bank of the river by a Mrs. Sipes. Part of the building now fitted up as a hotel, by Maj. Barnes, was used as a place of confinement for the free state prisoners arrested after the battle of Hickory Point, in the fall of 1856, by the United States dragoons. One hundred and one of these were confined here nearly three months, guarded by two companies of militia, under Col. Titus, being occasionally relieved by the U.

S. troops. Of these prisoners, 33 were from states east of Ohio; 6 from Missouri; and 77 from the free states of the north-west. Twenty of them were convicted, in Judge Lecompte's court, of manslaughter. They were subsequently removed to Tecumseh, and after a tedious confinement in prison liberated.

The first legislative assembly, in accordance with the proclamation of Gov. Reeder, met at Pawnee, near Fort Riley, but having to camp out, they adjourned to the Shawnee Mission. This act was vetoed by the governor, but the assembly passed it over his head. The next legislative assembly met in the Masonic Hall, in Lecompton, and it was in this building that the celebrated Lecompton Constitution, the subject of so much political discussion, was formed. The council sat in the building later occupied by Gov. Denver, on the opposite side of the street.

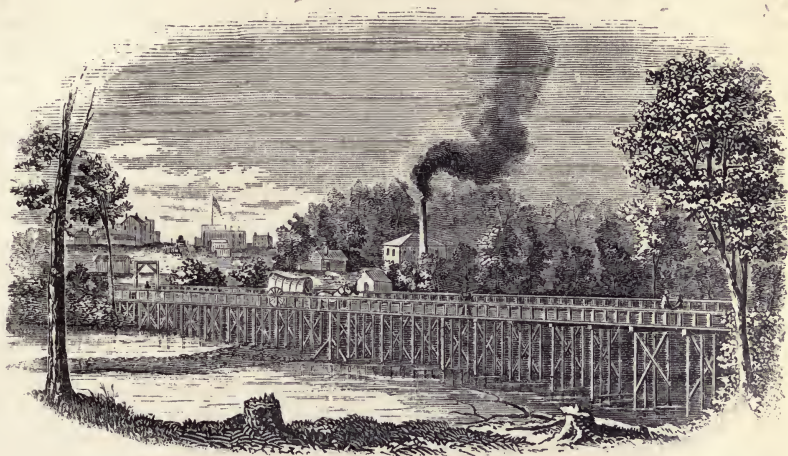
TOPEKA, for a time the free state capital of Kansas, is on the S. side of Kansas River, 25 miles westward from Lawrence, and 55 in a direct line from Leavenworth City. It contains two or three churches, the Constitutional Hall, etc., and about 1,000 inhabitants. A bridge was built, at an expense of about \$15,000, over the Kansas River, at this place, and finished in May, 1858. It was, however, soon after swept down by the great freshet of that year.

"Topeka" is an Indian word, signifying "*wild potato*," or "potato bottom," the place where they grow. This root, which is about as large as a man's thumb, is found along the bottom lands of Kansas River, and is used by the Indians as food. The foundation of Topeka was laid Dec. 4, 1854, by a number of settlers, who came here from Lawrence. The company consisted of C. K. Halliday, from Pennsylvania; M. C. Dickey, New Hampshire; Enoch Chase, Jacob B. Chase and Geo. Davis, from Massachusetts; L. G. Cleveland, from Iowa; Frye W. Giles, from Illinois; D. H. Horne and S. A. Clark. Having formed themselves into the "Topeka Association," C. K. Halliday was chosen president.

The first building raised here was a log cabin now standing near the ferry or bridge, 13 by 11 feet inside. The earth inside was covered by prairie grass or hay, when twenty-four persons lodged within, lying on the ground: while the twenty-fifth man stretched himself on a load of hay on the outside. The first building was burnt on the first evening of its occupancy. The company, during the winter of 1854-5, slept in their clothes, boots, etc. Their food was principally mush, on which they were kept in a healthy condition. Rev. S. Y. Lum, a congregationalist minister, preached the first sermon in Topeka, in the log cabin. The second place of public worship was in a small building constructed of clapboards, now standing on the premises of Col. Halliday. The first school was under Miss Harlan, now Mrs. J. F. Cummings, in a "shake" building, a few yards from Col. Halliday's house. The first regular house of entertainment was kept by Mrs. A. W. Moore, near the first log cabin. In Nov., 1855, W. W. Ross, of Ohio, established the first newspaper here; called the "Kansas Tribune," some 30 numbers of which had been previously issued in Lawrence.

On the 4th of July, 1856, the state assembly, under the Topeka constitution, consisting of representatives from all parts of the territory, met at the Constitutional Hall, in Topeka. Free state men, to the number of some 1,000 or 1,500, assembled here at the time, and were encamped about the

town. Some 600 or 800 were considered as regular militia volunteers, and were under the command of Col. C. K. Halliday. At this period, such was the state of the times, that most of the settlers went armed, even about their daily avocations. The U. S. force at this time, under the command of Colonel Sumner, consisted of some seven hundred dragoons and flying artillery, from Forts Leavenworth and Riley. In addition to this, it is stated that about 2,000 armed men, ostensibly gathered in various places to celebrate the 4th of July, were ready to march and "wipe out" Topeka, should there be any resistance made to the United States authorities.



Northern view of the Bridge, etc., at Topeka.

The view was taken a short time after the completion of the bridge, the first ever built over Kansas River. Part of the village of Topeka is seen in the distance on the right. The log cabin near the bridge is the first building erected in the place.

The state assembly met at 12 o'clock at noon, at the Constitutional Hall, the lower story of which was occupied by the house of representatives, the upper by the senate. Col. Sumner, with a body of about 200 dragoons and a company of artillery, now came into the place, and having planted two cannon at the head of the avenue, with lighted matches in hand, rode up to the hall, arranging his troops in a semi-circular line in front. At this time a company of free state volunteers were assembled, and were in the act of receiving a silk banner from a collection of young ladies, one of whom was then standing at the door of the Constitutional Hall, making the presentation address. The dragoons having rather overriden the volunteers, the assemblage was broken up.* Col. Sumner, dismounting, entering the representative hall, accompanied by Marshal Donaldson. At this time, the speaker being temporarily absent, S. F. Tappan, the clerk, was calling the roll. Col. Sumner advanced, took possession of the speaker's chair, and stated that he was obliged to perform the most painful duty of his life, that he had rather spend the whole of it in opposing the enemies of his country, than to perform that single act, which was, "by authority vested in him by the presi-

*Col. S. afterward made an apology to the company assembled on the occasion.

dent of the United States, now to command the body here assembled, calling itself the legislature of Kansas, to disperse." Judge Schuyler, addressing the colonel, asked, "Are we to understand that we are to be driven out at the point of the bayonet?" "I give you to understand," replied Sumner, "that all the force under my command will be put under requisition to carry out my orders; *I again command you to disperse.*" The house then dispersed. As Sumner was passing out, he was informed that the senate was in session in the chamber above. Just as he entered, the chair was taken by Thomas G. Thornton, president *pro tem.*, with the view of calling the senate to order. Col. S. then informed them of what he had done below, and that he wished to know their intentions. Mr. Thornton replied that the senate not being organized, he could give no answer, but if he would wait until they were so, one would be given. Col. S. rejoined, that his object was to prevent an organization. After some desultory conversation, the assemblage dispersed.

Ossawatimie is on the Osage, at its confluence with Pottawatomie Creek, 42 miles S.E. from Lawrence, and 28 from the Missouri line. The most severe conflict in the Kansas War took place here, on the 31st of August, 1856. About 300 pro-slavery men, under Capt. Reid, of Missouri, marched with a field piece upon the town, their line extending, in battle order, from river to river, across the prairie westward of the place. The inhabitants mustered about 40 men in defense, under Capt. John Brown, who took to the timber, and fighting Indian fashion, from the shelter of the trees, kept their enemy on the open plain for some time at bay, until their ammunition failing, most of them effected their retreat across the river. Their women and children escaped to the woods on the south. Their village, consisting of about 30 houses, was plundered and then laid in ashes, being the second time it had been thus destroyed by the pro-slavery forces. "Old Brown," the free soil leader, sometimes called "Ossawatimie Brown," lost one of his sons on this occasion. Becoming fanatical on the subject of slavery, he after this engaged in running off slaves from Missouri to Canada, and finally became a historical character by a conviction for treason, and a termination of his career on the gallows, at Harpers Ferry.

Grasshopper Falls is about 30 miles N.W. of Lawrence. It has several mills and the best water power north of Kansas River. *Fort Riley* is a military post at the junction of the two main branches of the Kansas, which, in high water, is navigable for small steamers to this point. *Manhattan* and *Waubesa* are two thriving towns in that vicinity. The latter was colonized from New Haven, Conn.; and by the identical party to whom *Sharp's rifles* were subscribed at a meeting in a church. One of them was a deacon in the church, and among the donors were clergymen, professors of science, lady principals of female seminaries, and others of quiet callings and anti-pugnacious tendencies.

St. Marys, on Kansas River, 51 miles below Fort Riley, is an important and flourishing Catholic missionary establishment among the Pottawatomies, and the mission buildings, the trading houses, with the Indian improvements, give it quite the appearance of a town.

The *Catholic Osage Mission*, on the Neosho River, 45 miles from Fort Scott, is one of the largest missions and schools in Kansas. It was com-

menced in 1847; Rev. John Schoenmaker was the first superior of this mission. Sermons are preached in Osage and English. Attached to this mission is a manual labor school for boys, under the direction of the fathers. There are ten missionary stations at as many Indian villages, within sixty miles, attended mostly from this mission. In 1853, the Quapaw school, by the direction of the U. S. government, was transferred to this mission.

The *Shawnee Mission*, under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is about 8 miles from the mouth of Kansas River, and 3 from Westport, Mo. It has very superior buildings, and a manual labor school. The *Friends' Shawnee Labor School* is 3 miles W. from the Methodist mission. It has been in operation more than fifty years, including the period before their arrival. The *Baptist Shawnee Mission* is 2 miles N.W. from the Methodist School. The *Kickapoo Mission* is on Missouri River, 4 miles above Fort Leavenworth; the *Iowa and Sac Mission School* is just south of the northern line of Kansas, about 26 miles N.W. of St. Joseph. It is said to have been established as early as 1837.

Council Grove is a noted stopping place on the Santa Fe road, S. from Fort Riley, containing several trading houses and shops, and a missionary establishment and school.

Council City, a tract nine miles square, recently laid out on a branch of the Osage, is in a S.W. course from Lawrence.

MISCELLANIES.

The following narrative of a visit to the Kansas Indians, is from the work



KANSAS VILLAGE.

Engraved from a view in De Smet's Sketches.

of P. J. De Smet, a Catholic missionary, who was sent by the bishop of St. Louis, in 1840, on an exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, to ascertain the spiritual condition of the Indians, etc.:

We started from Westport

on the 10th of May, and after having passed by the lands of the Shawnees and Delawares, where we saw nothing remarkable but the college of the Methodists, built, it is easy to divine for what, where the soil is richest; we arrived after five days' march on the banks of the Kansas River, where we found those of our companions, who had traveled by water, with a part of our baggage. Two of the relatives of the grand chief had come twenty miles from that place to meet us, one of whom helped our horses to pass the river in safety, by swimming before them, and the other announced our arrival to the principal men of the tribe who waited for us on the opposite bank. Our baggage, wagons and men crossed in a pirogue, which, at a distance, looked like one of those gondolas that glide through the

streets of Venice. As soon as the Kansas understood that we were going to encamp on the banks of the Soldier's River, which is only six miles from the village, they galloped rapidly away from our caravan, disappearing in a cloud of dust, so that we had scarcely pitched our tents when the great chief presented himself, with six of his bravest warriors, to bid us welcome. After having made me sit down on a mat spread on the ground, he, with much solemnity, took from his pocket a portfolio containing the honorable titles that gave him a right to our friendship, and placed them in my hands. I read them, and having, with the tact of a man accustomed to the etiquette of savage life, furnished him with the means of smoking the calumet, he made us accept for our guard the two braves who had come to meet us. Both were armed like warriors, one carrying a lance and a buckler, and the other a bow and arrows, with a naked sword and a collar made of the claws of four bears which he had killed with his own hand. These two braves remained faithful at their post during the three days and three nights that we had to wait the coming up of the stragglers of the caravan. A small present, which we made them at our departure, secured us their friendship.

On the 19th we continued our journey to the number of seventy souls, fifty of whom were capable of managing the rifle—a force more than sufficient to undertake with prudence the long march we had to make. Whilst the rest of our company inclined to the west, Father Point, a young Englishman and myself turned to the left, to visit the nearest village of our hosts. At the first sight of their wigwams, we were struck at the resemblance they bore to the large stacks of wheat which cover our fields in harvest time. There were of these in all no more than about twenty, grouped together without order, but each covering a space of about one hundred and twenty feet in circumference, and sufficient to shelter from thirty to forty persons. The entire village appeared to us to consist of from seven to eight hundred souls—an approximation which is justified by the fact that the total population of the tribe is confined to two villages, together numbering 1,900 inhabitants. These cabins, however humble they may appear, are solidly built, and convenient. From the top of the wall, which is about six feet in height, rise inclined poles, which terminate round an opening above, serving at once for chimney and window. The door of the edifice consists of an undressed hide on the most sheltered side, the hearth occupies the center and is in the midst of four upright posts destined to support the *rotunda*; the beds are ranged around the wall and the space between the beds and the hearth is occupied by the members of the family, some standing, others sitting or lying on skins, or yellow colored mats. It would seem that this last named article is regarded as an extra piece of finery, for the lodge assigned to us had one of them.

As for dress, manners, religion, modes of making war, etc., the Kansas are like the savages of their neighborhood, with whom they have preserved peaceful and friendly relations from time immemorial. In stature, they are generally tall and well made. Their physiognomy is manly, their language is guttural, and remarkable for the length and strong accentuation of the final syllables. Their style of singing is monotonous, whence it may be inferred that the enchanting music heard on the rivers of Paraguay, never cheers the voyager on the otherwise beautiful streams of the country of the Kansas.

The Kansas, like all the Indian tribes, never speak upon the subject of religion without becoming solemnity. The more they are observed, the more evident does it become that the religious sentiment is deeply implanted in their souls, and is, of all others, that which is most frequently expressed by their words and actions. Thus, for instance, they never take the calumet without first rendering some homage to the Great Spirit. In the midst of their most infuriate passions they address him certain prayers, and even in assassinating a defenseless child, or a woman, they invoke the Master of Life. To be enabled to take many a scalp from their enemies, or to rob them of many horses, becomes the object of their most fervid prayers, to which they sometimes add fasts, macerations and sacrifices. What did they not do last spring, to render the heavens propitious? And for what? To obtain the power, in the absence of their warriors, to massacre all the women and children of the Pawnees! And in effect they carried off the scalps of ninety victims, and made prisoners of all whom they did not think proper to kill. In their

eyes, revenge, far from being a horrible vice, is the first of virtues, the distinctive mark of great souls, and a complete vindication of the most atrocious cruelty. It would be time lost to attempt to persuade them that there can be neither merit, nor glory, in the murder of a disarmed and helpless foe. There is but one exception to this barbarous code; it is when an enemy voluntarily seeks a refuge in one of their villages. As long as he remains in it, his asylum is inviolable—his life is more safe than it would be in his own wigwam. But wo to him if he attempt to fly—scarcely has he taken a single step, before he restores to his hosts all the imaginary rights which the spirit of vengeance had given them to his life! However cruel they may be to their foes, the Kansas are no strangers to the tenderest sentiments of piety, friendship and compassion. They are often inconsolable for the death of their relations, and leave nothing undone to give proof of their sorrow. Then only do they suffer their hair to grow—long hair being a sign of long mourning. The principal chief apologized for the length of his hair, informing us, of what we could have divined from the sadness of his countenance, that he had lost his son. I wish I could represent to you the respect, astonishment and compassion, expressed on the countenances of three others, when they visited our little chapel for the first time. When we showed them an "Ecce Homo" and a statue of our Lady of the seven Dolours, and the interpreter explained to them that that head crowned with thorns, and that countenance defiled with insults, were the true and real image of a God who had died for the love of us, and that the heart they saw pierced with seven swords, was the heart of his mother, we beheld an affecting illustration of the beautiful thought of Tertullian, that the soul of man is naturally Christian! On such occasions, it is surely not difficult, after a short instruction on true faith and the love of God, to excite feelings of pity for their fellow creatures in the most ferocious bosoms.

THE SHAWNEES IN KANSAS.

Henry Harvey, late superintendent of the Friends Mission among the Shawnees, in Kansas, gives, in his work on the history of that tribe, an account of their condition in Kansas, at the time of the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Originally the Shawnees resided in the Ohio country: the tribe was one of the most powerful there, and has numbered among its chiefs, Tecumseh, Cornstalk, and other men of extraordinary talent and nobility of soul. Mr. Harvey says:

"The Shawnees, in the year 1854, numbered about nine hundred souls, including the white men who have intermarried into the nation, and are thereby adopted as Indians. This number is perhaps not more than twenty.

This tribe owns about one million six hundred thousand acres of land, or, about 1,700 acres each. Many of them have good dwelling-houses, well provided with useful and respectable furniture, which is kept in good order by the females, and they live in the same manner as the whites do, and live well too. They have smoke-houses, stables, corn-cribs, and other out buildings. They have a good supply of horses, cattle, hogs, and some sheep. They have many farm wagons and work oxen—some carriages and buggies, and are generally well supplied with farming implements, and know how to use them. They raise abundance of corn and oats, and some wheat. Their houses are generally very neat; built of hewn logs, with shingled roofs, stone chimneys, and the inside work very well finished off, and mostly done by themselves, as there are a number of very good mechanics among the younger class. Their fencing is very good, and, taken altogether, their settlements make a very respectable appearance, and would lose no credit by a comparison with those of their white neighbors in the state adjoining them, leaving out now and then, a farm where slaves do the labor, and thus carry on farming on a large scale.

The Shawnees have a large and commodious meeting-house, where they hold a religious meeting on the first day of each week. They have also a graveyard attached to the meeting-house lot. They hold religious meetings often at their own houses during the week, generally at night. They hold their camp-meetings and their other large meetings, in their meeting-house, as well as their public councils, and also their temperance meetings; for they, in imitation of their white brethren,

and as a means of arresting the worst evil which ever overtook the Indians, organized a society on this subject, and have their own lecturers, in which they are assisted by some of the missionaries. The younger class of them are most interested in this work, which is doing much good among them. Many of them have united themselves to religious societies, and appear to be very zealous observers of the forms and ceremonies of religion, and notwithstanding many of them, like too many of their white brethren, appear to have the form of godliness but not the power, yet it is apparent, that there are those among them who are endeavoring to walk in the just man's path, which, to one who has been acquainted with them for a number of years, even when in their wild and savage state, affords great satisfaction.

As regards the settlements of the Shawnees in their present situation, they are all located on about thirty miles of the east end of their tract; their settlements of course, reaching a little short of one third of the distance back from the Missouri state line.

In passing along the California and Santa Fe roads, which run on the divide between the streams of the Blue and Osage Rivers, and the Kansas River—in casting the eye on either side, a handsome view is presented on both hands, of good dwellings, handsome farms, bordering on the forest, and fine herds of cattle and horses grazing in the rich prairies, as we pass, and beautiful fields of grain sown, planted and cultivated by the Indians themselves; and should the weary traveler see proper to call, and spend a night with these people, and manifest that interest for them, which he will be very sure to do, in viewing them in their present condition, and comparing it with what it once was, he will be well cared for. The Shawnees generally sow a large amount of grain, and often spare a large surplus after supplying their own wants.

There are now in the Shawnee nation four Missions, one under the care of the Methodist Church South, one under the care of the Northern Methodist Church, one under the care of the Baptist Church, and the other under the care of the Society of Friends. They are all conducted on the manual labor system; about one hundred and forty children are generally in attendance at those schools. At the first named mission there are large and commodious buildings of brick, and other out-buildings, and five or six hundred acres under cultivation; at the other Methodist Mission, a farm of about one hundred acres is under cultivation, and comfortable log buildings are erected. At the Baptist Mission are good comfortable buildings, and, I suppose, near one hundred acres adjoining to, and at some distance from, the farm, where the school is kept; and at the Friends' Mission are a large frame house and barn, and other out-buildings, and about two hundred acres under cultivation."

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

KANSAS.

Though young and weak Kansas has taken an important part in the war for the union, and proved her devotion, not only by the heroism of her sons in the field, but by the sufferings she has endured from her unwavering steadfastness. Though not the cause, she may be regarded in a certain sense as the occasion of the terrible war which has deluged the land with blood. This must be evident to all acquainted with her struggles for existence as a state, for out of them arose the republican party, the election of a republican president, and the rebellion of the southern states against his rule.

Though no great battle has been fought on her soil, the valor of her sons has been illustrated in many a fierce conflict; and the fiendish atrocities which have been enacted within her borders, will forever entitle her to the sad, yet truthful, distinction which suffering for right ever bestows. At the breaking out of the war, the hatred of pro-slavery men in Missouri burst forth upon this weak and unprotected neighbor with redoubled fury, and a cruelty never surpassed.

The Kansas volunteers were in the earliest conflicts of the war on the borders; and with such spirit had they entered into them, that, when taken prisoners, they were the special victims of the malignancy of the rebels. The Kansas troops gained great distinction under the leadership of General James G. Blunt, the hero of many border fights, nearly all of them victories. We give a brief account of his operations.

In September, 1862, a body of his cavalry, commanded by Colonel Cloud, went in pursuit of a body of rebels under Emmett McDonald. They encountered them at Cané Hill, in Arkansas. The latter dashed into the Boston mountains with Cloud in swift pursuit. He chased them to within a few miles of the Arkansas; but the fleet-footed Emmett escaped with severe loss. On the 7th of December following occurred the *battle of Prairie Grove*, in which the troops under Gen. Blunt came in most opportunely, saving Gen. Herron's forces from being overwhelmed, and bringing a noble victory to the union arms. The details are given on page, 541.

On the 5th of July, of the next year, Blunt headed his little column and started from Fort Scott for the front of his command. He made the march to Arkansas (175 miles) in four days; organized his force, 2,500 strong, of all colors; crossed

the Arkansas, and attacked Cooper's combined force of 6,000 men, at Honey Springs; fought half a day, totally routed him; rested a couple of days on the battle-field, and then fell back to the Arkansas again. This brilliant movement effectually crippled the enemy.

But this was not enough. The rebels had merely fallen back south of the Canadian. They held Fort Smith—an old and historical post of the government, in the Indian territory, substantially fortified, and a fine base for operations. The government had decided to colonize the Kansas Indians in the Indian territory—the Kickapoos, Sacs and Foxes, Delawares, Shawnees, and Osages—few in number, but highly civilized; and it was clear that the rebels must be driven out before this could be accomplished. General Blunt's call for reinforcements was at length partially answered. Colonel Cloud's brigade of Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas troops, which had been stationed in southwest Missouri, was ordered to move into northwestern Arkansas, and support General Blunt. He ordered them to join his immediate command, which they did the 19th of August; and the 22d of August he again took the field south of the Arkansas. A ten-days campaign ensued, that, in arduous marches, rapidity of movement, and decisive results, has been rarely equaled. Every march was a battle—every roadside was lined with the enemy's dead—running fights of twenty-five, thirty-five, and one of fifty miles in a day, were the characteristics of the movement. In the result, Fort Smith was taken. This town, for more than two years, had been a general headquarters of rebellion and treason. Few places had suffered as much from the desolation of war as this once flourishing town; and great was the misery brought upon the people who had been dragooned into subserviency to treason.

The amount of territory recovered and occupied by the federal forces, during these operations, was great. Not a general had then restored a country so vast to the sovereignty of the government. It is true, he had no large armies to encounter, but the enemy always outnumbered him three to one, were led by experienced officers, and made to believe that their homes, their safety, their all, depended on his defeat. With unwavering courage and persistent energy, he pushed them from post to post, and from camp to camp, till they abandoned their unrighteous conquest, and left it to undergo, without disturbance, the process of a full restoration of federal sway.

On the 6th of the ensuing October, his wagon train and escort were surprised by a large body of Quantrill and Coffey's guerrillas, disguised in federal uniforms, when most of them, panic-stricken, fled. Gen. Blunt, who was along, rallied a small band of men under Lieut. Pierce, of the 14th Kansas, and drove back their advance. About 75 of the union soldiers were killed. This number included the wounded, all of whom were massacred. Among these were Major Curtis and Mr. O'Neill, artist for Frank Leslie's paper. Gen. Blunt, in his history of the disaster, said: "I was fortunate in escaping, as, in my efforts to halt and rally the men, I frequently got in the rear and became considerably mixed up with the rebels, who did not fail to pay me their compliments. Revolver bullets flew around my head thick as hail—but not a scratch. I believe I am not to be killed by a rebel bullet."

THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

The bloodiest tragedy of the war took place just after daylight on the morning of the 20th of August, 1863, when that guerrilla chief, Quantrill, and his cutthroat band, numbering about 300, suddenly and secretly stole into Lawrence, murdered many of its peaceful and unarmed inhabitants, and after satiating their thirst for plunder and blood, applied the torch and destroyed a great portion of this young and flourishing city. From the accounts of various witnesses, we give the soul-harrowing details: and yet there are men—many calling themselves Christians—all through the north, who would like to preserve an institution which alone could produce such horrible fiends

as the Lawrence murderers. One who visited the scene of blood just after the occurrence, writes:

We arrived in Lawrence at 7 o'clock. Flying rumors had painted a terrible picture, but the reality exceeded the report. We found Massachusetts-street one mass of smoldering ruins and crumbling walls, the light from which cast a sickening glare upon the little knots of excited men and distracted women, gazing upon the ruins of their once happy homes and prosperous business.

Only two business houses were left upon the street, one known as the armory and the other as the old "Miller block." And only one or two houses in the place escaped being burned or ransacked, and everything valuable being carried away or destroyed. Six or eight soldiers camped upon the side of the river, and who fired across at every rebel who appeared upon the bank, deterred the cowards from destroying some of the houses near the ferry and from cutting down the flag-pole.

Their every act during their stay in the city was characterized by the most cowardly barbarism. They entered the town on the gallop firing into every house, and when the occupants appeared at the door they were shot down like dogs.

Five bodies burned to a crisp lay near the ruins of the Eldridge house. They could not be recognized. Judge Carpenter was wounded in his yard, and fell, when his wife and sister threw themselves upon his body, begging for mercy, but to no avail.

The fiends dismounted, stuck their pistols between the persons of his protectors and fired.

Gen. Collamore went into his well to hide, and the bad air killed him. His son and Pat Keefe lost their lives trying to get the father out.

The life of District Attorney Riggs was saved by the heroism of his wife, who seized the bridle of the rebel's horse who attempted to shoot him as he ran. Several cases of remarkable bravery of women were related to us. The wife of Sheriff Brown, three successive times put out the fire kindled to burn the house—her husband was hidden under the floor.

The offices of the *Journal*, *Tribune* and *Republican* were, of course, leveled to the ground. John Speer, jr., of the *Tribune*, started from his home for the office, after the rebels came in. Mr. Murdock, a printer in the office, tried to induce him to accompany him into a well near by for safety, but he would do nothing but go home to defend the house, which he did and was killed. Murdock went into the well and was saved. A younger son of John Speer, sr., killed a rebel and left. Guests at the Eldridge were ordered out, their rooms pillaged and some of the people shot down. All the hotels were destroyed except the City Hotel. The loss in cash is estimated at \$250,000, and in property and all, at \$2,000,000.

We have seen battle-fields and scenes of carnage and bloodshed, but have never witnessed a spectacle so horrible as that seen among the smoldering ruins at Lawrence. No fighting, no resistance, but cold-blooded murder was there. The whole number killed was over 200. We give below a list of 76 killed and several wounded. The fiends finished their murderous work in nearly every case. This list contains no names but those of white persons. A few negroes were killed, but we did not get their names:

John Fromley, J. C. Trask, of the *State Journal*, Gen. G. W. Collamore and son, James Eldridge, James Perrine, Joseph Eldridge, Joseph Lowe, Dr. Griswold, druggist, Wm. Williamson, deputy marshal, S. M. Thorp, state senator, Judge Lewis Carpenter, John Speer, jr., of *Kansas Tribune*, Nathan Stone, city hotel, Mr. Brant, Mr. West, Thos. Murphy, Mr. Twitch, bookbinder at *Journal* office, E. P. Fitch, bookseller, Chas. Palmer, of the *Journal*, Lemuel Fillmore, James O'Neill, John Dagle, D. C. Allison, firm of Duncan & Allison, J. Z. Evans, Levi Gates, George Burt, Samuel Jones, George Coates, John B. Gill, Ralph E. Dix, Stephen Dix, Capt. George W. Bell, county clerk, John C. Cornell, A. Kridmiller, George Albrecht, S. Dullinski, Robert Martin, Otis Lengley, John W. Lawrie, Wm. Lawrie, James Roach, Michael Meekey, Louis Wise and infant, Joseph Bretchelbaner, August Ellis, Dennis Murphy, John K. Zimmerman, Carl Enzler, George Range, Samuel Range, Jacob Pollock, Fred. Klaus, Fred. Kimball, Dwight Coleman, Mr. Earle, Daniel McClellan, Rev. S. S. Snyder, Samuel Reynolds, Geo. Gerrard, A. W. Griswold,

Pat. Keefe, Chas. Allen, James Wilson, Charles Riggs, A. J. Woods, Chas. Anderson, W. B. Griswold, A. J. Cooper, Asbury Markle, David Markle, Lewis Markle, Aaron Halderman and Addison Waugh.

Wounded.—H. W. Baker, Dennis Berryman, G. H. Sargeant, mortally; G. Smith, H. Hayes, M. Hampson, Mr. Livingston.

At one house they had entered, the rebels were told there was a negro baby still there, but they said, "We will burn the G—d d—d little brat up," and they did. We saw its charred remains, burned black as the hearts of its murderers.

The books of the county and district clerks were burned, but those of the register of deeds were in the safe, and are supposed to have been saved. Every safe in the city but two was robbed. In the Eldridge store, James Eldridge and James Perrine gave the rebels all the money in the safe, and were immediately shot.

The last account we have of Quantrill and his men is up to Saturday night, at which time he was being pressed closely by Lane, who had been skirmishing with him constantly since he left Lawrence.

Lane's force was being increased rapidly by farmers, who were flocking to him with their arms, and it was their determination to follow him into Missouri, and, if he disbanded his gang, they would hunt them down, like wolves, and shoot them.

One of their number was captured near Olathe, and he gave the names of fifty of Quantrill's gang, who are citizens of Jackson county, Missouri, and are well-known here and have always been considered union men.

The best-informed citizens of Lawrence are of the opinion that Quantrill's troops are mainly composed of paroled prisoners from Pemberton's army, and some of them from Price's command, from the fact that, they are much sunburned and have the appearance of being long in the service.

After they had accomplished the destruction of Lawrence, some of them became much intoxicated, but, being strapped to their horses, there was none left behind to give information as to who they were or where they were from.

A resident near the town writes to his brother some additional particulars.

DEAR BROTHER: You have doubtless heard before this will reach you, of the dreadful calamity that has befallen Lawrence and vicinity, by the sacking and burning of the town, and other indiscriminate slaughter of its citizens on Friday, the 21st instant, by Quantrill and his band of incarnate demons.

Language fails me to depict the scenes enacted on last Friday. May I never behold the like again. But I must give you some idea of the raid and its dire results.

About sunrise or a little before, on the 21st instant, four men forcibly entered the house of a Rev. Mr. Snyder, living about a mile southeast of Lawrence, and pierced him through and through with balls from their revolvers, while lying in bed by the side of his wife. At the same time, a body of about 300 well-mounted beings in the shape of men, armed to the teeth, dashed into town and spread themselves instantly over the whole business part of the place, shooting down every man who dared to show himself.

In this dash two small camps of recruits, on Massachusetts-street (one of white, and the other colored) were surrounded, and the poor, defenseless fellows, with out a gun in camp, and begging most piteously for their lives, were pierced through and through with bullets, and all but four of the two unfilled companies left mangled corpses on the ground. One of the poor fellows thus barbarously murdered for daring to become a union soldier, was a nephew of mine, the sight of whose bleeding, mangled body I shall never forget.

The armory was cut off from the citizens, pickets stationed around the town, and no chance whatever of concentrating even twenty men with arms. The people were completely paralyzed by this sudden and audacious dash; indeed, the most of them were still in their beds when the work of murder commenced. The banks were robbed, safes broken open, stores ransacked, the best of everything taken, and then the buildings fired. Every man that was encountered was met with, "Your money or your life;" and, with few exceptions, the poor victim

would be shot dead, after handing over his purse, and answering what questions they chose to put to him.

In several instances, they ordered men to get water for them and wait upon them in various ways, pledging themselves, if they would do so, their lives should be spared, and as soon as they had done with them, would turn around and shoot them down like mad dogs. One little child they shot dead, because it cried. There were those with them who, evidently, were well-acquainted with the town, as the places and persons of active and prominent union men were made the special marks of vengeance.

General Lane's fine residence was among the first, and he himself had a narrow escape. The editors of the several papers were objects of especial vengeance, and two of them were caught and murdered. I shall not attempt to give you a list of the precious lives taken. I believe, however, that half our business men were either shot down or burnt alive in their houses; and out of the fine blocks of stores of every description only two solitary buildings remain, and they were sacked. The rest is a mass of blackened ruins, under which lies, I fear, many a charred body, as many were shot down while attempting to escape from the burning buildings. Nearly every house was sacked, and the best ones fired; but, owing to the very stillness of the air at the time, the flames were extinguished in many, as soon as the rebels would leave, and as they had so large a programme before them, they could not repeat any of the performance. The work of murder, arson and robbery lasted about two hours and a half, in which time they had sent over one hundred innocent men to the eternal world—deprived a large number of families of food, raiment, house and home, and destroyed about \$2,000,000 worth of property. They then took up their line of march due south, detailing squads of men on each side of the road to burn every house and murder every man. Family after family would slip out into their corn-fields, to watch their houses burned up by these invaders, without being able to offer the least resistance; and woe be to any man who had the hardihood to remain at his house and offer remonstrance.

I live but two miles south of Lawrence, and three men were shot between Lawrence and my place, for daring to remain in sight—all of them quiet, peaceable men, and two of them too old to be called upon to do military duty. And now comes the practical application to my own case. A squad of six men are sent from the main body to visit my house. With guns cocked, and eyes glaring more ferociously than a tiger's, they dash up to the buildings, apply a match to a large stack of Hungarian, then to the outbuildings, the barn and sheds, and while these are rolling up their volumes of smoke and flames, the house is visited, trunks burst open, drawers and shelves ransacked, all valuables that could be crammed into pockets, or strapped on their horses, taken, and the rest enveloped in flames.

By the time the flames began to recede, the next house south of mine is rolling up dense volumes of smoke, and soon the next: and now they visit the house of an old gray-headed Dunkard, who, alas, thought that his age and religion would protect him, but the infuriated demons thirsted for blood, shot him down, regardless of the poor old man's cries and entreaties to spare his life. The track, by fire and sword, of these murderous villains, was made through the valleys and over the hills as far as the eye could reach.

In a little longer than it has taken me to write this, everything inflammable was consumed—houses, furniture, bedding, clothing, books, provisions, outbuildings—all, all utterly destroyed. The work of eight years' hard toil gone in as many minutes, and another family thrown out of house and shelter.

I can not refrain from giving you an instance or two of the savage barbarity practiced by these demons. They brought Mr. Trask to the door of his house and told him if he would give up his money they would not shoot him, but as soon as he had given it up he was instantly shot; he then tried to escape by running, but they followed and shot him dead.

Dr. Griswold was in his house when they attacked him. His wife ran and put her arms around him, and begged most piteously for his life, when one of them passed his hand, holding a revolver, around her, and shot the doctor through the heart.

Mr. Fitch was shot in his house, and his wife, while running to his rescue, was dragged away, the house fired, and poor Mr. Fitch burned up, it may be alive.

A gunsmith, by the name of Palmer, and his son, were burned up in their shop before dying of their wounds.

Mr. Allison, of the firm of Duncan & Allison, crawled out from under the burning ruins, and they threw him back again into the ruins.

But the heart sickens. I can write no more. Oh, God! who shall avenge?

Your brother, S. R.

Incidents.—Mr. Stone was killed by one of a party which remained in town after the main body had gone. They remained with the avowed purpose of killing Miss Lydia Stone, her father and brother; and, for that purpose, ordered all in the house to form a line outside. Hearing this, Mr. Stevens went up stairs and informed Miss Stone that she, as well as himself, was marked for a victim, and asked if she would not try to escape. The brave girl replied that it would be useless; that they would probably kill some of them, and that she would share the danger, "it might as well be her as any of the others."

During the confusion which ensued in front of the house, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Stone, jr., escaped by a back door and secreted themselves on the bank of the river. Finally, the house was cleared, and the citizens formed in a line outside, when the villains commenced questioning them, asking their names, where they were born, etc. A gentleman answered, "central Ohio," when one of the party remarked, "that is worse than Kansas," and shot him, the wound, however, not being fatal. A lady in the house was then fired at, when Mr. Stone commenced to remonstrate with them, was immediately shot, the ball entering the left side of the head, killing him instantly.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Kempf's account for the following facts:

Citizens without arms, who came to the door, in obedience to their call, would be shot at sight. Several were shot down on the sidewalk, and when the buildings burned, their bodies would roast. Others could be seen in the burning buildings.

One of the first persons out, was Colonel Dietzler. The sight that met us when coming out, I can not describe. I have read of outrages committed in the so-called dark ages, and horrible as they appeared to me, they sink into insignificance in comparison with what I was then compelled to witness. Well-known citizens were lying in front of the spot where there stores or residences had been, completely roasted. *They were crisped and nearly black. We thought, at first, that they were all negroes, till we recognized some of them. In handling the dead bodies pieces of roasted flesh would remain in our hands.*

Soon our strength failed us in this horrible and sickening work. Many could not help crying like children. Women and little children were all over town hunting for their husbands and fathers, and sad indeed was the scene when they did finally find them among the corpses laid out for recognition. I can not describe the horrors; language fails me, and the recollection of scenes I witnessed makes me sick, when I am compelled to repeat them.

Captain Banks surrendered the Eldridge House, by waving a white flag from the window, and was promised that the ladies should be treated with respect, and that the men should be regarded as prisoners. The party was then sent to the Whitney House under escort, being followed all the way by three or four of the gang, crazed with drink, and totally regardless of the decencies of modesty in their remarks to the prisoners. One man was shot while the prisoners were passing toward the Whitney House, but, upon the interposition of Quantrill's authority, they were not further injured.

The Eldridge House was ransacked from cellar to garret, and plundered of everything which could tempt the cupidity of the guerrillas. Trunks were cut open, clothing taken, ladies' wardrobes seized or ruined, and the house fired, in the drug store below, whence the flames rapidly spread, and in a short time the noble structure was only a heap of ruins—the second destruction upon the site.

Plunder was carried off on pack-horses, and each private of the rebel gang must have been greatly elated by his share of the pure money, as all the safes in

the city were cut open, or blown up by filling the key-holes with powder. In some instances the keys were demanded, and a refusal, in every case, was a death-warrant, and compliance hardly better. The amount carried away by the gang will probably exceed \$75,000.

Eighteen soldiers, out of twenty-two, belonging to the 14th regiment, were killed, with a number of the 2d colored.

The ladies exhibited, in many instances, the greatest degree of calmness and courage. Among the noble women of the second sacking of Lawrence, Miss Lydia Stone will always be remembered as a "ministering angel," moving with quiet grace among the throng of sufferers, attending to their wants and speaking words of comfort and cheer.

The search was particularly directed for Governor Carney and General Lane, the rebels having heard that both were in the city. Lane's lucky star and a neighboring corn field saved him, and the governor was in Leavenworth.

Rev. H. D. Fisher, a well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gives a thrilling description of his escape from death during the massacre. He says:

Many miraculous escapes from the assassin's hand were made—none, perhaps, more so than in my own case. For the last eighteen months I have been marked by rebels for death, because I have been ordered by various generals to provide 'homes for refugees,' and find work for them to do, to support themselves and families. Now, three times I have signally escaped their hands. God has saved my life as by fire. When Quantrill and his gang came into our town, almost all were yet in their beds. My wife and second boy were up, and I in bed, because I had been sick of quinsy. The enemy yelled and fired a signal. I sprang out, and my other children, and we clothed ourselves as quickly as possible.

I took the two oldest boys and started to run for the hill, as we were completely defenseless and unguarded. I ran a short distance, and felt I would be killed. I returned to my house, where I had left my wife with Joel, seven years, and Frank, six months old, and thought to hide in our cellar. I told Willie, twelve years old, and Eddie, ten years old, to run for life, and I would hide. I had scarcely found a spot in which to secrete myself, when four murderers entered my house and demanded of my wife, with horrid oaths, where that husband of hers was, who was hid in the cellar? She replied, "The cellar is open; you can go and see for yourselves. My husband started over the hill with the children." They demanded a light to search. My wife gave them a lighted lamp, and they came, light and revolvers in hand, swearing to kill at first sight. They came within eight feet of where I lay, but my wife's self-possession in giving the light had disconcerted them, and they left without seeing me. They fired our house in four places; but my wife, by almost superhuman efforts, and with baby in arms, extinguished the fire. Soon after, three others came and asked for me. But she said: "Do you think he is such a fool as to stay here? They have already hunted for him, but, thank God! they did not find him." They then completed their work of pillage and robbery, and fired the house in five places, threatening to kill her if she attempted to extinguish it again. One stood, revolver in hand, to execute the threat if it was attempted. The fire burned furiously. The roof fell in, then the upper story, and then the lower floor; but a space about six by twelve feet was, by great effort, kept perfectly deluged by water, by my wife, to save me from burning alive. I remained thus concealed as long as I could live in such peril. At length, and while the murderers were still at my front door and all around my lot, watching for their prey, my wife succeeded, thank God, in covering me with an old dress and a piece of old carpet, and thus getting me out into the garden and to the refuge of a little weeping-willow covered with "morning-glory" vines, where I was secured from their fiendish gaze and saved from their hellish thirst for my blood. I still expected to be discovered and shot dead. But a neighbor woman who had come to our help aided my wife in throwing a few things, saved from the fire, over and around the little tree where I lay, so as to cover me more securely. Our house and all our clothes—except a few old and

broken garments, (not a full suit of anything for one of us,) and some carpet—with beds, books, and everything we had to eat or read, were consumed over us, or before our eyes. But what of that? I live! Through God's mercy I live!

A few days later, it is stated:

One hundred and eighty-two buildings were burned, eighty of them were brick; sixty-five of them were on Massachusetts-street. There are eighty-five widows and two hundred and forty orphans made by Quantrill's raid. Three men have subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to rebuild the Free State Hotel, known as the Eldridge Hotel.

Several merchants have commenced rebuilding. All the laboring men in town will be set to work immediately to clear off the ruins. In spite of the terrible calamity, the people are in good spirits. All the towns in the state have sent in large sums of money. Even the men burned out on Quantrill's retreat have sent in loads of vegetables and provisions.

Quantrill.—The infamous monster who perpetrated the inhuman massacre, was, it is said, a native of Maryland. He once lived in Cumberland, in that state, where he attempted to kill his wife. For this, he was placed in jail, where he raged and roared like a wild beast. He, finally, made his escape to Kansas, where, for a time, he was known as a free state man, and, as such, took part in the Kansas war in 1855-6, and also in the border fights in 1861. For some reason, he became estranged from the union cause, espoused that of the rebellion, and became a skillful partisan leader, bold, daring, and as merciless as a hyena. Some time in the year previous, ——— he was surprised at night, with a small band of followers, by a squad of federal troops, near Independence, Missouri. His companions were either killed or captured, but he managed to escape in the darkness, by plunging into the Missouri and swimming to the opposite shore, stopping at times to heap the savagest curses upon his pursuers.

It was subsequently ascertained that Quantrill's force was composed of 300 selected men from the border counties of Missouri. Gen. Ewing in his report stated: With one exception, citizens along the route, who could well have given the alarm, did not even attempt it. One man excused himself for his neglect on the plea that his horses had been working hard the day before. A boy, living ten or twelve miles from Lawrence, begged his father to let him mount his pony, and, going a by-road, alarm the town, and he was not allowed to go. Mr. J. Reed, living in the Hesper neighborhood, near Eudora, started ahead of Quantrill from that place, to carry the warning to Lawrence; his horse felling he was killed.

The guerrillas, reaching the town at sunrise, caught most of the inhabitants asleep, and scattered to the various houses so promptly as to prevent the concentration of any considerable number of the men. After the massacre, Gen. Ewing ordered all the residents of Jackson, Cass, Bates, and part of Vernon counties, Mo., to remove from their residences within fifteen days. The loyal people had been previously driven away. As his reason for this, Gen. Ewing said: "None remain on their farms but rebel or neutral families; and, practically, the condition of their tenure is, that they shall feed, clothe and shelter the guerrillas, furnish them information and deceive or withhold information from us."

In the pursuit which was made, but few of the robbers were killed, most of them escaping with their blood-bought plunder.

Nothing more brutally and wantonly bloody was ever perpetrated in any civilized or uncivilized country. The massacre at Wyoming by the Indians, the massacre of Glencoe by English soldiers, the murder of Mamalukes by Napoleon, the massacre of the Janissaries by Sultan Mohammed, the smothering of the English in the Black-hole by Surajah Dowlah, all acts which have left an ineffaceable stain on the page of history, and upon the reputations of the nations committing them, was less cruel, causeless, and infamous than the massacre of Lawrence. It will go down to future ages as one of those acts which are made memorable solely by their monstrous character.

CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA is said, by some writers, to signify in English, *hot furnace*, and to be derived from two Spanish words, *caliente fornalla*, or *horno*: but

this is doubtful. If true, however, it is properly applied, as the sun pours down into the valleys through a dry atmosphere with great power. Under the Mexicans, California was in two divisions. Lower California was, as now, the peninsula. Upper or New California comprised all of Mexico north of that point and the Gila River, and east of the Rocky Mountains, containing nearly 400,000 square miles. The greater part of New Mexico, and of Utah, and all of the state of California, comprised the original Upper California.

"California was discovered in 1548, by Cabrillo, a Spanish navigator. In 1758, Sir Francis Drake visited its northern coast, and named the coun-



ARMS OF CALIFORNIA.

MOTTO—*Eureka*—I have found it.

try New Albion. The original settlements in California were mission establishments, founded by Catholic priests for the conversion of the natives. In 1769, the mission of San Diego was founded by Padre Junipero Serra.

The mission establishments were made of adobe, or sun burnt bricks, and contained commodious habitations for the priests, store-houses, offices, mechanic shops, granaries, horse and cattle pens, and apartments for the instruction of Indian youth. Around and attached to each, were, varying in different missions, from a few hundred to several thousand Indians, who generally resided in conical-shaped huts in the vicinity, their place of dwelling being generally called the *rancheria*. Attached to each mission were a few soldiers, for protection against hostilities from the Indians.

The missions extended their possessions from one extreme of the territory to that of the other, and bounded the limits of one mission by that of the next, and so on. Though they did not require so much land for agriculture,

and the maintenance of their stock, they appropriated the whole; always strongly opposing any individual who might wish to settle on any land between them.

All the missions were under the charge of the priests of the order of San Francisco. Each mission was under one of the fathers, who had despotic authority. The general products of the missions were large cattle, sheep, horses, Indian corn, beans and peas. Those in the southern part of California, produced also the grape and olive in abundance. The most lucrative product was the large cattle, their hides and tallow affording an active commerce with foreign vessels, and being, indeed, the main support of the inhabitants of the territory.

From 1800 to 1830, the missions were in the height of their prosperity. Then, each mission was a little principality, with its hundred thousand acres and its twenty thousand head of cattle. All the Indian population, except the "Gentiles" of the mountains, were the subjects of the padres, cultivating for them their broad lands, and reverencing them with devout faith.

The wealth and power in possession of the missions, excited the jealousy of the Mexican authorities. In 1833, the government commenced a series of decrees, which eventually ruined them. In 1845, the obliteration of the missions was completed by their sale at auction, and otherwise.

Aside from the missions, in California, the inhabitants were nearly all gathered in the *presidios*, or forts, and in the villages, called '*Los Pueblos*.' The *presidios*, or fortresses, were occupied by a few troops under the command of a military prefect or governor. The Padre President, or Bishop, was the supreme civil, military and religious ruler of the province. There were four *presidios* in California, each of which had under its protection several missions. They were respectively, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco.

Within four or five leagues of the *presidios*, were certain farms, called *ranchios*, which were assigned for the use of the garrisons, and as depositories of the cattle and grain which were furnished as taxes from the missions.

Los Pueblos, or towns, grew up near the missions. Their first inhabitants consisted of retired soldiers and attaches of the army, many of whom married Indian women. Of the villages of this description, there were but three, viz: Los Angeles, San Jose, and Branciforte. In later times, the American emigrants established one on the Bay of San Francisco, called Yerba Buena, *i. e.* good herb, which became the nucleus of the flourishing city of San Francisco. Another was established by Capt. Sutter, on the Sacramento, called New Helvetia. The larger pueblos were under the government of an alcalde, or judge, in connection with other municipal officers.

The policy of the Catholic priests, who held absolute sway in California, until 1833, was to discourage emigration. Hence, up to about the year 1840, the villages named comprised all in California, independent of those at the missions; and at that time, the free whites and half-breed inhabitants in California numbered less than six thousand souls. The emigration from the United States first commenced in 1838; this had so increased from year to year, that, in 1846, Col. Fremont had but little difficulty in calling to his aid some five hundred fighting men. Some few resided in the towns, but a majority were upon the Sacramento, where they had immense droves of cattle and horses, and fine farms, in the working of which they were aided by the Indians. They were eminently an enterprising and courageous body of people, as none other at that time would brave the perils of an overland journey across the mountains. In the ensuing hostilities they rendered important services.

At that period, the trade carried on at the different towns was quite extensive, and all kinds of dry goods, groceries and hardware, owing to the heavy duties, ranged about five hundred per cent. above the prices in the United States, Mechanics and ordinary hands received from two to five dollars per day. The commerce was quite extensive, fifteen or twenty vessels not unfrequently being seen in the various ports at the same time. Most of the merchant vessels were from the United States, which arrived in the spring, and engaged in the coasting trade until about the beginning of winter, when they departed with cargoes of hides,

tallow or furs, which had been collected during the previous year. Whale ships also touched at the ports for supplies and to trade, and vessels from various parts of Europe, the Sandwich Islands, the Russian settlements, and China."

From 1826 to 1846, the date of the conquest of California by the United States, there had been numerous civil revolutions in California; but Mexican authority was generally paramount. Of its conquest we give a brief account.

In July, 1846, at the beginning of the Mexican war, an American naval force, under Commodore Sloat, took Monterey and San Francisco. Sloat then dispatched a party to the mission of St. John, who there found that the American flag had been raised by Fremont. This officer, on his third exploring expedition, had arrived near Monterey in the preceding January, some months prior to the commencement of the war. Learning that Gen. De Castro, the military commandant at that place, intended to drive him from the country, he took a strong position in the mountains with his small party of 62 men, raised the American flag, and prepared for resistance. De Castro relinquished his design, but later prepared an expedition for Sonoma, to expel all the American settlers from the country. Fremont, on learning this, took Sonoma on the 15th of June by surprise, captured Gen. Vallejo and other officers, 9 cannon, 250 muskets, and a quantity of military stores. On the 4th of July, Fremont assembled the American settlers at Sonoma, and by his advice they raised the *revolutionary flag*, and prepared to fight for their independence. A few days later they learned, through the operations of Commodore Sloat, of the existence of war, and the star spangled banner was substituted for the standard of revolt.

Soon after, Fremont united his force of 160 men to the marines of Commodore Stockton, and they sailed to San Diego. From thence they marched up and took Los Angeles, the seat of government. Stockton established a civil government, and proclaimed himself governor. In September, Los Angeles being left with a small garrison, under Capt. Gillespie, was taken by a superior Mexican force led by Gens. Flores and Pico.

In November, the army of Gen. Kearney, having conquered New Mexico, arrived in their overland march across the continent, on the southern borders of California. On the 6th of December, an advance party of 12 dragoons and 30 volunteers had a battle with 160 mounted Mexicans near San Pasqual. The Americans were victorious. Gen. Kearney was twice wounded, Capts. Johnson and Moore, Lieut. Hammond and most of the other officers, together with nineteen of the men, were either killed or wounded.

On the 29th of December, Kearney took command of five hundred marines, with the land forces, and moved toward Angeles, to co-operate with Col. Fremont in quelling the revolt, now backed by a Mexican army of six hundred men, under Gens. Flores and Pico. These forces he met and defeated at San Gabriel on the 8th of January. The next day, he again fought and routed them at Mesa. The Mexicans then marched twelve miles past Angeles to Cowenga, where they capitulated to Col. Fremont, who had, after a tedious, wintry march from the north, of four hundred miles, arrived at that place.

On the 16th of January, Com. Stockton commissioned Fremont as governor, the duties of which he had discharged about six weeks, when Gen. Kearney, according to orders received from government, assumed the office and title of governor of California. Com. Shubrick, who was now the naval commander, co-operated with Kearney, whose forces were augmented about the last of January, by the arrival of Col. Cooke with the Mormon battalion, which had marched from Council Bluffs to Santa Fe.

Gen. Kearney, by direction of government, placing Col. Mason in the office of governor, on the 16th of June took his way homeward across the northern part of California, and from thence crossed the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass.

Before the news of peace was received in California, a new era commenced in the discovery of the gold mines. The peculiar state of affairs brought about by this, with the great rush of population, was such that the people were in a measure compelled to form a constitution of state government. The convention, for this purpose, met at Monterey in 1849, and on the 12th of October, formed the constitution, which was adopted by the people. After much delay, California was admitted into the Union by action of congress, in September, 1850.

The first officers elected under the state constitution were, Peter H. Burnett, governor; John McDougal, lieutenant governor; John C. Fremont, Wm. M. Gwin, U. S. senators; Geo. W. Wright, Edward Gilbert, U. S. representatives; Wm. Van Vorhies, secretary of state;

Richard Roman, treasurer; J. S. Houston, comptroller; Ed. J. C. Kewen, attorney general; Chas. J. Whiting, surveyor general; S. C. Hastings, chief justice; and J. A. Lyon and Nathaniel Bennett, associates.

California, one of the Pacific states, is about 750 miles long, with an average breadth of about 200 miles, giving an area of 150,000 square miles. Its southern boundary approximates in latitude to that of Charleston, South Carolina: its northern to that of Boston, Massachusetts. This, with its variation of surface, gives it a diversity of climate, and consequently of productions. Geographically, its position is one of the best in the world, lying on the Pacific fronting Asia.

"California is a country of mountains and valleys. The principal mountains are the Sierra Nevada, *i. e.* snowy mountains. This sierra is part of the great mountain range, which, under different names, extends from the peninsula of California to Russian America. Rising singly, like pyramids, from heavily timbered plateaux, to the height of fourteen and seventeen thousand feet above the ocean, these snowy peaks constitute the characterizing feature of the range, and distinguish it from the Rocky Mountains and all others on our part of the continent. The Sierra Nevada is the grandest feature of the scenery of California, and must be well understood before the structure of the country and the character of its different divisions can be comprehended. Stretching along the coast, and at the general distance of one hundred and fifty miles from it, this great mountain wall receives the warm winds, charged with vapor, which sweep across the Pacific Ocean, precipitates their accumulated moisture in fertilizing rains and snows upon its western flank, and leaves cold and dry winds to pass on to the east. The region east of the sierra is comparatively barren and cold, and the climates are distinct. Thus, while in December the eastern side is winter, the ground being covered with snow and the rivers frozen, on the west it is spring, the air being soft, and the grass fresh and green. West of the Sierra Nevada is the inhabitable part of California. North and south, this region extends about ten degrees of latitude, from Oregon to the peninsula of California. East and west it averages, in the middle part, one hundred and fifty, and in the northern part, two hundred miles, giving an area of about 100,000 square miles. Looking westward from the summit, the main feature presented is the long, low, broad valley of the Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers—the two valleys forming one, five hundred miles long and fifty broad, lying along the base of the sierra, and bounded on the west by the low coast range of mountains, which separates it from the sea. Side ranges, parallel to the sierra and the coast, make the structure of the remainder of California, and break it into a surface of valleys and mountains—the valleys a few hundred, and the mountains two or three thousand feet above the sea. These form great masses, and at the north become more elevated, where some peaks, as the Shaste—which rises fourteen thousand feet, nearly to the height of Mont Blanc—enter the region of perpetual snow. The two rivers, San Joaquin and Sacramento, rising at opposite ends of the same great valley, receive their numerous streams, many of them bold rivers, unite half way, and enter the Bay of San Francisco together."

Greeley, in his letters written in 1859, gives a clear view of the resources of California. We here copy from them in an abridged form. The first quoted from was written at San Jose.

The state of California may be roughly characterized as two ranges of mountains—a large and a small one—with a great valley between them, and a narrow, irregular counterpart separating the smaller from the Pacific Ocean. If we add to these a small strip of arid, but fertile coast, and a broad sandy desert behind it, lying south-west of California proper, and likely one day to be politically severed from it, we have a sufficiently accurate outline of the topography of the Golden State.

Such a region, stretching from N. lat. 32 deg. 30 min. up to lat. 42 deg., and rising from the Pacific Ocean up to perpetually snow-covered peaks 15,000 feet

high, can hardly be said to have a climate. Aside from the Alpine crests of the sierra, and the sultry deserts below the Mohave and Santa Barbara, California embodies almost every gradation of climate, from the semi-arctic to the semi-tropical. There are green, fertile fields in the sierra which only begin to be well grassed when the herbage of the great valley is drying up, and from which the cattle are driven by snows as early as the 1st of October—long before grass begins to start afresh on the banks of the Sacramento. There are other valleys upon and near the sea-coast, wherein frost and snow are strangers, rarely seen, and vanishing with the night that gave them being. Generally, however, we may say of the state that it has a mild, dry, breezy, healthy climate, better than that of Italy, in that the sultry, scorching blasts from African deserts have here no counterpart. Save in the higher mountains, or in the extreme north-east, snow never lies, the earth never freezes, and winter is but a milder, greener, longer spring, throughout which cattle pick up their own living far more easily and safely than in summer.

The climate of the valleys may be said to be created, as that of the mountains is modified, by the influence of the Pacific Ocean. Sea breezes from the southwest in winter, from the north-west in summer, maintain an equilibrium of temperature amazing to New Englanders. San Francisco—situated on the great bay formed by the passage of the blended waters of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin—the former draining the western slope of the Sierra Nevada from the north, as the latter does from the south—is thus, as it were, in the throat of the bellows through which the damp gales from the Pacific are constantly rushing to cool the parched slopes or warm the snow-clad heights of the interior. I presume there was never a day without a breeze at San Francisco—generally a pretty stiff one. This sea breeze is always damp, often chilly, and rolls up clouds which hide the sun for a part, at least, of most days. Though ice seldom forms, and snow never lies in her streets, San Francisco must be regarded as a cold place by most of her visitors and unacclimated summer denizens. I presume a hot day was never known there, and no night in which a pair of good woolen blankets were not esteemed a shelter and a comfort by all but extremely hot-blooded people. Thick flannels and warm woolen outer garments are worn throughout the year by all who have or can get them. In short, San Francisco is in climate what London would be with her summer rains transformed into stiff and almost constant breezes.

The soil of California is almost uniformly good. The valleys and ravines rejoice in a generous depth of dark vegetable mold, usually mingled with or resting on clay; while the less precipitous hill sides are covered with a light reddish clayey loam of good quality, asking only adequate moisture to render it amply productive. Bring a stream of water almost anywhere, save on the naked granite, and you incite a luxuriant vegetation.

Yet the traveler who first looks down on the valleys and lower hill-sides of California in midsummer is generally disappointed by the all but universal deadness. Some hardy weeds, a little sour, coarse grass along the few still living water courses, some small, far-between gardens and orchards rendered green and thrifty by irrigation, form striking exceptions to the general paralysis of all annual manifestations of vegetable life.

.... These slopes, these vales, now so dead and cheerless, are but resting from their annual and ever successful efforts to contribute bountifully to the sustenance and comfort of man. Summer is their season of torpor, as winter is ours. Dead as these wheat fields now appear, the stubble is thick and stout, and its indications are more than justified by the harvest they have this year yielded.

Cattle-growing was the chief employment of the Californians of other days, and cattle-growing, next after mining, is the chief business of the Californians of 1859. There are comparatively few farms yet established, while *ranches* abound on every side. A *corral*, into which to drive his wild herd when use or security is in question, and a field or two in which to pasture his milch cows and working cattle, are often all of the *ranch* that is inclosed; the herd is simply branded with the owner's mark and turned out to range where they will, being looked after occasionally by a mounted *ranchero*, whose horse is trained to dexterity in running among or around them.

Fruit, however, is destined to be the ultimate glory of California. Nowhere else

on earth is it produced so readily or so bountifully. Such pears, peaches, apricots, nectarines, etc., as load the trees of nearly every valley in the state which has had any chance to produce them, would stagger the faith of nine tenths of my readers. Peach trees only six years set, which have borne four large burdens of fruit while growing luxuriantly each year, are quite common. Apple trees, but three years set, yet showing at least a bushel of large, fair fruit, are abundant. I have seen peach trees four or five years from the states which have all the fruit they can stagger under, yet have grown three feet of new wood over this load during the current season. Dwarf pears, just stuck into the black loam, and nowise fertilized or cultivated, but covered with fruit the year after they were set, and thenceforward bearing larger and larger yields with each succeeding summer, are seen in almost every tolerably cared-for fruit patch. I can not discover an instance in which any fruit-tree, having borne largely one year, consults its dignity or its ease by standing still or growing wood only the next year, as is common our way. I have seen green gages and other plum-trees so thickly set with fruit that I am sure the plums would far outweigh the trees, leaves and all. And not one borer, curculio, caterpillar, apple-worm, or other nuisance of that large and undelightful family, appears to be known in all this region. Under a hundred fruit-trees, you will not see one bulb which has prematurely fallen—a victim to this destructive brood.

That California is the richest of all the American states in timber, as well as in minerals, I consider certain, though the forests of Oregon are doubtless stately and vast. Even the Coast Range between San Jose valley and Santa Cruz on the southwest, is covered by magnificent redwood—some of the trees sixteen feet through, and fifty in circumference. In soil, I can not consider her equal to Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, or Minnesota, though the ready markets afforded by her mines to her farms probably render this one of the most inviting states to the enterprising, energetic husbandman. But it must be considered that not half the soil of California can ever be deemed arable; the larger area being covered by mountains, ravines, deserts, etc.

The persistent summer drouth is not an unmixed evil. It is a guaranty against many insects, and against rust, even in the heaviest grain. Grain and hay are got in at far less cost and in much better average condition here than they can be where the summers are not cloudless nor rainless. Weeds are far less persistent and pestilent here than at the east; while the air is so uniformly dry and bracing, and the days so generally tempered by a fresh breeze, that the human frame maintains its elasticity in spite of severe and continued exertion. I was never before in a region where so much could be accomplished to the hand in summer as just here.

Irrigation is exceptional, even here. All the grains are grown here without irrigation; but the small grains are hurried up quite sharply by drouth, and in some instances blighted by it, and at best are doubtless much lighter than they would be with a good, soaking rain early in June; while Indian corn and most roots and vegetables can only in favored localities be grown to perfection without artificial watering. I estimate that, if all the arable land in the state, fertile as it undoubtedly is, were seasonably planted to corn and fairly cultivated, without irrigation, the average yield would fall below ten bushels per acre. Hence every garden throughout the state, save a part of those near the coast and within the immediate influence of the damp sea breeze, must have its stream of water or it comes to nothing, and various devices are employed to procure the needful fluid. Of these I like Artesian wells far best; and they are already numerous, especially in this valley. But ordinary wells, surmounted by windmills which press every casual breeze into the service and are often pumping up a good stream of water while the owner and all hands are asleep, are much more common, and are found to answer very well; while some keep their little gardens in fair condition by simply drawing water, bucket after bucket, in the old, hard way.

In a subsequent letter, written from Marysville, the chief town of northern California, at the junction of the Yuba and Feather Rivers, Mr. Greeley gives a description of what he saw of the agricultural riches of that fertile region. We again quote:

The edifice erected by the public spirit of Marysville for the fairs which are to be held here annually, and at which all northern California is invited to compete for very liberal premiums, is quite spacious and admirably adapted to its purpose; and herein is collected the finest show of fruits and vegetables I ever saw at anything but a state fair. Indian corn not less than twenty feet high; squashes like brass kettles and water-melons of the size of buckets, are but average samples of the wonderful productiveness of the Sacramento and Yuba valleys, while the peaches, plums, pears, grapes, apples, etc., could hardly be surpassed anywhere. The show of animals is not extensive, but is very fine in the departments of horses and horned cattle. The most interesting feature of this show was its young stock—calves and colts scarcely more than a year old, equal in weight and size, while far superior in form and symmetry, to average horses and bulls of ripe maturity. With generous fare and usage, I am confident that steers and heifers two years old in California will equal in size and development those a year older in our northern states, and California colts of three years be fully equal to eastern colts of like blood and breeding a good year older—an immense advantage to the breeder on the Pacific. I am reliably assured that steers a year old, never fed but on wild grass, and never sheltered, have here dressed six hundred pounds of fine beef. Undoubtedly, California is one of the cheapest and best stock growing countries in the world—and will be, after these great, slovenly ranches shall have been broken up into neat, modest farms, and when the cattle shall be fed at least three months in each year on roots, hay and sorghum, or other green fodder.

The valleys of the Yuba and Feather Rivers are exceedingly deep and fertile, and their productiveness in this vicinity almost surpasses belief. I visited this morning, in the suburbs, gardens, vineyards, orchards, of rarely equaled fruitfulness. The orchard of Mr. Briggs, for example, covers 160 acres, all in young fruit, probably one half peaches. He has had a squad of thirty or forty men picking and boxing peaches for the last month, yet his fruit by the cartload ripens and rots ungathered. The wagons which convey it to the mines have their regular stations and relays of horses like mail stages, and are thus pulled sixty miles up rough mountain passes, per day, where twenty-five miles would be a heavy day's work for any one team. But he is not sending to the mines only, but by steamboat to Sacramento and San Francisco as well. His sales last year, I am told, amounted to \$90,000; his net income was not less than \$40,000. And this was realized mainly from peaches, apricots and nectarines; his apples and pears have barely begun to bear; his cherries will yield their first crop next year. There are of course heavier fruit growers in California than Mr. Briggs, but he may be taken as a fair sample of the class. Their sales will doubtless be made at lower and still lower prices; they are now a little higher than those realized for similar fruit grown in New Jersey; they were once many times higher than now; but, though their prices steadily decrease their incomes do not, because their harvests continued to be augmented by at least twenty five per cent. per annum.

Let me give one other instance of successful fruit growing in another district: Mr. Fallon, the mayor of San Jose, has a fine garden, in which are some ten or twelve old pear trees—relics of the Spanish era and of the Jesuit missions. The trees being thrifty but the fruit indifferent, Mr. F. had them pretty thoroughly grafted with the Bartlett variety, and the *second* year thereafter gathered from one tree one thousand pounds of Bartlett pears, which he sold for \$200, or twenty cents per pound. The other trees similarly treated bore him six to seven hundred pounds each of that large, delicious fruit, which he sold at the same price. And, every year since, these trees have borne large yields of these capital pears.

Just a word now on grain. California is still a young state, whose industry and enterprise are largely devoted to mining; yet she grows the bread of her half a million well-fed inhabitants on less than a fortieth part of her arable soil, and will this year have some to spare. I am confident her wheat crop of 1859, is over four millions of bushels, and I think it exceeds twenty-five bushels for each acre sown. To-day, its price in San Francisco is below a dollar a bushel, and it is not likely to rise very soon. Though grown, harvested and threshed by the help of labor which costs her farmers from thirty to forty dollars per month, beside board, it is still mainly grown at a profit; and so of a very large breadth of barley, grown

here instead of oats as food for working horses and cattle. Though wheat is probably the fullest, I judge that barley is the surest of any grain crop grown in the state. It has never failed to any serious extent.

Indian corn is not extensively grown; only the Russian River and one or two other small valleys are generally supposed well adapted to it. And yet, I never saw larger or better corn growing than stands to-day right here on the Yuba—not a few acres merely, but hundreds of acres in a body. I judge that nearly all the intervalles throughout the state would produce good corn, if well treated. On the hill-sides, irrigation may be necessary, but not in the valleys. None has been resorted to here, yet the yield of shelled grain will range between 75 and 100 bushels per acre. And this is no solitary instance. Back of Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, Mr. Hobart, a good farmer from Massachusetts, showed me acres of heavy corn which he planted last May, after the rains had ceased and the dry season fairly set in, since which no hoe nor plow had been put into the field; yet the soil remains light and porous, while there are very few weeds. Not one drop of water has been applied to this farm; yet here are not only corn, but potatoes, beets, etc., with any number of young fruit trees, all green and thriving, by virtue of subsoiling and repeated plowings last spring. The ground (sward) was broken up early in the winter, and cross-plowed whenever weeds showed their heads, until planting time; and this discipline, aided by the drouth, has prevented their starting during the summer. Such thorough preparation for a crop costs something; but, this once made, the crop needs here only to be planted and harvested. Such farming pays.

The fig tree grows in these valleys side by side with the apple; ripe figs are now gathered daily from nearly all the old Mexican gardens. The olive grows finely in southern California, and I believe the orange and lemon as well. But the grape bids fair to become a staple throughout the state. Almost every farmer who feels sure of his foothold on the land he cultivates either has his vineyard already planted, or is preparing to plant one, while most of those who have planted are extending from year to year. I have looked through many of these vineyards, without finding one that is not thrifty—one that, if two years planted, is not now loaded with fruit. The profusion and weight of the clusters is marvelous to the fresh beholder. I will not attempt to give figures; but it is my deliberate judgment that grapes may be grown here as cheaply as wheat or corn, pound for pound, and that wine will ultimately be made here at a cost per gallon not exceeding that of whisky in Illinois or Ohio. Wine will doubtless constitute a heavy export of California within a very few years. So, I think, will choice timber, should the wages of labor ever fall here so as to approximate our eastern standards.

I can not conclude this survey without alluding once more to the deplorable confusion and uncertainty of land titles which has been and still is the master scourge of this state. The vicious Spanish-Mexican system of granting lands by the mere will of some provincial governor or municipal chief, without limitation as to area or precise delineation of boundaries, here develops and matures its most pernicious fruits. Your title may be ever so good, and yet your farm be taken from under you by a new survey, proving that said title does not cover your tract, or covers it but partially. Hence many refuse or neglect to improve the lands they occupy, lest some title adverse to theirs be established, and they legally ousted or compelled to pay heavily for their own improvements. And, in addition to the genuine Spanish or Mexican grants, which the government and courts must confirm and uphold, there are fictitious and fraudulent grants—some of them only trumped up to be bought off, and often operating to create anarchy and protract litigation between settlers and the real owners. Then there are doubtless squatters who refuse to recognize and respect valid titles, and waste in futile litigation the money that might make the lands they occupy indisputably their own. Were the titles to lands in California to-day as clear as in Ohio or Iowa, nothing could check the impetus with which California would bound forward in a career of unparalleled thrift and growth. It were far better for the state and her people that those titles were wrongly settled than that they should remain as now. I met to-day an intelligent farmer who has had three different farms in this state, and has lost them successively by adjudications adverse to his title. The present cost of

litigation, enormous as it is, is among the lesser evil consequences of this general anarchy as to land titles.

Should these ever be settled, it will be probably found advisable to legislate for the speedy breaking up and distribution of the great estates now held under good titles by a few individuals. There will never be good common schools on or about these great domains, which will mainly be inhabited by needy and thriftless tenants or dependents of the landlords. An annual tax of a few cents per acre, the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of school houses and the opening of roads through these princely estates, would go far to effect the desired end. But, whether by this or some other means, the beneficent end of making the cultivators of the soil their own landlords must somehow be attained—the sooner the better, so that it be done justly and legally. In the course of several hundred miles' travel through the best settled portions of this state, I remember having seen but two school houses outside of the cities and villages, while the churches are still more uniformly restricted to the centers of population. Whenever the land titles shall have been settled and the arable lands have become legally and fairly the property of their cultivators, all this will be speedily and happily changed.

There are two seasons in California, the dry and the rainy, the latter extending from the 1st of November to the 1st of April. During the rainy season are intervals of fine weather, in which all the plowing and sowing is done.

"The mining interests of California are vast and inexhaustible. The state abounds in mineral wealth, and in great varieties, and there is no knowing to what extent these riches may be developed. The gold region embraces a district of country extending from the Oregon line on the north to Kern River in the south, a distance of nearly five hundred miles in length, and from ten to one hundred and fifty miles in width. Mining is successfully carried on in some twenty-five counties, and not more than one fifth of this gold region is occupied by miners at the present time." From 1849 to 1860, it was estimated that gold to the value of 600 millions of dollars had been taken out of the mines of California and sent abroad.

"In a few years California will become a vast empire within herself. The people have the use of all the mineral lands without any cost whatever, except the tax on their personal property, but no mining claim is taxed. Every vacant piece of land in the mines is subject to location by any one who may wish to settle on it, and as long as he remains his possessory right is as good a title as he wants. The mineral lands are expressly reserved from sale by act of congress, and the legislation of the state, so far, has been to let them alone, yet recognizing the rules of each mining camp as the law under which the miners hold their different kind of claims.

The pre-emption laws of the United States have been extended to California, and persons settling upon the public land can have the benefit of them. Of the surveyed lands the state is entitled to the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections of each township, for school purposes. She was granted 500,000 acres by congress for internal improvements, but a provision in her constitution diverts them to educational purposes. Thus California has over 6,000,000 acres out of which to build up her school system.

She has also 5,000,000 of acres of swamp land, donated her by congress. This land is destined to become the most valuable in the state. It is all alluvial and of inexhaustible richness. By an act of the state legislature, any person can locate 640 acres of this at one dollar an acre, by paying one fifth down and the balance in five years. She is thus the absolute owner of over eleven millions of acres, and constituting a basis of prosperity and usefulness of which perhaps no other state can boast."

The population of California, January 1, 1849, was estimated at 26,000, viz: natives of the country, not including Indians, 13,000; United States Americans, 8,000; and Europeans, 5,000. The whole number of Indians

was probably then about 40,000. In 1852, a state census gave the population as 264,435. The census of 1860 gave a population of 384,770. A very large proportion of the inhabitants are males and of mixed nationalities. A California writer thus estimates the number of the various classes of the population in 1859:

"There may now be 125,000 voters in the state, certainly not more. Of alien men, there are about 15,000 Frenchmen, 7,000 Spanish Americans, 8,000 Britons and Irishmen, 4,000 Italians, 5,000 Germans, and 6,000 miscellaneous Europeans—40,000 alien white men in all. We have thus 170,000 white men. There are 50,000 Chinamen,* as ascertained from the custom house books. This figure is more exact than the census returns will be. Thus we have 220,000 men, of whom about 88,000 (two fifths reside in the farming districts, including the cities, and three fifths in the mining districts. In the former there are, on an average, two men to a woman; in the latter, five men to a woman; so that, in the farming districts, there will be of men and women, 132,000, and in the mining districts, 158,400, or 70,400 women in the state. Add 90,000 minors, including school children, and we have 380,400. To these add 5,000 negroes and 9,600 Indians, and we have 395,000 as the total population of the state. The mining districts have a large majority of the Chinamen and aliens; the farming districts have a majority of the citizens, and a large majority of the women and children. Of the nativity of the 125,000 voters, I make the following estimate, viz: 40,000 native Americans from the free states, 30,000 Americans from the slave states, 25,000 Irishmen, 20,000 Germans, and 10,000 miscellaneous persons of foreign birth, including British, Hungarians, Spaniards, etc. If this estimate be correct, you will perceive that our population is very much mixed. But the English language prevails everywhere, and in another generation it will be the mother tongue of all the children born of parents now in the state."

SAN FRANCISCO, the commercial capital of California, is in the same latitude with Lisbon, and also with Richmond, Virginia, and distant on an air line from the latter 2,500 miles. Its latitude is $37^{\circ} 48'$ and longitude $122^{\circ} 25'$ W. from Greenwich. Her trade is immense, being the fourth commercial city in the Union. Her situation is unrivaled, fronting the Pacific at the head of the magnificent Bay of San Francisco, which has no equal for a line of thousands of miles of coast. "The connection of San Francisco with the great interior valley of the state being the only water communication with it, together with its easy communication with Asia, gives it vast commercial advantages. Approaching it from the sea, the coast presents a bold mountainous outline. The bay is entered by a strait running east and west, about a mile broad at its narrowest part, and five miles long from the ocean, when it opens to the north and south, in each direction more than thirty miles. It is divided by straits and projecting points, into three separate bays, the two northern being called San Pablo and Suisun, and the southern, San Francisco. The strait is called the 'Golden Gate,' on the same principle that the harbor of Constantinople was called the 'Golden Horn,' viz: its advantages for commerce."

* "Of all this number of 50,000 Chinamen, by the laws of California, not one is allowed to vote, not one to give evidence in a court of justice, but kept virtually outlawed, and liable to all manner of unlimited abuse, robbery, or personal cruelty, with no possibility of redress, except some European happens to be an eye-witness. If some renegade Celt or Saxon wishes to plunder a Chinaman, knowing the law and the poor man's defenselessness he has but to choose a time when none but Chinese eyes are looking on! A hundred Chinese may witness a deed of violence, but their united testimony is worthless and inadmissible against a European or American evil-doer within the limits of the state."

San Francisco, as a town, is of very recent origin: but the immediate vicinity has a history dating back to the year 1776. Then the Mission of San Francisco was founded, which stood two and a half miles south-west of the cove of Yerba Buena; at the same time was erected a presidio and a fort



Harbor of San Francisco.

along the margin of the Golden Gate. In 1835, the first habitation was reared on the site of San Francisco, by Capt. W. A. Richardson, who, being appointed harbor master, erected a tent of a ship's foresail, and supported it by four redwood posts. His business was to manage two schooners, which brought produce from the various missions and farms to the sea going vessels that came into the cove. In May, 1836, Mr. Jacob Primer Leese arrived in the cove, with the intention of establishing a mercantile business in connection with partners at Monterey. He erected the first frame house, which was 60 by 25 feet, placing it alongside of the tent of Richardson, and on the

site of the St. Francis Hotel, corner of Clay and Dupont-streets. The mansion was finished on the 4th of July, and the day was celebrated by a grand banquet. The guests, numbering about 60, consisted of the principal Mexican families of the neighborhood, together with the officers of two American and one Mexican vessel in port. Outside of the building the American and Mexican flags waved together in amicable proximity, within, toasts were drank and good cheer prevailed: half a dozen instruments added their enlivening strains to the general enjoyment. two six pounders hard-by occasionally opened their throats and barked forth with an emphasis proper to the occasion. Mr. Leese subsequently married a sister of General Vallejo, one of his guests on this occasion, and on the 15th of April, 1838, was born Rosalia Leese, the first born of *Yerba Buena*, as the place was then called from the wild mint growing on the hills.

A few other houses were soon after built, and the Hudson's Bay Company became interested in the place; their agents and people came to form nearly the entire settlement. Late as 1844, Yerba Buena contained only about a dozen houses. In 1846, this company disposed of their property and removed from the place, when the progress of the Mexican war threw it into American hands, and it then advanced with wonderful rapidity. By the end of April 1848, the era of the gold discovery, the town contained 200 dwellings and 1,000 inhabitants, comprised almost entirely of American and European emigrants.

The church, tavern and printing office are an indispensable adjunct to all American settlements. In January, 1847, appeared the first newspaper, the *California Star*, published by Samuel Brannan, and edited by Dr. E. P. Jones. In the first month of its issue was printed an ordinance, from the alcalde, Mr. Bartlett, changing the name of the place from Yerba Buena to San Francisco.

The first alcalde of San Francisco, under the American flag, was Washington A. Bartlett, a lieutenant of the navy, who, being ordered to his ship, was succeeded on the 22d of February, 1847, by Edwin Bryant. Under Mexican laws an alcalde has entire control of municipal affairs, and administers justice in ordinary matters according to his own ideas of right, without regard to written law. On the Americans taking possession of the country, they temporarily made use of the existing machinery of local government, everywhere appointed alcaldes, and instructed them to dispense justice with a general regard to the Mexican laws and the provincial customs of California.

In December, 1847, occurred the event which was so suddenly to transform California from a wilderness into a great state, and San Francisco from a petty village into a great commercial metropolis—the *discovery of gold*. "Early in 1848, the news spread to the four quarters of the globe, and immediately adventurers from every land came thronging to this new El Dorado. The magnificent harbor of San Francisco made this port the great rendezvous for the arriving vessels, and from this period dates the extraordinary increase and prosperity of the Californian metropolis. In the first four months of the golden age, the quantity of precious dust brought to San Francisco was estimated at \$850,000. In February, 1849, the population of the town was about 2,000; in August it was estimated at 5,000. From April 12, 1849, to the 29th of January, 1850, there arrived by sea 39,888 emigrants, of whom 1,421 only were females. In the year ending April 15, 1850, there arrived 62,000 passengers. In the first part of 1850, San Francisco became a city, with a population of 15,000 to 20,000; and in 1860, it had 56,805, together with the largest trade of any city on the Pacific side of the American continent.

The magical effect upon San Francisco of the discovery of gold, is thus described in the *Annals of the city*:

Early in the spring of this year (1848), occasional intelligence had been received

of the finding of gold in large quantities among the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada. Small parcels of the precious metal had also been forwarded to San Francisco, while visitors from the mines, and some actual diggers arrived, to tell the wonders of the region and the golden gains of those engaged in exploring and working it. In consequence of such representations, the inhabitants began gradually, in bands and singly, to desert their previous occupations, and betake themselves to the American River and other auriferous parts of the great Sacramento valley. Labor, from the deficiency of hands, rose rapidly in value, and soon all business and work, except the most urgent, was forced to be stopped. Seamen deserted from their ships in the bay and soldiers from the barracks. Over all the country the excitement was the same. Neither threats, punishment nor money could keep men to their most solemn engagements. Gold was the irresistible magnet that drew human souls to the place where it lay, rudely snapping asunder the feebler ties of affection and duty. Avarice and the overweening desire to be suddenly rich, from whence sprang the hope and moral certainty of being so, grew into a disease, and the infection spread on all sides, and led to a general migration of every class of the community to the golden quarters. The daily laborer, who had worked for the good and at the command of another, for one or two dollars a day, could not be restrained from flying to the happy spot where he could earn six or ten times the amount, and might possibly gain a hundred or even a thousand times the sum in one lucky day's chance. Then the life, at worst, promised to be one of continual adventure and excitement, and the miner was his own master. While this was the case with the common laborer, his employer, wanting his services, suddenly found his occupation at an end; while shopkeepers and the like, dependent on both, discovered themselves in the same predicament. The glowing tales of the successful miners all the while reached their ears, and threw their own steady and large gains comparatively in the shade. They therefore could do no better, in a pecuniary sense even, for themselves, than to hasten after their old servants, and share in their new labor and its extraordinary gains, or pack up their former business stock, and traveling with it to the mines, open their new shops and stores and stalls, and dispose of their old articles to the fortunate diggers, at a rise of five hundred or a thousand per cent.

In the month of May it was computed that at least one hundred and fifty people had left San Francisco, and every day since was adding to their number. Some were occasionally returning from the auriferous quarter; but they had little time to stop and expatiate upon what they had seen. They had hastily come back, as they had hastily gone away at first, leaving their household and business to waste and ruin, now to fasten more properly their houses, and remove goods, family and all, at once to the gold region. Their hurried movements, more even than the words they uttered, excited the curiosity and then the eager desire of others to accompany them. And so it was. Day after day the bay was covered with launches, filled with the inhabitants and their goods, hastening up the Sacramento. This state of matters soon came to a head; and master and man alike hurried to the *placers*, leaving San Francisco, like a place where the plague reigns, forsaken by its old inhabitants, a melancholy solitude.

On the 29th of May, the "Californian" published a fly-sheet, apologizing for the future non-issue of the paper, until better days came, when they might expect to retain their servants for some amount of remuneration, which at present was impossible, as all, from the "*subs*" to the "*devil*," had indignantly rejected every offer, and gone off to the diggings. "The whole country," said the last editorial of the paper, "from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and from the sea shore to the base of the Sierra Nevada, resounds with the sordid cry of *gold! gold!! GOLD!!!*—while the field is left half planted, the house half built, and everything neglected but the manufacture of shovels and pick-axes, and the means of transportation to the spot where one man obtained one hundred and twenty-eight dollars' worth of the *real stuff* in one day's washing, and the average for all concerned is *twenty dollars per diem!*"

Within the first eight weeks after the "diggings" had been fairly known, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars had reached San Francisco in gold dust, and within the next eight weeks, six hundred thousand more. These sums were all to

purchase, at any price, additional supplies for the mines. Coin grew scarce, and all that was in the country was insufficient to satisfy the increased wants of commerce in one town alone. Gold dust, therefore, soon became a circulating medium, and after some little demur at first, was readily received by all classes at sixteen dollars an ounce. The authorities, however, would only accept it in payment of duties at ten dollars per ounce, with the privilege of redemption, by payment of coin, within a limited time.

When subsequently immigrants began to arrive in numerous bands, any amount of labor could be obtained, provided always a most unusually high price was paid for it. Returned diggers, and those who cautiously had never went to the mines, were then also glad enough to work for rates varying from twelve to thirty dollars a day; at which terms capitalists were somewhat afraid to commence any heavy undertaking. The hesitation was only for an instant. Soon all the labor that could possibly be procured, was in ample request at whatever rates were demanded. The population of a great state was suddenly flocking in upon them, and no preparations had hitherto been made for its reception. Building lots had to be surveyed, and streets graded and planked—hills leveled—hollows, lagoons, and the bay itself piled, capped, filled up and planked—lumber, bricks, and all other building materials, provided at most extraordinarily high prices—houses built, finished and furnished—great warehouses and stores erected—wharves run far out into the sea—numberless tuns of goods removed from shipboard, and delivered and shipped anew everywhere—and ten thousand other things had all to be done without a moment's unnecessary delay. Long before these things were completed, the sand hills and barren ground around the town were overspread with a multitude of canvas, blanket and bough-covered tents—the bay was alive with shipping and small craft carrying passengers and goods backward and forward—the unplanked, ungraded, unformed streets (at one time moving heaps of dry sand and dust; at another, miry abysses, whose treacherous depths sucked in horse and dray, and occasionally man himself), were crowded with human beings from every corner of the universe and of every tongue—all excited and busy, plotting, speaking, working, buying and selling town lots, and beach and water lots, shiploads of every kind of assorted merchandise, the ships themselves, if they could—though that was not often—gold dust in hundred weights, ranches square leagues in extent, with their thousands of cattle—allotments in hundreds of contemplated towns, already prettily designed and laid out—on paper—and, in short, speculating and gambling in every branch of modern commerce, and in many strange things peculiar to the time and place. *And everybody made money, and was suddenly growing rich.**

The loud voices of the eager seller and as eager buyer—the laugh of reckless joy—the bold accents of successful speculation—the stir and hum of active, hurried labor, as man and brute, horse and bullock, and their guides, struggled and managed through heaps of loose rubbish, over hills of sand, and among deceiving deep mud pools and swamps, filled the amazed newly arrived immigrant with an almost appalling sense of the exuberant life, energy and enterprise of the place. He breathed quick and faintly—his limbs grew weak as water—and his heart sunk within him as he thought of the dreadful conflict, when he approached and mingled among that confused and terrible business battle.

Gambling saloons, glittering like fairy palaces, like them suddenly sprang into existence, studding nearly all sides of the plaza, and every street in its neighborhood. As if intoxicating drinks from the well plenished and splendid bar they each contained were insufficient to gild the scene, music added its loudest, if not

*Johnson, in his "Sights in the Gold Region," states "Lumber sold as high as \$600 per thousand feet. The merest necessities of life commanded the most extravagant prices. Laundresses received \$8 per dozen, and cooks \$150 per month; and it was nearly impossible to obtain either. The prices of houses and lots were from \$10,000 to \$75,000, each. A lot purchased two years ago for a barrel of *aguardiente* was sold recently for \$18,000. One new three story frame hotel, about forty by sixty feet, cost \$180,000, and rented for an interest of more than twenty per cent. per annum; small rooms for gambling purposes renting for \$400 per month. Yet, notwithstanding these enormous incomes, speculation so raged that as high as twenty-five per cent. was actually paid for the use of money for one week."

its sweetest charms; and all was mad, feverish mirth, where fortunes were lost and won, upon the green cloth, in the twinkling of an eye. All classes gambled in those days, from the starchiest white neck-clothed professor to the veriest black rascal that earned a dollar for blacking massa's boots. Nobody had leisure to think even for a moment of his occupation, and how it was viewed in Christian lands. The heated brain was never allowed to get cool while a bit of coin or dust was left. These saloons, therefore, were crowded, night and day, by impatient revelers who never could satiate themselves with excitement, nor get rid too soon of their golden heaps.

The very thought of that wondrous time is an electric spark that fires into one great flame all our fancies, passions and experiences of the fall of that eventful year, 1849. The world had perhaps never before afforded such a spectacle; and probably nothing of the kind will be witnessed for generations to come. A city of twenty or thirty thousand inhabitants improvised—the people nearly all adult males, strong in person, clever, bold, sanguine, restless and reckless."

The proceedings of the famous "Vigilance Committee" of San Francisco at the time excited the surprise of the outside world. It was, however, an organization that arose from the necessities of the community: its acts were justified by the great body of the citizens, while its members comprised the first men in business and social standing in the city.

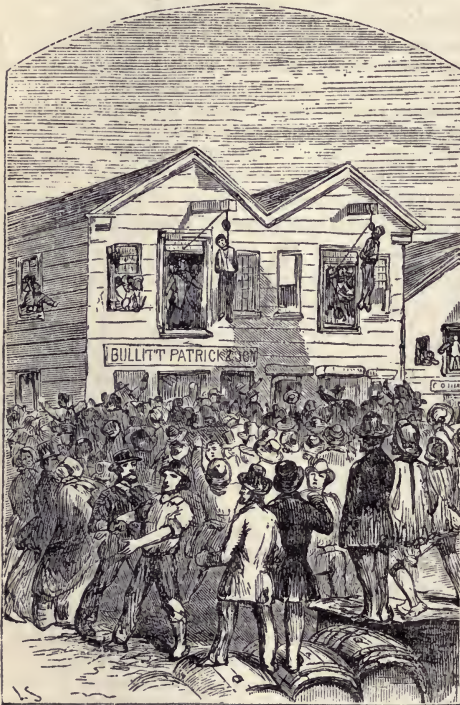
Up to the beginning of 1851, the emigration to California had been immense. Nearly a quarter of a million of men, strangers from various parts of the world, had been suddenly thrown into this new land, and scattered among the newly established towns and over the different mining districts. The institutions of law, in but a forming state, failed to give adequate protection. Among the inhabitants were a large number of criminals and vile men from various countries. The most numerous and daring class of desperadoes were the convicted felons of the English penal colonies, who, having "served their time," early contrived to sail for California. These "Sydney coves," as they were called, reaped a rich harvest in California, and for a while it seemed impossible to check their crimes.

Around Clark's Point and vicinity, in San Francisco, was the rendezvous of these villains. "Low drinking and dancing houses, lodging and gambling houses of the same mean class, the constant scenes of lewdness, drunkenness and strife, abounded in the quarter mentioned. The daily and nightly occupants of these vile abodes had every one, more or less, been addicted to crime; and many of them were at all times ready, for the most trifling consideration, to kill a man or fire a town. During the early hours of night, when the Alsatia was in revel, it was dangerous in the highest degree for a single person to venture within its bounds. Even the police hardly dared to enter there; and if they attempted to apprehend some known individuals, it was always in a numerous, strongly-armed company. Seldom, however, were arrests made. The lawless inhabitants of the place united to save their luckless brothers, and generally managed to drive the assailants away. When the different fires took place in San Francisco, bands of plunderers issued from this great haunt of dissipation, to help themselves to whatever money or valuables lay in their way, or which they could possibly secure. With these they retreated to their dens, and defied detection or apprehension. Fire, however, was only one means of attaining their ends. The most daring burglaries were committed, and houses and persons rifled of their valuables. Where resistance was made, the bowie-knife or the revolver settled matters, and left the robber unmolested. Midnight assaults, ending in murder, were common. And not only were these deeds perpetrated under the shade of night; but even in daylight, in the highways and byways of the country, in the streets of the town, in crowded bars, gambling saloons and lodging houses, crimes of an equally glaring character were of constant occurrence. People at that period generally carried during all hours, and wherever they hap-

pened to be, loaded firearms about their persons; but these weapons availed nothing against the sudden stroke of the 'slung shot,' the plunge and rip of the knife, or the secret aiming of the pistol. No decent man was in safety to walk the streets after dark; while at all hours, both of night and day, his property was jeopardized by incendiarism and burglary.

All this while, the law, whose supposed 'majesty' is so awful in other countries, was here only a matter for ridicule. The police were few in number, and poorly

as well as irregularly paid. Some of them were in league with the criminals themselves, and assisted these at all times to elude justice. Subsequent confessions of criminals on the eve of execution, implicated a considerable number of people in various high and low departments of the executive. Bail was readily accepted in the most serious cases, where the security tendered was absolutely worthless; and where, whenever necessary, both principal and cautioner quietly disappeared. The prisons likewise were small and insecure; and though filled to overflowing, could no longer contain the crowds of apprehended offenders. When these, were ultimately brought to trial, seldom could a conviction be obtained. From technical errors on the part of the prosecutors, laws ill understood and worse applied, false swearing of the witnesses for the prisoners, absence often of the chief evidence for the prosecution, dishonesty of jurors, incapacity, weakness, or venality of the judge, and from many other causes, the cases generally broke down and the prisoners were freed. *Not one criminal*



HANGING OF WHITTAKER AND MCKENZIE,

By the San Francisco Vigilance Committee.

had yet been executed. Yet it was notorious, that, at this period, at least one hundred murders had been committed within the space of a few months; while innumerable were the instances of arson, and of theft, robbery, burglary, and assault with intent to kill. It was evident that the offenders defied and laughed at all the puny efforts of the authorities to control them. The tedious processes of legal tribunals had no terrors for them. As yet everything had been pleasant and safe, and they saw no reason why it should not always be so. San Francisco had just been destroyed, a fifth time, by conflagration. The cities of Stockton and Nevada had likewise shared the same fate. That part of it was the doing of incendiaries no one doubted; and too, no one doubted but that this terrible state of things would continue, and grow worse until a new and very different executive from the legally-constituted one should rise up in vengeance against those pests that worried and preyed upon the vitals of society. It was at this fearful time that the Vigilance Committee was organized."

This was in June, 1851, at which time the association organized "for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens and residents of the city of San Fran-

cisco." They formed a constitution and selected a room in which to hold their meetings, which were entirely secret. The first person they arrested was John Jenkins, a notorious "Sydney cove." He was seized for stealing a safe on the 10th of June. About 10 o'clock that night, the signal for calling the members was given—the tolling of the bell of the Monumental Engine Company. Shortly afterward about 80 members of the committee hurried to the appointed place, and giving the secret password were admitted. For two long hours the committee closely examined the evidence and found him guilty. "At midnight the bell was tolled, as sentence of death by hanging was passed upon the wretched man. The solemn sounds at that unusual hour filled the anxious crowds with awe. The condemned at this time was asked if he had anything to say for himself, when he answered: 'No, I have nothing to say, only I wish to have a cigar.'" This was handed to him, and afterward, at his request, a little brandy and water. He was perfectly cool, and seemingly careless, confidently expecting, it was believed, a rescue, up to the last moment.

A little before one o'clock, Mr. S. Brannan came out of the committee rooms, and ascending a mound of sand to the east of the Rasette House, addressed the people. He had been deputed, he said, by the committee, to inform them that the prisoner's case had been fairly tried, that he had been proved guilty, and was condemned to be hanged; and that the sentence would be executed within one hour upon the plaza. He then asked the people if they approved of the action of the committee, when great shouts of *Ay! Ay!* burst forth, mingled with a few cries of *No!* In the interval a clergyman had been sent for, who administered the last consolations of religion to the condemned.

Shortly before two o'clock, the committee issued from the building, bearing the prisoner (who had his arms tightly pinioned) along with them. The committee were all armed, and closely clustered around the culprit to prevent any possible chance of rescue. A procession was formed; and the whole party, followed by the crowd, proceeded to the plaza, to the south end of the adobe building, which then stood on the north-west corner. The opposite end of the rope which was already about the neck of the victim was hastily thrown over a projecting beam. Some of the authorities attempted at this stage of affairs to interfere, but their efforts were unavailing. They were civilly desired to stand back, and not delay what was still to be done. The crowd, which numbered upward of a thousand, were perfectly quiescent, or only applauded by look, gesture, and subdued voice the action of the committee. Before the prisoner had reached the building, a score of persons seized the loose end of the rope and ran backward, dragging the wretch along the ground and raising him to the beam. Thus they held him till he was dead. Nor did they let the body go until some hours afterward, new volunteers relieving those who were tired holding the rope. Little noise or confusion took place. Muttered whispers among the spectators guided their movements or betrayed their feelings. The prisoner had not spoken a word, either upon the march or during the rapid preparations for his execution. At the end he was perhaps strung up almost before he was aware of what was so immediately coming. He was a strong-built, healthy man, and his struggles, when hanging, were very violent for a few minutes."

The next execution which took place was about a month later, that of James Stuart. He was an Englishman, who had been transported to Australia for forgery. On leaving it, he wandered in various parts of the Pacific until he reached California, where he was supposed to have committed more murders and other desperate crimes than any other villain in the country. Before his death he acknowledged the justice of his punishment. He was hung July 11th, from a derrick at the end of Market-street wharf, in the presence of assembled thousands.

One more month rolled round, and the committee again exercised their duties upon the persons of Samuel Whittaker and Robert McKenzie, who were guilty of robbery, murder and arson, and on trial confessed these crimes. The sheriff and his posse with a writ of *habeas corpus*, took these men from the hands of the committee and confined them in jail. The latter, fearful that the rascals would escape through the quibbles of the law, prepared for the rescue.

"About half past two o'clock," says the *Annals of San Francisco*, "on the after-

noon of Sunday, the 24th of August, an armed party, consisting of thirty-six members of the Vigilance Committee, forcibly broke into the jail, at a time when the Rev. Mr. Williams happened to be engaged at devotional exercises with the prisoners, among whom were Whittaker and McKenzie. The slight defense of the jailers and guards was of no avail. The persons named were seized, and hurried to and placed within a coach, that had been kept in readiness a few steps from the prison. The carriage instantly was driven off at full speed, and nearly at the same moment the ominous bell of the Monumental Engine Company rapidly and loudly tolled for the immediate assemblage of the committee and the knell itself of the doomed. The whole population leaped with excitement at the sound; and immense crowds from the remotest quarter hurried to Battery-street. There blocks, with the necessary tackle, had been hastily fastened to two beams which projected over the windows of the great hall of the committee. Within seventeen minutes after the arrival of the prisoners, they were both dangling by the neck from these beams. The loose extremities of the halters being taken within the building itself and forcibly held by members of the committee. Full six thousand people were present, who kept an awful silence during the short time these preparations lasted. But so soon as the wretches were swung off, one tremendous shout of satisfaction burst from the excited multitude; and then there was silence again.

This was the last time, for years, that the committee took or found occasion to exercise their functions. Henceforward the administration of justice might be safely left in the hands of the usual officials. The city now was pretty well cleansed of crime. The fate of Jenkins, Stuart, Whittaker and McKenzie showed that rogues and roguery, of whatever kind, could no longer expect to find a safe lurking-place in San Francisco. Many of the suspected, and such as were warned off by the committee, had departed, and gone, some to other lands, and some into the mining regions and towns of the interior. Those, however, who still clung to California, found no refuge anywhere in the state. Previously, different cases of lynch law had occurred in the gold districts, but these were solitary instances which had been caused by the atrocity of particular crimes. When, however, the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco had started up, fully organized, and began their great work, Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose, as well as other towns and the more thickly peopled mining quarters, likewise formed their committees of vigilance and safety, and pounced upon all the rascals within their bounds. These associations interchanged information with each other as to the movements of the suspected; and all, with the hundred eyes of an Argus and the hundred arms of a Briareus, watched, pursued, harassed, and finally caught the worst desperadoes of the country. Like Cain, a murderer and wanderer, as most of them were, they bore a mark on the brow, by which they were known. Some were hanged at various places, some were lashed and branded, but the greater number were simply ordered to leave the country, within a limited time, under penalty of immediate death if found after a stated period within its limits. Justice was no longer blind or leaden-heeled. With the perseverance and speed of a bloodhound, she tracked criminals to their lair, and smote them where they lay. For a long time afterward, the whole of California remained comparatively free from outrages against person and property.

From all the evidence that can be obtained, it is not supposed that a single instance occurred in which a really innocent man suffered the extreme penalty of death. Those who were executed generally confessed their guilt, and admitted the punishment to have been merited."

San Francisco, in common with all of the American cities in California, has suffered terribly from tremendous conflagrations. The towns when first founded were composed mostly of frail wooden tenements, intermingled with tents, which in the dry season became like tinder, so that when a fire broke out and got headway it was impossible to arrest it. San Francisco, Sacramento City, Stockton, and other places were several times successively destroyed.

No sooner, however, was the work of destruction completed, than the inhabitants rushed forth like so many bees, and dashing aside the smoking embers, went to work to build new habitations; when lo! in a twinkling, a fairer city would arise, as it were by magic, on the ashes of the old, called forth by the matchless energy and fertility of invention of the most extraordinary, wonder-working body of men that had ever been gathered to found a state—the adventurous and enterprising of every clime, self-exiles, driven thither by the eager thirst for gold.

Before midsummer of 1851, San Francisco had been visited by six "great" fires, most of them the work of incendiaries. By them nearly all the old landmarks and buildings of Yerba Buena had been obliterated, and the total value of property destroyed amounted to about twenty millions. The most destructive was that of the 4th May, 1851, when, in the short space of ten hours, nearly 2,000 houses were destroyed, many lives, and property to the amount of from ten to twelve millions.

"A considerable number of buildings, which were supposed fire-proof, had been erected in the course of the preceding year, the solid walls of which, it was thought, would afford protection from the indefinite spreading of the flames, when fire should unhappily break out in any particular building. But all calculations and hopes on this subject were mocked and broken. The brick walls that had been so confidently relied upon, crumbled in pieces before the furious flames; the thick iron shutters grew red hot and warped, and only increased the danger and insured final destruction to everything within them. Men went for shelter into these fancied fire-proof brick and iron-bound structures, and when they sought to come forth again, to escape the heated air that was destroying them as by a close fire, they found, O horror! that the metal shutters and doors had expanded by the heat, and could not be opened! So, in these huge, sealed furnaces, several perished miserably. . . . San Francisco had never before suffered so severe a blow, and doubts were entertained by the ignorant that she could possibly recover from its effects. Such doubts were vain. The bay was still there, and the people were also there; the *placers* of the state were not yet exhausted, and its soil was as fertile and inviting as ever. The frightful calamity, no doubt, would retard the triumphant progress of the city—but only for a time. The citizens of San Francisco were content only to curse and vow vengeance on the incendiaries that kindled the fire, and resolved to be better prepared in future to resist its spreading ravages. After the first short burst of sorrow, the ruined inhabitants, many of whom had been burnt out time after time by the successive fires, began again, like the often persecuted spider with its new web, to create still another town and another fortune."

The city of San Francisco being at first a city of strangers, the post-office, on the arrival of the monthly steamer from the Atlantic states was the scene of exhibitions of an interesting character from the assembled multitudes that gathered for letters, most from loved ones at home, thousands of miles away.

At a distance they looked like a mob; but, on approaching, one would find that though closely packed together, the people were all in six strings, the head of each being at a delivery window, from whence the lines twisted up and down in all directions, extending along the streets to a great distance, the new comers being at the end of the line. So anxious were many to receive their epistles that they posted themselves in the evening of one day to be early at the window on the morning of the next, standing all night in the mud, often with a heavy rain pouring on their heads. "Hours always elapsed before one's turn came. To save such delay, sometimes people would employ and handsomely pay others to preserve places for them, which they would occupy, in room of their assistants, when they were approaching the loop-holes where the delivery clerks stood. Ten and twenty dollars were often paid for accommodation in this way. Some of these eager applicants had not heard from their far distant homes for many long months, and their

anxious solicitude was even painful. It was therefore exceedingly distressing to mark the despondency with which many would turn away upon hearing from the delivery clerks the oft-repeated and much-dreaded sentence, 'there is *nothing* here for you.' On the other hand, it was equally pleasing to observe the cheerful and triumphant smile, not unfrequently accompanied with a loud exclamation of joy, that would light up the countenance of the successful applicant, who hastens from the window, and as soon as he can force a passage through the crowd, tears open and commences to read the more than welcome letter, every word of which awakens in his mind some tender reminiscence."

SACRAMENTO CITY is the second city in commerce and population in California. It is on the left bank of the Sacramento, a little below the mouth of the American, in the midst of a level and fertile country: distance, by water, 140 miles N.E. of San Francisco. It has great advantages as a center of commerce, being accessible for sailing vessels and steamers of a large size at all seasons: both the Sacramento and its important branch, the Feather River, is navigable for small steamers far above into the interior of the country. It is the natural trading depot for all the great mining region of the north Sacramento valley. The site being low, the city has suffered in its early history by disastrous floods in the rainy season: it is now protected by levees. Population about 30,000.

The site of Sacramento City was originally in possession of Capt. John A. Sutter, a Swiss gentleman, who established himself in the country in 1839, and soon after built "Sutter's Fort," taking possession of the surrounding country under a Mexican grant, giving to it the name of *New Helvetia*. "From this point he cut a road to the junction of Sacramento and American Rivers, where he established an *embarcadero* (quay, or landing place), on the site of which has since been built the City of Sacramento. Here he remained for several years, his settlement being the head-quarters of the immigrants, who, following his example, poured into the country from the American states."

Coloma is about 50 miles N.E. of Sacramento City, on the left bank of the South Fork of American River. It contains some 4,000 inhabitants.

In the winter of 1847-'48, Capt. Sutter contracted with Mr. James W. Marshall, an emigrant from New Jersey, to erect a saw mill on the river near the site of Coloma. This accidentally led to the *discovery of gold*, which at once changed the history of California. "Marshall one day in January, having allowed the whole body of water to rush through the tail-race of the mill for the purpose of making some alterations in it, observed, while walking along the banks of the stream early the next morning, numerous glistening particles among the sand and gravel, which had been carried off by the force of the increased body of water. For a while he paid no particular attention to them, but seeing one larger and brighter than the rest, he was induced to examine it, and found it to be a scale of gold. Collecting several, he immediately hurried to Sutter, and began his tale in such a hurried manner, and accompanied it with such extravagant promises of unbounded wealth, that the captain thought him demented, and looked to his rifle for protection; but when Marshall threw his gold upon the table, he was forced into the delightful conviction. They determined to keep the discovery a secret, but were observed while examining the river, and soon had immense armies around them."

The neighborhood literally overflowed with the busy gold hunters, and

from thence they rapidly extended to the different gold districts, so that by midsummer they amounted to many thousands. At first the general gains of the miners, though great, were nothing to what was shortly after collected. The average was usually from ten to fifteen dollars per day. Some met with extraordinary success.

"Well authenticated accounts described many known persons as averaging from one to two hundred dollars a day for a long period. Numerous others were said



SUTTER'S MILL.

Where Gold was first discovered.

to be earning from five to eight hundred dollars a day. A piece of four pounds in weight was early found. If, indeed, in many cases, a man with a pick and pan did not easily gather some thirty or forty dollars worth of dust in a single day, he just moved off to some other place which he supposed might be richer. When the miners knew a little better about the business and the mode of turning their labor to the most profitable account, the returns were correspondingly increased. At what were called the 'dry diggings' particularly, the yield of gold was enormous. One piece of pure metal was found of thirteen pounds weight. The common instrument at first made use of was a simple butcher's knife; and as everything was valuable in proportion to the demand and supply, butchers' knives suddenly went up to twenty and thirty dollars apiece. But afterward the pick and shovel were employed. The auriferous earth, dug out of ravines and holes in the sides of the mountains, was packed on horses, and carried one, two, or three miles, to the nearest water, to be washed. An average price of this washing dirt was, at this period, so much as four hundred dollars a cart load. In one instance, five loads of such earth sold for seven hundred and fifty-two dollars, which yielded, after washing, sixteen thousand dollars. Cases occurred where men carried the earth in sacks on their backs to the watering places, and collected eight to fifteen hundred dollars in a day, as the proceeds of their labor. Individuals made their five thousand, ten thousand, and fifteen thousand dollars in the space of only a few weeks. One man dug out twelve thousand dollars in six days. Three others obtained eight thousand dollars in a single day. But these, of course, were extreme cases. Still it was undoubtedly true, that a large proportion of the miners were earning such sums as they had never even seen in their lives before, and which, six months earlier, would have appeared a downright fable.

The story has a shady as well as a bright side, and would be incomplete unless both were shown. There happened to be a 'sickly season' in the autumn at the mines; many of the miners sank under fever and diseases of the bowels. A severe kind of labor, to which most had been unaccustomed, a complete change of diet

and habits, insufficient shelter, continued mental excitement, and the excesses in personal amusement and dissipation which golden gains induced, added to the natural unhealthiness that might have existed in the district at different periods of the year, soon introduced sore bodily troubles upon many of the mining population.



WASHING GOLD WITH THE LONG TOM.

No gains could compensate a dying man for the fatal sickness engendered by his own avaricious exertions. In the wild race for riches, the invalid was neglected by old comrades still in rude health and the riotous enjoyment of all the pleasures that gold and the hope of continually adding to their store could bestow. When that was the case with old companions, it could not be expected that strangers should care whether the sick man lived or died. Who forsooth among the busy throng would trouble himself with the feeble miner that had miscalculated his energies, and lay dying on the earthen floor of his tent or under the protecting branch of a tree? Many, not so far reduced, were compelled to return to their old homes, the living spectres of their former selves, broken in constitution and wearied in spirit; thoroughly satisfied that the diggings were not fit abiding places for them.

The implements at first used in the process of gold seeking, were only the common pick and shovel, and a tin pan or wooden bowl. The auriferous earth when dug out was put into the last, and water being mixed with it, the contents were violently stirred. A peculiar shake of the hand or wrist, best understood and learned by practice, threw occasionally over the edge of the pan or bowl the muddy water and earthy particles, while the metal, being heavier, sunk to the bottom. Repeated washings of this nature, assisted by breaking the hard pieces of earth with the hand or a trowel, soon extricated the gold from its covering and carried away all the dirt. But if even these simple implements were not to be had, a sailor's or butcher's knife, or even a sharpened hard-pointed stick could pick out the larger specimens—the *pepitas*, *chunks*, or *nuggets*, of different miners—while the finer scales of gold could be washed from the covering earth in Indian

willow-woven baskets, clay cups, old hats, or any rude apology for a dish; or the dried sand could be exposed on canvas to the wind, or diligently blown by the breath, until nothing was left but the particles of pure gold that were too heavy to be carried away by these operations. Afterward the rocker or cradle and Long Tom were introduced, which required several hands to feed and work them; and the returns by which were correspondingly great. Every machine, however, was worked on the same principle, by rocking or washing, of separating by the mechanical means of *gravitation*, the *heavier* particles—the *gold* from stones, and the lighter ones of earth.

Provisions and necessities, as might have been expected, soon rose in price enormously. At first the rise was moderate indeed, four hundred *per cent.* for flour, five hundred for beef cattle, while other things were in proportion. But these were trifles. The time soon came when eggs were sold at one, two, and three dollars apiece; inferior sugar, tea, and coffee, at four dollars a pound in small quantities, or three or four hundred dollars a barrel; medicines—say, for laudanum, a dollar a drop (actually forty dollars were paid for a dose of that quantity), and ten dollars a pill or purge, without advice, or with it, from thirty, up, aye, to one hundred dollars. Spirits were sold at various prices, from ten to forty dollars a quart; and wines at about as much per bottle."

Among the modes of mining early adopted was one termed "cayoteing," or drifting. The word is derived from *cayote*, the name applied to the prairie wolf, and as used, means burrowing, after the manner of that animal. Cayoteing was only necessary in those cases where the gold by its superior weight had sunk through the surface earth, until it had reached the layer of clay on the bed rock, often many fathoms from the top. Having reached by a shaft the "hard pan," the miner then ran passages horizontally in search of the gold, taking care to prop up the roofs of these passages. Often, however, these have slowly yielded under the immense masses above, and buried the gold hunter beyond all human resurrection. Cayoteing has been superseded by tunneling. Tunnels are run into the sides of mountains, following the uneven surface of the bed rock. Some of these are a quarter of a mile or more in length and involve an immense labor and expense. From them the "pay dirt" is carried out of the mine in carts drawn by mules over railroads.

The old mining localities of California, the flats and bars of rivers, are now pretty much exhausted, and there is very little of the old modes of mining followed, excepting by the Chinese, who, content with small earnings, take up the abandoned claims. Tunneling, quarts, sluice, and hydraulic mining are now the means by which the larger part of the gold is obtained. Through the improvements in machinery and contrivances for saving the gold, the yield is constantly augmenting, and as the gold region of California comprises a tract about as large as all New England, it is presumed that the state for 100 years to come will continue to yield at least as much as since the first discovery—viz: fifty millions per annum.

The most efficient mode of operation is *hydraulic mining*. A heavy current of water is poured from a hose and pipe, precisely on the principle of a fire engine, upon a side hill. For instance, "at North San Juan, near the middle fork of the Yuba, streams at least three inches in diameter, and probably containing twenty measured inches of water, are directed against the remaining half of a high hill, which they strike with such force that bowlders of the size of cannon-balls are started from their beds and hurled five to ten feet in the air. By this process, one man will wash away a bank of earth like a haystack sooner than a hundred men could do it by old-fashioned sluicing. Earth yielding a bare cent's worth to the pan may be profitably washed by this process, paying a reasonable price for the water. As much as \$100 per day is profitably paid for the water thrown through one pipe. The stream thus thrown will knock a man as lifeless as though it were a grape-shot. As the bank, over a hundred feet high, is undermined by this battery, it frequently caves from the top downward, reaching and burying the careless operator. Very long sluices—as long as may be—conduct the discharged water away; and it is no matter how thick with earth the water may run, provided the sluice be long enough. It is of course so arranged as to present riffles, crevices, etc., to arrest the gold at first borne along by the turbid flood. There are companies operating by this method whose gross receipts from a single sluice have reached a thousand dollars per day."

"In California the whole art of placer-mining was revolutionized by this hydraulic process, and the production of gold received a fresh and lasting impulse. Square miles of surface on the hills, rich in gold, which have lain untouched, now yield up their treasure to the hydraulic miner. In that region, where labor can scarcely be obtained, and is so costly, water becomes the great substitute for it, and, as we have seen, is more effective and economical in its action than the labor

of men. Every inch of water which can be brought to bear upon a placer is valued as the representative, or producer, of a certain amount of gold. Wherever it falls upon the auriferous earth it liberates the precious metal, and if the gold is uniformly distributed through the earth, the amount produced is directly as the

quantity of water used. As a labor saving process, the results of this method compare favorably with those obtained by machinery in the various departments of human industry, where manual labor has been superseded.

It is stated that at the close of the year 1858 there were 5,726 miles of artificial water-courses for mining purposes in the state of California, constructed at a cost of over 13 millions of dollars. This estimate is exclusive of several hundred miles of new canals in course of construction, and of the many subordinate branches of the canals, the aggregate length of which is estimated at over one thousand miles. Most of the canals have been constructed by individuals, or small companies of from three to ten persons, but the works compare in their magnitude and cost with the most important public works.



HYDRAULIC MINING.

A vast deal of this canaling is over the most wild, rocky, and precipitous country; jumping over awful chasms, and plunging down fearful abysses; trestle work, story piled upon story, and wooden fluming zigzagged at every angle (rough as yet, truly, but with strength adequate to its purpose), may be seen winding for miles and miles its tortuous course, leading mountain streams far away from their native channels, and giving to the driest diggings water superabundant. The waterfall at the end is generally very great, and it is turned to curious account.

Next to the hydraulic process of hose-washing, the most important application of water in placer mining is in *sluicing*. The sluice is a long channel or raceway, cut either in the surface of the bed-rock or made of boards. The former is known as the *ground-sluice*, and the latter as the *board-sluice*. The ground-sluice is cut in the softened surface or outcrop of the bed-rocks, which are generally of slate, presenting upturned edges like the leaves of a book. In the softened mica slates this resemblance is very great, and the surface is highly favorable to the retention of particles of gold. It is easily cleaned up, as one or two inches in depth of the surface may usually be scraped off with the shovel. The board-sluice is generally twelve or fifteen inches in width, and from eight to ten inches deep, and is made in convenient lengths, so that one can be added to another, until a length of two or three hundred feet or more is obtained. False bottoms of boards are often used to facilitate the retention of the gold, while the stones and gravel are swept away by the rapid flow of the water. Long bars or *rifflers* are generally preferred to cross cleats or holes. The fall or rate of descent of the bottom of the sluice is varied according to circumstances, being arranged to suit the size of the gold and the nature of the drift. One or two feet in a rod, or one foot in twelve, is a common inclination, and with a good supply of water will cause stones several inches in diameter to roll from one end of the sluice to the other. The earth, stones and gold as they enter these sluices with the water, are all mingled together, but the current soon effects a separation; the lighter portions are swept on in advance, and the gold remains behind, moving slowly forward on the bottom until it drops down between the cleats or bars. The larger stones and coarse gravel are swept on by

the current, and after traversing the whole length of the sluice, are thrown out at the lower end. The operation, as in the hydraulic or hose process, with which the sluice is always combined, is a continuous one, and requires comparatively little labor or attention, except to keep the sluice from clogging. In some localities, where the depth of the auriferous gravel and overlying clay and soil is not great,

water may be used to as great advantage in the sluice as under pressure. It has this advantage, that the auriferous earth may be washed as high up as the source of supply. The process is a close imitation of the operations of nature in concentrating gold in the deposits along the streams."

Quartz mining is the reduction to powder of the vein stone, which contains the gold, which is extracted from the powder by means of water, quicksilver, etc. There are so many practical difficulties in the way that it is very rarely attended with success, as the expenses eat up the profits, the gold not usually averaging more than one cent in a pound of rock. The quartz works at Allison's Rancho, in Grass Valley, and those at Fremont's Rancho, in Bear Valley, are worked to great profit. Col.

Fremont's mines produce gold to

the value of several hundred thousand dollars per annum, though at an immense outlay for mills, waterworks, etc. His great mine, it is supposed, contains 10 millions of dollars worth of gold above the water level of the Merced, from near which it rises up a pyramid of gold-bearing quartz, inclosed in a mountain of slate.



FREMONT'S RANCHE.

Marysville, the chief town of northern California, is located at the junction of the Yuba and Feather Rivers, just above their union with the Sacramento, about 40 miles north of Sacramento City. It is a well built town, principally of brick, and at the head of navigation in the direction of the northern mines. The country around it is of great fertility, and the town itself rapidly growing. Population about 16,000.

In the vicinity of Marysville, and easterly, toward the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, are the important mining towns of *Nevada*, *Grass Valley*, *Auburn*, *Placerville*, *Diamond*, *Mesa Springs*. North of it, near the north line of the state, are the little thriving towns of *Shasta City* and *Yreka*, the former deriving its name from Mount Shasta, in its vicinity, at the head of Sacramento valley, the highest mountain in California, a vast cone of snow rising to the height of 15,000 feet into the blue above.

Stockton disputes with Marysville the reputation of being the third city in importance in the state: and is the depot for the southern mines. It is situated on a bayou of San Joaquin, at the head of regular steamboat navigation, and is 48 miles south of Sacramento City, and by water 125 miles east of San Francisco. The channel is navigable for steamboats and vessels of

400 tons, affording at all seasons ready communication with the Pacific, and the town has an extensive carrying trade. Here is the State Insane Asylum, a cabinet of natural history, and an Artesian well of 1,000 feet in depth. Stockton has some fine fruit gardens, and the foliage of these, together with an abundance of wide spreading oaks, gives the place a grateful aspect. Population about 16,000.

Sonora, the most important mining town in the southern mines, lies 130 miles east of San Francisco, and about 60 east of Stockton, and contains some 4,000 inhabitants. North-westerly from it are the mining towns of *Mokelumne Hill*, *Columbia*, and *Murpheys*. At the former is a noted mining canal of 40 miles in length. Within 15 miles of the latter, 86 from Stockton, and 213 from San Francisco, is the famous "Mammoth Tree Grove." A late visitor gives this description:

The "Big Tree Grove" occupies a space of about fifty acres, other evergreen trees being interspersed among them. The ground is "claimed" by the owners of the hotel, to whom it will prove a pretty fortune. It occupies a level plateau in the Sierra Mountains, and is elevated 4,500 feet above tide water. The mammoth trees are of a species unknown except in California.

The bark is very porous, so that it is used for pincushions. It is on some of the trees nearly two feet thick! The foliage is of a deep green, like that of the arbor vitæ, and the seeds are contained in a small cone. The wood is of a red color, like the cedar, and somewhat like the redwood of California. Still the tree differs from all these essentially. It is estimated by calculations based on the rings or layers which indicate the annual growth, that the largest of these trees are more than *three thousand* years old! A correspondent of the London Times made one, of the wood and bark of which he had a specimen, six thousand four hundred and eight years old. They are no doubt "the oldest inhabitants" of the state. A path has been made through the grove, leading by the most notable specimens, and each has been named, and has a label of wood or tin attached, on which is inscribed its name and size. In several cases, beautiful white marble tablets, with raised letters, have been let into the bark. There are, in all, *ninety four* of these monster trees, with multitudes of others from a foot high and upward.

Near the house is the stump of a tree that was felled in 1853 by the vandals. The stump is seven feet high, and measures in *diameter*, at the top, *thirty feet*. I paced it, and counted thirty paces across it. A canvas house has been erected over and around it, and a floor laid on the same level adjoining, and here dances are often had upon the stump, whose top has been smoothed for the purpose. Four quadrilles have been performed at once upon it, and the Alleghenians once gave a concert to about fifty persons here, performers and audience all occupying the stump. A portion of the trunk lies on the ground, divested of bark, and steps, twenty-six in number, have been erected, as nearly perpendicular as possible, by which visitors ascend its side as it lies upon the ground. The vandals had a hard job when they cut down this giant. It was accomplished by boring a series of holes with a large auger to the center and completely round it, the holes being of course fifteen feet deep each. Five men worked steadily for 25 days; and then so plumb was the tree that it would not fall. After trying various means to topple it over, at length they cut a large tree near it so that it should fall against it, but still it stood. A second attempt with another tree was successful, and it was forced over, and fell with a crash which made everything tremble, and which reverberated far and near through the mountains and forests. The solid trunk snapped in several places like a pipe-stem. The top of the stump is as large as the space *lengthwise* between the walls of two parlors, with folding doors, of fifteen feet each. Imagine the side walls spread apart to double their width, and then the stump would fill all the space! But at the roots, seven feet lower, it is much larger.

"Hercules" is the largest perfect standing tree, and it has been computed to contain seven hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of lumber, or enough to load a large clipper ship. It leans remarkably toward one side, so that the top is from

forty to fifty feet out of the perpendicular. It should have been named "The Leaning Tower." It is thirty-three feet between two roots that enter the ground near opposite sides of the trunk.



Mammoth Tree Grove, in the Valley of the Calaveras.

The trees are evergreens and ninety-four of them are yet standing, many of which rise to more than 300 feet in height. One, which has blown down, measured 110 feet in circumference, and was 450 high. Another, which had fallen and is hollow, is ridden through on horseback for 75 feet. Some of them are estimated to be more than 3,000 years old. The bark is nearly two feet thick, and being porous is used for pincushions.

"The Husband and Wife" seem very affectionate, leaning toward each other so that their tops touch. They are two hundred and fifty feet high, and sixty each in circumference. "The Family Group" consists of two very large trees, the father and mother, with a family of *grown up* children, twenty-four in number, around them, all large enough to be of age and to speak for themselves! The father blew down many years ago, having become feeble from old age. The trunk is hollow as it lies upon the ground, and would accommodate half a regiment with quarters.

The circumference is one hundred and ten feet, or upward of thirty-three diameter! Its height was four hundred and fifty feet, as great as that of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome! Near what was the base of the trunk, and within the cavity, there is now a never-failing pond of water, fed by a spring. Nearly half the trunk is embedded in the ground. The mother still stands amid her children and little grandchildren. She 327 feet high, 91 feet in circumference—a stately old dame!

"The Horseback Ride" is an old hollow tree fallen and broken in two. I rode through the trunk a distance of 75 feet on horseback, with a good sized horse, as did my wife also. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is hollow for some distance above the base, and 25 persons can seat themselves in the space.

"The Mother of the Forest" is 90 feet round, and 328 feet high. To the height of 116 feet the bark has been taken off by some speculators, who carried it in sections to Paris, for exhibition. The staging on which they worked is still standing around the trunk. But so immense was the size indicated, that the Parisians would not believe it was all from one tree, and charged the exhibitor with Yankee trickery, and branded the whole thing a humbug, and as the result he lost considerable money in his speculation. The tree is now dead.

In one place we saw a small part of the trunk of what was an enormous tree, which had fallen probably centuries ago, and become imbedded in the earth, and so long ago did this happen, that three very large trees had grown up over its butt so as to inclose it with their roots completely. It was ludicrous to see as we did in one place, near one of the largest trees, a little one, about two feet high, growing from the seed of the large one, and evidently starting with high hopes and youthful ambition in the race of life. What a job, thought I, has that little fellow before him to work himself up 300 or 400 feet to reach the altitude of his father and uncles and aunts. But we bid him God speed, and I doubt not, if he perseveres, he will one day stand as proudly erect as his ancestors, and three thousand years hence he will be an object of as great curiosity and reverence to those who shall come after us as "Hercules" is now to us! What will be the condition and population of California and of the United States then?

But, seriously, I think I never was inspired with greater awe by an object on which I looked, than I felt when I walked about among these noble and ancient "sons of the forest," or rather patriarchs of the wood. To think that I stood beside and looked up toward the towering heads of trees that were standing, or at least had begun their growth, when Solomon's Temple was commenced; that were more than a thousand years old when the Savior of men trod the soil of Palestine; were ancients at the period of the Crusades! One sees in Europe old castles, and looks with reverence upon them as he thinks of their hoary antiquity, but these trees were between one thousand and two thousand years old when the foundations of the oldest building now standing in Europe were laid. I can think of but one thing more awe inspiring, and that is the group of Egyptian pyramids.

One must actually look upon these objects, however, to realize the impression they make. He must study their proportions, calculate their altitude, compare them with other large trees or lofty objects, and he must do this repeatedly before he can take in the idea. It is a universal remark of visitors that the conception of the reality grows upon them every time they examine them, and that, at first sight, as in the case of Niagara Falls, there is a feeling of disappointment.

Seeds have been sent to Europe, and scattered over our Union, and trees are growing from them in some parts of the United States, but it is doubtful whether in any other soil or climate than that of California, they will ever make such a growth as is seen here.

One thing is remarkable about these trees, viz: that although of such an immense age, many of them, yet where they have been unmolested by man and unscathed by fire, they still seem sound to the core and vigorous, the foliage is bright and constantly growing, and one can not see why they may not live one thousand or two thousand years more. The spot where they stand is beautiful. "We enter a dell," says Dr. Bushnell, "quietly lapped in the mountains, where the majestic vegetable minarets are crowded, as in some city of pilgrimage, there to look up, for the first time, in silent awe of the mere life principle." There is another grove as remarkable in Mariposa county, and smaller collections of the same species elsewhere, but they are not common all over the state.

Dr. Bushnell's theory of the enormous growths of California, is that the secret lies in these things—"First, a soil too deep and rich for any growth to measure it; second, a natural under-supply of water or artificial irrigation; next, the settings of fruit are limited. And then, as no time is lost in cloudings and rain, and the sun drives on his work unimpeded, month by month, the growth is pushed to its utmost limit. But these [enormous occasional specimens] are freaks or extravagances of nature—only such as can be equaled nowhere else. The big trees depend, in part, on these same contingencies, and partly on the remarkable longevity of their species. A tree that is watered without rain, having a

deep vegetable mold in which to stand, and not so much as one hour's umbrella of cloud to fence off the sun for the whole warm season, and a capacity to live withal for two thousand years or more, may as well grow three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter, and show the very center point or pith still sound at the age of thirteen hundred [or three thousand] years, as to make any smaller figure."

Coulterville and *Mariposa* are mining towns, south-easterly from Stockton. Near *Mariposa* is *Fremont's Vein*, and 45 miles east of *Coulterville* is the celebrated "Valley of the Yo-hamite," which is pronounced by travelers one of the greatest of curiosities. It is a vast gorge in the Sierra, through which flows the *Merced*, a beautiful crystal stream, which rises high up in the mountains.

"Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite a mile high! Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still further. No single wonder of Nature on earth can claim a superiority over the Yo-hamite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at these points, up the face of precipices from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or canon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound—and you will have some conception of the Yo-hamite."

The highest known cataract on the globe is in this valley, the Yo-hamite Fall, which tumbles over a perpendicular ledge, 1,800 feet at one plunge, then taking a second plunge of 400, ends by a third leap of 600, making in all 2,800 feet, or over half a mile in descent. The stream being small looks, in the distance, more like a white ribbon than a cascade. The *Merced* enters the valley by more imposing cataracts of nearly 1,000 feet fall. How many other wonders exist in this strange locality remains for farther exploration to unfold. "The valley varies from a quarter to a mile in width, the bottom level and covered with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, grass interspersed with beautiful flowers, and the finest of pines and evergreen shrubs, and the pure, clear, sparkling *Merced River* winding its ways, 'at its own sweet will,' through the midst. With its two points of egress guarded, no human being, once placed here within its rocky mountain walls, could ever hope to escape."

Beside the mountain ranges, with their summits clad with everlasting snow, and the beautiful scenery rendered more attractive by the wonderful purity of the atmosphere, California possesses many natural curiosities, among which are "The Geysers," or hot sulphur springs, of *Napa county*, and the "natural bridges," of *Calaveras*.

"The Geysers are from one to nine feet in diameter, and constantly in a boiling state, ejecting water to heights of 10 to 15 feet. Hundreds of fissures in the side of the mountain emit strong currents of heated gas, with a noise resembling that of vapor escaping from ocean steamers. We condense the following from *Silliman's Journal*, of Nov., 1851, by Professor Forest Shepard: 'From a high peak we saw on the W. the Pacific, on the S. Mount Diablo and San Francisco Bay, on the E. the Sierra Nevada, and on the N. opened at our feet an immense chasm, from which, at the distance of four or five miles, we distinctly saw dense columns of steam rising. Descending, we discovered within half a mile square from 100 to 200 openings, whence issued dense columns of vapor, to the height of from 150 to 200 feet, accompanied by a roar which could be heard for a mile or more. Many acted spasmodically, throwing up jets of hot, scalding water to the height of 20 or 30 feet. Beneath your footsteps you hear the lashing and foaming gyrations; and on cutting through the surface, are disclosed streams of angry, boiling water.'

Near Vallecita, on Cayote creek, in Calaveras county, is a striking display of volcanic action, in the shape of what are called the natural bridges: two immense arches, thrown over the above-named creek, and covered with imitations of clusters of fruits and flowers, doubtless formed when the mass was first upheaved in a molten state. In the same vicinity is 'Cayote Cave,' a deep, semicircular chasm, entered by a perpendicular descent of 100 feet, and then proceeding by a gradual slope till it reaches a depth of nearly 200 feet below the surface, where you come to a chamber called "The Cathedral," from its containing two stones resembling bells, which, when struck, produce a chiming sound. Proceeding 100 feet farther, always on the descent, a lake is reached of great depth, and apparently covering many acres; but the exploration has not yet been carried beyond this point. The roof of the cave is studded with stalactites, assuming various fantastic forms."

Benecia is 30 miles from San Francisco, on the Straits of Carquinez. Vessels of the largest class can reach this point, and here the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Line are refitted. *Vallejo* is a few miles nearer San Francisco, on the north side of the same straits. *Benecia*, *Vallejo* and *San Jose* have been by turns the seat of government of California. *San Jose* is at the head of the San Francisco Bay, some 50 miles from San Francisco. It is at the entrance of a most beautiful and fertile valley, and was long the headquarters of the native Californians, many of whom owned immense estates and herds of wild cattle. The celebrated *New Almaden* quick-silver mine is 12 miles south of the town.

On the Pacific coast, south of San Francisco, the first important place is *Monterey*, 90 miles distant. It was, under Mexican rule, the principal commercial point in, and capital of California. Next in order on the coast are *Santa Barbara*, *Los Angeles* and *San Diego*, the latter 490 miles from San Francisco, the southernmost port in the state, and the termination of the branch from Texas of the overland mail route. In the rear of *Los Angeles*, at the distance of 80 miles inland, the snow-capped peak of Mount St. Bernardino is seen. It marks the site of the beautiful valley in which is the Mormon settlement of Bernardino.

On the Pacific coast, north of San Francisco, the points of interest are *Humboldt City*, *Trinidad*, *Klamath*, and *Crescent City*. The latter is the sea-port of the south part of Oregon, being distant only a few miles from the southern boundary line of that state.

Fort Yuma is at the south-eastern angle of the state, at the junction of the Colorado and Gila Rivers. It was built about the year 1851, by Major S. P. Heintzelman, U.S.A.



VIEW OF VIRGINIA CITY, STATE OF NEVADA, IN 1865.

NEVADA.

NEVADA was formed into a territory in February, 1861, and was taken from Western Utah. It was admitted into the Union as a State in October, 1864. Estimated area eighty thousand square miles. The eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains, inclusive of the famous Carson Valley, is within it. Originally it was called Washoe, from Mt. Washoe, a peak over nine thousand feet high, in the vicinity of Virginia City.

Lying along the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada range, the country has a very different climate from that of California. "The gigantic wall of the Sierra Nevada, on the California side, receives the hot winds that blow from the Pacific Ocean, and fall there in rain and snow, leaving the opposite or eastern declivity exposed to droughts and freezing blasts. Consequently you may find, at the same time, in the same latitude, and at the same height, mildness of climate, fertility, vegetable riches, in fact, summer rejoicing on one side, while sterility, cold and winter exist, with more or less intensity, on the opposite slope of these mountains, whose sublime beauty is perhaps unequalled throughout the world."

With the exception of Carson valley and a few small valleys, the whole country for hundreds of miles, north, south and east, is, like most mineral regions, a barren desert, and of no value but for its minerals. There is a great scarcity of wood and water. Aside from the timber on the slope of the Sierra Nevada range, the only wood of the country is a species of scrub pine, fit only for fuel and to feed the Pi-Ute Indians, for it bears very nutritious nuts, which constitutes their principal staple article of food. This nut pine makes excellent fuel for steam works, being exceedingly hard and full of pitch. The whole face of the country is mostly covered with sage brush, like garden sage. Greasewood, another shrub, is also common.

Carson Valley was pronounced by Mr. Greeley, who was here in 1859, as one of the most beautiful he had ever seen. He said:

This valley, originally a grand meadow, the home of the deer and the antelope, is nearly inclosed by high mountains, down which, especially from the north and west, come innumerable rivulets, leaping and dancing on their way to join the Carson. Easily arrested and controlled, because of the extreme shallowness of their beds, these streams have been made to irrigate a large portion of the upper valley, producing an abundance of the sweetest grass, and insuring bounteous harvests also of vegetables, barley, oats, etc. Wheat seems to do fairly here; corn

not so well; in fact, the nights are too cold for it if the water were not. For this spring water, leaping suddenly down from its mountain sources, is too cold, too pure, to be well adapted to irrigation; could it be held back even a week, and exposed in shallow ponds or basins to the hot sunshine, it would be vastly more useful. When the whole river shall have been made available, twenty to forty miles below, it will prove far more nutritious and fertilizing.

If the new gold mines in this valley shall ultimately justify their present promise, a very large demand for vegetable food will speedily spring up, here, which can only be satisfied by domestic production. The vast deserts eastward can not meet it, the arable region about Salt Lake is at once too restricted and too distant; inland California is a dear country, and the transportation of bulky staples over the Sierra a costly operation. The time will ultimately come—it may or may not be in our day—when two or three great dams over the Carson will render the irrigation of these broad, arid plains on its banks perfectly feasible; and then this will be one of the most productive regions on earth. The vegetable food of one million people can easily be grown here, while their cattle may be reared and fed in the mountain vales north and south of this valley. And when the best works shall have been constructed, and all the lights of science and experience brought to bear on the subject, it will be found that nearly everything that contributes to human or brute sustenance can be grown actually cheaper by the aid of irrigation than without it. As yet we know little or nothing of the application of water to land and crops, and our ignorance causes deplorable waste and blundering. Every year henceforth will make us wiser on this head.

Previous to the discovery of the Washoe silver mines, in the summer of 1859, there were not one thousand white inhabitants in all of Nevada. Virginia City at once sprung up at that point, which is about two hundred miles easterly, in an air line from San Francisco. The circumstances, as told of its discovery, are somewhat romantic:

"The Washoe silver mines were first discovered by Mr. Patrick McLaughlin, an 'honest miner,' who was working for gold in a gulch or ravine, and where he was making \$100 a day to the hand. As he and his companions followed up the gulch, it paid even better, until, on arriving at a certain point, it gave out altogether, and they struck a vein of pure sulphuret of silver, which they at first supposed to be coal, but observing that it was very heavy, they concluded it must be valuable, and sent one of their number to San Francisco with some of the black ore to ascertain its value. It was given to a Mr. Killaley, an old Mexican miner, to assay. Killaley took the ore home and assayed it. The result was so astounding that the old man got terribly excited. The next morning poor Killaley was found dead in his bed. He had long been in bad health, and the excitement killed him.

Immediate search was made for the original deposit, which resulted in the since famous Comstock lode. Where first found, this lode has no outcropping or other indication to denote its presence. The first assay of the rock taken from the lode when first struck gave a return of \$265 of gold and silver, there being a larger proportion of gold than silver. Subsequent assays of ore taken from the vein, as it was sunk upon, showed a rapid increase in richness, until the enormous return was made of \$7,000 to the ton—\$4,000 in gold and \$3,000 in silver. "Still later assays of choice pieces of ore have given a return of \$15,000 to the ton." In this case these ounce assays did not mislead, but a vast difference is to be observed between rich ore and a rich mine. A poor mine often yields specimens of rich ore, which, through the *ounce assay*, serves but to delude. The true test of the value of a silver mine is the *quantity* of the ore, and the average yield of the ore in *bulk* after the establishment of reduction works.

The changes that grew from this discovery almost vied in the wonderful with the transformations of Aladdin and his lamp. The next year Virginia City contained over one thousand houses, of brick, stone and cloth, and a population of four thousand. In 1864, Virginia City,

next to San Francisco, had become the largest and most important city on the Pacific coast, and Nevada was a State of the American Union, with an estimated population of sixty thousand. Her estimated mineral production that year was \$30,000,000. Her patriotism was illustrated by her sending to the Sanitary Commission *silver bricks* to the value of \$51,500. This she could afford, for a single one of her silver mines, the Gould & Curry, upon the Comstock lode, in 1864 produced \$5,000,000 in silver, and netted her stockholders the enormous amount of one million and four hundred and forty thousand dollars! A citizen, at the beginning of 1865, gives this glowing description of his town, which then contained a population of twenty-five thousand, American, Mexican, European and Chinamen:

Virginia City is situated on the eastern slope of Mount Davidson, the site being a sort of shelving tract of table-land, is six thousand two hundred and five feet above the level of sea, being among the highest cities on the globe. When a stranger arrives in Virginia City, and observes a city containing a population of twenty-five thousand people of both sexes, long blocks and squares of brick and granite structures with whole ranges of frame buildings, and ascertains further that immense sums are daily being paid for real estate, he naturally wonders whether growth in this ratio is likely to continue, and if so, whether the mines of Nevada will be sufficient ultimately to pay for it all. But if he steps into the leading banking houses in the city, and takes a view of the silver "bricks" generally to be seen there, he begins to imagine there is something tangible in Washoe after all. And if he will next ascertain how many quartz-mills are running in the vicinity of Virginia City, Gold Hill and Silver City, and how much bullion each returns on an average weekly, he will unquestionably be led to the conclusion—which others have come to before him—that the rapid growth of Virginia City is only the outward evidence of a profitable development of the mines.

The streets are Macadamized, well lit with gas, water introduced through pipes, and it boasts of three theaters, devoted to dramatic entertainments, an opera-house, which seats in its auditorium some two thousand people, and where Italian and other operas of the best composers are produced by artists equal to any which appear before the audiences of much older communities. The large amount of wealth which the earth so bountifully produces enables the population of the State to provide themselves with every comfort and luxury of civilized life. Stores of every character, well supplied with merchandise of all descriptions, hotels, and fine market-houses, filled with an abundance of game, meats and vegetables, attract the eye on every side. The churches of various denominations, and school-houses, attended daily by nearly a thousand children, will compare favorably with those in the Atlantic States. An excellent volunteer fire department, police force, and the working of a good municipal government, are no less attractive features of the new city which has so suddenly sprung into existence within the short space of five years. The country around is cut up with mines, mills, farms and gardens, while in every section the topography is dotted with smiling villages, and even palatial private residences give unmistakable indications of the thrift and wonderful enterprise of its hardy and industrious population. There

has been no difficulty as yet experienced in obtaining labor for mining operations. The supply is fully equal to the demand at any and all times. Good mining hands receive usually four dollars per diem, while the tariff of prices for ordinary laboring men is fixed at from three to three and a half dollars per day, payable in gold; amalgamators and engineers of mills receive from five to eight dollars. Wood for milling and hoisting purposes is worth twelve dollars, in summer, a cord, and fifteen in winter. Lumber for "timbering" and "shoring" up mines, and building purposes, may be obtained at from forty to fifty dollars per thousand feet, in any quantity that may be desired for all practical purposes. Fresh meats of the best quality can be had from twelve to eighteen cents a pound; butter, milk, eggs, cheese and fruits and vegetables of all kinds raised in the State, are as reasonable in price as the same may be procured in the city of New York on a specie-paying basis.

The elevation of Virginia City, on the east slope of Mount Davidson, is about six thousand feet above the level of the sea. There are no extremes of heat or cold experienced at any season of the year; but for the reason that the air at this elevation becomes rarefied, many people at first find some difficulty in breathing as freely as they could in a lower atmosphere. Persons afflicted with asthmatic and lung complaints find great relief in inhaling the rarefied air of Mount Davidson. In the valleys, however, where the temperature of the atmosphere is more moderate, the objections raised by some to the former locality for a place of residence is entirely overcome. The best test of the general healthiness of the climate is to be found in the fact that there are few deaths in proportion to the population, and that the climate does not impair the energy of settlers, is proved by the enterprise and activity which in Virginia City is evident on all sides, and in the rosy, blooming complexions of the people we meet on every hand.

A late visitor in Nevada gives us a picture of the appearance of things in Virginia City and the adjacent silver-producing towns which he approached from California, passing through Carson City:

Carson City, in 1858, was a place where the emigrant from the Eastern States, on the road to California, stopped to recruit himself and cattle for a start over the Sierra Nevada. Carson City of 1864 is quite a large and important place. It has a large trade with all parts of the State, has the finest site for a town in the whole territory, and is at present the capital. A large quarry of stone having been discovered by Abraham Curry, the place now boasts of splendid stores, court-houses and dwellings, built of this stone; fine hotels, family mansions, beautiful cottages, and, indeed, a place for Nevada to be proud of. It stands four thousand six hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the sea, has a fine climate, and the best water of any place in Nevada.

Let us jog on toward Virginia City, seventeen miles distant. We first reach Curry's warm spring, two miles east from the town. This is a great resort for drinking the water and bathing; it possesses great medicinal qualities. Here is the great territorial prison, an immense stone edifice. It was built for strength, although only for Curry's own house. The prisoners work in the quarry, which is in the yard adjoining. A railroad connects the prison with Carson City, for the conveyance of the stone.

We now start for Empire City (or Dutch Nicks), called after an old settler in 1860. It originally contained but two houses; now fine mills are erected for sawing lumber and crushing quartz—the Mexican mill, a most extensive affair, grind-

ing the rock from their claim in Virginia City. Here you hear, for the first time in the Territory, the ponderous stamps going day and night. Teams are going continually to the mine for rock to be crushed and the precious metals extracted. The Winters, Aitchenson and Mead mills, and others, are here, and it is now quite a place of importance; it is situated on Carson river, north-east from Curry's. In a northerly direction, you pass over a fine road, to the half-way house toward Silver City, through Spring Valley, and begin to ascend what is called the backbone of the range, on which the Comstock lode is found. A fine road has been finished all the way. You pass by the Daney Company's lode, and continue along till you come to the Canon, on which road we will pass the mills at work—Gold Canon being the one that drains Silver City, American Flat and Gold Hill. The Canon is full of mills, crushing the quartz from all the above places. The great want here is water; but that is being supplied in greater abundance, as the Gold Hill and Virginia Tunnel Company drain the mines. On it is located Silver City, about half way between Virginia City and Dayton, on the Carson river. Silver City is almost entirely dependent on the surrounding country for her support. Some of the finest mills in the country lie within her limits. Having a great abundance of granite and other building material, fine blocks of buildings have been erected, fire-proof, and very substantial; the private residences are tasty, and many are adorned by both fruit and shade trees. All along the Canon, to Devil's Gate, are mills at work on quartz from the various districts around. French's mill, situate in American Ravine, in Silver City, was built in 1860—size of building, ninety by seventy-five feet. It has twenty stamps and sixteen pans, with an engine of sixty-horse power, and reduces twenty to thirty tons of rock per day. There are a great many mills in this vicinity doing well, and a hundred others could have plenty of employment. To a person who never saw a quartz mill at work, he can have no idea of the noise and clatter it makes; the deafening sound, compelling great exertion to be heard; and I assure you a person needs all his breath here, for the rarefied air makes breathing pretty difficult.

Well, save your breath, and let us walk on to American City—American Flat—a flourishing place, only a few months old, boasting of churches and hotels. Residences have been erected as if by magic. Among the hills, west of American Flat, there is a beautiful cave of alabaster, from the roof of which, when first discovered, hung long pendent stalactites of snowy whiteness and rare beauty, which visitors have, from time to time carried away. The alabaster in this cave is so soft that it can be cut with a pen-knife.

A short time ago it was predicted that the improvements would be such in this region, that there would be a street lined with buildings for a distance of nearly eight miles. There is now no complete or dividing space between Virginia and Gold Hill, American and Silver City; and the rapidity with which the intervening spaces have been built up is truly astonishing. These facts are remarkably strong in support of the opinion that the time is not far distant when the main street of Virginia City will present a continuous double row of buildings from the north end of the city to Dayton. The next place we reach is Gold Hill in the Canon.

Gold Hill is emphatically a mining town. The ground underneath Virginia City is honey-combed by tunnels, drifts and excavations, which extend in every direction. But still there is little to be seen above the surface to give a stranger any idea of what is going on below. The streets and houses present the same appearance as the streets and houses of any other city, and it is only in a few localities in the outskirts of the town, as in the vicinity of the Ophir or Mexican lodes, that evidences of mining, carried on to any great extent, are to be seen.

But Gold Hill presents a far different aspect. All along the east side of the town huge piles of dirt, debris and pulverized quartz are visible, which have been raised out of the mines and left upon the ground, while the more valuable rock has been taken to the mill for crushing. In the hoisting-houses erected over the shafts, machinery is in constant operation night and day, the screaming of steam whistles is heard, and successive car-loads of ore are run over railroads upon trestle-work, and sent down long, narrow shutes into wagons below, with a noise perfectly deafening. Leaving there, and passing through the town, the ears of the visitor are everywhere assailed by the thunder of stamps crushing in the

mills, and the clatter of machinery, until one would fain believe himself in a large manufacturing village in the New England States. The quartz teams you see in Virginia City have tripled in number, and in places the streets are jammed with them, carrying loads of rich ore to the mills at Devil's Gate, Silver City and Carson River. As night draws on, and a shift of hands takes place, the workmen, who, for a number of hours, have been many hundred feet under ground, timbering up drifts, or tearing down masses of glittering quartz, which compose the ledge, appear, and their conversation is utterly unintelligible to a stranger unacquainted with the locality and condition of the different claims. Remarks concerning the Sandy Bowers, the Pluto, Uncle Sam, or Bullion, are Chinese to him; and he learns their position and character as he would acquire a knowledge of the streets and buildings of a strange city. If Gold Hill presents a singular aspect in the day-time, its appearance from the Divide at midnight is absolutely startling. Work at the mines, in the hoisting-houses and quartz-mills, is carried on without intermission or cessation; and the flashing of lights, the noise of steam engines and machinery, contrasted with the silence and gloom of the surrounding mountains, make up a strange and almost unearthly picture, and puts him in mind of what he has read of the residence of the "Gentleman in Black."

The mines in Gold Hill proper are said to be very rich. We visited some of them, and were surprised at the extent of the work done. Everything here looks as if fortunes had been spent, but the rich returns have warranted the outlay. Here we found banking-houses, refiners, assayers, and every business connected with mining; every one attending to his own business. We will now go up the Divide, between Gold Hill and Virginia City.

Virginia City, as you see it, coming over the Divide, has a strange look, and you are quite startled at the view before you. You are at once astonished at the size and importance of the City of the Hills, a place but of yesterday; now second only to San Francisco on the Pacific coast.

Virginia City only differs from the towns you have passed through, because it is so much larger. It is built at the foot, or rather on the side, of Mount Davidson. All the principal mines are inside the city limits. The Gould & Curry tunnel is in the very center of the city (see Evans' Map of Virginia City Mines), although its mill is two miles away. The city, which lies on the side of Mount Davidson, is one mass of excavations and tunnels. There is a bluish earth, which is obtained from the mines, and this is dumped at the mouth of the tunnels, so that the city, at a distance, seems speckled with these blue spots. The city boasts of fine buildings, stores filled with every luxury—everything that can be procured for money. Day and night the mills are crushing the ore, making a deafening noise. The silver bricks are carted around, as the people of the East do ordinary bricks, literally speaking.

The Comstock Range, in which the fine veins above described are situated, is the most noted of the silver regions of Nevada, from having been the earliest discovered and developed. But Nevada has other districts equally rich, and every day adds to our knowledge of the gigantic wealth hidden in the mineral regions of the Pacific slope. Beside gold and silver, coal, quicksilver, iron, copper, lead, antimony and every known mineral abound. Wealth enough exists to sponge out our huge national debt scores of times. The policy of the Government in the past, in withholding from the people titles in fee simple to her gold and silver bearing districts, has been a great incubus upon their development. When this policy is reversed, and the enterprising emigrant can locate his discovery with the same assurance of ownership as the pioneer on a prairie farm of the Mississippi valley, the development of the Pacific country will be rapid beyond all calculation. In relation to silver mining, however, it can only be carried on by companies, the original outlay for the reduction of ore, in

buildings and machinery, surpassing ordinary individual wealth. The adage is here in full force, that "it takes a mine to work a mine." A late writer gives these facts in regard to silver veins:

Silver is generally found in veins, and hence the deposits are far more likely to be inexhaustible than *placer* gold. The statistics of silver mining, in different countries, clearly establish this fact. For centuries this business has been the cardinal interest of Mexico; silver the circulating medium or currency of the country; and—in coin and bars—a chief article of export. Since the conquest of Cortez, the mining interest has been so successfully prosecuted that the most trustworthy statistics nearly startle us with suggestions of almost fabulous fortunes realized, and with vague conceptions of the vast mineral wealth of that country. According to Humboldt, the total amount of silver obtained from the conquest to the time he wrote (1803), was \$2,027,952,000. Other authorities represent the sum as much larger, and amounting to no less than \$12,000,000,000. And yet the whole period, since the conquest of 1521—nearly three hundred and fifty years—has developed no sign of the possible failure of the silver mines of Mexico. On the contrary, they were never richer than they are to-day. The annual coinage of the mints of Mexico, at the beginning of the present century, was not less than \$27,000,000. Our statistics for some years past have been less complete and trustworthy. When a vein of silver is found, it may generally be traced a long distance. The *Vela Madre*, said to be the richest vein in Mexico, has been opened at different points along the strata a distance of twelve miles, and in many places it is not less than 200 feet wide. One vein in Chili has been followed nearly one hundred miles, while several of the branches radiating from it are thirty miles long. When a silver vein is sometimes broken abruptly, as in the mines of Chili, it is quite sure to be found again, if the miner patiently pursues the same general direction. In one instance, at the mines of Chanarcillo, the vein was found to be thus interrupted by a belt of limestone; but by sinking a shaft over two hundred and fifty feet through the stone, the vein was struck again. Not less than seven of these belts have been found to interrupt the same mineral vein, at different points, and yet the miners have failed of reaching its final termination. The fact that silver is generally thus deposited while gold is not, must suggest to the most thoughtless observer, that of the two, silver mines are far more likely to be permanently profitable.

We now abridge from a published account a description of some of the other prominent mining districts of Nevada, as they were early in 1865:

The *Esmeralda* District is one hundred and forty miles south-east of Virginia City. Many good mines are in the district, and ten mills in operation for the reduction of the ores. A large amount of silver bullion is weekly shipped from Aurora, the principal town, which has four thousand people, and two daily papers.

The *Reese River* District is one hundred and eighty miles east of Virginia City, on the overland stage route. Austin, the principal town, has five thousand inhabitants. Nine mills are in operation, and a daily newspaper published. The mines of this region extend as far south as prospectors have ever ventured to explore—some two hundred miles. Some veins, very rich on the surface, have been found outside of the settlements in various directions, but as yet they have not been improved, the owners being poor men, and the country being too wild for capitalists, to venture into, while perhaps equally good opportunities for investment are to be found in more civilized localities. These ores are mostly chlorids, rodids and bromids, while in the Comstock veins the principal are the black and grey sulphurets.

The Humboldt District is situated about one hundred and fifty miles north-east of Virginia City, on the east side of the Humboldt river, and near the Old Emigrant road, down that river. The mines were first discovered in 1860, but did not attract much attention until a year or two afterward. There are four or five

large towns in this region, and one or two mills in operation. Wood is very scarce, and for this reason few steam mills have been erected. A canal, sixty-five miles in length, and capable of carrying water sufficient to run forty or fifty water mills, is now nearly half completed. As soon as this great work is finished, a number of large mills will at once be erected. The principal mine in this region is the Sheba, which yields large quantities of very rich ore, much of which is sent to England for reduction. This is the oldest and best developed claim in that region, but there are doubtless hundreds equally as good, were they as thoroughly opened. An excellent weekly paper is published here, at Unionville, and there are some very heavy tunneling enterprises undertaken for the development of the veins found in certain mountains. The ores of this district are different from those of either Esmeralda or Reese river, being argentiferous, galena and antimonial ores. Some of the leads of this region are very rich in gold, but in this they are not peculiar, as more or less gold is found in every mining district, and in nearly all paying veins. It has been said that the Humboldt mountains alone doubtless contain precious metals sufficient to purchase the fee simple of all the rebel States, with the Union and rebel government debt both thrown in.

In this direction are several new mining districts. The most promising of these are Pine Wood, Mountain Wells and Clan Alpine. Judging from assays obtained from rock taken from the croppings of some of these veins, there is no doubt but they will prove immensely valuable. The district is situated between Humboldt and the Reese river mines, is well watered, and the hills are clothed with a heavy growth of nut pine. Clan Alpine is quite a new district, there being but a dozen or two of miners there, but it contains some most promising veins. The district is about one hundred and thirty miles east of Virginia City. Mountain Wells district, some eighty miles east of Virginia City, is another promising, though but little developed, mining region. Some excellent veins have been opened, and quite a village is springing up in the mines. As yet they have no mills. There is plenty of wood and water in the district. It is situated on the overland mail route.

No region in the world can surpass Nevada in the abundance and variety of her mineral productions. Almost everywhere in the State iron ore, of an excellent quality, is abundant, much of it so pure that when broken it presents the appearance of cast iron. Two or three deposits of coal have lately been discovered, the beds being from nine to twenty feet thick. It burns well, and will doubtless prove to be of an excellent quality when the workings are carried to a proper depth on the veins. Lead is found in abundance in many parts of the Territory; also large veins of antimony, the ore of which is exceedingly pure. None of these are worked unless found to contain silver in paying quantities. Large and very rich veins of copper are found in almost every part of the country, but no attention is paid to them, except they contain silver. The copper ores are of various kinds; the rich black ore as heavy as lead; the blue and green carbonates, and other varieties; also some veins in which native copper is visible in the rock above the surface of the ground, running in fibers through the vein stone.

In Peavine District, about eighteen miles north-west of Virginia City, and near the Truckee river, also quite near the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, are many splendid veins of copper. These veins often show beautiful specimens of pure gold, and also contain a considerable per cent. of silver. The ores of many of these veins contain a sufficient amount of gold to pay for shipping and working, could it easily be separated from the copper. There are in the State numerous large beds of plumbago. None of these are claimed or worked, though some parties at one time tried to manufacture fire-proof bricks from this material, but fire-clay of good quality being discovered, the plumbago was abandoned. Some seventy miles east of Virginia City, in the deserts, are immense fields of excellent salt, much of it being equal to the best table salt. As salt is much used by the mills in the various processes for the reduction of silver ores, hundreds of tons of this salt are brought to Virginia City, being hauled on wagons or packed on the backs of mules. In the vicinity of the Humboldt mines is a whole mountain of brimstone, and in the same vicinity are found extensive beds of pure

alum. Carbonate of soda is found everywhere in the alkaline deserts in great quantities, also many other curious mineral productions.

In other countries rivers generally empty into seas, the ocean, or other rivers, but this is not the case with the Nevada rivers. Nevada rivers start off and run till they get tired, then quit and go into the ground. Carson river rises in the Sierras, runs off east, and disappears in what is known as Carson Sink. The Truckee rises in the Sierras, runs eastward, and sinks in Pyramid Lake. The Humboldt comes from the east, and disappears at Humboldt Sink and Walker River sinks in Walker Lake. None of these sinks or lakes have any visible outlet. What becomes of the waters of these rivers would be about as hard to say as to tell where a candle goes to when it goes out.

An old miner living there, used to swear that here was where the work of the creation was finished. He said that "late on Saturday evening the Almighty started in to make a tremendous great river. He made the four rivers now in Washoe as the four branches thereof, and was leading them along, intending to bring them together in one mighty river, which was to empty into the ocean; but of a sudden, before He got the branches together, night came on, and the Lord just stuck the ends into the ground and quit, and they have stayed so ever since."

We conclude this article with an extract from a valuable and instructive paper in *Gazley's Pacific Monthly* for March, 1865, upon the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada:

When the first "fever" broke out in California, placer-digging was the haven where all were bound, and here, with a pan or rocker as the only "machinery," millions per month of the precious treasure were gathered. No one dreamed of descending into the bowels of the earth by shaft or tunnel; no one imagined that gold must have a matrix, or be imbedded in rock, or could be traced in the quartz, in which it was afterward discovered to have come from.

As the placer-digging gradually gave out, adventurous spirits began to inquire for "a cause" and "a wherefore," and on finding on the mountain-sides boulders containing streaks of gold, an immediate conclusion was formed that the yellow beauty must have a mother, and that quartz must be the womb. Happy thought! Quartz-mining superseded the placer-digging, and in every part of the State a new era dawned. Quartz became king. The mighty attractions of the placer-digging a short while ago were forgotten. And here, parenthetically, I would observe, that though placer-mining has lost interest to a great extent, there are many who will agree with me in saying, that these diggings are yet valuable, and that there has only to be looked for, and it may be found in large quantities and as rich as any before worked.

Gold quartz was the only one known at this time, and in some sections was found extremely rich. The Allison Ranch, in Grass Valley, California, for instance, has ledges which might, perhaps, be classed with any mine in the world for richness. Indeed, ledges have been found all over the State, which have yielded to the fortunate possessors gigantic fortunes.

This excitement had its day, and new fields promising greater results were sought. Miners, as a class, especially those of California, are impatient and too eager. They wander, explore, and run from one place to another. Kern River had its attractions, and off they went helter-skelter. Gold River and Frazer River carried them off by thousands, to the old tune of follow your leader, and come back bootless. Broken in health and penniless, back they came to placer-digging, where many made their "piles" out of the very claims that they had, a little while before, given up as worthless.

And now broke out the Washoe silver-mining mania, and the same results followed as at first. Many returned to placer-digging, in California, again tired and weary of life and everything under the sun. But Washoe had a glorious destiny awaiting her. She burst with a blaze of glory upon the world; mines richer than the famous mines of Peru were found, and the now State of Nevada, the youngest of the sisterhood of States, has taken her rank as the first silver-mining region in the world.

Virginia City now rears her lofty chimneys high to the clouds, from mills that are daily turning her very foundations into bricks of silver and gold, under the protection of Mount Davidson, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Few cities of the Pacific States rank higher, either for the production of wealth or moral advancement, than she does at the present moment. And her destiny is onward! upward!

To attempt to give the amount taken from the soil of Nevada would be an utter impossibility, as most of it is taken to other places by private hands, and never reaches the Mint—from which we receive the data to make up our calculations. The coinage can give us no information, as most of the precious bricks of silver and gold leave San Francisco for India, China, Peru, England, France, and, I may say, every portion of the globe, without being counted as the production of Nevada.

Now, let us see what effect the wealth of California and Washoe will have on the monetary world. Financial calculations have, of late years, taken range and scope beyond the experience of former times. As commerce extends, as industry becomes more general, as the amount of wealth increases, and as the national debt becomes larger and more burdensome, the management of the currency is a serious question. The extraordinary production of gold, within the last few years, and the probable great increase of silver in the future, have set the financiers of the world to work to devise a method to govern and direct the change.

To find out what changes may be expected in the future, we must look back at those which have taken place in the past. We must compare our present stock of the precious metals with that which existed at previous epochs, and we must compare the present increase with that of previous ages.

The amount of gold and silver coin in the possession of civilized nations, in the year 1500, is estimated at \$250,000,000.

The mines of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia produced an immense amount of silver during the century following, bringing up the amount stated to \$750,000,000. In 1700, the sum in Europe—making all allowances for wear and shipments to India—had risen to \$1,500,000,000. The production of gold and silver in America during the eighteenth century is estimated at \$350,000,000. There was, however, at the same time, a great export of silver to India, a considerable wear, amounting to twenty per cent.—in a century—and a great consumption of the precious metals in ornaments and table ware. At the commencement of the present century, the whole known amount of coin in the world was estimated at \$1,900,000,000. From 1800 till 1820, the annual production of the world was about \$25,000,000, and from 1820 to 1848, about \$40,000,000.

With the discovery of the gold mines of California, began a production large beyond all previous example, and almost beyond the conception of former times.

California and Australia each produced \$50,000,000 annually for some years and Russia produced \$20,000,000.

The present total production of the world may safely be put down at \$120,000,000 per annum, and the present total stock of coin in existence at \$4,000,000,000. The average annual export of silver to India and China amounts to about \$50,000,000. In 1857 it came up to \$96,000,000, while in 1864 it may safely be put down at \$120,000,000. Once exported, very little is ever returned to the circulation of Europe or America. While the precious metals were increasing in quantity, civilization was extending with great rapidity; and thus we see verified one of nature's great laws, that as earth's products develop an increase, so does civilization and enlightenment extend. Thus it is that precious metals have fallen to about one-eighth of the value which they possessed at the discovery of America.

The most important gold region of the United States—and perhaps of the world—is California; and the richest silver region in the world is Nevada. The development of both has added untold millions to the wealth of the world, and 1865 will, no doubt, add more millions than could be imagined by the most experienced calculator or political economist in Europe.

Gold and silver mines of great richness are found in the range or ranges from

the city of Mexico, through the Gila, Washoe, Oregon, Frazer River, to the Arctic Ocean; and as they are more explored and opened up, the northern portion will prove as rich as the southern, which astonished the world at former periods.

Since the discovery of the mines of California and Washoe, all the resources of modern science have been taxed to find out the best way of working, cheaply and thoroughly, the ores of the different ranges and formations. All the Pacific States abound in the precious metals held in quartz rock. The gold or silver-bearing quartz runs in veins through an entirely different rock, which forms walls on both sides as the vein is worked. When a vein, or what is called a ledge, is discovered, the discoverer becomes the possessor of so many feet, on which he can claim all its dips, spurs, angles, and as many feet on each side as the mining laws allow. He must do a certain amount of work to hold good his claim, as established by the laws of the district in which his claim is located. The recorder goes on the ground, and if all is correct, he issues his certificate (miners' laws are always respected in California and Nevada). The mines of Nevada have but recently attracted the attention of the capitalists of the world by their known richness, extent, and capability of being worked. The western range, on which the famed Comstock is located, has many other ledges equally rich on the same range of hills (for Virginia has hundreds of ledges situated on Mount Davidson and Ophir Hills), all of which have become famous to the world; and the eastern range or Reese River, with its ledges, richer than even the Comstock range, has proved to be full of mines, so rich, so extensive, that in a few years these mines will occupy, in the eye of the capitalist, a most important spot in which to invest his surplus capital.

The extraordinary developments of mineral deposits in the countries within the confines and limits of the ancient Alta California, form one of the grandest epochs in the annals of our race. These discoveries of the precious metals have not all been of recent date. In 1700 the rich mines of North Sinaloa were opened; in 1730 the Planchas de Plata of Arizona, or masses of native silver, were found. Then we had in 1770 the great placers of Clenaquilla, to the north of Hermosilla, where the immense chispa of seventy pounds was found, and sent to the cabinet of the King of Spain, and several millions were picked up in its vicinity in a few years. After this came the discoveries further north, on the rivers which flow into the Gila from the south, and also the headwaters of the Sonora River, and those of the Opasura and Yaqui, which interlock with the tributaries of the Gila in the country of the Opatas, Terahumaras, Yanos, and Apaches, and which, by spasmodic starts, yielded large quantities of gold. This section of the present Arizona, and as far up north as the Navajos, and east to the Camanche range, is known in Mexico as the Apacharia, of which the most apparently fabulous stories have been told, from 1770 to 1864, concerning the existence of immense mines and deposits of gold, silver, copper, and quicksilver, both in veins and pure metal, but which are every day proving the truth of the accounts of the old missionaries and Gambusinos.

After 1800, till 1846, discoveries were made in many places every few years, near all the old mission settlements of Sonora. In 1825 Captain Patie mentions that rich gold placers were worked near Bacuachi, not far south of Tucson, and the price of gold was only eleven and twelve dollars to the ounce. The account of Captain Patie, who died at San Diego, in 1829, is the first printed one we have of any American, or even other parties, who came by land to California through Sonora or New Mexico. He mentions several other places in the Bacuachi, or River San Pedro country, where gold was produced in abundance when the Apaches were out of the way. Again, from 1838 to 1846, the gold placers of San Fernando, near Los Angeles, are of public notoriety as yielding very handsome returns.

From 1848 to 1864 the discoveries of gold, silver, and copper have been constant and of every-day notoriety. The prospectors have ranged from the Gila, north to the Russian possessions, and from the Pacific Ocean to the interlocking branches of the Columbia, Missouri, Colorado, and Rio Grande del Norte. It has been of daily record for the last fifteen years that all this immense extent of coun-

try, gives to the world the knowledge of exhaustless millions of treasure, awaiting but the hand of labor to throw it into the channel of commerce, and the road to population and power.

Not a single precious metal or valuable mineral of trade or science but what is found in abundant out-crops, or washings, in all these States and Territories. A very singular and unlooked-for exhibition has been going on for the last few years. The explorers of Sonora, California and Nevada have been out on prospecting expeditions in the deserts, mountains, and ranges on the Pacific, while those of Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains, from the east, have been gradually extending their lines and distances till they now meet the mining parties from Oregon, Washington, and Nevada, in Cariboo, Idaho, and Utah. This magnificent mineral empire is the most wealthy and extended known to the world. It has an advantage superior to all other mineral fields, in being in the vicinity of sea navigation, and has a climate of unsurpassed salubrity. While in the neighborhood of most of our mineral deposits the soil is exceedingly fertile, inviting the husbandman to a rich return for his labor, and boundless pastures to the herdsman; and, it may be added, that within our metalliferous ranges, valleys exist of the most picturesque and beautiful character; views equaled by no country in Europe, will invite the pleasure-seeker to travel for health, recreation, or pleasure; and a few years will see the aristocracy of Europe thronging the shores of the Pacific, as they now do the Continent. The borders of Lake Tehoe or Bigler will be as famous as the Lake of Como, and the Sierra Nevada will be climbed by tourists as are the Alps of Switzerland. The Falls of Yo Semite will be a greater wonder than the Falls of Niagara, and the shores of the Bay of San Francisco will be dotted with princely palaces.

OREGON.

OREGON is one of the Pacific states. The name, *Oregon*, is from *Oregano*, the Spanish word for wild marjoram; and it is from this word, or some other



ARMS OF OREGON,

Motto—*Alis volat propriis*—I fly with my own wing.

similar, that its name is supposed to have arisen. "But little was known of even its coast up to the latter part of the last century. Immediately after the last voyage of the renowned navigator, Capt. Cook, the immense quantities of sea-otter, beaver and other valuable furs to be obtained on the north-west coast of America, and the enormous prices which they would bring in China, was communicated to civilized nations, and created as much excitement as the discovery of a new gold region. Multitudes of people rushed at once into this lucrative traffic: so that in the year 1792, it is said that there were twenty-one vessels under different flags, but principally American, plying along the coast of Oregon, and trading with the natives.

On the 7th of May, 1792, Capt. Robert Gray, of the ship *Columbia*, of Boston, discovered and entered the river, which he named from his vessel. He was, in reality, the first person who established the fact of the existence of this great river, and this gave to the United States the right to the country drained by its waters by the virtue of discovery. In 1804-'5, Lewis and Clark explored the country, from the mouth of the Missouri to that of the Columbia. This exploration of the Columbia, the first ever made, constituted another ground of the claim of the United States to the country.

In 1808, the Missouri Fur Company, through their agent, Mr. Henry, established a trading-post on Lewis River, a branch of the Columbia, which was the first establishment of civilized people in this section of country. An attempt was made that year, by Capt. Smith, of the *Albatross*, of Boston, to found a trading-post on the south bank of the Columbia, forty miles

from its mouth. It was abandoned the same season, and that of Mr. Henry in 1810.

In the year 1810, John Jacob Astor, a German merchant of New York, who had accumulated an immense fortune by commerce in the Pacific and China, formed the Pacific Fur Company. His first objects were to concentrate in the company, the fur trade in the unsettled parts of America, and also the supply of merchandise for the Russian fur-trading establishments in the North Pacific. For these purposes, posts were established on the Missouri, and the Columbia, and vicinity. These posts were to be supplied with the merchandise required for trading by ships from the Atlantic coast, or across the country by way of the Missouri. A factory or depot was to be founded on the Pacific, for receiving this merchandise, and distributing it to the different posts, and for receiving in turn furs from them, which were to be sent by ships from thence to Canton. Vessels were also to be sent from the United States to the factory with merchandise, to be traded for furs, which would then be sent to Canton, and there exchanged for teas, silks, etc., to be in turn distributed in Europe and America.

This stupendous enterprise at the time appeared practicable. The only party from whom any rivalry could be expected, was the British North-west Company, and their means were far inferior to those of Astor. From motives of policy, he offered them one third interest, which they declined, secretly intending to forestall him. Having matured his scheme, Mr. Astor engaged partners, clerks, and *voyageurs*, the majority of whom were Scotchmen and Canadians, previously in the service of the North-west Company. Wilson P. Hunt, of New Jersey, was chosen the chief agent of the operations in western America.

In September, 1810, the ship *Tonquin*, Capt. Thorn, left New York for the mouth of the Columbia, with four of the partners, M'Kay, M'Dougal, and David and Robert Stuart, all British subjects, with clerks, *voyageurs*, and mechanics. In January, 1811, the second detachment, with Hunt, M'Clellan, M'Kenzie, and Crooks, also left New York to go overland by the Missouri to the same point, and in October, 1811, the ship *Beaver*, Capt. Sowles, with several clerks and attaches, left New York for the North Pacific. Prior to these, in 1809, Mr. Astor had dispatched the *Enterprise*, Capt. Ebberts, to make observations at the Russian settlements, and to prepare the way for settlements in Oregon. He also, in 1811, sent an agent to St. Petersburg, who obtained from the Russian American Fur Company, the monopoly of supplying their posts in the North Pacific with merchandise, and receiving furs in exchange.

In March, 1811, the *Tonquin* arrived at the Columbia, and soon after they commenced erecting on the south bank, a few miles inland, their factory or depot building: this place they named *Astoria*. In June, the *Tonquin*, with M'Kay sailed north to make arrangements for trading with the Russians. In July, the Astorians were surprised by the appearance of a party of the North-west Company, under Mr. Thompson, who had come overland from Canada, to forestall them in the occupation of the mouth of the Columbia; but had been delayed too late for this purpose, in seeking a passage through the Rocky Mountains, and had been obliged to winter there. Mr. Thompson was accompanied on his return by David Stuart, who founded the trading post called *Okonogan*.

In the beginning of the next year (1812), the detachment of Hunt came into Astoria, in parties, and in a wretched condition. They had been over a year in coming from St. Louis; had undergone extreme suffering from hunger, thirst, and cold, in their wanderings that winter, through the dreary wilderness of snow-clad mountains, from which, and other causes, numbers of them perished. In May, 1812, the *Beaver*, bringing the third detachment, under Mr. Clark, arrived in Astoria. They brought a letter which had been left at the Sandwich Islands by Capt. Ebberts, of the *Enterprise*, containing the sad intelligence that the *Tonquin* and her crew had been destroyed by the savages, near the Straits of Fuca, the June preceding.

In August, Mr. Hunt, leaving Astoria in the charge of M'Dougal, embarked in the *Beaver* to trade with the Russian posts, which was to have been done by the *Tonquin*. He was successful, and effected a highly advantageous arrangement at Sitka, with Baranof, governor of Russian America; took in a rich cargo of furs,

and dispatched the vessel to Canton, *via* the Sandwich Islands, where he, in person, remained, and in 1814, he returned to Astoria in the Peddler, which he had chartered, and found that Astoria was in the hands of the North-west Company.

When Hunt left in the Beaver, a party was dispatched, which established a trading post on the *Spokan*. Messrs. Crooks, M'Cellan, and Robert Stuart about this time, set out and crossed overland to New York, with an account of what had been done. The trade was in the meantime very prosperous, and a large quantity of furs had been collected at Astoria.

In January, 1813, the Astorians learned from a trading vessel that a war had broken out with England. A short time after, M'Tavish and Laroque, partners of the North-west Company, arrived at Astoria; M'Dougal and M'Kenzie (both Scotchmen) were the only partners there, and they unwisely agreed to dissolve the company in July. Messrs. Stuart and Clark, at the Okonogan and Spokan posts, both of which are within the limits of Washington Territory, opposed this; but it was finally agreed that if assistance did not soon arrive from the United States, they would abandon the enterprise.

M'Tavish and his followers, of the North-west Company, again visited Astoria, where they expected to meet the Isaac Todd, an armed ship from London, which had orders 'to take and destroy everything American on the north-west coast.' Notwithstanding, they were hospitably received, and held private conferences with M'Dougal and M'Kenzie, the result of which was, that they sold out the establishment, furs, etc., of the Pacific Company in the country, to the North-west Company, for about \$58,004. That company were thus enabled to establish themselves in the country.

Thus ended the Astoria enterprise. Had the directing partners on the Columbia been Americans instead of foreigners, it is believed that they would, notwithstanding the war, have withstood all their difficulties. The sale was considered disgraceful, and the conduct of M'Dougal and M'Kenzie in that sale and subsequently, were such as to authorize suspicions against their motives; yet they could not have been expected to engage in hostilities against their countrymen and old friends.

The name of Astoria was changed by the British to that of Fort George. From 1813 to 1823, few, if any, American citizens entered the countries west of the Rocky Mountains. Nearly all the trade of the Upper Mississippi and Missouri, was carried on by the Old North American Fur Company, of which Astor was the head; and by the Columbian Fur Company, formed in 1822, composed mainly of persons who had been in the service of the North-west Company, and were dissatisfied with it. The Columbia Company established posts on the upper waters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Yellow Stone, which were transferred, in 1826, to the North American Company, on the junction of the two bodies. About this time, the overland trade with Santa Fe commenced, caravans passing regularly every summer between St. Louis and that place. In 1824, Ashley, of St. Louis, re-established commercial communications with the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and built a trading post on Ashley's Lake, in Utah.

These active proceedings of the Missouri fur traders, stimulated the North American Fur Company to send their agents and attaches beyond the Rocky Mountains, although they built no posts. In 1827, Mr. Pilcher, of Missouri, went through the South Pass with forty-five men, and wintered on the head-waters of the Colorado, in what is now the north-east part of Utah. The next year he proceeded northwardly, along the base of the Rocky Mountains, to near latitude 47 deg. There he remained until the spring of 1829, when he descended Clark River to Fort Colville, then recently established at the falls, by the Hudson's Bay Company, which had a few years previous absorbed and united the interests of the North-west Company. He returned to the United States, through the long and circuitous far northward route of the Upper Columbia, the Athabasca, the Assinaboin, Red River, and the Upper Missouri. But little was known of the countries through which Pilcher traversed, previous to the publication of his concise narrative. The account of the rambles of J. O. Pattie, a Missouri fur trader, through New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California, threw some light on the geography of those countries. In 1832, Capt. Bonneville, U.S.A., while on a furlough,

led a party of one hundred men from Missouri, over the mountains, where he passed more than two years on the Columbia and Colorado, in hunting, trapping, and trading.

About the same time, Captain Wyeth, of Massachusetts, attempted to establish commercial relations with the countries on the Columbia, to which the name of *Oregon* then began to be universally applied. His plan was like that of Astor, with the additional scheme of transporting the salmon of the Oregon rivers to the United States. He made two overland expeditions to Oregon, established *Fort Hall* as a trading post, and another mainly for fishing purposes, near the mouth of the Willamette. This scheme failed, owing to the rivalry of the Hudson's Bay Company, who founded the counter establishment of Fort Boise, where, offering goods to the Indians at lower prices than Wyeth could afford, compelled him to desist, and he sold out his interests to them. Meanwhile, a brig he had dispatched from Boston, arrived in the Columbia, and returned with a cargo of salted salmon, but the results not being auspicious, the enterprise was abandoned.

The American traders being excluded by these, and other means from Oregon, mainly confined themselves to the regions of the head waters of the Colorado and the Utah Lake, where they formed one or two small establishments, and sometimes extended their rambles as far west as San Francisco and Monterey. The number of American hunters and trappers thus employed west of the Rocky Mountains, seldom exceeded two hundred; where, during the greater part of the year, they roved through the wilds in search of furs which they conveyed to their places of rendezvous in the mountain valleys, and bartered with them to the Missouri traders.

About the time of Wyeth's expeditions, were the earliest emigrations to Oregon of settlers from the United States. The first of these was founded in 1834, in the Willamette Valley, by a body of Methodists who went round by sea under the direction of the Rev. Messrs. Lee and Shepherd. In that valley a few retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company were then residing, and engaged in herding cattle. The Congregationalists or Presbyterians planted colonies two or three years after, in the Walla-walla and Spokane countries, with Messrs. Parker, Spaulding, Gray, Walker, Eels, Smith, and Whitman as missionaries.

In all of these places mission schools were established for the instruction of the natives, and in 1839, a printing press was started at Walla-walla (now in Washington Territory), where were printed the first sheets ever struck off, on the Pacific side of the mountains, north of Mexico. On it books were printed from types set by native compositors. The Roman Catholics from Missouri, soon after founded stations on Clark River.

About the year 1837, the American people began to be deeply interested in the subject of the claims of the United States to Oregon, and societies were formed for emigration. From them and other sources, petitions were presented to congress, to either make a definite arrangement with Great Britain, the other claimant, or take immediate possession of the country. In each year, from 1838 to 1843, small parties emigrated overland from Missouri to Oregon, suffering much hardship on the route. At the close of 1842, the American citizens there numbered about four hundred. Relying upon the promise of protection held out by the passage of the bill in February, 1843, by the U. S. senate for the immediate occupation of Oregon, about one thousand emigrants, men, women, and children, assembled at Westport, on the Missouri frontier, in the succeeding June, and followed the route up the Platte, and through the South Pass, surveyed the previous year by Fremont; thence by Fort Hall to the Willamette Valley, where they arrived in October, after a laborious and fatiguing journey of more than two thousand miles. Others soon followed, and before the close of the next year, over 3,000 American citizens were in Oregon.

By the treaty for the purchase of Florida, in 1819, the boundary between the Spanish possessions and the United States was fixed on the N.W., at lat. 42 degs., the present northern line of Utah and California; by this the United States succeeded to such title to Oregon as Spain may have derived by the right of discovery through its early navigators. In June, of 1846, all the difficulties in relation to Oregon, which at one time threatened war, were settled by treaty between the two

nations. In 1841, the coast of Oregon was visited by the ships of the United States Exploring Expedition, under Lieut. Charles Wilkes. At that time, Wilkes estimated the population to be: of Indians, 19,199; Canadians and half-breeds, 650; and the citizens of the United States, 150. The Hudson's Bay Company then had twenty-five forts and trading stations in Oregon."

Oregon was organized as a territory in 1848, and included in its boundaries the present Territory of Washington—an immense area of about 250,000 square miles, with an average width east and west of 540, and north and south of 470 miles. A state constitution was adopted in convention, Sept. 18, 1857, and ratified by the people on the 9th of November following. At the same time the question of admitting slaves and free negroes into the state was submitted to the people. The vote on these questions was: for slavery, 2,645; against slavery, 7,727; majority against, 5,082; for free negroes, 1,081; against free negroes, 8,640; majority against, 7,559. The constitution prohibited negroes, Chinamen, and mulattoes from voting; and persons concerned in dueling ineligible to offices of trust and profit. On the 14th of Feb., 1859, Oregon was admitted by congress as a state, and with greatly contracted boundaries. Its extreme extent in latitude is from 42° to $46^{\circ} 12' N.$, in longitude from $116^{\circ} 45'$ to $124^{\circ} 30' W.$ from Greenwich. It has an average length, east and west, of about 350, and width, north and south, of 260 miles giving an area of about 90,000 square miles. The act of admission gives two sections of land in every township for the use of schools, grants 72 sections for a state university, and five per cent. of the net proceeds of the sales of the public lands for public roads and internal improvements within the state.

Oregon is bounded, north by Washington Territory, east by Idaho Territory, south by California and Nevada, and west by the Pacific Ocean. It is divided into three sections. The *first*, or western section is that between the Pacific Ocean and the Cascade range of mountains. This range runs parallel with the sea coast the whole length of the state, and is continued through California, under the name of the Sierra Nevada. The *second*, or middle section, is that between the Cascade and Blue Mountains: it comprises nearly half the state: the surface is about 1,000 feet above the western section. It is generally a high rolling prairie country, destitute of timber, and but a small part of it adapted to farming. The *third*, or eastern section, lies south and east of the Blue Mountains: it is mostly a rocky and barren waste. The Columbia is the great river of the state, nearly all others being its tributaries. It is navigable from the ocean 120 miles, for vessels of 12 feet draught: from thence its course is obstructed by falls and rapids, which will eventually be overcome by locks and canals. During freshets, it is in many places confined by *dalles*, *i. e.* narrows, which back the water, covering the islands and tracts of low prairie, giving the appearance of lakes. The Dalles of the Columbia, 94 miles below the mouth of the Lewis Fork, is a noted place, where the river passes between vast masses of rock.

The settled part of Oregon, and the only portion likely to possess much interest for years to come, is the first or western section, lying between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific—a strip of country 280 long, north and south, and 120 miles broad, east and west. A writer familiar with it gives this description:

Western Oregon, between the Cascades and the Pacific, is made up chiefly of three valleys, those of the Willamette (pronounced Wil-lam'-ette), Umpqua and Rogue Rivers. The first named stream begins in the Cascade Mountains, runs west 60 miles, then turns northward, runs 140 miles, and empties into the Colum-

bia. The last two begin in the Cascades, and run westward to the ocean. There are, perhaps, several thousand miners including Chinamen, in the Rogue River valley; but nearly the whole permanent farming population is in the Valley of the Willamette. This valley, taking the word in its more restricted sense of the low land, is from 30 to 40 miles wide and 120 miles long. This may be said to be the



View in the Valley of the Willamette.

whole of agricultural Oregon. It is a beautiful, fertile, well-watered plain, with a little timber along the streams, and a great deal in the mountains on each side. The soil is a gravelly clay, covered near the creeks and rivers with a rich sandy loam. The vegetation of the valley is composed of several indigenuous grasses, a number of flowering plants and ferns, the latter being very abundant, and exceedingly troublesome to the farmer on account of its extremely tough vitality.

The tributary streams of the Willamette are very numerous, and their course in the valley is usually crooked, as the main stream itself is, having many "sloughs," "bayous," or "arms," as they are differently called. In some places the land is marshy, and everywhere moist. Drouth will never be known in western Oregon; its climate is very wet, both summer and winter, the latter season being one long rain, and the former consisting of many short ones, with a little sunshine intervening. The winters are warm, and the summers rather cool—too cool for growing melons, maize and sweet potatoes. Wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, and domestic animals thrive well. The climate, take it all in all, is much like that of England, and all plants and animals which do well in Britain will prosper in Oregon. The Oregon fruit is excellent, particularly the apples and plums; the peaches and pears are not quite so good as those of California.

All along the coast of Oregon, there is a range of mountains about forty miles wide, and they are so densely timbered with cedar, pine, spruce and fir, that the density of the wood alone would render them worthless for an age, if they were not rugged. But they are very rugged, and the Umpqua and Rogue Rivers, in making their way through them, have not been able to get any bottom lands, and are limited to narrow, high-walled canons. The only tillable lands on the banks of those rivers are about fifty miles from the sea, each having a valley which, in general terms, may be described as twelve miles wide by thirty long. Rogue River valley is separated from California by the Siskiyou Mountains, about 5,000 feet high, and from Umpqua valley by the Canon Mountains, about 3,000 feet high; and

the Umpqua again is separated from the Willamette valley by the Calapooya Mountains, also about 3,000 feet high.

All Oregon—that is, its western division, except the low lands of the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue valleys—is covered with dense timber, chiefly of coarse grained wood—such as fir, spruce and hemlock. In the south-western corner of the state, however, there are considerable forests of white cedar—a large and beautiful tree, producing a soft, fine-grained lumber, and very fragrant with a perfume, which might be imitated by mixing otto of roses with turpentine. Oak and ash are rare. Nearly all the trees are coniferous.



Giant Pines of Oregon.

In Rogue valley and along the beach of the Pacific there are extensive gold diggings. There are also large seams of tertiary coal at Coose Bay. These are the only valuable minerals in the state. The scenery on the Columbia is grand, from Walla-walla, where it first touches Oregon, to the ocean. There are five mountain peaks in the state, rising to the region of perpetual snow: Mount Hood, 13,700 feet high; Mount Jefferson, 11,900; the Three Sisters, Mount Scott, and Mount McLaughlin, all about 9,000 feet high.

The people are generally intelligent, industrious and moral. There are about a dozen newspapers published in Oregon, all of them weeklies. The chief exports are wheat, flour, apples, butter, cheese, salted salmon, salted meats, and coals, and from 10,000 to 20,000 head of horned cattle and sheep are annually driven to California.

Salmon are very abundant in the Columbia and its branches, and those taken at the mouth of the main stream are said to be the best on the coast. The fishing is done chiefly by Indians.

Such is a brief and a fair statement of the resources and condition of Oregon. It is made to convey a correct idea of the state—not to attract or deter emigration.

California has a clearer sky, a more agreeable climate, more extensive and richer deposits of valuable minerals, greater natural facilities for internal trade and external commerce, a greater variety of soil and climate, fitting it for the growth of the fig, the orange, the olive, and the date, as well as of the vine, apple, and wheat; but, on the other hand, has the disadvantages of scanty timber, very dry summers and autumns—compelling the farmer to irrigate his land—an unsettled population, a small proportion of families, an unsteady course of trade, and unsettled titles to most of the soil under occupation. Washington Territory has advantages superior to those of Oregon for foreign commerce, lumbering and fishing. The main advantages of Oregon over both, are in having a large body of level, rich prairie land, with abundant water, and neither too much nor too little timber.

The population of Oregon is largely composed of emigrants from Missouri and Illinois. In 1848, it was estimated at about 8,000 souls; in 1860, it was 52,566.

Portland, the largest and most important town in Oregon, is upon the Willamette, at the head of ship navigation, 15 miles above its entrance into the Columbia, and overland from St. Louis 2,300 miles. Population about 3,000. Almost the whole of the foreign trade of Oregon is done through Portland, excepting the southern part, and that finds its seaport in Crescent City, of California. Portland lies 120 miles from the ocean, access to it being had through the Columbia, which at low tide, in dry seasons, has only 9 feet of water—scarcely enough for sea-going vessels. The Pacific coast is destitute of good harbors.

Oregon City is 12 miles above Portland, in a narrow high walled valley on the Willamette, which affords here, by its falls, great water power for manufacturing facilities. Excepting at this place and on the Columbia River, water power is scarce in Oregon, save at points very difficult of access.

Astoria is on the south side of the Columbia, 10 miles from its mouth. This place, so long noted as an important depot in the fur trade, has now but a few dwellings. In this neighborhood are forests of pine, which have long been noted for their beauty and size. Lieut. Wilkes thus speaks of them: "Short excursions were made by many of us in the vicinity, and one of these was to visit the primeval forest of pines in the rear of Astoria, a sight well worth seeing. Mr. Drayton took a camera lucida drawing of one of the largest trees, which the preceding plate is engraved from. It conveys a good idea of the thick growth of trees, and is quite characteristic of this forest. The soil on which this timber grows is rich and fertile, but the obstacles to the agriculturist are almost insuperable. The largest tree of the sketch was thirty-nine feet six inches in circumference, eight feet above the ground, and had a bark eleven inches thick. The height could not be ascertained, but it was thought to be upward of two hundred and fifty feet, and the tree was perfectly straight." These trees, for at least one hundred and fifty feet, are without branches. In many places those which have fallen down, present barriers to the vision, even when the traveler is on horseback; and between the old forest trees that are lying prostrate, can be seen the tender and small twig beginning its journey to an amazing height.

Salem, the capital of Oregon, is on the Willamette, 50 miles above Oregon City. The other towns on this river and tributaries are *Milwaukee*, *Buteville*, *Champoeg*, *Fairfield*, *Albany*, *Corvallis*, *Booneville*, *Eugene City*, *Clackamas*, *Lafayette*, *Parkersburg*, and *Santiane*. On the Umpqua are *Gardner*, *Middleton*, *Scottsburg*, *Winchester*, *Roseburg*, and *Canonville*. In Rogue valley are *Jacksonville*, *Waldo*, and *Althouse*. On the Columbia the towns are *Astoria*, *Rainier*, *Gardner*, *St. Helena*, and the *Dalles*, all very small places.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY is the extreme north-western domain of the United States, and was formed by act of congress, in 1853, from the north part of Oregon Territory. Its early history is identified with and partially given in that of Oregon. Okonogan and Spokane, two of the trading posts of John Jacob Astor, were within its limits, and the Hudson's Bay Company had also numerous posts, and carried on extensive trading operations on its soil. In 1806, the British North-west Fur Company established a trading post on Frazer's Lake, in latitude 54° , which was the first settlement of any kind made by the Anglo-Saxon race west of the Rocky Mountains. About the year 1839, missions were established by Protestants and Catholics, among the Indians of the country.

Down to the period of the administration of President Polk, the United States government claimed latitude $54^{\circ} 40'$ as the northern boundary. Then the long dispute was settled by fixing upon the 49th parallel, and giving up Vancouver's Island to the British.

The Cascade range of mountains enters it from Oregon, and runs its entire length north and south. In a general description, the face of the country is mountainous, and resembles Oregon, excepting that the Blue Mountain range is more scattered north of the Columbia. Mount Olympus, the highest peak of the Coast range, is 8,197 feet high: several of those of the Cascade range are clothed in perpetual snow, among which are Mount St. Helen's, a volcanic peak, and Mount Rainer, each estimated at about 13,000 feet in altitude. The Pacific coast is not so abruptly mountainous as that of Oregon, and can be traveled almost its entire length on a beautiful sand beach. It shares with Oregon the grand scenery of the Columbia, which is its principal river, and its main branches rise within it. On the rivers are many falls of magnitude: one of these, the celebrated Snoqualmie, in about $47^{\circ} 40'$ N. lat., and $121^{\circ} 30'$ W. long., has a perpendicular fall of 260 feet. The mountain scenery of the country is surpassingly beautiful.

"The climate is similar to that of Oregon, with some variations caused by differ-

ence of latitude and local peculiarities. It is, however, in all parts of the territory, much milder than in the same parallels of latitudes east of the Rocky Mountains.

The soil of all the prairie lands, with the exception of those directly around Puget Sound, is exceedingly fertile. Those of the sound are of a sandy, gravelly nature, not readily cultivated, but producing enormous fir and cedar trees. The soil on the mountains is generally very rich; but the dense growth of forest deters the emigrant from attempting clearings on a large extent, as the fine, fertile plains and prairie offer far greater inducements. Fruit of various kinds, particularly apples, can be cultivated very readily, and in the greatest perfection. Indian corn does not thrive well, as the seasons are not hot enough; but wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes yield the most abundant crops, of the finest quality. The potatoes, in particular, are surpassingly fine. The wheat grown on the Columbia, called Oregon wheat, is known for its superior excellence.

Although the territory is a very mountainous country, yet there are many immense plains and prairies; and, by reference to the map, it will be seen that innumerable streams, like veins, permeate the whole region, and each of them, from the largest to the smallest, flows in its course through rich and fertile plains, of various sizes, lying between the mountains. Governor Stevens, in January, 1854, writing of the territory, says of the waters of Puget Sound, and the adjacent ones of Hood's Canal, Admiralty Inlet, and Fuca Straits, 'that their maritime advantages are very great, in affording a series of harbors almost unequaled in the world for capacity, safety, and facility of access, and they are in the immediate neighborhood to what are now the best whaling grounds of the Pacific. That portion of Washington Territory lying between the Cascade Mountains and the ocean, although equaling, in richness of soil and ease of transportation, the best lands of Oregon, is heavily timbered, and time and labor are required for clearing its forests and opening the earth to the production of its fruits. The great body of the country, on the other hand, stretching eastward from that range to the Rocky Mountains, while it contains many fertile valleys and much land suitable to the farmer, is yet more especially a grazing country—one which, as its population increases, promises, in its cattle, its horses, and, above all, its wool, to open a vast field to American enterprise. But, in the meantime, the staple of the land must continue to be the one which Nature herself has planted, in the inexhaustible forests of fir, of spruce, and of cedar. Either in furnishing manufactured timber, or spars of the first description for vessels, Washington Territory is unsurpassed by any portion of the Pacific coast.'

The internal improvements of Washington Territory are progressing as fast as can be expected in a new and sparsely-populated country, situate so remote from the general government. In 1853, Governor Isaac I. Stevens, the first governor of the territory, surveyed a route for a Northern Pacific Railroad, and discovered a pass near the sources of Maria's River, suitable for a railroad, estimated to be 2,500 feet lower than the south pass of Fremont. It is generally admitted that Governor Stevens' route is the best one for a railroad that has yet been discovered, although the great, and, in fact the principal objection urged against it is that it is too far north, and, consequently, will not suit the views nor accommodate the inhabitants of the more southern states and California.

There is no state in the Union that has so vast a communication by water as Washington Territory—the Columbia River on its south, the Pacific on the west, and the Straits of Fuca, Hood's Canal, Admiralty Inlet, and Puget Sound on the north. There is not a safer entrance from the ocean in the world than Fuca Straits; and the deep waters that flow through the whole of the inlets, bays, and sounds, enable ships of the largest class readily to approach Olympia.

Gold and silver quartz has recently been discovered in Cascade range, near Natchez Pass, in immense deposits.

Coal has been discovered of a good quality.

Olympia is the capital of Washington. Population of the territory, in 1863, 12,519.

NEW MEXICO TERRITORY.

NEW MEXICO is older than any English settlement in North America. It was a Spanish province in the century before the cavaliers had landed at Jamestown, and the Puritans had trod the snow-clad rock of Plymouth. In 1530, Nuno de Guzman, president of Mexico or New Spain, had in his service an Indian, a native of a country called Tejos or Texas, probably the present Texas, who informed him that when a boy he used to accompany his father, a merchant, on trading expeditions to a people in a country in the far interior, when the latter, in exchange for handsome feathers to ornament their heads, obtained great quantity of gold and silver; that, on one occasion, he had seen seven large towns, in which were entire streets occupied by people working in precious metals. That to get there, it was necessary to travel forty days through a wilderness, where nothing was to be obtained excepting short grass, and then penetrate into the interior of the country by keeping due north. Fired by these reports, Guzman organized an army of 400 Spaniards and 20,000 Indians, to penetrate this land of gold. He started from Mexico and went as far as Culiacan, the limit of his government, when the obstacles were such, in passing the mountains beyond, that his people deserted in great numbers. Moreover, he heard that his personal enemy, Hernando Cortez, was returning to Mexico, loaded with titles and favors. He gave up the expedition, and was soon after thrown into prison; and the Tejos Indian died.

In 1528, Pamphilo Narvaez, the unfortunate rival of Hernando Cortez, being appointed governor of Florida, set sail from St. Domingo with 400 men in five ships, for that coast. The expedition was tragic in its results. Soon after discovering the mouth of the Mississippi, all had perished but three; some from hunger, some by shipwreck, and some by the hostility of the natives.

"There only survived Cabeza de Vaca, boatmaster, Esteva Dorantes, an Arabian negro, and Castillo Maldonado. At the end of eight years, these three men reached Mexico, having traversed on foot the American continent from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. They related their adventures, declared that they had met with Indian tribes, some of whom cultivated maize, while others lived on fish and the produce of the chase; that they had heard of large towns with lofty houses containing many stories, and situated in the same direction as those spoken of by the Tejos Indian."

Mendoza, the viceroy of New Spain, had these three travelers brought before him, and communicated the information they gave him to Francisco Vasquez Coronado, governor of the province of Culiacan, the chief town of which, Culiacan, was 68 miles west of Mexico. In March, 1539, Coronado sent forward an exploring expedition under Father Marcos, in company with two other monks, the negro Esteva above spoken of, and some friendly Indians.

As he journeyed along, Father Marcos met entire populations, who received him with pleasure, and presented him with provisions and flowers. He passed into the valley of the Sonora. "The inhabitants of this valley were numerous and intelligent; the women wore petticoats of tanned deer-skin. Every morning the caciques ascended little eminences, and, for above an hour, would indicate aloud what each was to do during the day. At their religious ceremonies they stuck arrows around their temples, resembling in this the Zunis of the present day, who sometimes stick them round their altars and tombs. Father Marcos found, on the borders of this desert, other Indians, who were greatly surprised to see him, for they had not the slightest idea of the Christians. Some of them would try to touch his garments, and would call him *Soyota*, which signifies, Man come down from heaven. Those Indians told him that, should he continue his route, he would soon enter a very extensive plain, full of large towns, which were inhabited by people clad in cotton, wearing gold rings and earrings, and making use of little blades of the same metal to scrape the perspiration off their bodies.

Although the information given by Father Marcos is rather vague, and though it is scarcely possible to state precisely the route he followed, or to indicate the geographical positions of the countries he passed through, it is probable that the plain here spoken of is that of the Rio de Las Casas Grande, situated 150 miles east of the Rio Sonora, which is to this day all covered with imposing ruins, reminding one of handsome and populous cities."

After a few days march, Father Marcos arrived at Vacapa, now known as Magdalena, in Sonora, near the American line, a short distance below Tubac, Arizona. Here Father Marcos remained to rest himself, among a friendly people; but finding the negro, Esteva, was abusing hospitality, by misconducting himself toward the native women, he sent him forward to make discoveries and report. Four days afterward, the negro dispatched to Marcos an Indian messenger, who related wonderful things of a large town, called Cibola, known in the present day as Zuni, and westward of Santa Fe. "According to the fashion of his tribe, the messenger's face, breast, and arms, were painted. Those Indians, whom the Spaniards called *Pintados*, lived on the frontiers of the seven towns forming the kingdom of Cibola; their descendants, now called Papagos and Pimas, still reside in the same country, which extends from the valley of Santa Cruz to the Rio Gila. Cibola, the first of the seven towns and capital of the kingdom of that name, was situated thirty days' journey from Vacapa. The *Pintados* said they often went there, and were employed in tilling the ground, and received for their wages turquoises and tanned hides.

An Indian of this town told Father Marcos, that Cibola was a great city, densely peopled, with a great number of streets and squares; that in some quarters there were very large houses, with ten stories, where the chieftains assembled, at certain times of the year, to discuss public affairs. The doors and fronts of those houses were adorned with turquoises. The inhabitants

had white skin, like the Spaniards, and wore wide cotton tunics that reached to their feet. These garments were fastened round the neck by means of a button, and were ornamented at the waist with a belt studded with very fine turquoises. Over those tunics some wore excellent cloaks, and others very richly wrought cow-hides.' The same Indian added: 'that toward the south-east, there existed a kingdom called Marata, with large populations and considerable towns, the houses of which had several stories; that these peoples were continually at war with the sovereign of the seven towns; and that, in the direction of the south-west, on the Rio Verde, was another kingdom, called Totontec, which was as wealthy as it was densely peopled, and whose inhabitants were dressed in fine cloth.' Although these narratives were exaggerated, it is not less a fact that all those countries were thickly peopled, intersected with roads, and studded with towns."

Having rested himself, Father Marcos pushed forward to rejoin his negro, and was everywhere welcomed by the natives until he had reached, on the 9th of May, the last desert that separated him from Cibola. He there had stopped to dine at a farm house, when he was astonished by the entrance of Esteva's companions, covered with perspiration, faint and trembling from fatigue and fear. He reported that Esteva had been imprisoned, and then killed by the people of Cibola, together with several of his Indian followers. The negro, probably, had been guilty of some misconduct. Marcos, in consternation, took the back track to Culiacan.

"Captain-General Vasquez Coronado, encouraged by the accounts given by Father Marcos, and hoping to discover new territories, at once organized in New Spain a little army, which assembled at Compostella, and on the day following Easter, 1540, he put himself at the head of his troops, composed of 150 horsemen, 200 archers, and 800 Indians. Having reached Culiacan, the army halted to take rest. At the end of a fortnight, Coronado moved forward, accompanied by fifty horsemen, a few foot soldiers, and his best friends, among whom was Father Marcos. The command of the remainder of the troops was confided to Don Tristan d'Arellano, with orders to leave fifteen days after, and to follow the same route as the captain-general.

After a month of fatigue and of privations of all kinds, Vasquez Coronado arrived at Chichilticale. This name, which signifies Red Town, was given to this locality because a large house of that color was to be seen there, which was inhabited by an entire tribe that came from Cibola, where the last desert begins. At this place the Spaniards lost several horses, and even some men, from want of food. Nevertheless, encouraged by their chief, they continued their march, and, a fortnight after they had left Chichilticale, they arrived within twenty-six miles of Cibola. They saw for the first time the natives of this singular kingdom; but the latter immediately took to flight, spreading the alarm throughout the country by means of great fires which they kindled on the high mountains—a custom in use to this day among the tribes of New Mexico.

Next day, Coronado came within sight of Cibola; the inhabitants of the province had all assembled and awaited the Spaniards with a steady attitude. Far from accepting the proposals of peace which were offered to them, they threatened the interpreters with death. The Spaniards then, crying out, 'San Jago! San Jago!' attacked the Indians with impetuosity, and notwithstanding a vigorous resistance, Coronado entered the town of Cibola as conqueror."

The remainder of the troops, under d'Arellano, after a march of 975 miles by a different route, in which they crossed many rivers flowing into the California Gulf, rejoined the main army at Cibola. On their way they founded the town of San Hieronymo, and in that vicinity found Indian agricultural tribes who tamed eagles, as is yet the custom among some tribes of New Mexico.

Coronado now sent Alvarado, his lieutenant, to conquer the province of Tiguex, on the Rio Grande, which he subdued after a campaign of fifty days. "It con-

tained twelve towns governed by a council of old men. The whole community helped to construct each house; the women made the mortar and built up the walls, and the men brought the wood and prepared the timbers. Underneath the houses and the court-yards were subterraneous stoves, or drying-places, paved with large polished flagstones. In the middle was a furnace on which they threw, from time to time, a handful of thyme, which was sufficient to keep up an intense heat there, so that one felt as if in a bath. The men spent a considerable part of their time in those places; but the women could not enter there, except to carry food to their husbands or sons. The men spun, wove, and attended to the tillage of their grounds; the women occupied themselves with the care of their children and household affairs; they were the mistresses of the house and kept it remarkably clean. In the large houses, each family had several rooms; one served as a sleeping-room, another as a kitchen, and a third for the purpose of grinding wheat. In the latter was an oven and three large stones; three women would seat themselves before these stones; the first would crush the grain, the second bruise it, and the third pulverize it completely. While they were thus employed, a man, seated at the door, played on a kind of bagpipes, and the women worked to measure, all three singing together, and marking the rhythm by striking with their tools the wheat they were grinding."

The young girls went wholly naked during even the most severe weather, and were not allowed to cover themselves until they were married. The object of this was that their shame might be exposed in case they misbehaved—a kind of a guard to chastity. "The young people could only enter the married state with the permission of the old men who governed the town. The young man had then to spin and weave a mantle; when completed, the girl who was destined to become his bride was brought to him; he wrapped the mantle round her shoulders and she thus became his wife.

From Tiguex, the Spaniards went to Cicuye—now called Pecos—which they also subdued. From thence, Coronado started for Quivira, with a few men chosen among his best soldiers, postponing, until the following spring, the conquest of the whole province. In 1542, the Spaniards found themselves masters of almost all New Mexico, whose center was formed by the province of Tiguex, around which were grouped seventy-one towns distributed among fourteen provinces, viz: Cibola, which contained seven towns; Tucayan, seven; Acuco, one; Tiguex, twelve; Cutahaco, eight; Quivix, seven; the Snowy Mountains, seven; Ximena, three; Cicuye, one; Hemes, seven; Aquas Calientes, three; Yuque-yunque, six; Braba, one, and Chia, one. Besides these seventy-one towns, there were many others scattered outside this circle; as also several tribes living in tents."

In April, 1543, Coronado returned with his followers to Culiacan. "Juan de Padilla, of the order of Saint Francis, preferred remaining at Quivira to preach the gospel to the Indians, and became a martyr. Brother Luis, of the same order, went to Cicuye, but was never more heard of. Such was the end of this expedition, which, instead of having a favorable result for the Spaniards, only tended to arouse against them the profound antipathy of the natives, who had been very ill-treated by the conquerors.

In 1581, a band of adventurers, commanded by Francisco de Leyva Bonillo, took possession of part of the province of Tiguex, and finding its productions, riches, and inhabitants very like those of Mexico, they called it New Mexico."*

"In the year 1595, Don Juan de Onate de Zacatecas, at the head of a band of two hundred soldiers, established the first legal colony in the province, over which he was established as governor. He took with him a number of Catholic priests to establish missions among the Indians, with power sufficient to promulgate the gospel at the point of the bayonet, and administer baptism by the force of arms.

The colony progressed rapidly; settlements extended in every quarter; and, as tradition relates, many valuable mines were discovered and worked. The poor In-

* Abridged from Domenech's *Seven Years' Residence in the Deserts of North America*. The Abbe Domenech derived this history mainly from the "Narrative of the Expedition to Cibola; by Pedro de Castaneda Nagera." He was in Coronado's army, and this narrative was published in Paris in 1837.

dians were enslaved, and, under the lash, were forced to most laborious tasks in the mines, until goaded to desperation. In the summer of 1680, a general insurrection of all the tribes and *Pueblos* took place throughout the province. General hostilities having commenced, and a large number of Spaniards massacred all over the province, the Indians laid siege to the capital, Santa Fe, which the governor was obliged to evacuate, and retreat south three hundred and twenty miles, where the refugees then founded the town of El Paso del Norte. For ten years the country remained in possession of the Indians, when it was reconquered by the Spaniards. In 1698, the Indians rose, but the insurrection was soon quelled. After this they were treated with more humanity, each pueblo being allowed a league or two of land, and permitted to govern themselves. Their rancorous hatred for their conquerors, however, never entirely subsided; yet no further outbreak occurred until 1837. In that year a revolution took place, by which the government of the country was completely overthrown, and most atrocious barbarities committed by the insurgents, including the Pueblo Indians. The governor, Perez, was savagely put to death—his head cut off and used as a football by the insurgents in their camp. The ex-governor, Abrew, was butchered in a more barbarous manner. His hands were cut off; his tongue and eyes were pulled out; his enemies, at the same time, taunting him with opprobrious epithets. The next season Mexican authority was again established over the province."

The first *American* who ever crossed the desert plains, intervening between New Mexico and the settlements on the Mississippi River, was one James Pursley. While wandering over the wild and then unexplored regions west of the Mississippi, he fell in with some Indians near the head-waters of the Platte River, in the Rocky Mountains, whom he accompanied, in 1805, to Santa Fe, where he remained several years. In 1804, a merchant of Kaskaskia, named Morrison, having heard by the trappers, through the Indians, of this isolated province, dispatched a *French Creole*, named La Lande, with some goods, up the Platte, with directions to make his way to Santa Fe. La Lande never returned to his employer, to account for the proceeds of his adventure, but settled in Santa Fe, grew rich by trading, and died some 20 years after. In 1806, the celebrated Captain Pike visited this country: his exciting descriptions, as given in his narrative, roused the western country, and eventually led to the overland trade, by caravans, with western Missouri, known as the Santa Fe trade, which finally grew into an immense business, employing an army of wagoners, and amounting in annual value to four or five millions of dollars. Santa Fe was not entirely the consumer of these importations, but rather the depot from whence they were distributed to Chihuahua and other portions of northern Mexico.

When Texas achieved her independence she included New Mexico within the statutory limits of the republic, although Santa Fe had never been conquered or settled by Texans. A desert or uninhabited country of 600 miles intervened between Austin, the Texan capital, and Santa Fe. The Texans wished to divert the overland trade which was going on between the Missourians and the New Mexicans to their country, and their secretary of war proposed, as a preparatory step, the construction of a military road from Austin to Santa Fe. In the spring of 1841, extensive preparations were made in Texas for an armed visit to Santa Fe, the objects being to induce the New Mexicans to acknowledge the right of Texas to complete jurisdiction over them, and to open a trade with the people. On the 20th of June, 270 armed Texans, under Gen. Hugh M'Leod, started from Brushy creek, near Austin, en route for Santa Fe. This expedition, known as the "Santa Fe expedition," was unfortunate in its results. The upshot of it was, that they encountered great hardships on the deserts, and were finally, when in a half starved condition, near San Miguel, induced by treachery to surrender

to the Mexicans under Armijo, governor of New Mexico. Some few were shot, but the great body of them, to the number of 187, were sent to Mexico, and thrown into the prisons of Santiago, Puebla and Perote.

In 1846, at the commencement of the war with Mexico, the army of the west was organized, to conquer New Mexico and California. This army was composed of a mounted regiment of Missourians, and a battalion each of infantry, dragoons, and light artillery. After a fifty days' march from Fort Leavenworth, of nearly 900 miles, they entered Santa Fe on the 18th of August.

"On their arrival, the American commander, General Kearney, in accordance with his directions, proclaimed himself governor of New Mexico. 'You are now,' said he, 'American citizens; you no longer owe allegiance to the Mexican government.' The principal men then took the oath of allegiance to the United States, and whoever was false to this allegiance, the people were told, would be punished as traitors. It was questioned whether the administration had not transcended its powers in thus annexing a territory to the Union without the permission of congress.

General Kearney, having appointed Charles Bent governor of New Mexico, on the 25th of September, took a small force with him and proceeded overland to California. Col. Price arrived soon after at Santa Fe with recruits. The Navajo Indians having commenced hostilities against the New Mexicans, 'new inhabitants of the United States,' Col. Doniphan, who had been left in command, set out westward with the Missouri regiment to make peace with them. Winter was fast approaching, and after suffering incredible hardships in crossing the mountains, poorly clad as they were, among snows and mountain storms, they finally accomplished their object. Capt. Reid, of one of the divisions of thirty men, volunteered to accompany Sandoval, a Navajo chief, five days through the mountain heights, to a grand gathering of the men and women of the tribe. They were completely in the power of the Indians, but they won their hearts by their gayety and confidence. Most of them had never seen a white man. Reid and his companions joined the dance, sung their country's songs, and, what pleased the Navajoes most, interchanged with them their costume. On the 22d of November, a treaty was made in form, by which the three parties, Americans, New Mexicans and Navajoes, agreed to live in perpetual peace.

By the middle of December, Col. Doniphan, leaving Col. Price in command at Santa Fe, commenced his march with his regiment south to Chihuahua, and on his route met and defeated superior forces of the enemy at Bracito, and at the Sacramento Pass.

In the meantime, the New Mexicans secretly conspired to throw off the yoke. Simultaneously, on the 19th of January, in the valley of Taos, massacres occurred at Fernandez, when were cruelly murdered Governor Bent, Sheriff Lee, and four others; at Arroyo Hondo, five Americans were killed, and a few others in the vicinity. Col. Price, on receiving the intelligence, marched from Santa Fe, met and defeated the insurrectionists in several engagements in the valley, with a loss of about three hundred. The Americans lost in killed and wounded about sixty. Fifteen of the insurrectionists were executed."

New Mexico was ceded to the United States by the treaties with Mexico of 1848 and of 1854. The cession of 1854 included that narrow strip of territory south of the Gila and west of the Rio Grande, known as the "Gadsden Purchase," or Arizona. In 1850, a territorial government was established over New Mexico.

The present American territory of New Mexico comprises but a small part of the original Spanish province of that name. This territory, considered as a whole, "is a region of high table lands, crossed by mountain ranges, and barren to the last degree." It has scarce a single water communication of consequence with the rest of the world. The famous



The Giant Cactus.

Rio Grande is shallow, full of sand bars, and at times almost too low to float an Indian canoe. Many of the streams run in deep, frightful chasms, down which it is impossible, for days of travel, to penetrate. There is not enough fertile land ever to support any but a slight agricultural population, and very little timber excepting the *mesquit*—a thorny, disagreeable tree, that does most of its growing underground: its roots being multitudinous, twisting and burrowing in all directions, and of no use but for fuel. Beside this is the *cactus*, in many varieties, that shown in the engraving being confined within narrow lines of latitude. *Mescal*, a kind of whisky, of a most pungent, acrid flavor, is made from some varieties of this plant.

"The climate of New Mexico is unsurpassingly pure and healthy. A sultry day is very rare. The summer nights are cool and pleasant. The winters are long, but uniform, and the atmosphere of an extraordinary dryness; and there is but little rain, except from July to October. The general range of the thermometer is from 10 deg. to 75 deg. above Fahrenheit. Fevers are uncommon, and instances of remarkable longevity are frequent. Persons withered almost to mummies are met with occasionally, whose extraordinary age is shown by their recollection of certain notable events, which have taken place in times far remote.

Agriculture is in a very primitive and unimproved state, the hoe being alone used by a greater part of the peasantry. Wheat and Indian corn are the principal staples; cotton, flax, and tobacco, although indigenous, are not cultivated: the soil is finely adapted to the Irish potato. The most important natural product of the soil is its pasturage. Most of the high table plains afford the finest grazing, while, for want of water, they are utterly useless for other purposes. That scanty moisture which suffices to bring forth the natural vegetation, is insufficient for agri-

cultural productions, without the aid of irrigation. The high prairies of all this region, differ greatly from those of our border in the general character of their vegetation. They are remarkably destitute of the gay flowering plants for which the former are so celebrated, being mostly clothed with different species of a highly nutritious grass called *grama*, which is of a very short and curly quality. The highlands, upon which alone this sort of grass is produced, being seldom verdant until after the rainy season sets in, the *grama* is only in perfection from August to October. But being rarely nipped by the frost until the rains are over, it cures upon the ground and remains excellent hay—equal, if not superior, to that which is cut and stacked from our western prairies. Although the winters are rigorous, the feeding of stock is almost entirely unknown in New Mexico; nevertheless, the extensive herds of the country, not only of cattle and sheep, but of mules and horses, generally maintain themselves in excellent condition upon the dry pasture alone through the cold season, and until the rains start up the green grass again the following summer.

The mechanic arts are very rude, even sawed lumber being absolutely unknown. The New Mexicans are celebrated for the manufacture of a beautiful serape or blanket, which is woven into gaudy, rainbow-like hues. Their domestic goods are nearly all wool, the manufacture of which is greatly embarrassed for the want of adequate machinery.

The system of *Peon* slavery existed under the Mexican dominion. By the local laws, a debtor was imprisoned for debt until it was paid; or, if the creditor chose, he took the debtor as a servant to work out his claim. This system operated with a terrible severity upon the unfortunate poor, who, although they worked for fixed wages, received so small a compensation, that if the debt was of any amount, it compelled them to a perpetual servitude, as he received barely sufficient for food and clothing."

Evidences of volcanic action abound in various parts of New Mexico, and the country is rich in gold, silver, and copper. Anthracite coal of an excellent quality is found near Santa Fe. Through its mineral wealth it may eventually have a considerable population; but most of the food to support it will require to be transported thither from the agricultural districts of the Mississippi valley.

The population of New Mexico has been nearly stationary for a long period. In 1860, it was ascertained to be about 93,000, viz: 42,000 Indians, about half civilized; 41,000 peons; and 7,300 white native citizens, mostly of Mexican blood. The number of Americans in the whole country, is less than is contained in ordinary agricultural townships with us.

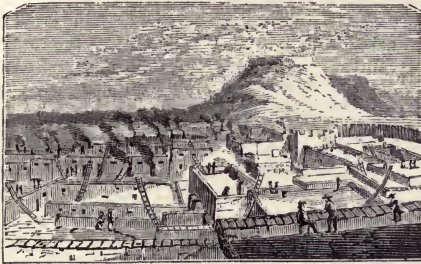
SANTA FE, the capital of New Mexico, sometimes written Santa Fe de San Francisco—i. e. Holy Faith of St. Francis—is the only town of importance. It is, by air lines, 660 miles west of the Arkansas frontier, 450 southeasterly from Salt Lake City, 900 east-south-east of San Francisco, and 260 north of El Paso, the nearest point in Mexico. "It is on the site of an ancient Indian pueblo, some fifteen miles east of the Rio del Norte, at the base of a snow-clad mountain, and contains a little over three thousand souls, and with its corporate surrounding villages about double that number. The town is irregularly laid out, and is a wretched collection of mud houses, much scattered with intervening corn-fields. The only attempt at architectural compactness, consists of four tiers of buildings around the public square, comprising the governor's house, the custom house, barracks, etc."

In the center of the public square "all the neighboring *rancheros* assemble to sell the produce of their farms and industry. All day long files of donkeys may be seen arriving there, laden with barrels of Taos whisky, bales of goods, forage, wood, earthen jars, melons, grapes, red and green pimientos, onions, pasteques, eggs,

cheese, tobacco, and pinones (fruit of the pine), *Pinus monophylla*. These pinones are generally baked in the oven, or roasted on cinders, as a means of preserving them better. Besides those provisions, the Santa Fe market also affords a great variety of bread and meat. The Indians of the pueblos, too, carry quantities of fish there, either fresh, or dried in the sun. In the evening, after the *Angelus*, the square is filled with loungers, who chat, play, laugh, and smoke, until the hour for the fandango; for be it known, the young people of Mexico could not live if they did not dance at least 365 fandangos every year. At Santa Fe, as in Texas, and in all the provinces of Mexico, the women go to the fandangos, with their *rebozo* (mantilla), and arrayed in a light cool costume appropriate to the occasion; seated round the garden, or hall, where the dance is to take place, they smoke cigarettes and chat very loudly while awaiting the cavaliers' invitation."

In Spanish the term *pueblo* means the people and their towns; and in New Mexico it is applied to the Christianized Indians and to their villages.

"When the country was first discovered, these Indians lived in comfortable houses, and cultivated the soil. Indeed, now they are the best horticulturists in



ZUNI.

An Indian Pueblo or Town.

indicate. The population of their villages or *pueblos*, average about five hundred souls. They assert that they are the descendants of Montezuma. They profess the Catholic faith, but this, doubtless, reaches no farther than understanding its formalities, and at the same time, they all worship the sun.

They were only nominally under the jurisdiction of the Mexican government, many features of their ancient customs, in both government and religion, being retained. Each pueblo was under the control of a *cacique* chosen by themselves, who, with his council, had charge of the interior police of the village. One of their regulations was to appoint a secret watch to suppress vice and disorder of every description, and especially to keep an eye over the young men and women of the village.

Their villages are built with adobes, and with great regularity; sometimes they have but one large house, with several stories, each story divided into apartments, in which the whole village reside. Instead of doors in front, they use trap-doors in the roofs of their houses, to which they mount up on a ladder, which is drawn up at night for greater security. Their dress consists of moccasins, short breeches, and woolen jackets or blankets; they generally wear their hair long. Bows and arrows and a lance, and sometimes a gun, constitute their weapons. They manufacture blankets, as well as other woolen stuffs, crockery ware, and coarse pottery. The dress of many is like the Mexican; but the majority retain their aboriginal costume.

Among the villages of the Pueblos Indians, was that of the Pecos tribe, twenty-five miles east of Santa Fe, which gradually dwindled away under the inroads of the Comanches and other causes, until about the year 1838, when having been reduced to only about a dozen souls of all ages, they abandoned the place.

New Mexico, furnishing most of the fruits and vegetables to be found in the markets. They also cultivate the grape, and have extensive herds of cattle, horses, etc. They are remarkable for sobriety, honesty, morality, and industry, and are much braver than the other classes of New Mexicans, and in the war with Mexico, fought with desperation compared to those in the south. At the time of the conquest, they must have been a very powerful people, numbering near one hundred villages, as their ruins would

Many tales are told of the singular habits of this ill-fated tribe, which must, no doubt, have tended to hasten its utter annihilation. A tradition was prevalent among them that Montezuma had kindled a holy fire, and enjoined their ancestors not to suffer it to be extinguished until he should return to deliver his people from the yoke of the Spaniards. In pursuance of these commands, a constant watch had been maintained for ages to prevent the fire from going out; and, as tradition further informed them, that Montezuma would appear with the sun, the deluded Indians were to be seen every clear morning upon the terraced roofs of their houses, attentively watching the appearance of the 'king of light,' in hopes of seeing him accompanied by their immortal sovereign. This consecrated fire was down in a subterranean vault, where it was kept silently smouldering under a covering of ashes, in the basin of a small altar. Some say that they never lost hope in the final coming of Montezuma until, by some accident or other, or a lack of a sufficiency of warriors to watch it, the fire became extinguished; and that it was this catastrophe that induced them to abandon their village. No other pueblo appears to have adopted this extraordinary superstition; like Pecos, however, they have all held Montezuma to be their perpetual sovereign. It would likewise appear that they all worship the sun; for it is asserted to be their regular practice to turn the face toward the east at sunrise.

The wild tribes who inhabit or extend their incursions into New Mexico, are the Navajoes, the Apaches, the Yutas, the Kiawas, and the Comanches. The Navajoes are estimated at about ten thousand, and reside in the main range of the Cordilleras, two hundred miles west of Santa Fe, on the Rio Colorado, near the region from whence historians say the Aztecs emigrated to Mexico. They are supposed to be the remnants of that justly celebrated nation of antiquity who remained in the north. Although living in rude wigwams, they excel all Indian nations in their manufactures. They are still distinguished for some exquisite styles of cotton textures, and display considerable ingenuity in embroidering with feathers the skins of animals. The serape Navajo (Navajo blanket) is of so dense a texture as to be frequently waterproof, and some of the finer qualities bring sixty dollars each, among the Mexicans. Notwithstanding their wandering habits, they cultivate the different grains and vegetables, and possess extensive and superior herds of horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and goats.

The Apaches are mainly west of the Rio del Norte, and are the most powerful and vagrant of the Indian tribes of northern Mexico, and number, it is estimated, fifteen thousand souls, of whom two thousand are warriors. They cultivate and manufacture nothing, and appear to depend entirely upon pillage for subsistence. The depredations of the Apaches have been of so long a duration that beyond the immediate vicinity of the towns, the whole country, from New Mexico to the borders of Durango, is almost entirely depopulated."

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The population of New Mexico, other than the savage tribes, is mostly east of the Rocky Mountains, in the valley of the Rio Grande and its tributaries. It is almost exclusively confined to towns and villages, the suburbs of which are generally farms, a mode of living indispensable for protection against the savages.

Tuos, north of Santa Fe, is a beautiful valley of nine miles in length, and includes several villages and settlements. The valley grows wheat of an excellent quality, produced on irrigated land.

La Gran Quivira, about 100 miles south of Santa Fe, are ruins of an ancient town, which was supposed to have been reared for mining purposes. The style of architecture is superior to anything at present in New Mexico. To be seen are the remains of Catholic churches, and aqueducts leading to the mountains, eight or ten miles distant. Tradition says, that, in the general massacre of 1680, every soul save one perished.

El Placer, 27 miles south of Santa Fe, is an important mine, from which, since its discovery in 1828, half a million of gold has been taken out.

Albuquerque is in the most fertile locality of the Rio Grande, and although not as important a place as Santa Fe, it is more central. Including the neighboring rancheros, it has a population of 1,000 souls. "Albuquerque for a Mexican town, is tolerably well built. Its buildings, like those inhabited by Mexicans, are of a right parallelopipedon shape, constructed of adobes (blocks of sun dried mud), and arranged generally on the four sides of a rectangle, thus creating an interior court (*pateo*), upon which nearly every one of the apartments opens. There is generally but one exterior or street entrance; and this is generally quite wide and high, the usual width being about six feet, and the height seven. They appear to be made thus wide, at least as far as I have been able to discover, to enable the burros (asses) and other animals to go through with their packs. They are generally strongly secured by double doors. There are two or three buildings in the town with extensive fronts and *portalles* (porches), which look, for this country, very well—one of them being the house, formerly occupied by Governor Armijo. There is a military post at this place, garrisoned by U. S. troops."

Acoma, in the same vicinity, is one of the most ancient and extraordinary of the Indian pueblos. "Acoma is situated on an isolated rock which rises perpendicularly to a height of 360 feet above the plain, and appears like an island in the middle of a lake. The summit of this rock is perfectly horizontal, and its superficies is about sixty acres. To reach it you must climb over hillocks of sand, heaped up by the wind to a third of the height; the two other thirds of the route are hewn in the rock in the shape of a spiral staircase. The town is composed of blocks, each of which contains sixty or seventy houses, and a large Catholic church, with two towers and very pretty spires. The houses are three stories high, and have windows only in the upper one; in construction, they are quite similar to those of the other pueblos of New Mexico. Acoma is in all probability the Acuco spoken of by the ancient Spanish historians, which, according to them, was situated between Cibola and Tigues, and built at the top of perpendicular rocks, whose summits could only be reached by means of 300 steps hewn in the rock, at the end of which steps was a kind of ladder eighteen feet high, also formed by holes cut in the rock. Although this pueblo was deemed impregnable, yet the inhabitants placed huge stones around it, that they might roll them down on any assailant who was bold enough to scale this extraordinary stronghold. Near the dwellings might be seen arable lands sufficient to grow the necessary quantity of maize for the wants of the population; also large cisterns to save the rain waters. The Acucos were called banditti in all the surrounding provinces, into which they made frequent excursions."

Laguna, a few miles north of Acoma, is another ancient Indian pueblo, and contains about a thousand inhabitants, noted for their honesty, sobriety, and industry. "It has the appearance of one of those old German cities on the banks of the Rhine perched on a mountain peak. The houses, with their graduated stories, seem piled one above the other, producing the effect of an immense amphitheater; the river bathes the foot of the eminence on which Laguna is built, and flows in tortuous windings through the plain."

Zuni, perhaps the most important of all the pueblos, is west of Laguna. Its present population is about 2,000. "The houses are of the same style as those of the other Indian pueblos; their graduated stories are almost all festooned with long garlands of red pimentos, that dry in the sun. The town possesses a Catholic church thirty-three yards in length, by nine in width, it is built of *adobes*, and behind its sole altar is suspended a paint-

ing representing Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patroness of Mexico; a few statues surround the painting, but the lateral walls are completely bare. The governor lives in a house three stories high, wherein the caciques or chiefs of the government frequently assemble. The Zunis have a mania for taming eagles, which they catch while yet very young on the neighboring mountains; multitudes of these birds are to be seen on the terraces of the houses, spreading their enormous wings as they bask in the sun."

Zuni Vieja, or Old Zuni, the ancient Cibola, stood in the immediate vicinity. The ruins are yet to be seen. They are in the center of a plateau, elevated more than 900 feet above the plains, to which access is gained only by climbing almost inaccessible rocks. It was only in 1694, that it became definitely conquered by the Spaniards.

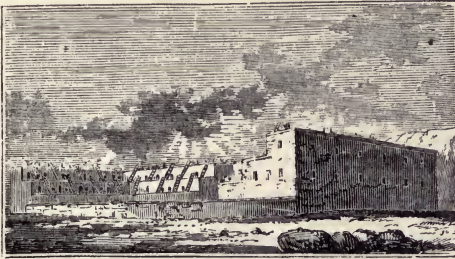
ANTIQUITIES OF NEW MEXICO.

Much of New Mexico is as yet unexplored; but the various expeditions of the scientific corps of the U. S. army have, of late years, given us the unexpected information of the existence of antiquities in the heart of our continent, as surprising and worthy of curiosity as those in Central America. In the region north and east of the Gila, and east of the Rio Colorado, in a space of some few hundred square miles, the ruins of ancient walled cities to the number, it is estimated by an officer of the topographical corps of engineers, of 1,000, are found at this day. These show that the country, at some very remote and unknown era, perhaps thousands of years since, was densely populated, and by a race to a considerable degree civilized. The natives living in the pueblos of that region, can give no information respecting them. Their builders were far in advance of any people found when the country was conquered by the Spaniards, more than 300 years ago. Their masonry and carpentry show much skill. Beautiful and highly ornamented pottery also is found in the vicinity of these cities; but in every instance it is in fragments, not a single perfect utensil having ever been discovered. The immense amount of this broken pottery strewn around would indicate, at some time or other, a regular sacking of these places. The climate and soil must have changed since this mysterious race dwelt here; for it is now a barren, rainless region, incapable of supporting anything like the population these ruins indicate. The extreme dryness of the climate has, doubtless, preserved the woodwork to our time.

The journal of Lieut. James H. Simpson, of the corps of U. S. topographical engineers, of a military reconnoissance from Santa Fe to the Navajo country, in the year 1849, and published by government, first gave to the world detailed descriptions of some of these ruined cities. Others on a larger scale and more important have been found farther west, of which descriptions have not as yet been published. We derive the facts and illustrations given below from the work alluded to.

The command, consisting of 175 men under Col. J. M. Washington, left Santa Fe on the 16th of August. They passed southerly and westerly, and on the 26th came to the highest point of land dividing the tributaries of the Gulf of Mexico from those of the Pacific, when they commenced gradually descending the western slope, and reached the Rio Chaco, a tributary of the San Juan. Here, upon the Rio Chaco, were found a number of the ancient towns or pueblos, named respectively, Pueblo Pintado, Weje-gi, Una Vida,

Hungo Pavie, Chettro Kettle, Del Arroyo, and De Penasca Blanca. These ruins are between 36° and 37° N. lat., and near 108° W. long. "They are evidently," says Simpson, "from the similarity of their style and mode of construction, of a common origin. They discover in the materials of which



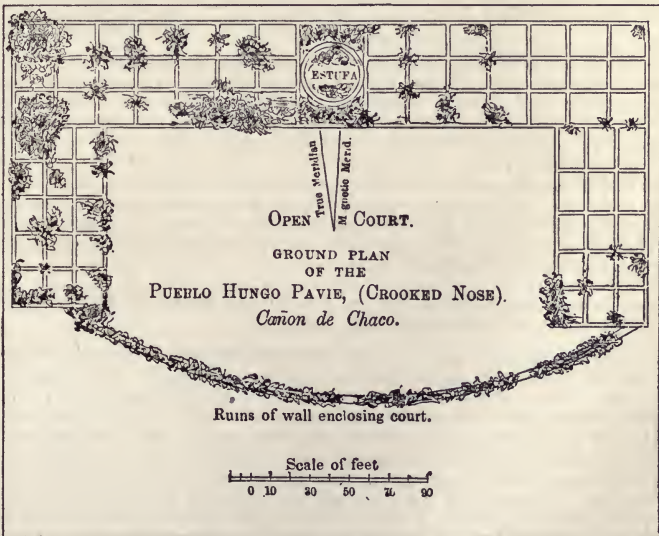
ANCIENT PUEBLO.*

The engraving shows Hungo Pavie, i. e. Crooked Nose, in its original condition.

It differed in its walls from the other pueblos: the stones composing them being of one uniform character; but in this there is a regular alternation of large and small stones, the effect of which is unique and beautiful. The first pueblo examined was Pintado. We annex Simpson's description:

they are composed, as well as in the grandeur of their design and superiority of their workmanship, a condition of architectural excellence beyond the power of the Indians or New Mexicans of the present day to exhibit." He further adds there is a great deal to strengthen the hypothesis that they are of *Aztec origin*.

The largest was De Penasca Blanca, which in circuit was 1,700 feet, and the number of rooms on the first floor 112.



"After partaking of some refreshments, I started off, with high expectations—my assistants, the Messrs. Kern, accompanying me—to examine the ruins of *Pueblo Pintado*. We found them to more than answer our expectations. Forming one structure, and built of tabular pieces of hard, fine grained, compact gray sandstone (a material entirely unknown

* "Unwittingly the artist," says Lieut. Simpson, "has fallen one story short of the number the ruins exhibited. In their restored state, four stories should appear."

in the present architecture of New Mexico), to which the atmosphere has imparted a red dish tinge, the layers or beds being not thicker than three inches, and sometimes as thin as one fourth of an inch, it discovers in the masonry a combination of science and art which can only be referred to a higher stage of civilization and refinement than is discoverable in the works of Mexicans or Pueblos of the present day. Indeed, so beautifully diminutive and true are the details of the structure as to cause it, at a little distance, to have all the appearance of a magnificent piece of mosaic work.

In the outer face of the buildings there are no signs of mortar, the intervals between the beds being chinked with stones of the minutest thinness. The filling and backing are done in rubble masonry, the mortar presenting no indications of the presence of lime. The thickness of the main wall at base is within an inch or two of three feet; higher up, it is less—diminishing every story by retreating jogs on the inside, from bottom to top. Its elevation, at its present highest point, is between twenty-five and thirty feet, the series of floor beams indicating that there must have been originally at least three stories. The ground plan, including the court, in exterior development, is about 403 feet. On the ground floor, exclusive of the outbuildings, are fifty-four apartments, some of them as small as five feet square, and the largest about twelve by six feet. These rooms communicate with each other by very small doors, some of them as contracted as two and a half by two and a half feet; and in the case of the inner suite, the doors communicating with the interior court are as small as three and a half by two feet. The principal rooms or those most in use, were, on account of their having larger doors and windows, most probably those of the second story. The system of flooring seems to have been large transverse unhewn beams, six inches in diameter, laid transversely from wall to wall, and then a number of smaller ones, about three inches in diameter, laid longitudinally upon them. What was placed on these does not appear, but most probably it was brush, bark, or slabs, covered with a layer of mud mortar. The beams show no signs of the saw or axe; on the contrary, they appear to have been hacked off by means of some very imperfect instrument. On the west face of the structure, the windows which are only in the second story, are three feet two inches by two feet two inches. On the north side, they are only in the second and third stories, and are as small as fourteen by fourteen inches. At different points about the premises were three circular apartments sunk in the ground, the walls being of masonry. These apartments the Pueblo Indians call *estuffas*, or places where the people held their political and religious meetings.

...Not finishing our examinations at the ruins of Pueblo Pintado yesterday afternoon, we again visited them early this morning. On digging about the base of the exterior wall, we find that, for at least two feet (the depth our time would permit us to go), the same kind of masonry obtains below as above, except that it appears more compact. We could find no signs of the genuine arch about the premises, the lintels of the doors and windows being generally either a number of pieces of wood laid horizontally side by side, a single stone slab laid in this manner, or occasionally a series of smaller ones so placed horizontally upon each other that, while presenting the form of a sharp angle, in vertical longitudinal section, they would support the weight of the fabric above. Fragments of pottery lay scattered around, the colors showing taste in their selection and in the style of their arrangement, and being still quite bright."

Simpson, in his description of the Pueblo Hungo Pavié, of which both ground plan and elevation are herein pictorially given, says:

These ruins show the same nicety in the details of their masonry as already described. The ground plan shows an extent of exterior development of eight hundred and seventy-two feet, and a number of rooms upon the ground floor equal to seventy-two. The structure shows the existence of but one circular *estufa*, and this is placed in the body of the north portion of the building, midway from either extremity. This *estufa* differs from the others we have seen, in having a number of interior counterforts. The main walls of the building are at base two and three quarter feet through, and at this time show a height of about thirty feet. The ends of the floor beams, which are still visible, plainly showing that there was originally, at least, a vertical series of four floors, there must then also have been originally at least a series of four stories of rooms; and as the *debris* at the base of the walls is very great, it is reasonable to infer that there may have been even more. The floor beams, which are round, in transverse section, and eleven inches in diameter, as well as the windows, which are as small as twelve by thirteen inches, have been arranged horizontally, with great precision and regularity. Pottery, as usual, was found scattered about the premises....

The question now arises, as we have seen all the ruins in this quarter, what was the form of these buildings?—I mean as regards the continuity or non-continuity of its front and rear walls. Were these walls one plain surface from bottom to top, as in the United States,

or were they interrupted each story by a terrace, as is the case with the modern pueblo buildings in New Mexico?

The front or exterior walls were evidently one plain surface from bottom to top; because whenever we found them in their integrity, which we did for as many as four stories in height, we always noticed them to be uninterruptedly plain.

The rear walls, however, were, in no instance that I recollect of, found to extend higher than the commencement of the second story; and the partition walls were, if my memory

is not at fault, correspondingly steplike in their respective altitudes. The idea, then, at once unfolds itself, that in elevation the inner wall must have been a series of retreating surfaces, or, what would make this necessary, each story on the inner or court side must have been terraced. This idea also gathers strength from the fact that we saw no indications of any internal mode of ascent from story to story, and therefore that some exterior mode must have been resorted to—such as, probably, ladders, which the terrace form of the several stories would render very convenient. Again, the terrace form



CANON OF CHELLY.

About 500 feet deep.



RUINS OF AN ANCIENT PUEBLO.

In the Canon of Chelly.

of the stories would best conduce to light and ventilation for the interior ranges of apartments. The idea then, which Mr. R. H. Kern was the first to suggest—that these pueblos were terraced on their inner or court side—is not without strong grounds of probability; and it is in consonance with this idea that, in his *restoration of the Pueblo Hungo Pavié*, he has given it the form exhibited in the drawing.

It is a curious fact, that in no single instance did we find in these ruins either a chimney or a fireplace, unless, indeed, the recesses described as existing in some of the rooms were used as fireplaces, which their slight height, as well as deprivation of chimney flues, would scarcely authorize. Neither were there any indications of the use of iron about the premises."

A few days later the command came to the renowned Canon of Chelly. This gorge has long had a distinguished reputation among the natives of this region, from its great depth and impregnability. It is inhabited by the Navajoes, who, although they possess the skill to manufacture one of the most beautiful kind of blankets in the world, possess no better habitations than the conical pole, brush and mud lodge. This was explored for a distance of over nine miles; and the further they ascended it the greater was the altitude of the inclosing walls: at their furthest point of progress it was 502 feet high, and the average width 600 feet. The total length of the canon was judged to be about 25 miles. In ascending it they saw some fine caves here and there; also small habitations made up of overhanging rock, and artificial walls laid in stone and mortar—the latter forming the front portion of the dwelling. Some four miles from the mouth, they came to the ruins of a small pueblo, like those already described. It stood on the shelf of the left hand wall, about 50 feet up from the bottom, and the wall being very nearly perpendicular, it could only be approached by ladders. Seven miles from the mouth they fell in with the ruins shown in the engraving, with the stupendous rocks in rear and overhanging them.

"These ruins are on the left or north side of the canon, a portion of them being situated at the foot of the escarpment wall, and the other portion upon a shelf in

the wall immediately back of the other part, some fifty feet above the bed of the canon. The wall in front of this latter portion being vertical, access to it could only have been obtained by means of ladders. The front of these ruins measures one hundred and forty-five feet, and their depth forty-five. The style of structure is similar to that of the pueblos found on the Chaco—the building material being of small, thin sandstones, from two to four inches thick, imbedded in mud mortar, and chinked in the facade with smaller stones. The present height of its walls is about eighteen feet. Its rooms are exceedingly small, and the windows only a foot square. One circular estufa was all that was visible."

In speaking of this canon, Simpson says: "What appears to be singular, the sides of the lateral walls are not only as vertical as natural walls can well be conceived to be, but they are perfectly free from a talus of debris, the usual concomitant of rocks of this description. Does not this point to a crack or natural fissure as having given origin to the canon, rather than to aqueous agents, which, at least at the present period, show an utter inadequacy as a producing cause?"

Although the canon of Chelly was, at the time, considered a great curiosity, later explorers in the wild waste country between the Rocky Mountains and California have found numerous other of these fissures, to which this can bear no comparison. Some of them are entirely inaccessible, without outlet or inlet, deep, gloomy cracks, descending far down into the earth, lower than the bottom of the Pacific Ocean, bounded by forbidding, perpendicular walls, at the base of which the foot of man has never penetrated. Others form the valleys of streams, which, as one stands on their verge, are seen winding their serpentine course down in a gorge thousands of feet below. The canon of the Rio Colorado is of this character: Lieut. Ives, in his explorations ascertained it to be about 11,000 feet, or more than two miles in depth.

About 200 miles westerly from Santa Fe, and near the town of Zuni, the command came to a stupendous mass of rock, about 250 feet in height, and strikingly peculiar from its massive character, and the Egyptian style of its natural buttresses and domes. "Skirting this stupendous mass of rock," states Simpson, "on its left or north side, for about a mile, the guide, just as we had reached its eastern terminus, was noticed to leave us, and ascend a low mound or rampart at its base, the better, as it appeared, to scan the face of the rock, which he had scarcely reached before he cried out to us to come up. We immediately went up, and, sure enough, here were inscriptions, and some of them very beautiful; and, although, with those which we afterward examined on the south face of the rock, there could not be said to be half an acre of them, yet the hyperbole was not near so extravagant as I was prepared to find it. The fact then being certain that here were indeed inscriptions of interest, if not of value, one of them dating as far back as 1606, all of them very ancient, and several of them very deeply as well as beautifully engraven, I gave directions for a halt—Bird at once proceeding to get up a meal, and Mr. Kern and myself to the work of making fac similes of the inscriptions. . . . The greater portion of these inscriptions are in Spanish, with some little sprinkling of what appeared to be an attempt at Latin, and the remainder in hieroglyphics, doubtless of Indian origin."

We copy a few of the inscriptions from Simpson, to present an idea of their general character. The engraving is made from one in the work of Domenech:

"Bartolome Narrso, Governor and Captain General of the Provinces of New Mexico, for our Lord the King, passed by this place, on his return from the Pueblo of Zuni, on the 29th of July, of the year 1620, and put them in peace, at their petition, asking the favor to become subjects of his majesty, and anew they gave their obedience: all which they did with free consent, knowing it prudent, as well as very Christian (a word or two effaced), to so distinguished and gallant a soldier, indomitable and famed; we love" (the remainder effaced.)

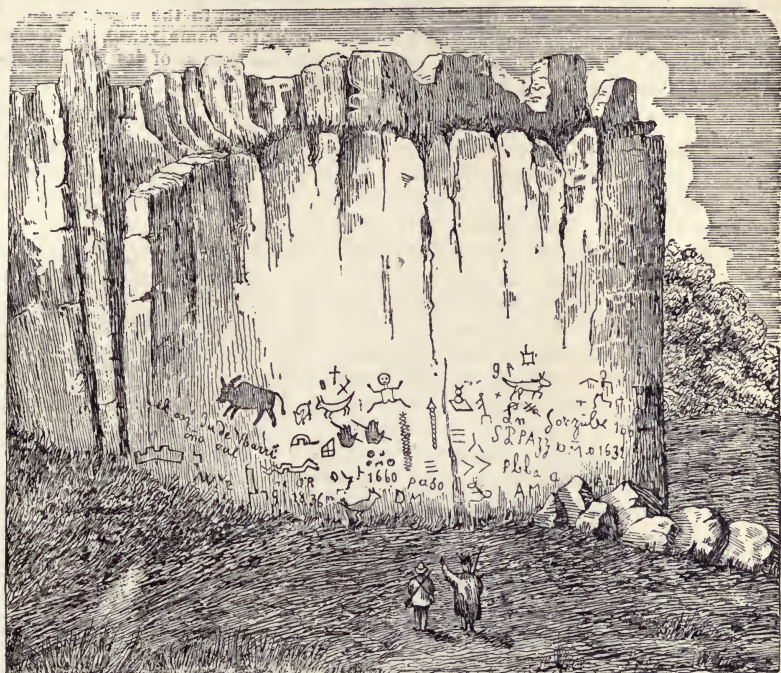
"By this place passed Second Lieutenant Joseph de Payba Basconzelos, in the year in which the council of the kingdom bore the cost, on the 18th of February, in the year 1726."

"Pero Vacu (possibly intended for *vaca*—cow) ye Jarde."

"Alma."

"Leo."

"Captain Jude Vubarri, in the year of our Lord 1," (probably meaning 1701. The hieroglyphics, excepting what appears to designate a buffalo, not decipherable.)



Inscription Rock, near the Pueblo of Zuni.

On the heights above the inscription are the ruins of an ancient pueblo, similar to the others described, though inferior in the style of masonry.

Mr. Simpson was not enamored with New Mexico. In his journal he states that he had not seen a rich, well timbered, and sufficiently watered country since he had left the confines of the states on the borders of the Mississippi valley. He makes these remarks upon this part of New Mexico. The portion farther west, to the California line, according to other observers, is no more alluring. Says he:

"The idea I pertinaciously adhered to, before ever having seen this country, was, that, beside partaking of the bold characteristics of the primary formations, rocks confusedly piled upon rocks, deep glens, an occasional cascade, green fertile valleys—the usual accompaniments of such characteristics with us in the states—it was also, like the country of the states, generally fertile, and covered with verdure. But never did I have, nor do I believe anybody can have, a full appreciation of the almost universal barrenness which pervades this country, until they come out, as I did, to 'search the land,' and behold with their own eyes its general

nakedness The primary mountains present none of that wild, rocky, diversified, pleasing aspect which they do in the United States, but, on the contrary, are usually of a rounded form, covered by a dull, lifeless-colored soil, and generally destitute of any other sylvia than pine and cedar, most frequently of a sparse and dwarfish character. The sedimentary rocks, which, contrary to my preconceived notions, are the prevalent formations of the country, have a crude, half-made-up appearance, sometimes of a dull buff color, sometimes white, sometimes red, and sometimes these alternating, and being almost universally bare of vegetation, except that of a sparse, dwarfish, sickening-colored aspect, can not be regarded as a general thing—at least, not until familiarity reconciles you to the sight—without a sensation of loathing. The face of the country, for the same reason—the general absence of all verdure, and the dead, dull, yellow aspect of its soil—has a tendency to create the same disagreeable sensation."

ARIZONA TERRITORY.

ARIZONA originally comprised a long, narrow strip of territory, south of the Gila River, extending from the Rio Grande on the east to the Rio Colorado on the west, just above its entrance into the Gulf of California. It was purchased, in 1854, of Mexico, from the northern part of the state of Sonora, for ten millions of dollars. It was for some time styled the *Gadsden Purchase*, out of compliment to General Gadsden, the American minister, who negotiated the treaty. It was temporarily attached, by congress, to the territory of New Mexico. It was about 500 miles long, with a width ranging from 20 to 130 miles, and comprising 31,000 square miles. It was separated from Texas by the Rio Grande; from Lower California by the Rio Colorado; and on the south of it were the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora.

When it was purchased of Mexico there was scarcely any inhabitants, except a few scattered Mexicans in the Mesilla valley, on the Rio Grande, and at the old town of Tucson, in the center of the purchase. The marauding Apache Indians had gradually extirpated almost every trace of civilization in what was once an inhabited Mexican province.*

In 1854, congress formed the present territory of Arizona from the west halves of New Mexico and the Gadsden Purchase; and the east half of the latter is now the southern part of New Mexico. Arizona has an area of 131,000 square miles. The capital, named Prescott, is in the center of the territory.

"Much interesting information upon the early history of this comparatively little known part of the United States, was obtained from the archives of the Mexican government, by Capt. C. P. Stone, late of the U. S. army. It appears that as early as 1687, a Catholic missionary from the province of Sonora, which, in its southern portion, bore already the impress of Spanish civilization, descended the valley of Santa Cruz River to the Gila, which he

* The following extract from the report of Col. Chas. D. Poston, agent of the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, under date of Jan. 31, 1857, will give a fair idea of the condition of the country at the period when it came into the possession of our people: "It may not be amiss, in these desultory remarks, to note the improvement in Tubac and the adjacent country since our arrival. When we forced our wagons here, over the undergrowth on the highway, in September last (1856), no human being was present to greet our coming, and desolation overshadowed the scene. It was like entering the lost city of Pompeii. The atmosphere was loaded with the malaria of a rank vegetation, the undergrowth in the bottom served as a lurking place for the deadly Apache, and the ravens in the old church window croaked a surly welcome. Now the highroads are alive with trains and people. Commerce, agriculture, and mining are resuming their wonted prosperity under the enterprise, intelligence, and industry of our people. The former citizens of Tubac have returned to the occupation of their houses, set to work vigorously upon their milpas, and are loud in their praises of American liberty and freedom."

followed to its mouth, now the site of Fort Yuma. From this point he ascended the valley of the Gila, the Salinas or Salt River, and other branches. Proceeding east, he explored the valley of the San Pedro and its branches, reached the Mimbres, and probably the Rio Grande and the Mesilla valley. Filled with the enthusiasm of his sect, he procured authority from the head of the order in Mexico, and established missions and settlements at every available point. In a report to the viceroy of Spain, made during the early settlement of the province, we find the following statement: 'A scientific exploration of Sonora, with reference to mineralogy, along with the introduction of families, will lead to a discovery of gold and silver, so marvelous, that the result will be such as has never yet been seen in the world.' A map of this and the adjoining territories was drawn by some of the Spanish missionaries in 1757, and dedicated to the king of Spain. The reports of the immense mineral wealth of the new country made by the priests, induced a rapid settlement."

The sites of various villages, ranches, and missions, as indicated on this map, were principally in the valleys of the San Pedro, Santa Cruz, and on the Mimbres. "The missions and settlements were repeatedly destroyed by the Apaches, and the priests and settlers massacred or driven off. The Indians, at length thoroughly aroused by the cruelties of the Spaniards, by whom they were deprived of their liberty, forced to labor in the silver mines with inadequate food, and barbarously treated, finally rose, joined with the tribes who had never been subdued, and gradually drove out or massacred their oppressors. Civilization disappeared before their devastating career, and in its place we now find, with few exceptions, only ruins and decay, fields deserted, and mines abandoned. The mission of San Xavier del Bac, and the old towns of Tucson and Tubac, are the most prominent of these remains. The mission of San Xavier del Bac is a grand old structure, which, from its elegant masonry and tasteful ornaments, must have been erected in times of great prosperity. From 1757 down to 1820, the Spaniards and Mexicans continued to work many valuable mines near Barbacora, and the ancient records and notes mention many silver mines most of which contain a percentage of gold. The most celebrated modern localities are Arivaca (also anciently famous as *Aribac*), Sopori, the Arizona Mountains, the Santa Rita range, the Cerro Colorado, the entire vicinity of Tubac, the Del Ajo, or Arizona copper mine, the Gadsonia copper mine, and the Gila River copper mines. As late as 1820, the *Mina Cobre de la Plata* (silver and copper mines), near Fort Webster, north of the Gila, were worked to great advantage; and so rich was the ore that it paid for transportation on mule-back, more than a thousand miles, to the city of Mexico.

The silver mining region of Arizona is, in fact, the north-western extension of the great silver region of Mexico. The mountain ranges are the prolongations of those which southward in Sonora, Chihuahua, and Durango, have yielded silver by millions for centuries past. The general direction of the mountains and the veins, is north-west and south-east, and there are numerous parallel chains or ranges which form long and narrow valleys in the same direction. Like most mineral regions, Arizona is of small value for agriculture, possessing in comparison with its extent but little arable land, and in most parts is nearly destitute of water, and desert-like. Some of this forbidding and arid surface would, however, prove fertile if irrigated."

The population of Arizona, aside from the Indians, amounted in 1860 to but a few thousand souls. In the whole territory, persons of the Anglo-Saxon race, aside from the U. S. soldiers in garrison, numbered, at the outside, but a few hundred souls; the remainder of the inhabitants consisted of Mexicans, mostly of the peon class. The Pimos Indians live in villages on the Gila River, in the north-western part of the country, and are a friendly, in-offensive race, who raise corn and wheat, and supply emigrants who traverse the southern route to California. The Apaches are a wild, thieving tribe,

of murderers, who live on the head streams of the Gila, beyond the reach of the white man.

The southern boundary of Arizona was so run as to exclude any part of the Gulf of California from American jurisdiction, so that she has not there a single seaport.

Tucson, the principal town, is a miserable collection of adobe houses, in the valley of the Santa Cruz. It contains about 700 inhabitants, nearly all of them degraded Mexicans. The engraving shows the church of the place, an adobe or sun-burned brick structure; it is from a drawing in outline, taken on San Antonio's day, in 1860. Among the fig-



CHURCH AT TUCSON.

On San Antonio's Day, 1860.

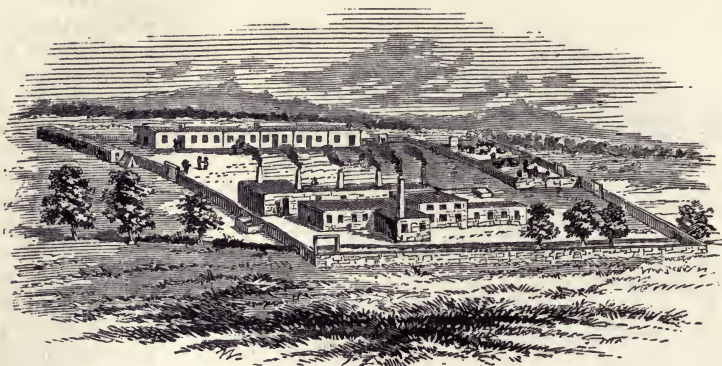
ures are one or two of the wild Apache Indians and numerous females, etc.

Tubac, 52 miles south of Tucson, is the business center of the silver mining district of Arizona, and contains a few hundred souls. The principal mines worked in its vicinity are the Heintzelman and those of the Santa Rita Company. With the pecuniary success of these mines, appears to be connected the immediate progress of the territory, as, aside from the mines, it has no resources; but in these Arizona has a great future.

When our pioneers poured in upon the gold placers of California, the intrepid gold-hunter could, alone and single handed, work his way to wealth, with a jack-knife and tin-pan; and, at the end of a day's labor, tie up the avails in a rag, place it under his pillow, and then dream pleasantly of wife, and children, and home, far away on the other side of the continent.

Silver mining is a different business. The eager novice might collect his tuns of silver ore; and then would come the tantalizing discovery—it was labor lost. To extract the silver from its ores, is often one of the most difficult of all chemical processes, requiring practice with a peculiar aptness for metallurgy, so diversified and intricate are the combinations of this metal with other minerals. No college professor, however fine a metallurgist he might be, could successfully manage the *reduction works* of a silver mine; Americans, until they learn the art, and "improve upon it," as is their national bent, will be compelled to procure their talent of this kind from those bred from youth to this branch, in Mexico and Germany. Aside from this difficulty, enormous outlays are required to start and work a silver mine: this can generally only be obtained by associated capital. With this comes

the cumbrous, awkward revolving machinery of corporations, and its attendant evils of mismanagement, in which the interests of the small, confiding stockholder are too apt to be the last thing attended to by directors and agents. Could the amount of money lost in our Union, within the last ten



Reduction Works of the Heintzelman Silver Mine.

The engraving is from a drawing by H. C. Grosvenor. This establishment is on the famous Arivaca Rancho. The Reduction Works are in front, where the ore is reduced to silver by the German (Freyburg) amalgamation barrel process. On the extreme right of the inclosure is the corral for the mules. In the rear is seen the officers' quarters and store houses; on the left and also in the rear of the store-houses are the huts of the Mexican laborers or peons, of whom here and in the mine several hundred are employed. The buildings are all adobes.

years alone, by the selfishness and mismanagement of men in charge of corporations be ascertained, it would probably sum up many fold the value of all the property more courageously stolen by the united labor of all the burglars who have been thrust into the cells of our penitentiaries, from the foundation of the government to the present day. Thus multitudes, orphans and widows, have been wronged, and the hard-earned accumulations of vigorous manhood, laid by in a spirit of self-denial, as a resource for old age, irretrievably and shamefully lost. The suspicious and selfish carry in their own bosoms a defense against such allurements: the single-hearted and innocent fall victims. The hard lesson taught to individuals is, that money is seldom safely spent, excepting by the hand that earns it. Yet it is only by associated capital great enterprises can be consummated; and so, through more or less of personal risk and loss, the general welfare is promoted.

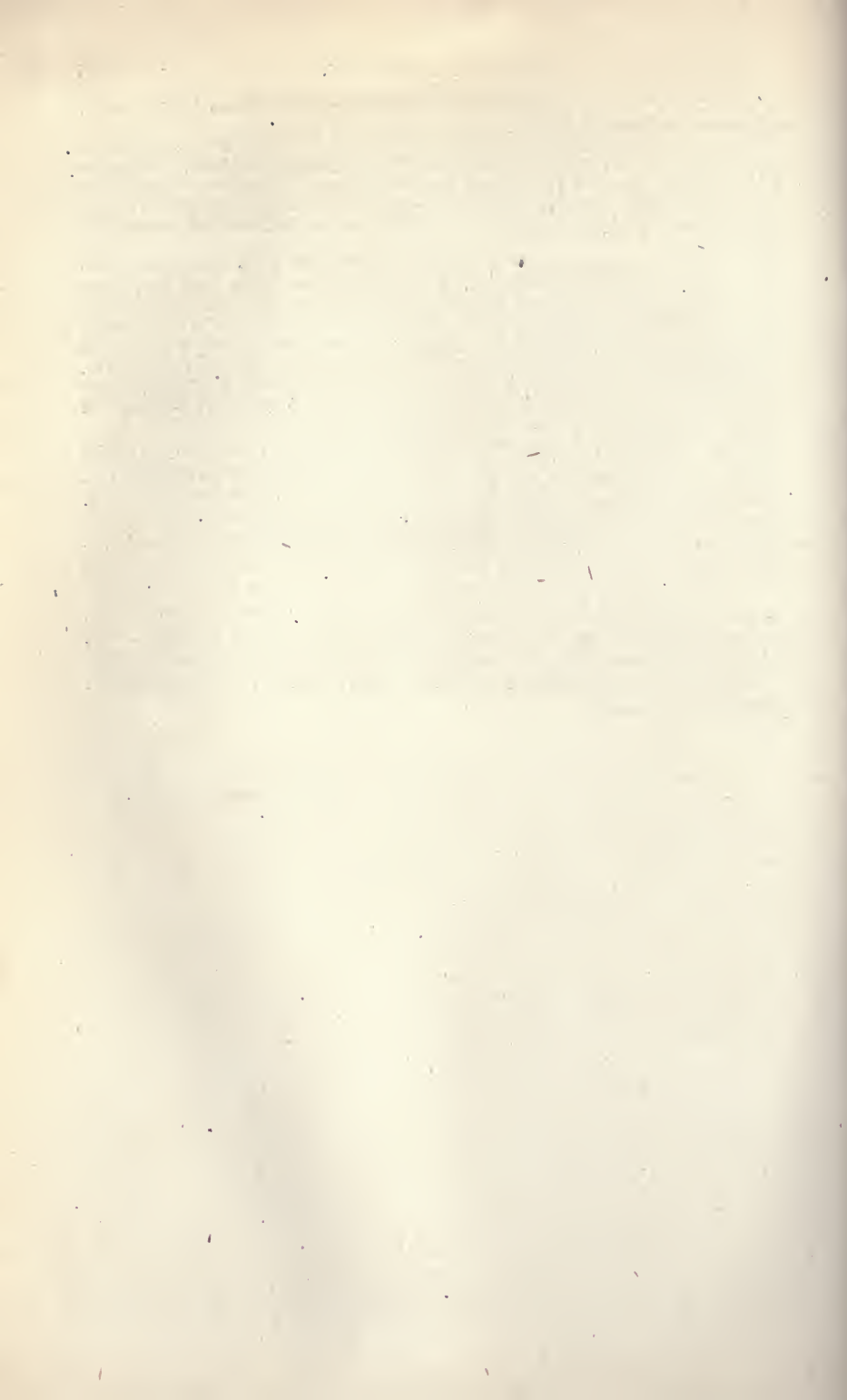
Such are the enormous returns of successful silver mines, that capital and enterprise have always been ready to embark in the development of even veins of moderate promise. In Mexico, where silver mining has been, for over two hundred years, the great staple business of the country, the most enormous fortunes have been realized in working mines. The famous Real Del Monte, near the city of Mexico, is now 1,500 feet deep, and yielded in 1857, \$3,750,000 of silver from ore which averaged \$56 per tun. The Biscaina vein, in the 12 years immediately succeeding 1762, in which the adit of Moran was completed, yielded to its owner, Tereros, a clear profit of \$6,000,000. The produce of Catorce, taking the average of the five years from 1800 to 1804, was \$2,854,000. Santa Eulalia, near Chihuahua, from 1705 to 1737, yielded \$55,959,750, or an average of \$1,748,742 per annum. These and numerous other instances of successful mining, as published in Ward's History of Mexico, show silver mining to be a business of great vicissitudes, involving large expenditures, with a prospect of gains correspondingly large. The

whole produce of the Mexican mines was estimated by Humboldt, in 1803, at nearly two thousand millions of dollars.

By many, and especially the Mexicans, the Gadsden Purchase is regarded as the richest portion of the continent, for mines of silver, copper and lead. Silver ore has already been reduced there which yielded, in large quantities, \$1,000 to the tun. The average of the Heintzelman mine has been \$250, although much of the ore taken from it yielded from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per tun, and some at the rate of over \$20,000.

The copper mines worked on the Mimbres River, yield large quantities of ore which is 95 per cent. copper, while the lead mines of the Santa Rita and Santa Cruz Mountains, are really inexhaustible. With these mineral treasures, placed by nature for the use of man, it is not at all probable that Arizona will long remain in its present condition. When once the mining enterprises already begun shall have demonstrated, either in the hands of their present proprietors or some others, that the precious metals not only exist there, but may become profitable, a new impetus will be given to this kind of industry, and the silver country of Arizona will become as widely known as the golden fields of California.

Various modes are practiced of reducing silver from its ores. 1. The *Furnace*. 2. The Mexican or patio (floor) amalgamation, with quicksilver. 3. The caze (or kettle) amalgamation. 4. The Freyberg or German barrel amalgamation. 5. Augustin's method, by salt, without mercury. 6. Ziervogel's method, with salt or mercury. These modes can not be indiscriminately applied. The character of the ores, climate, and other circumstances will alone determine it. If the ore of a mine, in its mineralogical constituents, is not adapted to the mode of operation to which the operator is bred, he is generally powerless to reduce it. One experienced in smelting ores, can not reduce those which are adapted to "the patio;" or one accustomed to "the patio," can not reduce by the German barrel, or by the Augustin process, and *vice versa*.



UTAH TERRITORY.

UTAH derives its name from that of a native Indian tribe, the Pah-Utahs. It formed originally a part of the Mexican territory of Upper California, and was ceded to the United States by the treaty with Mexico, at the close of the Mexican war. In 1850 it was erected into a territory by Congress.

"A large part of Utah is of volcanic origin. It is supposed, from certain traditions and remains, to have been, many hundred years ago, the residence of the Aztec nation—that they were driven south by the volcanic eruptions which changed the face of the whole country. Eventually, they became the possessors of Mexico, where, after attaining great proficiency in the arts of life, they were finally overthrown by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest.

Utah was not probably visited by civilized man until within the present century. There were Catholic missionaries who may have just touched its California border, and the trappers and hunters employed by the fur companies. The first establishment in Utah was made by William H. Ashley, a Missouri fur-trader. In 1824, he organized an expedition which passed up the valley of the Platte River, and through the cleft of the Rocky Mountains, since called "*The South Pass*;" and then advancing further west, he reached the Great Salt Lake, which lies embosomed among lofty mountains. About a hundred miles south-east of this, he discovered a smaller one, since known as "Ashley's Lake." He there built a fort or trading post, in which he left about a hundred men. Two years afterward, a six-pound piece of artillery was drawn from Missouri to this fort, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles, and in 1828, many wagons, heavily laden, performed the same journey.

During the three years between 1824 and 1827, Ashley's men collected and sent to St. Louis, furs from that region of country to an amount, in value, of over \$180,000. He then sold out all his interests to Messrs. Smith, Jackson, and Sublette. These energetic and determined men carried on for many years an extensive and profitable business, in the course of which they traversed a large part of southern Oregon, Utah, California, and New Mexico west of the mountains. Smith was murdered in the summer of 1829, by the Indians north-west of Utah Lake. Ashley's Fort was long since abandoned.

Unfortunately, these adventurous men knew nothing of science, and but little information was derived from them save vague reports which greatly

excited curiosity; this was only increased by the partial explorations of Fremont.

In his second expedition, made in 1843, he visited the *Great Salt Lake*, which appears upon old Spanish maps as Lake Timpanogos and Lake Tegaya. Four years after, in 1847, the Mormons emigrated to Utah, and commenced the first regular settlement by whites. It was then an isolated region, nominally under the government of Mexico. They expected to found a Mormon state here, and rest in quiet far from the abodes of civilized man; but the results of the Mexican war, the acquirement of the country by the United States, with the discovery of gold in California, brought them on the line of emigration across the continent, and more or less in conflict with the citizens and general government.

Utah extended originally from the 37th to the 42d degrees of north latitude, and between the 107th and 120th degrees of west longitude, having a breadth of 300, and an average length, east and west, of 600 miles, containing an area of about 180,000 square miles. It now has 110,000 square miles only.

"The main geographical characteristic of Utah is, that anomalous feature in our continent, which is more Asiatic than American in its character, known as the Great Basin. It is about 500 miles long, east and west, by 275 in breadth, north and south, and occupies the greater part of the central and western portions of the territory. It is elevated near 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is shut in all around by mountains with its own system of lakes and rivers; and what is a striking feature, none of which have any connection with the ocean. The general character of the basin is that of a desert. It has never been fully explored, but so far as it has been, a portion of it is found to consist of arid and sterile plains, another of undulating table lands, and a third of elevated mountains, a few of whose summits are capped with perpetual snow. These range nearly north and south, and rise abruptly from a narrow base to a height of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet. Between these ranges of mountains are the arid plains, which deserve and receive the name of desert. From the snow on their summits and the showers of summer originate small streams of water from five to fifty feet wide, which eventually lose themselves, some in lakes, some in the alluvial soil at their base, and some in dry plains. Among the most noted of these streams is Humboldt's or Mary's River, well remembered by every California emigrant, down which he pursues his course for three hundred miles, until it loses itself in the ground, at a place called St. Mary's Sink, where its waters are of a poisonous character.

The *Great Salt Lake* and the Utah Lake are in this basin, toward its eastern rim, and constitute its most interesting feature—one a saturated solution of common salt—the other fresh—the Utah about one hundred feet above the Salt Lake, which is itself about 4,200 above the level of the sea; they are connected by Utah River—or, as the Mormons call it, the Jordan—which is forty-eight miles in length. These lakes drain an area of from ten to twelve thousand square miles.

The Utah is about thirty-five miles long, and is remarkable for the numerous and bold streams which it receives, coming down from the mountains on the south-east, all fresh water, although a large formation of rock-salt, imbedded in red clay, is found within the area on the south-east, which it drains. The lake and its affluents afford large trout and other fish in great numbers, which constitute the food of the Utah Indians during the fishing season. The Great Salt Lake has a very irregular outline greatly extended at time of melting snows. It is about seventy miles in length; both lakes ranging north and south, in conformity to the range of the mountains, and is remarkable for its predominance of salt. The whole lake water seems thoroughly saturated with it, and every evaporation of the water leaves salt behind. The rocky shores of the islands are whitened by the spray, which leaves salt on everything it touches, and a covering like ice forms over the water which the waves throw among the rocks. The shores of the lake, in the dry season, when the waters recede, and especially on the south side, are whitened with incrustations of fine white salt; the shallow arms of the lake, at the same time under a

slight covering of briny water, present beds of salt for miles, resembling softened ice, into which the horses' feet sink to the fetlock. Plants and bushes, blown by the wind upon these fields, are entirely incrustated with crystallized salt, more than an inch in thickness. Upon this lake of salt the fresh water received, though great in quantity, has no perceptible effect. No fish or animal life of any kind is found in it.

The Rio Colorado, with its branches, is about the only stream of note in Utah which is not within the Great Basin. The only valleys supposed to be inhabitable in the vast country in the eastern rim of the Great Basin and the Rocky Mountains, are the valleys of the Uintah and Green Rivers, branches of the Colorado, and whether even these are so, is extremely problematical. The country at the sources of this great river is incapable of supporting any population whatever.

The climate of Utah is milder and drier in general than it is in the same parallel on the Atlantic coast. The temperature in the Salt Lake Valley in the winter is very uniform, and the thermometer rarely descends to zero. There is but little rain in Utah, except on the mountains, from the 1st of May until the 1st of October; hence agriculture can only be carried on by irrigation.

In every portion of the territory where it has been attempted, artificial irrigation has been found to be indispensable; and it is confidently believed that no part of it, however fertile, will mature crops without it, except perhaps on some small patches on low bottoms. But limited portions, therefore, of even the most fertile and warmest valleys, can ever be made available for agricultural purposes, and only such as are adjacent to streams and are well located for irrigation. Small valleys surrounded by high mountains, are the most abundantly supplied with water, the streams being fed by melting snows and summer showers.

The greater part of Utah is sterile and totally unfit for agriculture, and is uninhabited and uninhabitable, except by a few trappers and some roaming bands of Indians, who subsist chiefly upon game, fish, reptiles, and mountain crickets. The general sterility of the country is mainly owing to the want of rain during the summer months, and partly from its being elevated several thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The whole country is almost entirely destitute of timber. The little which there is may be found on the side of the high, rocky mountains, and in the deep mountain gorges, whence issue the streams. On the table lands, the gently undulating plains and the isolated hills, there is none. There are, however, small groves of cotton-wood and box-alder on the bottoms of some of the principal streams.

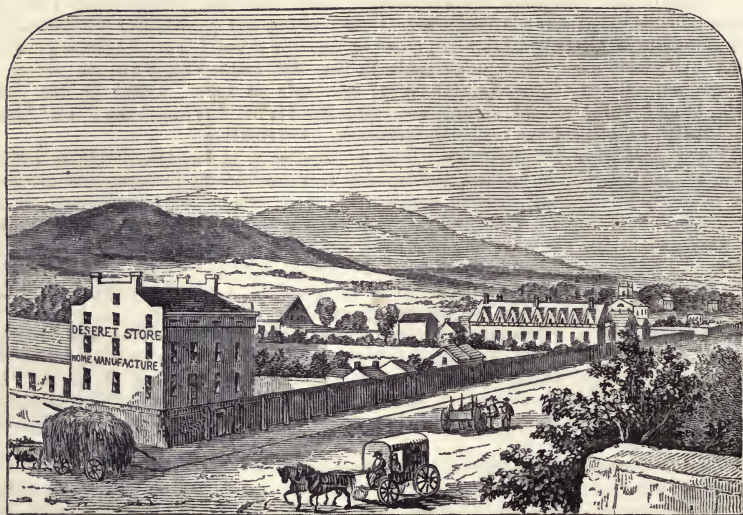
A species of artemisia, generally known by the name of wild sage, abounds in most parts of the country, where vegetation of any kind exists, but particularly where there is not warmth and moisture sufficient to produce grass.

The Great Salt Lake Valley is the largest known in the Great Basin, being about one hundred and twenty miles long, and from twenty to forty broad, but the Salt Lake occupies much of its northern portion. The surface of its center is level, ascending gently on either side toward the mountains. This valley is regarded as one of the healthiest portions of the globe; the air is very pure. Its altitude is forty-three hundred feet above the level of the sea; and some of the mountains on the east of the valley are more than a mile and a quarter high, and covered with perpetual snow; while in the valley the thermometer frequently rises above one hundred degrees.

By means of irrigation, the Mormon valleys are made productive. Wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, oats and Indian corn are their agricultural products, and all the garden vegetables peculiar to the middle and western states are grown. Tobacco and sweet potatoes can be produced in limited quantities. The system of irrigation prevents rust or smut striking the crop, and renders it sure. The territory of the Mormons is a stock-raising country, and they are, to a great extent, a pastoral people. We find here that cereal anomaly, the bunch grass. It grows only on the bottoms of the streams, and on the table-lands of the warmest and most fertile valleys. It is of a kind peculiar to cold climates and elevated countries, and is, we presume, the same as the *grama* of New Mexico. In May, when the other grasses start, this fine plant dries upon its stalk, and becomes a light yellow straw, full of flavor and nourishment. It continues thus through what are the dry months

of the climate until January, and then starts with a vigorous growth, like that of our own winter wheat in April, which keeps on until the return of another May. Whether as straw or grass, the cattle fatten on it the year round. The numerous little dells and sheltered spots that are found in the mountains are excellent sheep walks. Hogs fatten on a succulent bulb or tuber, called the seacoe or seegose root, which is highly esteemed as a table vegetable by the Mormons."

The population of Utah has been nearly stationary for many years, and is composed almost entirely of Mormons. Population of Utah, in 1860, was 50,000.



View in Salt Lake City.

The large block on the left contains the Church, Store, and Tithing Office, where one tenth of all the produce is contributed to the Church Fund. On the extreme right is the Harem of Brigham Young, the famous "Lion House," so called from the statues of lions in front. The Wasatch Mountains are seen in the back ground.

SALT LAKE CITY is pleasantly situated on a gentle declivity near the base of a mountain, about two miles east of the Utah outlet, or the River Jordan, and about twenty-two miles south-east of the Salt Lake. "It is nearly on the same latitude with New York City, and is, by air lines, distant from New York 2,100 miles; from St. Louis, 1,200; from San Francisco, 550; and from Oregon City and Santa Fe, each 600. During five months of the year it is shut out from all communication with the north, east, or west, by mountains rendered impassable from snow. Through the town runs a beautiful brook of cool, limpid water, called City creek. The city is laid out regularly, on an extensive scale; the streets crossing each other at right angles, and being each eight rods wide. Each lot contains an acre and a quarter of ground, and each block or square eight lots. Within the city are four public squares. The city and all the farming lands are irrigated by streams of beautiful water, which flow from the adjacent mountains. These streams have been, with great labor and perseverance, led in every direction. ' In the city, they flow on each side of the different streets, and their waters are let upon the inhabitants' gardens at regular periods, so likewise upon the extensive fields of grain lying to the south. The greater part of the houses which

had been built up to the close of 1850, were regarded as merely temporary; most of them were small but commodious, being, in general, constructed of adobe or sun-dried brick. Among the public buildings are a house for public worship, a council-house, a bath-house at the Warm Spring; and they are erecting another temple more magnificent than that they formerly had at Nauvoo. Public free-schools are established in the different wards into which the city is divided. East of the city a mile square is laid off for a State University."

Hon. John Cradlebaugh, late assistant judge of the Territory of Utah, gives this sketch of the Mormons, their origin, doctrines, practices, and crimes:

Extent of Mormonism—The Mormon people have possessed themselves of this country, and although their history has been but a brief one, yet their progress has been so great as to attract the attention of the world. Although they have not existed more than the third of a century, yet we find that they have been enabled to encompass the globe itself with missionaries. Although they have existed but a few years, we find them rising from a single family to be now what they call a great nation. They claim to be a nation independent of all other nations. They have set up a church government of their own, and they desire no other government to rule over them.

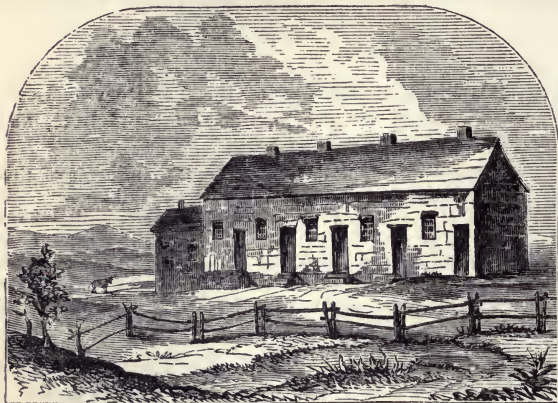
It becomes necessary to know what this Mormonism is, that has thus attracted these deluded people to that country, to seize this empire and to attempt to establish for themselves a government independent of the world.

Mormonism, in the view that I take of it, is a religious eccentricity, as well as one of the great monstrosities of the age. It is not the first, however, of the religious monstrosities and impositions that we have had. Other religious impositions have been invented by men expert in tricks. Knowledge and civilization go moving on at a slow pace, and yet make gradual progress; and every ray of light that is shed shows us the gross absurdity of these frauds in religion. The idols of wood and stone have fallen from the sacred places which they formerly occupied, to be trampled under the feet of their former worshippers, and the cunning devices of a more enlightened age have given way to a purer creed. The majority of the heathen practices of the dark ages have disappeared before an enlightened Christianity. But an epoch came when mankind were fast relapsing into a painful state of ignorance; and about that time arose that boldest and most successful of all imposters, Mohammed, who, incorporating old and cherished doctrines into a voluptuous creed, went abroad with his sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, conquering and to conquer. This was done when darkness reigned on the earth; but in this nineteenth century, favored as it is by the light of a true religion, distinguished as it is by its general knowledge, and refined as it is beyond all precedent and parallel, a religious imposture grosser than all its predecessors, is being successfully palmed off on mankind; not in the deserts of some unknown land; not in a secret corner of the earth; but in free America, where every man can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and under his own vine and fig tree.

Mormon Doctrines.—This grotesque, absurd, and monstrous system, thus openly paraded before the world, is Mormonism. It is a conglomeration of illy cemented creeds from other religions. It repudiates the celibacy imposed by the Catholic religion upon its priesthood, and takes instead the voluptuous imposition of the Mohammedan Church. It preaches openly that the more wives and children its men have in this world, the purer, and more influential and conspicuous they will be in the next; that his wives, his property, and his children will be restored to him, and even doubled to him at the resurrection. It adopts the use of prayers for the dead and baptism as parts of its creed. They claim to be favored with marvelous gifts, the power of speaking in tongues, of casting out devils, of curing the sick and healing the lame and the halt; they also claim to have a living prophet,

seer, or revelator; they recognize the Bible, but they interpret it for themselves, and hold that it is subject to be changed by new revelation, which they say supercedes old revelation. One of their doctrines is that of continued progression to ultimate perfection. They say that God was but a man who went on developing and increasing until he reached his present high capacity; and they teach that good Mormons will be equal to Him—in a word, that good Mormons will become

gods. Their elders teach the shedding of blood for the remission of sins; or, in other words, that if a Mormon apostatises, that his throat shall be cut and his blood poured on the ground to save him from his sin. They also practice other most unnatural and revolting doctrines, such as are only carried out in polygamous countries. They hold that the prophet's revelations are binding on their consciences, and that they must obey him in all things. They



A MORMON HAREM.

claim to be the people peculiarly chosen of God, and have christened themselves "The Church of Jesus—the Latter Day Saints." They claim that Mormonism is to go on spreading until it overthrows all the nations of the earth; and that, if necessary, it shall be propagated by the sword; and that, in progress of time, all the world shall be subject to it. Jackson county, Missouri, whence they were driven for their great crimes, is called their Zion, and their prophets have prophesied that there shall the saints from throughout all the world be assembled, and from that Zion shall proceed a power that shall dethrone kings, subvert dynasties, and subjugate all the nations of the earth.

Origin.—This wretched sect had its origin in an eccentricity of a man named Spaulding, who had failed as a preacher and as a shopkeeper, and who thought he would write an historical novel. He had a smattering of Biblical knowledge, and he chose for his subject "the history of the lost tribes of Israel." The whole was supposed to be communicated by Indians, and the last of the series was named Mormon, representing that he had buried the book. It was a large, ponderous volume, dull, tedious and interminable, marked by ignorance and folly. Spaulding made many efforts to get it printed, but the work was so utterly flat, stupid and insipid, that no publisher would undertake to bring it before the world. Poor Spaulding at length went to his grave, and his manuscript remained a neglected roll in the possession of his widow.

But now arose Joe Smith, more ready to live by his wits than by the labor of his hands. This Smith early in life manifested a turn for pious frauds. He had been engaged in several wrestling matches with the devil, and had been conspicuous for his wonderful experiences in religion at certain revivals. He announced that he had dug up the book of Mormon, that taught the true religion, and this was none other but the poor Spaulding manuscript, which he had purloined from the house of the widow. In his unscrupulous hands the manuscript of Spaulding was designed to cause an august apostacy; he made it the basis of Mormonism.

Polygamy Introduced.—Before the death of Smith, he had made polygamy a dogma of the Mormon creed, and made it known to a few of the leaders, and he and they proceeded to put it to practice. It was only after they had placed the desert and the Rocky Mountains between them and civilization that they confessed

it. Then they not only confessed it, but openly and boldly advocated it as a part of the religion of Utah. Polygamy then is now the rule, monogamy is the exception to the rule among them. This doctrine is preached from the pulpit—it is taught everywhere.

Education and Habits.—The little education the children get consists in preparing them for the reception of polygamy. To prepare the women for the reception of the revolting practice it is necessary to brutalize them by destroying their modesty. The sentiment of love is ridiculed, cavalier gallantry and attentions are laughed at, the emblematic devices of lovers and the winning kindness that with us they dote on are hooted at in Utah. The lesson they are taught, and that is inculcated above all others, is "increase and multiply," in order that Zion may be filled. The young people are familiarized to indecent exposures of all kinds; the Mormons call their wives their cattle.

A man is not considered a good Mormon that does not uphold polygamy by precept and example, and he is a suspected Mormon that does not practice it. The higher the man is in the church the more wives he has. Brigham Young and Heber Kimball are supposed to have each between fifty and a hundred. The reverend Mormon bishops, apostles, and the presidents of states have as many as they desire, and it is a common thing to see these hoary-headed old Turks surrounded by a troop of robust young wives. The common people take as many as they can support, and it is not uncommon to see a house of two rooms inhabited by a man, his half-dozen of wives, and a proportionate number of children, like rabbits in a warren, and resembling very much the happy family that we read of—the prairie dog, the owl, and the rabbit. Incest is common. Sometimes the same man has a daughter and her mother for wives at once; some have as wives their own nieces, and Aaron Johnson, of Springville, one of the most influential men in his parts, has in his harem of twelve women no less than five of his brothers' daughters. One Watts, a Scotchman, who is one of the church reporters, is married to his own half-sister.

The ill-assorted children—the offspring of one father and many mothers—run about like so many wild animals. The first thing they do, after learning vulgarity, is to wear a leather belt with a butcher-knife stuck in it; and the next is to steal from the Gentiles; then to ride animals; and as soon as they can, "by hook or by crook," get a horse, a pair of jingling Mexican spurs and a revolver, they are then Mormon cavaliers, and are fit to steal, rob, and murder emigrants. The women and girls are coarse, masculine and uneducated, and are mostly drafted from the lowest stages of society. It is but seldom you meet handsome or attractive women among them.

The foreign element largely predominates in Utah. The persons emigrating to the territory are generally from the mining, manufacturing and rural districts of England. The American portion of the Mormons are generally shrewder than the rest, and are chiefly from the New England states. Most of these men are no doubt fugitives from justice, and most of them are bankrupt in both fortune and character.

The three presidents of the church, or rather the president, Brigham Young, and his two council, Kimball and Grant, are all Americans; eleven of the twelve apostles are Americans. The foreigners are generally hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the church and its dignitaries. The church is everything. It is not only an ecclesiastical institution, but it is a political engine; it not only claims to control Mormons in their spiritual matters, but to dictate to them as to the disposition of their temporal affairs. The church, by its charter, can receive, hold or sell any amount of property; the charter provides for one trustee, and twelve assistant trustees, and Brigham Young is trustee, president of the church, prophet, seer, revelator, and, the commission of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding, he is the real governor of the territory. All Mormons are required to yield to him implicit obedience.

Each Mormon has to pay into the church one tenth part of all he produces, so that if a good Mormon sow bears ten pigs, one is a pious pig, because it belongs to the church. To collect these tithes officers have to be appointed, and to gather the results together a great central depot has to be maintained, and it is situated

in Great Salt Lake City, within Brigham's own walls; and the corn, butter, eggs, and all sorts of produce that is conveyed there and stored would spoil unless it was disposed of; and so we find that they need stores, and in Salt Lake City we find an enormous store, with the sign "Deseret Store." So it is, the church is a trader.

The Angelic Host.—Connected with the Mormon church is a band of men known as "the Danites," or "the avenging angels." This band is composed of the boldest of the Mormon ruffians. They are bound together by dreadful oaths; they are the executioners of the church, carrying out its vengeance against apostates and offenders against the church discipline; and all church enemies are dealt with by these men, generally in a secret and terrible manner. None but God, Brigham Young and themselves know the names of their victims, or the number.

Missions and Missionaries.—The Mormon Church is recruited by means of missionaries yearly sent out in large numbers throughout the earth, to preach and propagate the Mormon religion. These missionaries are not selected, as are the missionaries of other sects, for their piety and devotion, or for their general fitness, but as a punishment for some offense against the discipline of the church. The doctrine is that they are good enough to go into the world, for if they send good men they will not believe them, and on that account they send their bad men off as teachers and missionaries.

The missionaries are usually supported by voluntary contributions raised from the ignorant proselytes that they make. They picture Utah as a paradise, the Mormons as saints, and Brigham Young as their prophet; they promise their prophet will heal the sick, restore sight to the blind, and comfort to the afflicted; to the wealthy they promise wealth, and preferment is for the ambitious, while social standing is to be given to the degraded of both sexes, and polygamy is the paradise of all.

Receiving Proselytes.—These missionaries, when sent on missions, if successful, are commanded to bring their proselytes with them to Zion. They are generally taken in large trains, and the arrival of one of these emigrant trains is hailed as a great event. Women that are young and pretty are greedily caught up by the apostles and dignitaries to swell their harems.

The Foreign Element.—As I have said, the Mormons are chiefly foreigners; and rude, ignorant foreigners they are. They have not the first conceptions of their duties to our government, or of their duties as American citizens. They come to Zion, but they do not come to America. What do they care for our government or for our people? The first lesson taught them is to hate our people for their oppression, and to hate all other people for they are Gentiles. They are next sworn to support the church and the government established in Utah, and bear an eternal hostility against every other government on the face of the earth. Their next lesson is to revere Brigham Young as both the religious and political head and ruler. Their allegiance is alone due to him; he tells them they are separate and distinct from all other nations—made up from many nations; and he said but the other day, "we have been looked upon as a nation by our neighbors, independent of all other people on the face of the earth, and in their dealings they have dealt with us as such." He tells them the present connection of Utah with the United States is only nominal, and it is barely permitted by God until things shall be fitted for the universal establishment of Mormon ascendancy.

All these things considered, is it to be wondered at that the Mormons are disloyal to this government, and that treason should insolently rear its crest in Utah? The ignorant of the Mormons do not know what treason is. They obey their leaders, and these leaders are alone responsible for their acts. If Brigham Young, his counselors and bishops, and twelve apostles, and his generals had been seized and hung, you would never more have heard of treason in Utah; but while the Mormon captains were at the head of their troops, while the Danites were armed with their butcher knives, and while the prophet hurled anathemas against the president, the government, and the people of the United States, and while the Mormon people were in arms against the people of the United States, came a free pardon to all the traitors, big and little.

Three thousand of the federal troops were sent [in 1858] to Utah, and they have been kept there at a great expense to the government. The government has not

only refrained from punishing, but it has, through the vast amounts expended for the troops, which went into the Mormon coffers, enriched and built up the territory. When the troops went to Utah, the Mormons were naked and almost starving, poor and wrangling; but now they are clothed, and money circulates freely among them. Treason is lucky, and traitors prosper. Not only are they freely pardoned, but they are rewarded with pockets full of gold. When treason is thus dealt with, traitors will be numerous indeed.

An Irrepressible Conflict.—Attempts to administer the laws of the United States have been made by the three sets of the United States judges. These experiments have all proved to be failures. The concurrent testimony of all the judges is that the Federal constitution and laws can not be successfully administered. There is a complete repugnance and antagonism between our institutions and the Mormon institutions. The church, through its rulers, claims to supervise the spiritual and temporal relations of the people. Whether it be in the place of business, in the jury-box, on the witness stand, on the judge's bench, or in the legislative chair, the Mormon is bound to obey the heads of the church. If the constitution of the United States, or the organic law of the territory conflicts, the constitution is treated as a nullity; if the laws of the United States contravene the ordinances of Utah, the law is disregarded. The will of the prophet is the supreme law in Utah.

Mormon grand and petit juries, on being impaneled, would go through the forms of business, but do nothing, while murder and other felonies abounded. When warrants are issued for the parties accused, they can not be arrested, for the entire church and the whole community united in concealing and protecting the offender. Witnesses are prevented by church orders from appearing before the grand jury, or are forcibly detained. Grand juries refuse to find bills upon testimony the most conclusive, for most of the crimes have been committed by the order of the church; and to expose them would be to expose and punish the church and the functionaries of the church.

The most noted of all the atrocities committed by the Mormons was the "*Mountain Meadow Massacre.*" This event occurred in the autumn of 1857, when about 140 emigrants, inoffensive, peaceful men, women and children, on their way overland from Arkansas to California, were waylaid by the Danite band of Mormons and their Indian allies, and butchered in cold blood. Some of the little children were spared, and afterward recovered from the Mormons; and from their lips these particulars were gathered. A correspondent of *Harpers' Weekly*, for August 13, 1859, presents this narrative, which is substantially true, and otherwise indubitably corroborated:

"A train of Arkansas emigrants, with some few Missourians, said to number forty men, with their families, were on their way to California, through the Territory of Utah, and had reached a series of grassy valleys, by the Mormons called the Mountain Meadows, where they remained several days recruiting their animals. On the night of Sept. 9, not suspecting any danger, as usual they quietly retired to rest, little dreaming of the dreadful fate awaiting and soon to overtake them. On the morning of the 10th, as, with their wives and families, they stood around their camp-fires passing the congratulations of the morning, they were suddenly fired upon from an ambush, and at the first discharge fifteen of the best men are said to have fallen dead or mortally wounded. To seek the shelter of their *corral* was but the work of a moment, but there they found but limited protection.

The encampment, which consisted of a number of tents and a *corral* of forty wagons and ambulances, lay on the west bank of, and eight or ten yards distant from, a large spring in a deep ravine, running southward; another ravine, also, branching from this, and facing the camp on the south-west; overlooking them on the north-west, and within rifle-shot, rises a large mound commanding the *corral*, upon which parapets of stone, with loop-holes, have been built. Yet another ravine, larger and deeper, faces them on the east, which could be entered without exposure from the south and far end. Having crept into these shelters in the darkness of the night, the cowardly assailants fired upon their unsuspecting victims,

thus making a beginning to the most brutal butchery ever perpetrated upon this continent.

Surrounded by superior numbers, and by an unseen foe, we are told the little party stood a siege within the *corral* of five or seven days, sinking their wagon wheels in the ground, and during the darkness of night digging trenches, within which to shelter their wives and children. A large spring of cool water bubbled up from the sand a few yards from them, but deep down in the ravine, and so well protected that certain death marked the trail of all who dared approach it. The wounded were dying of thirst; the burning brow and parched lip marked the delirium of fever; they tossed from side to side with anguish; the sweet sound of the water, as it murmured along its pebbly bed, served but to heighten their keenest suffering. But what was this to the pang of leaving to a cruel fate their helpless children! Some of the little ones, who though too young to remember in after years, tell us that they stood by their parents, and pulled the arrows from their bleeding wounds.

Long had the brave band held together; but the cries of the wounded sufferers must prevail. For the first time, they are (by four Mormons) offered their lives if they will lay down their arms, and gladly they avail themselves of the proffered mercy. Within a few hundred yards of the *corral* faith is broken. Disarmed and helpless, they are fallen upon and massacred in cold blood. The savages, who had been driven to the hills, are again called down to what was denominated the 'job,' which more than savage brutality had begun.

Women and children are now all that remain. Upon these, some of whom had been violated by the Mormon leaders, the savage expends his hoarded vengeance. By a Mormon who has now escaped the threats of the Church we are told that the helpless children clung around the knees of the savages, offering themselves as slaves; but with fiendish laughter at their cruel tortures, knives were thrust into their bodies, the scalp torn from their heads, and their throats cut from ear to ear."

Beside Salt Lake City, the other principal Mormon settlements are *Fillmore City*, the capital, *Brownsville*, *Provo*, *Ogden*, *Manti*, and *Parovan*.

COLORADO TERRITORY.

COLORADO was formed into a territory February 18, 1861. Colorado derives its name from the Colorado River, and its population from the discovery of gold in the vicinity of *Pike's Peak*. Its area is 104,500 square miles. Estimated population, late in 1864, 32,000. Capital, Denver.

A great part of this territory lies upon the Rocky Mountains, with their foot hills and adjacent plains. Within it the Arkansas and Platte Rivers have their sources, and running easterly empty into the Mississippi; Green River and other affluents of the great Colorado of the West here also take their rise, and flowing westerly discharge their waters into the Pacific. Its mineral deposits are half way between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and about 1,000 miles from each, and in the same latitude with the rich mineral regions of Carson Valley. Within it are the three beautiful vales of the Rocky Mountains, known respectively as Middle, South and North Parks, while the noted Pike's Peak rises up grandly 10,600 feet above the level of the plains, and 18,600, or more than three and a half miles above the level of the sea. This mountain received its name from its discoverer, Capt. Z. M. Pike, while at the head of an exploring expedition sent out in 1806, in Jefferson's administration, to ascertain the sources of the Arkansas. He ascended to the summit, and was the first white man to gaze upon the magnificent panorama seen from that point. A visitor of our time thus relates his experience there:

"The summit is of an irregular, oblong shape, nearly level, embracing about sixty acres, and composed entirely of angular slabs and blocks of coarse disintegrating granite. The fresh snow was two or three inches deep in the interstices among the rocks, but had nearly all melted from their surfaces.

The day was clear, and the view indescribably grand and impressive. To the eastward for a hundred miles, our eyes wandered over the dim, dreary prairies, spotted by the dark shadows of the clouds and the deeper green of the pineries, intersected by the faint gray lines of the roads, and emerald threads of timber, which mark the meandering of the streams, and banded on the far horizon with a girdle of gold. At our feet, below the now insignificant mountains up which we had toiled so wearily, was Colorado City, to the naked eye a confused city of Lilliputs, but through the glasses exhibiting its buildings in perfect distinctness, and beside one of them our own carriage with a man standing near it.

Further south swept the green timbers of the Fontaine qui Bouille, the Arkansas and the Huerfano, and then rose the blue Spanish peaks of New Mexico, a hundred miles away. Eight or ten miles from our stand-point, two little gems of lakes, nestled among the rugged mountains, revealing even the shadows of the rocks and pines in their transparent waters. Far beyond, a group of tiny lakelets glittered and sparkled in their dark surroundings like a cluster of stars.



View in Denver.

Cherry Creek is seen in front, Platte River in the middle distance, the Rocky Mountains in the background, and on the extreme left, at the distance of seventy miles, appears the snow-clad summit of Pike's Peak.

To the west, the South Park, 40 miles in length, the Bayou Salado, and other amphitheatres of rich floral beauty—gardens of nature amid the utter desolation of the mountains—were spread thousands of feet below us; and beyond, peak after peak, until the pure white wall of the Snowy Range merged into the infinite blue of the sky. Toward the north-east we could trace the timbers of the Platte, for more than seventy miles; but though the junction of Cherry creek, even to the unassisted eye, showed the exact location of Denver, our glasses did not enable us to detect the buildings.

These of course were only the more prominent features of the landscape. To the north, south and west the intervening expanse was one vast wilderness of mountains of diverse forms and mingling colors, with clouds of fleecy white sailing airily among their scarred and wrinkled summits. By walking a few hundred yards, from one slight elevation to another, we looked upon four territories of the Union—Kansas, Nebraska, Utah and New Mexico. Almost from the same stand-point we viewed regions watered by four of the great rivers of the continent—the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Colorado—tributaries respectively of the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California.

A gorge upon the north side is still more gigantic than that on the south-east. A colossal plowshare seems to have been driven fiercely down from the summit almost to the base, leaving a gaping furrow, visible even from Denver [seventy miles] and deep enough in itself to bury a mountain of considerable pretensions."

Like mineral regions generally, this is deficient in agricultural resources, it may in time produce sufficient to support a considerable mining population. It is, however, more probable that it will become an important market

for the rich agricultural districts of eastern Kansas and Nebraska. "The soil east of the foot of the mountains is mostly arid and sandy, and as very little rain falls during the summer, is not adapted to farming purposes. Even the valleys of the streams appear unproductive; pulverize a handful of the soil, and it proves to consist almost entirely of sand. But it is precisely

identical with the soil of the valleys in New Mexico; and like them, with irrigation, it will produce abundantly all the small grains and vegetables. The valleys in the gold region will produce all the great staples of that latitude, with perhaps the exception of corn. Their elevation is nearly 5,000 feet above the



STREET IN DENVER IN 1859.

sea; frosts are frequent, even during the summer, and it is doubtful whether corn will flourish, unless it be the small species grown in Mexico, or the variety recently introduced in Oregon, in which each kernel is encased in a separate husk. The *climate* of the great plains and of the Rocky Mountain country is one of the healthiest in the world. The air is so dry and pure that fresh meat, cut in summer in strips, and in winter in quarters, and hung up out of doors, will cure so perfectly, without salting or smoking, that it may be carried to any quarter of the globe. The nights, even in summer, are cool and often cold." The winters are long and terribly severe; snow falls early in the fall and late in the spring. The *Parks* in the Rocky Mountains are mild in winter, affording abundance of food for stock, and have always been favorite winter haunts for the Indians. "They are comparatively smooth, fertile spots—the principal ones from 30 to 60 miles in diameter—inclosed on all sides by high mountain walls: in the language of Fremont, "gems of rich floral beauty, shut up in the stern recesses of the mountains."

The mountain districts are well watered. "The country abounds in timber, the prevailing variety being pine—immense forests of both the yellow and white being common. On the streams the white cherry and timber common to this latitude are found. Game is exceedingly abundant—the black-tailed deer, red deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, black bear, etc., being found in all portions of the country. It is a favorite resort for the Indians, as it affords them plenty of game when off their buffalo hunts, and where they get their lodge poles and equipments for their excursions for Buffalo on the plains."

This country has only of late been a point of attraction to emigrants. The discovery of *gold* has been the talisman to draw multitudes of the hardy and enterprising of our countrymen to this Rocky Mountain land. It had long been believed by the hunters and trappers of the Rocky Mountains, that the existence of gold and silver, near the sources of the Arkansas and South Platte, was known to the Indians, and though search was made the exact spot could never be ascertained. "In 1835, a hunter, named Eustace Carriere, became separated from his companions, and wandered about for some weeks, during which period he discovered some grains of gold on the surface of the ground, which he took with him to Mexico. On his arrival there he exhibited his specimens, and a company was formed, having Carriere for their guide to the new El Dorado. Unfortunately for himself, Carriere was unable to find the precise spot, and the Mexicans, thinking that he did not

wish to disclose the secret to them, set upon him, and having punished him severely, left him and returned to Mexico. Nothing was then heard for some time, but in the winter of 1851 an old trapper, who had been living among the Indians for some years, came to the settlements and reported the existence of a cave, in which there was a quantity of solid masses of gold, hanging from the roof, like stalactites or immense icicles. He urged the formation of a company, and offered to conduct men to the spot, but the story was too large, and he could not induce any one to accompany him. He afterward left for the Indian country by himself, and nothing has since been heard of him.

In 1850, a party of California emigrants passing through this part, found traces of gold, and some of the party wished to stay and examine carefully, but the majority, who had heard of the California nuggets being as 'large as a brick,' wished to proceed on their journey. Capt. John Beck, who was of this party, on his return from California, took out a party of a hundred men to this gold field, and from that time the presence of gold was a recognized fact. Party then rapidly succeeded party, every one who returned from the mines giving a highly colored account of the fortunes to be realized there. In May, 1858, a party from Lawrence, Kansas, was induced by these favorable reports to proceed to the diggings, where they found matters even better than had been represented. The result of their discoveries soon became known, and this new El Dorado suddenly became the great magnet of attraction of this continent." So great in two years was the rush of emigration that, in 1860, the census gave the population of the newly found gold region at about *sixty thousand*.

The GOLD REGION is known to extend several hundred miles along the Rocky Mountains. The best part of it is supposed to be between latitudes 37° and 42°. "It is the general opinion that quartz mining must always be the leading interest here; and miners with only the pan and rocker or sluice have not as yet been able, as they were originally in California, to obtain \$5 or \$10 per day wherever they might locate. Many old Californians, however, aver that the quartz 'prospects' much more richly here than it ever has in the golden state." As early as October, 1860, 75 quartz mills were in operation in the mountains, and 100 more being put up, which, upon the ground and in running order, cost in the aggregate nearly two millions of dollars. The estimated yield of gold for the year was five millions in value. Some rich silver lodes had then been discovered; but the development of this industry must be slow, from the great expense of erecting proper reduction works, and the difficulty of obtaining the practical skill to amalgamate the mineral.

Denver, Auraria and Highland were established by three different companies, but they are substantially one city, and the metropolis of the gold region. They are seventy miles north of Pike's Peak, at the confluence of Cherry Creek and the South Platte River; and distant, by air lines, from St. Louis, 800, Santa Fe, 300, San Francisco, 1,000, and Salt Lake, 400 miles.

Denver and Auraria were the first founded. The first house built on the site of Denver was erected on Oct. 29, 1858, by Gen. Wm. Larimer and party, who had just arrived from Leavenworth. It was a rude log cabin, only six feet high, with a roof of sods. Highland is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Platte. The three places, in general terms, are now called Denver, which, in the fall of 1860, two years after the first house was erected, contained three daily newspapers, two churches, a theater, several fine brick blocks, two bridges across the Platte, excellent roads leading from it to the principal diggings, and 5,000 inhabitants.

Colorado City, 80 miles south of Denver, was founded in 1859 at the foot of Pike's Peak, and had, in 1860, 1,500 inhabitants. *Golden City*, 15 miles west of Denver, in 1860, had a population of 1,200. *St. Vrain* is on the Platte, 40 miles north of Denver, and on the site of the old trading post of Col Ceran St. Vrain, frequently alluded to in Fremont's expeditions.

Hall, in his "Emigrants' and Settlers' Guide," gives this description of the climate and productions of Colorado. He is also full and enthusiastic upon its mineral wealth. He describes, somewhat in detail, the mode practiced in gold mining and the various processes for extracting the ore. We copy his article below, almost entire.

"The Climate.—The climate of Colorado varies with its height, both as to temperature and the amount of rain and snow. The climate of that portion lying at the base and east of the mountains is not only delightful but remarkably healthy. The frosts come generally early in the autumn, and continue far into the spring months, but they are not severe. On the plains, the snows of winter are never sufficient to prevent cattle of all kinds from thriving and fattening on the nutritious grass, dried up and thus cured by nature in July and August.

Throughout the winter months, with rare exceptions, the sun blazes down with an almost tropic glow, little or no snow falls, and although the nights are sometimes sharp and frosty, there is no steady intensity of cold.

With such a climate Colorado could not well be otherwise than healthy. The sanitary condition of the territory is good, and the number of deaths, considering the labor and exposure to which the great majority of its inhabitants are subjected, remarkably small.

Agricultural Products.—In a country so remote from the agricultural districts of the states, and where the expense of transporting supplies is so heavy, the need of home production is necessarily very great. The rather scanty opportunities which Colorado presents as a field for agriculture have been, however, improved to the utmost. An extensive system of irrigation has been introduced, which, it is thought, will relieve the settlers from lack of rain and other difficulties which have hitherto limited agricultural progress.

As regards the production of grain, the crops on the various branches of the South Platte, Arkansas, *Fontain que Bruille*, afford encouraging prospects.

In the southern part of the territory considerable attention has been paid to the raising of wheat, corn, barley, and other cereals; but the continuance of dry weather presents a formidable obstacle to great success in this direction.

The bottom lands of the Platte River and other mountain streams have a rich alluvial deposit, which only requires water at long intervals to promote an astonishing vegetable growth. All the succulent varieties of plants, such as potatoes, cabbages, onions, squashes, etc., attain an enormous size, retaining the tenderness, juiciness, and sweetness which almost everywhere else belong only to the smaller varieties. The wild fruits of the territory are also numerous and abundant. It is believed that Colorado will, in a few years, be able to supply her own home demand for the necessities of life.

Stock Raising etc.—As a grazing and stock-raising region Colorado possesses great advantages. Near the base of the rocky ranges, and along the valleys of the streams which have their origin in the mountains, vegetation is prolific. The grasses are not only abundant, but they contain more nutriment than the cultivated species of the most prosperous agricultural districts of the Mississippi valley. These grasses cure standing, and cattle have been known to feed and thrive upon them throughout the entire winter months.

Minerals—Mining, etc.—As a gold-mining country, Colorado is second only to California. The Colorado gold mines differ from those of California in this particular, viz.: that in the former the precious ore is generally found in extensive “lodes” of quartz and pyrites, while in the latter, placer or gulch mining are the most extensive and the most profitable. We do not mean to be understood by this that there are no placer mines in Colorado. Numerous gulches and ravines have been extensively worked in different parts of the territory, and in some instances the yield has been astonishingly rich and abundant; but, up to the present time, the extent of the discoveries of gulch, bar, or river deposits has not seemed to establish a claim for Colorado as a great placer mining region.

That the inexperienced may more clearly understand the difference between “placer” and “lode” mining, the following brief explanation is appended:

“*Placer*” and “*Lode*” Mining.—Where deposits of gold are found in gulches, on bars, or in river beds, mixed only with the sands and alluvial washings of the mountains or hillsides, and requiring only the action of water, by sluicing or hydraulics, to separate them from the earthy mixture, the term “placer” is applied to this mode of mining. On the other hand, where gold deposits are found mixed with quartz rock, pyrites of iron and copper or other metals, and occupying *veins* between walls of solid granite, they are called “lode” mines. The latter can only be worked profitably by the aid of capital and powerful machinery; but experience has confirmed the belief that this kind of mining is more permanent and quite as profitable as “placer” mining. The mines of Colorado are of this class, and the leading enterprises of the population are specially directed to the improvement and development of these veins or crevices.

Mining Machinery used in Colorado.—The success of any mining region is dependent, primarily, upon manual labor; liberal capital and powerful machinery are important accessories, however, and in Colorado they are essential ones.

The machinery generally in use there for obtaining gold from the quartz or ore is of very simple construction, consisting chiefly of an engine (or wheel, if water-power is used,) and a set of stamps for crushing the ore. It is the opinion of all practical miners in Colorado, with only one or two exceptions, that the engines now in use there are by no means large enough for the required use. The largest of them measures 14-inch cylinder, and 24-inch stroke, running 24 revolutions per minute, and carrying about 50 pounds of steam. In Colorado this engine is estimated at 80-horse power. All other engines are likewise overrated, and to do the work required of them they are run at high speed. Most of the engines and stamping machinery have, thus far, been made in St. Louis and Chicago. The principal water-wheel used is the over-shot, although there are some under-shot and breast-wheels.

Mining Claims.—In Colorado liberal laws are in force, which give to the fortunate discoverer of a quartz vein 200 local feet of the same, and to all others who apply in season 100 feet not already claimed. These claims are recorded in the clerk's office of the district, and by this process the rights of the parties are secured and respected.

Having made your claim and had it recorded, the next thing for the miner to do is to see to

Sinking a Shaft.—This is sometimes attended with great labor, and not a little expense. The cost of sinking a shaft, four feet wide and twelve feet long, through the "cap" is estimated to be about \$25 per running foot, if the shaft is from 60 to 100 feet deep: \$30 per foot if it is from 100 to 160 feet deep, and so on in proportion, the expense increasing with the depth, and consequent difficulty of drawing the rubbish to the surface.

Much, of course, depends upon the hardness of the rock through which the shaft is sunk. In some cases a large proportion, or the whole of the expenses of the shaft is defrayed by the gold found during the progress of the work. Indeed, some mines have been sunk to a great depth without encountering the "cap" at all.

Method of Raising the Ore.—The quartz mills are, with but a single exception, some distance from the shafts or mines. The hoisting is performed by an ordinary "whim," worked sometimes by a horse or mule, and sometimes by a five or six horse-power engine; a ten or fifteen horse engine would be better when the shafts are worked to great depths.

Process of Extracting the Ore.—The usual mode of extracting the gold may be simply described as follows: The ore is crushed to powder by heavy stamps, which fall down with great force; then the powder is mixed with water, run over metallic plates, having slight ridges on their surface, and smeared with quicksilver: thus part of the gold is retained.

Two new processes of separating the ore, which are now in extensive operation, may be thus briefly described:

The Freiberg Pan, so called from the name of the place where it was invented, Freiberg, Germany—is a wooden tub of perhaps eight feet in diameter, and three feet high, with a false bottom of iron, upon which move in a circle four mullers of stone or iron, attached to the arms of a central upright shaft. This shaft propels the mullers by the power of steam. In this pan or tub are deposited, from time to time, quantities of pulverized quartz, with the gold dust intermingled. Water is let in, to the depth of ten or twelve inches, and a stream of it allowed to run constantly. This water escapes at an orifice made at the proper height, and carries with it all floating dust. The water is warmed by steam and kept at a uniform temperature. The motion of the mullers destroys the chemical affinities of the several substances, and allows the quicksilver to take it. This pan is coming into use in several mills. A large mill will soon be built in Nevada to make use of this process.

The Bertola Pan, which takes its name from the Spaniard who invented it, is more extensively used, and promises better for all kinds of ores. It is about half the size of the Freiberg pan, and entirely of iron. The dust is operated upon in the same way in both pans—water, and stone mullers being used. The chemicals, however, in the Bertola method, are deposited with the dust, while in the Freiberg they are not. What chemicals are used is still a secret, carefully guarded by those who make use of the process. Many large mills are adopting it with great confidence. Messrs. Cook & Kimball have thirty pairs of pans in operation in their large mill, Central City. They are also about to erect an immense mill for a new company in New York, on Clear Creek, for the purpose of operating one hundred and fifty pair of pans. The friends of this process are very confident of its entire success.

The above-named methods of operating upon the ore are designed to

overcome chemical affinities, difficulties which can not be obviated by the common process. All kinds of chemicals are found in the ore, and some of them are great neutralizers of the power of quicksilver. Owing to these, in some ores, not more than a fourth part of the gold is saved in the common process. Sulphur is found in abundance, and it is a great hindrance to mining.

The Keith Process.—Dr. Keith has undertaken to master this difficulty by first pulverizing and then burning the dust—the sulphur affording the combustible agent. It is done in a furnace with an escape flue to create a draft, which runs up the mountain side several hundred feet. It further consists of a jaw working on a frame at about 25 strokes, crushing the dry ore, which is then conveyed by a tube or trough to a close, narrow sort of fan-mill, fitted inside with three revolving arms. The crushed ore is introduced into the center, and the high speed throws it out along the arms till it is reduced to fine powder, when the draft caused by the arms carries it through a three or four inch-flue into a furnace, heated to an intense heat. The flue then expanding to a width of three or four feet and one foot in height, takes a slanting direction down, about 10 feet, at an angle of 45 degrees, all the time heated by fire underneath. The sulphur is separated from the ore in this flue, and at the bottom it is sent through an opening in the roof of the flue; another flue passing along the top of the first, and so off into the air, while the desulphurized ore falls into a pit, where it cools, and is taken out and submitted to the action of quicksilver. This “process” is said to be satisfactory.

Appearance of the Ore.—“All is not gold that glitters.” The gold ore is usually of a light gray color. Many particles of it shine brightly in the sun, and form handsome specimens to carry away, but these are not the precious metal. That which glitters is not gold, but chiefly pyrites of iron.

Productiveness of the Ore.—The Hon. John Evans, governor of Colorado, states that the ore in most of the lodes now worked pay at least \$36 per tun, while in some instances the same quantity yields \$150, \$200, and even as high as \$500, treated by the stamping process alone. This ore yields, upon analysis, from three to six times as much gold as can be saved by the ordinary methods now in use, giving results which to the inexperienced miner appear almost fabulous; but of course no practical conclusions can be drawn from merely chemical analyses inapplicable upon a large scale. The practical proof is in the actual yield and profit to the miner.

The cost of each tun of quartz may be fairly stated at \$12, and the yield at \$36, thus affording a profit at the rate of 200 per cent. and that, too, in a manufacture or business where the returns are unusually quick and active—the various operations of mining and crushing the ore, extracting and selling the gold being easily performed within a week.

Total Product of Gold.—It is a difficult matter to give, in figures, the amount of the gold product of Colorado since the commencement of mining operations, in 1858. No sufficient data exist for the computation of the whole yield of the territory. But an approximate estimate, based upon various records, can be made, which affords a gratifying exhibit, and from which fair deductions for the future may be made.

The reports of the receipts at the Philadelphia United States mint show the following figures:

1859.....	\$ 4,000	1862.....	\$ 6,000,000
1860.....	600,000	1863 (estimated).....	13,500,000
1861.....	1,000,000	1864 (estimated).....	20,000,000

The above statement falls short of the aggregate yield of the territory. Much was sent to other places than Philadelphia, and through other channels; much, too, remained in the hands of miners. There is every reason to believe that the gold product of 1864 will not fall short of *twenty millions of dollars*.

Other Mineral Products.—The territory is said to abound in metals of various kinds, but the *sacra fames* ("sacred hunger") for gold at present absorbs all the attention of the miners.

Iron ore, of a good quality, is found in some parts of the territory, not far from Denver, and in close proximity to coal. Silver and lead, in small quantities, have also been discovered. Platinum, zinc, manganese, magnetic iron, sand, alum, salt, and petroleum are also among the mineral products of the country."

Hand Mills and Hand Mortars, for the purpose of crushing the quartz gold, first came into use in the gold regions in the beginning of 1865. Whatever invention or process will assist individual labor, in contradistinction to that of associated capital, is the most important in the development of a country. A newspaper, published at Austin, in Nevada, at the beginning of 1865, thus speaks of the beneficial influence of their introduction :

Some few of our citizens have censured us severely for advocating and recommending the use of horse and hand-mills, and, hand-mortars, for the purpose of crushing ore, and some went even so far as to say that we were encouraging petit larceny, as many of the persons who were engaged in the business did not have claims, or sufficient means to purchase the rock. But it does not follow, that to make a hand-mill pay, a person must "jayhawk" the rock. There are hundreds of claims in this city and vicinity that have been abandoned, not because they were not rich, but simply because the owners did not have means necessary to work them. From these claims an abundance of ore can be obtained to run all the hand-mills that will be started here for ages. Three months since there was not a horse or hand-mill in the city, and but few hand-mortars used. Now there are over thirty of the former in successful operation, the latter having gone almost entirely out of use. From Mr. Salmon, the inventor of the new amalgamator, we learn some interesting facts. He is engaged in amalgamating exclusively for the horse and hand-mills, and does it with one of his tubs by hand-power. He takes out over \$500 per week, but finds it impossible to do all the work that is offered him. The bullion will run over 900 fine. Four gentlemen, for whom it has been working, took out sufficient after night, in hand-mortars, to keep them in provisions and develop their claim, and they are now having a large lot worked at one of the steam-mills. Another, who was on the eve of leaving here in despair, went to work with a hand-mill, and has taken out enough to send for his family to Wisconsin, besides having sufficient means to last him the ensuing winter. Mr. Salmon knows of many good and experienced miners who would have left the country, but who, by these miniature inventions, have been enabled to "stick it out," work on their claims, and help to develop our wonderful and most remarkable mines. There is at least \$2000 per week of bullion taken out by these mills, and it is constantly increasing. They keep many men employed, assist in developing a number of mines, and put many dollars of our buried wealth into circulation; besides, it makes all engaged in the business thorough and experienced mill-men.

IDAHO TERRITORY.

IDAHO is an Indian word, signifying "*Gem of the mountains.*" It was formed in March, 1863, from the territories of Washington, Nebraska and Dakotah. Its area then was 326,000 square miles; that is, seven times that of New York State. In 1864, it was reduced to about 90,000 square miles, on the creation of the territory of Montana. Its capital is Lewiston, near the Washington line on Lewis fork of Columbia River.

Its great attraction was its gold mines, the most important of which were lost to her when Montana was created.

The present gold mines of Idaho are in the northern part, on branches of the Columbia, Salmon and Clearwater Rivers.

"The Salmon River mines were the first to attract the gold-hunter. The gold obtained here is of rather an inferior quality, being worth only \$13 to \$15 an ounce. Florence City is the largest settlement in the Salmon River country, and the general depot for supplies.

"South of Salmon River is a large extent of country as yet wholly unexplored. On Clearwater River and its branches north of Salmon River, gold is found over a large extent of country, Elk City and Oro Fino being the principal centers of business and population."

MONTANA TERRITORY.

MONTANA* was originally a part of Idaho, and was formed in 1864. It is one of the largest of the territories, comprising an estimated area of 140,000 square miles. It lies south of the British possessions, from the 27th to the 34th degrees of longitude. The Rocky Mountains and their foot hills occupy the western and central parts. Within it are the head waters of the Columbia River, of Oregon, and those of the main Missouri, and its great branch the Yellow Stone.

Until the first year of the rebellion, Montana was a trackless wilderness. Before the close of the war, the rapidity and extent of mineral discoveries attracted the attention of miners and capitalists, and in defiance of obstacles of travel and climate, they forced their way into this new and distant land.

It is favored with a healthy climate, and quite as mild as that of many of the Northern and Eastern States. Particularly is the climate moderate on the Pacific side of the mountains.

At Fort Benton, on the Missouri River, a trading post of the American Fur Company, which has an elevation of 2632 feet above the level of the sea, their horses and cattle, of which they have a large number, are never housed or fed in winter, but get their living without difficulty.

The fall of the temperature as winter approaches, appears to be much more abrupt east of the mountains, in this latitude, than at the west or in the vicinity of Great Lakes.

In the Deer Lodge Prairie, in the valley of the Deer Lodge River, just west of the mountains, are very fine farming lands. Beautiful prairie openings occur at frequent intervals, in the valleys both of the Hell Gate and Bitter Root Rivers. At the settlement called Hell Gate, situated at the junction of the river by that name, and the Bitter Root, are several farms which yield all the cereals and vegetables in great abundance, bringing prices that would astonish farmers in the States, as parties are constantly passing through that region on their way to the mines, and glad to purchase supplies.

Several years since, Gov. Stevens of Washington Territory, said in an official report:

"I estimate that in the valleys on the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and extending no further than the Bitter Root range of mountains, there may be some 6000 square miles of arable land, upon grassed lands with good soils, and already prepared for occupation and settlement; and that in addition to this amount, there are valleys having good soils, and favorable for settlement, which will be cleared in the removal of lumber

* The description given of this Territory, is abridged from "Hall's Emigrants, Settlers and Travelers' Guide and Hand Book to California, Nevada, Oregon and the Territories," accompanied by a map showing the roads to the Gold Fields, with tables of distances." It is an invaluable little pamphlet for the emigrant. It is mailed from the *New York Tribune* office, on receipt of the price—25 cents.

from them. The faint attempts made by the Indians at cultivating the soil, have been attended with good success, and fair returns might be expected of all such crops as are adapted to the Northern States of our country.

"The numerous mountain rivulets tributary to the Bitter Root River, that run through the valley, afford excellent and abundant mill-seats; and the land bordering these is fertile and productive, and has been proved beyond a cavil or doubt to be well suited to every branch of agriculture."

In these valleys much grain is already grown, and along the Bitter Root several flouring mills may be found. Produce brings a good price and the increasing demand for breadstuffs at Bannock City and other mining towns, will insure a more vigorous effort on the part of the husbandman.

The cattle in the Deer Lodge Valley run at large in winter, and thrive and fatten rapidly. There is a considerable settlement in the Valley, and stock raising is quickly becoming a lucrative business, the mining population in the vicinity increasing rapidly, and affording a good market. The pasturage grounds of the Bitter Root Valley are unsurpassed. The extensive bands of horses owned by the Flat-Head Indians occupying St. Mary's Village, on Bitter Root River, thrive well winter and summer.

At about the latitude of $46^{\circ} 30'$, the Deer Lodge River and the Blackfoot form a junction and are then called the Hell Gate, which unites with the Bitter Root or St. Mary's River, in latitude 47° , and assumes the name of the latter.

Along the valleys of both the Hell Gate and Bitter Root there is a great abundance of excellent timber—pine, hemlock, tamarack, or larch predominating. The numerous mountain rivulets tributary to the Bitter Root which run through the valley, afford excellent and abundant mill seats. The valley and mountain slopes are well timbered with an excellent growth of pine, which is equal in every respect to the well-known and noted pine of Oregon. Along the Bitter Root are also several fine flouring mills.

The great attraction of this region is its GOLD mines. The gold in Montana is found as in California, both in gulches and in quartz.

The Bannock or Grasshopper mines were discovered in July, 1862, and are situated on Grasshopper Creek, a tributary of the Jefferson fork of the Missouri, 385 miles north of Salt Lake City, and 280 south of Fort Benton.

The mining district at this point extends five miles down the creek from Bannock City, which is situated at the head of the gulch; while upon either side of the creek the mountains are intersected with gold-bearing quartz lodes, many of which have been found to be very rich.

Bannock City, the county seat of Boise county, and the most populous town in the Territory, is thought to be one of the best mining localities in this whole region. It is situated between two of the best mining streams in the territory, viz.: More's and Elk Creek, which empty into the Boise River, forty miles south of Bannock City.

The Centerville mines are six miles west of Bannock City. They are situated on Grimes' Creek, and are similar to those on Bannock City.

The Virginia City mines, take their name from Virginia City, the largest town in Eastern Montana. They are on Fairweather's Gulch, upon Alder Creek, one of the tributaries of the Stinking Water, a small stream that puts into the Jefferson Fork, about seventy miles northeast of Bannock.

"The mines here," says a late writer, "are unsurpassed in richness; not

a claim has been opened that does not pay good wages, while many claims yield the precious ore by the pound." Two lines of coaches run between this point and Bannock City.

The following were the prices of produce at Bannock, at the beginning of 1865, in gold:

Flour, \$25 per cwt.; Bacon, 30c. per lb.; Ham, 90c.; Fresh Steaks, 15 to 25c.; Potatoes, per lb., 25c.; Cabbage, per lb., 60c.; Coffee, 80c.; Sugar, 60c.; Fresh Butter, \$1.25; Hay, 10c. per lb., or \$30 per tun; Lumber, \$150 per thousand. Wages ruled at \$5 per day, for miners and common laborers, and \$6 to \$8 for mechanics. Female labor ranged from \$10 to \$15 per week. Washing from \$3 to \$6, by the dozen.

At these rates, it will be seen that carrying on agriculture by irrigation, which the want of rain compels, pays the producer well.

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

NEBRASKA was organized as a territory, with Kansas, in 1854, and then had the immense area of 336,000 square miles, since contracted to 76,000.

The face of the country is gently rolling prairie, and there are numerous small creeks and rivers, along the banks of which is timber.

The climate of Nebraska is favorable, and the atmosphere pure, clear, and dry. The soil is quick and lively, producing Indian corn, wheat, oats, hemp, tobacco, and sorghum. Vegetables of all kinds thrive well, and it produces fine grapes.

As a grazing country Nebraska can not be surpassed, and stock raising is extensively carried on. The wild grass predominates here as in Utah, and cattle, horses, and mules fatten on it very readily. The bottom lands abound with rushes, and stock are often kept out the whole winter through, and are found to fatten without fodder.

Nebraska being an agricultural and stock-raising country, and also the great starting-point and highway for travel over the plains, her lands are sought after by immigrants. In the neighborhood of good settlements the settler has the advantages of churches and schools already established. As a general rule, farms can be bought at less than the cost of improvements, owing to the constant emigration to the adjacent gold mines of Colorado and Montana. Timber and stone are found in sufficient quantities for building purposes. Stone coal has been discovered in several places.

The principal rivers are the Missouri and the Platte. The first is navigable by steamboats for many hundred miles above the northern point of Nebraska. The Platte enters the Missouri River near Omaha City. This river runs almost due west, through a fine valley extending four or five hundred miles through the center of Nebraska, and has always been the favorite, as it has been almost the only route to the new states and territories of Utah, Colorado, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Washington, Oregon, and California. The principal outfitting points are on the west side of the Missouri, and are Brownsville, Nebraska City, Plattsmouth, and Omaha. The roads from these westward are good, and all intersect at or near Fort Kearney.

The line of emigration of the United States, it is estimated now advances westward at an annual rate of seventeen miles. The territorial expansion of the population absorbs annually 17,000 square miles, for when population exceeds eight persons to a square mile it emigrates. Within the last thirty years, the United States have added, on the west, *eleven new states*, with an aggregate area of 934,462 square miles, and three millions of people. With the natural, increase of inhabitants, consumption of territory for colonization, if it existed, would increase in a far greater ratio. But it does not exist. *The western limit of agricultural land in the United States is already reached.* Mr. J. A. Wheelock, commissioner of statistics of Minnesota, in his annual report for 1860, presents these facts under the heading of:

ARABLE AREAS OF THE UNITED STATES EXHAUSTED.

The extended explorations made within the last few years under the auspices of the United States government, of the region between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, have revealed the startling fact in the physics of the United

States, that the westward progress of its population has nearly reached the extreme western limit of the areas available for settlement, and that the whole space west of the 98th parallel, embracing one half of the entire surface of the United States, is an arid and desolate waste, with the exception of a narrow belt of rich lands along the Pacific coast. This momentous fact, which is destined in its results to revolutionize the whole scheme of continental development, and to give a new direction to the movements of trade and population, was first announced as a positive generalization by Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, in a learned paper on meteorology in its connection with agriculture. From this paper we quote: "The general character of the soil between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic, is that of great fertility. The portion also on the western side of the Mississippi, as far as the 98th meridian, including the states of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, and portions of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, are fertile, though abounding in prairies, and subject occasionally to droughts. The whole space to the west, between the 98th meridian and the Rocky Mountains, is a barren waste, over which the eye may roam to the extent of the visible horizon, with scarcely an object to break the monotony. From the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, with the exception of a rich, but narrow belt along the ocean, the country may also be considered, in comparison with other portions of the United States, a wilderness unfitted for the uses of the husbandman; although in some of the mountain valleys, as at Salt Lake, by means of irrigation, a precarious supply of food may be obtained."

It is not necessary to quote the detailed description of this American Sahara. The concluding words of Prof. Henry, upon this subject, are more to our purpose. "We have stated that the entire region west of the 98th degree of west longitude, with the exception of a small portion of western Texas, and the narrow border along the Pacific, is a country of comparatively little value to the agriculturist,* and perhaps it will astonish the reader if we direct his attention to the fact that this line, which passes southward from Lake Winnipeg to the Gulf of Mexico, will divide the whole surface of the United States into two nearly equal parts. This statement, when fully appreciated, will serve to dissipate some of the dreams which have been considered as realities, as to the destiny of the western part of the North American continent. Truth, however, transcends even the laudable feelings of pride of country, and in order properly to direct the policy of this great confederacy, it is necessary to be well acquainted with the theater in which its future history is to be enacted."

That "rich but narrow belt of fertile lands upon the Pacific," has already been blocked out with the prosperous states of California and Oregon, with an aggregate population of 450,000.

Upon the eastern bank of the great American desert, Kansas already contains a population sufficient to form a state. Eastern Nebraska and Dacotah are rapidly filling up. Here are, altogether, about 160,000 square miles to be made into new states, and this is all that remains of the national domain—all that remains to supply an imperative and permanent demand for new areas, which absorbs 170,955 square miles every ten years in the formation of new states.

In the very fullness and strength of its westward flow, the tide of immigration is even now arrested upon the brink of a sterile waste, which covers half the national domain.

This event is the turning point in American history. It is the beginning of that cumulative pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, which is

*In general, this vast tract may be termed a waterless, timberless, desert-like country. While the annual fall of rain in the eastern states amounts to about 42 inches, it is supposed that in the country from the British line south to Texas, and from the 98th meridian to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, of California, the annual amount of rain does not exceed, on an average 10 inches! We all know of the terrible drought of 1860 in Kansas. The interior part of our continent will always be more or less subject to such calamities. An officer of the U. S. army, commandant of a post in the vicinity of San Antonio, states to us that in all that part of Texas, there has been no rain of consequence within the past five years! The garrison was unable to procure even enough vegetables for its own consumption.

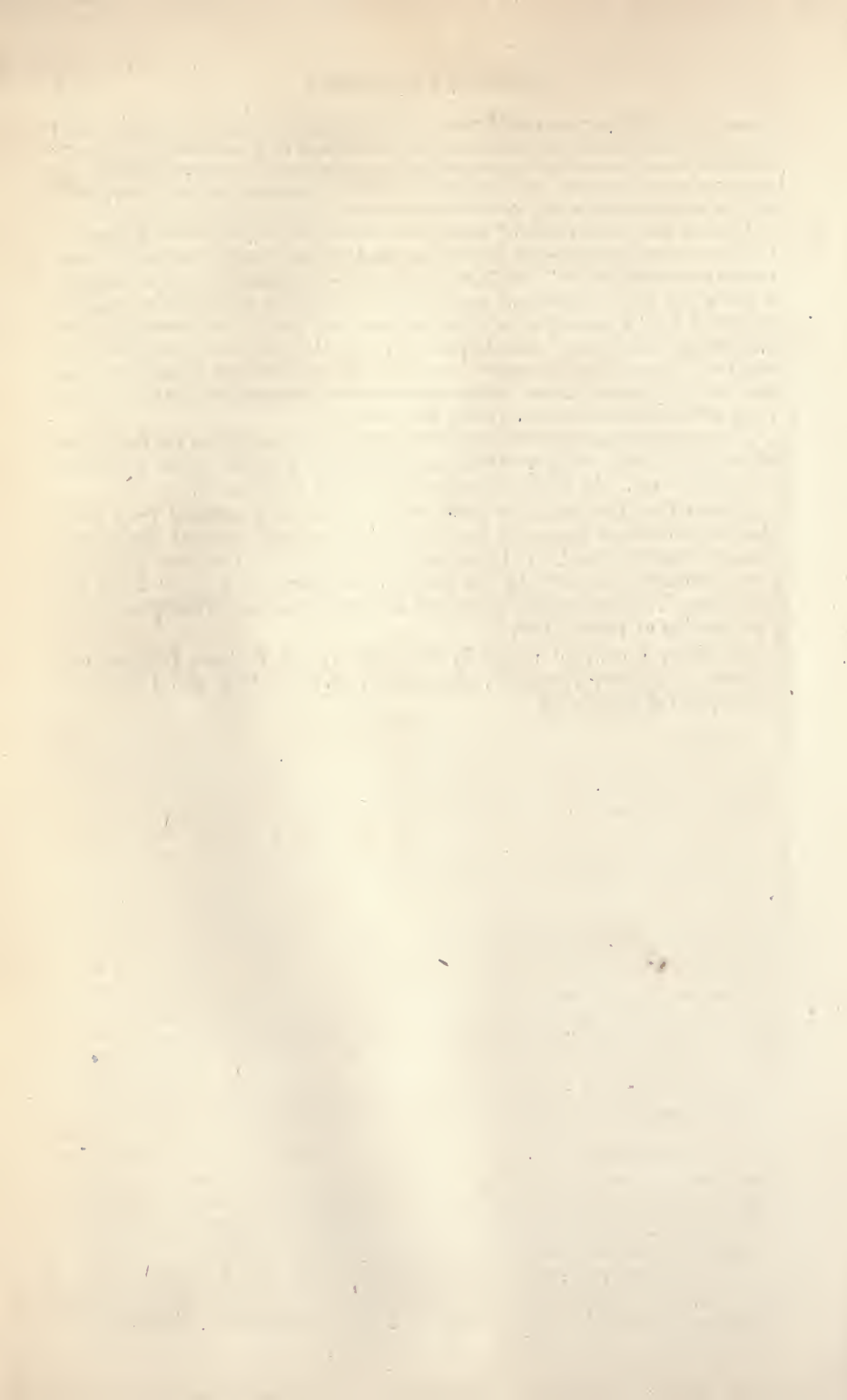
to test the stability of our institutions. But aside from its political effects, it will have these important results on the material condition of the country. 1. *It will condense population within its present limits, and thus add to the wealth and social power of existing states.* 2. *By placing a positive limitation upon the supply of western lands it will largely enhance their value.*

Beyond the present line of settlement in eastern Nebraska and Kansas to California and Oregon, *stock raising* on the immense prairies, on which now roam countless herds of buffalo, and *gold and silver mining* in the mountains, must be the main supports of population. That these industries may in the course of half a century give birth to many new states, and occupation for millions of inhabitants, is not improbable; but the food to support them will require to be principally drawn from the rich agricultural country on and near the Mississippi River. With this condition in prospective, the ultimate value of these lands will be greatly enhanced.

The population of Nebraska is composed of emigrants from the free states of the north-west, and is now confined to the eastern border, along the banks of the Missouri. In 1860, Nebraska had 28,893 inhabitants.

Omaha City, the capital of Nebraska, is beautifully situated on a wide plateau, the second bottom of the Missouri River, and opposite the city of Council Bluffs, in Iowa. It has substantial brick blocks, handsome churches, a costly court house, built by the general government, and about 2,500 inhabitants. *Nebraska City*, also on the Missouri, is an important point, with a population of about 3,000.

The other prominent places in the territory are *Bellevue*, *Plattsmouth*, *Florence*, *Saratoga*, *Fontenelle*, *Brownsville*, *Nemaha City*, *Mt. Vernon*, *St. George*, and *Kearney City*.



DACOTAH TERRITORY.

DACOTAH, or more correctly *Dahkotah*, is the true name of the Sioux nation of Indians, and "signifies allied or joined together in friendly compact." The territory so named comprises the western part of the original Territory of Minnesota, and was excluded from its limits when, in 1858, Minnesota was erected into a state. It was organized into a territory in February, 1861. It extends, in extreme limits, N. and S. 450 miles, and E. and W. 200: N. latitude, $42^{\circ} 30'$ to 49° ; longitude, W. from Greenwich, 94° to 104° . It is bounded on the N. by the British Possessions, E. by Minnesota and a small part of Iowa, on the S. by Iowa, and also S. and partly on the W. by the Missouri River, separating it from the Territory of Nebraska.

The eastern part is, like Minnesota, covered with multitudes of small lakes and ponds. The largest of these are Red Lake, about 40 miles long and 20 broad, and Mini-wakan, or Devil's Lake, about 50 miles long by 10 broad. Lake Itasca, the source of the Mississippi, is on its eastern boundary. The Minnesota, emptying into the Mississippi, the Big Sioux and Jacques, affluents of the Missouri, and the Great Red River of the North, all take their rise in the high table lands of the interior.

The territory contains numerous salt lakes, and coal has been found. Capt. Jno. Pope, of the U. S. corps of topographical engineers, states that "Dacotah presents features differing but little from the region of prairie and table land west of the frontiers of Missouri and Arkansas, which is mainly devoid of timber. From this is to be excepted the western half of the valley of Red River and the valleys of the Big Sioux and the Rio Jacques, which are productive, and with the region inclosed contain arable and well timbered land sufficient for a small state." These valleys are productive in wheat of the best qualities. Population, in 1860, 4,839.

Pembina, the principal town of the territory, is some 360 miles, in an air line, N.W. of St. Paul, on the Red River of the North, just below the British line. It was settled, in 1812, by Scottish emigrants under Lord Selkirk, who obtained an extensive grant of land from the Hudson Bay Company. On the running of the boundary line, subsequently, Pembina, the southernmost point of the colony, was found to be just within the limits of the United States.

"The settlement—which contains about seven thousand inhabitants—is flourishing, and agriculture is prosecuted by the hardy settlers there with considerable success. The greater part of the inhabitants are half natives

and descendants of fur-traders and their servants, by native women. Formerly every summer, with a team of carts drawn by oxen, and loaded with pemmican, furs, etc., they came down to St. Pauls on a trading excursion, employing about six weeks in making the journey. Their singularly constructed carts, composed entirely of wood, without any tire, their peculiar dress, manners and complexion, render them an object of curiosity to those unfamiliar with the various shades of society intermediate between the savage and civilized."

THE INDIAN TERRITORY:

THE INDIAN TERRITORY is an extensive country lying west of Arkansas and north of Texas, and extending far into the western wilderness; and containing about 71,000 square miles. It has been allotted by the general government as the permanent residence of those Indian tribes who emigrate from the states east of the Mississippi. "It is about 450 miles long east and west, and from 35 to 240 miles in width north and south. Kansas lies on the north of this tract, Arkansas on the east, Texas on the south, and New Mexico and Texas on the west. In the north-western portion of the Indian Territory are the vast sandy, barren lands, known as the *Great American Desert*. Excepting this desolate region, the country is occupied by undulating plains and prairies, broken on the east by the mountain ridges, called the Ozark or Washita, which come in from Arkansas. Coal of an excellent quality abounds in the eastern part. The great southern overland mail route to California passes through it.

The Choctaws, the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Senecas, the Seminoles, and the Shawnees dwell in the east; while the central and western districts are occupied by the Camanches, the Osages, the Pawnees, the Kioways, the Arrapahoes, and other tribes. The country is, besides, thickly inhabited by buffaloes, wild horses, antelopes, deer, prairie-dogs, and wild animals and wild birds of many names. Kansas and Nebraska were included in the Indian Territory until 1854."

The Indians within and near the borders of the territory, including the uncivilized tribes, it is supposed, number about 90,000. The civilized tribes are the Cherokees and Choctaws, each numbering 19,000; the Creeks numbering 25,000, and the Chickasaws, 16,000, all of whom emigrated from the cotton states east of the Mississippi. These four tribes have adopted republican forms of government, modeled after those of our states, with executive, legislative and judicial departments.* Slavery exists in a mild form, and

* "These four Indian states," says the New Orleans Picayune, "are a strange anomaly. They are not a part of the Union, nor are they known in law to exist. The white man can not pass through their territory without a *permit*, nor can he take with him, when he is allowed to enter the Indian domain, certain articles of merchandise, even though the packages are unbroken and are simply designed for the New Mexican market. This singular state of things can not exist for many years, without forcing itself upon the attention of Congress.

The tide of population is steadily rolling west. In less than ten years it will beat against (1477)

the slaves amount in the aggregate to several thousand. Polygamy prevails to some little extent. These tribes have made no inconsiderable advance in the arts of civilization; beside living under written law, they have schools in which English is taught, and churches, the work of missionaries: they have attained a knowledge of agriculture, and of many useful manufactures, and of late years have exported cotton, peltries, and other staples.

The Cherokees are regarded as the most civilized of these tribes, and it is said that many of its principal men would grace the refined society of any nation. Among them and the Choctaws there is so much white blood mingled that many of the younger members, especially, would not be suspected of Indian origin. None of these people injure themselves by hard work, but they are "wonderfully industrious for Indians."

"Their principal wealth is vested in stock. Any amount of fine grazing land is lying idle, and the climate is so mild that stock (except milch cows and working cattle) requires no feeding in winter. In the spring the farmer brands his calves and colts, and turns them out upon the prairie, and there his care for them ends. All the brands are officially recorded, and 'mistakes' in regard to them seldom occur, as they have an ugly way of punishing horse and cattle stealing by death! A year or two after, when the owner is in want of beef, ponies, or oxen for farm labor, he sends out his negroes to drive in the desired animals. He would certainly be unreasonable to complain of the expense of raising them." These people seem, as a class, "well to do" in the world. Their houses are ordinarily of logs, but spacious and comfortable, and will compare favorably with those of south-western Missouri and Arkansas. Some of them are handsome frame buildings.

When the temperance reformation overspread the land some years since, these emigrant tribes adopted measures for the prohibition of intemperance, with various degrees of success. "Among the Choctaws a law was passed upon this subject, which was measurably successful; and the spirit which effected its passage was worthy of the most exalted state of civilization. It seems that the tribe had generally become sensible of the pernicious influences of strong drink upon their prosperity, and had, in vain, attempted various plans for its suppression. At last, a council of the head men of the nation was convened, and they passed a law by acclamation, that each and any individual who should, henceforth, *introduce* ardent spirits into the nation, should be punished with a hundred lashes on his bare back. The council adjourned, but the members soon began to canvass among themselves the pernicious consequences which might result from the protracted use of whisky *already* in the shops, and, therefore, concluded the quicker it was drank up, the more promptly the evil would be over, so falling to, in less than two hours Bacchus never mustered a drunker troop than were these same temperance legislators. The consequences of their determination were of lasting importance to them."

Life and property are as safe among these Indians as in the adjoining

the barriers now thrown up against its invasion of the retreat of those civilized aborigines. Even now the emigration must cross these territories. These Indian states can not exist when the Caucasian race presses upon them as independent governments. The people, civilized and attached to the soil they have improved, can not be removed to remoter wilds, nor, without serious discontents, is it likely the United States can subject them to the condition of other territorial organizations, by an abrogation of the constitutions they have established for themselves. What, then, is to be done with these Indian states? It can not fail to give greater interest to this question that each of these Indian states have adopted the social institutions of the south."

states. A late missionary among the Choctaws states: "The laws are executed with a good degree of promptness. The punishments consist of fines, whipping, and death; and, as there are no prisons in which to confine culprits, it is a matter of honor with accused persons to appear in court and answer to charges. If a man is charged with a crime, and fails to come to court, he is stigmatized as a coward. To the high-minded Indian cowardice is worse than death. It is affirmed that a full-blooded Choctaw was never known to abscond or secrete himself to evade the sentence of the law. Even when the sentence is death he will not flee, but will stand forth and present his breast to receive the fatal ball from the rifle of the executioner, shooting being the mode of capital punishment.

A circumstance was related to us which will serve to illustrate this trait of character. Two brothers were living together, one of whom had been charged with crime, convicted, and sentenced to be executed. When the morning came on which the sentence should be carried into effect, the condemned man manifested some reluctance in meeting the executioner. The brother was both surprised and indignant. 'My brother,' said he, 'you 'fraid to die; you no good Indian; you coward; you no plenty much brave. You live, take care my woman and child; I die; I no 'fraid die; much brave!' The exchange was accordingly made; the innocent brother died while the guilty was permitted to live. This was said to have occurred before they emigrated west. In an earlier period of their history substitutes were frequently accepted, and when the guilty was not found any member of his family was liable to be arrested and made to suffer the penalty which should have been inflicted upon the criminal. The law required 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' blood for blood; but they would not execute two men for the murder of one. Two or more might be implicated, yet the death of one malefactor satisfied the demands of justice. Before the adoption of their present constitution, the injured or aggrieved party was permitted to take the case into his own hands, and to administer justice in the most summary manner; but since the organization of the new government every charge must take the form of a regular indictment, be carefully investigated, and decided in legal form."

APPENDIX.

CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

OFFICIAL CENSUS TABLE,

SHOWING THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES, ACCORDING TO THE SEVENTH CENSUS (1850), AND THE EIGHTH CENSUS (1860), RESPECTIVELY.

CENSUS OF 1850.

States.	Free.	Slave.	Total.
Alabama, - - - - -	428,779	342,844	771,623
Arkansas, - - - - -	162,797	47,100	209,897
California, - - - - -	92,597	—	92,597
Connecticut, - - - - -	370,792	—	370,792
Delaware, - - - - -	89,242	2,290	91,532
Florida, - - - - -	48,135	39,310	87,445
Georgia, - - - - -	524,503	381,682	906,185
Illinois, - - - - -	851,470	—	851,470
Indiana, - - - - -	988,416	—	988,416
Iowa, - - - - -	192,214	—	192,214
Kansas, - - - - -	—	—	—
Kentucky, - - - - -	771,424	210,981	982,405
Louisiana, - - - - -	272,953	244,809	517,762
Maine, - - - - -	583,169	—	583,169
Maryland, - - - - -	492,666	90,368	583,034
Massachusetts, - - - - -	994,514	—	994,514
Mississippi, - - - - -	296,648	309,878	606,526
Missouri, - - - - -	594,622	87,422	682,044
Michigan, - - - - -	397,654	—	397,654
Minnesota, - - - - -	6,077	—	6,077
New Hampshire, - - - - -	317,976	—	317,976
New Jersey, - - - - -	489,319	236	489,555
New York, - - - - -	3,097,394	—	3,097,394
North Carolina, - - - - -	580,491	288,548	869,039
Ohio, - - - - -	1,980,329	—	1,980,329
Oregon, - - - - -	13,294	—	13,294
Pennsylvania, - - - - -	2,311,786	—	2,311,786
Rhode Island, - - - - -	147,545	—	147,545
South Carolina, - - - - -	283,523	384,984	668,507
Tennessee, - - - - -	763,258	239,459	1,002,717
Texas, - - - - -	154,431	58,161	212,592
Virginia, - - - - -	949,133	472,528	1,421,661
Vermont, - - - - -	314,120	—	314,120
Wisconsin, - - - - -	305,391	—	305,391
	19,866,662	3,200,600	23,067,262

Territories.	Free.	Slave.	Total.
New Mexico, - - - - -	61,547	—	61,547
Utah, - - - - -	11,354	26	11,380
District of Columbia, - - - - -	48,000	3,687	51,687
	<hr/> 19,987,563	<hr/> 3,204,313	<hr/> 23,191,876

CENSUS OF 1860.

States.	Free.	Slave.	Total.
Alabama, - - - - -	529,164	435,132	964,296
Arkansas, - - - - -	324,323	111,104	435,427
California, - - - - -	380,015	—	380,015
Connecticut, - - - - -	460,151	—	460,151
Delaware, - - - - -	110,420	1,798	112,218
Florida, - - - - -	78,686	61,753	140,439
Georgia, - - - - -	595,097	462,230	1,057,327
Illinois, - - - - -	1,711,753	—	1,711,753
Indiana, - - - - -	1,350,479	—	1,350,479
Iowa, - - - - -	674,948	—	674,948
Kansas, - - - - -	107,110	—	107,110
Kentucky, - - - - -	930,223	225,490	1,155,713
Louisiana, - - - - -	376,913	332,520	709,433
Maine, - - - - -	628,276	—	628,276
Maryland, - - - - -	599,846	87,188	687,034
Massachusetts, - - - - -	1,231,065	—	1,231,065
Mississippi, - - - - -	354,699	436,696	791,395
Missouri, - - - - -	1,058,352	114,965	1,173,317
Michigan, - - - - -	749,112	—	749,112
Minnesota, - - - - -	162,022	—	162,022
New Hampshire, - - - - -	326,072	—	326,072
New Jersey, - - - - -	672,031	—	672,031
New York, - - - - -	3,887,542	—	3,887,542
North Carolina, - - - - -	661,586	331,081	992,667
Ohio, - - - - -	2,339,599	—	2,339,599
Oregon, - - - - -	52,466	—	52,466
Pennsylvania, - - - - -	2,906,370	—	2,906,370
Rhode Island, - - - - -	174,631	—	174,631
South Carolina, - - - - -	301,271	402,541	703,812
Tennessee, - - - - -	834,063	275,784	1,109,847
Texas, - - - - -	420,651	180,388	601,039
Virginia, - - - - -	1,105,196	490,887	1,596,083
Vermont, - - - - -	315,116	—	315,116
Wisconsin, - - - - -	775,873	—	775,873
	<hr/> 27,185,109	<hr/> 3,949,557	<hr/> 31,134,666
Territories.	Free.	Slave.	Total.
Colorado, - - - - -	34,197	—	34,197
Dakotah, - - - - -	4,839	—	4,839
Nebraska, - - - - -	28,832	10	28,842
Nevada, - - - - -	6,857	—	6,857
New Mexico, - - - - -	93,517	24	93,541
Utah, - - - - -	40,266	29	40,295
Washington, - - - - -	11,578	—	11,578
District of Columbia, - - - - -	71,895	3,181	75,076
	<hr/> 27,477,000	<hr/> 3,952,801	<hr/> 31,429,891

The following table shows the number of members of Congress apportioned to each State in 1850 and in 1860. In 1860, the ratio of representation was 127,216.

		1850. 1860.		1850. 1860.	
Maine, - - - -	6	5	Mississippi, - - - -	5	5
New Hampshire, - - -	3	3	Louisiana, - - - -	4	4
Vermont, - - - -	3	3	Arkansas, - - - -	2	3
Massachusetts, - - -	11	10	Texas, - - - -	2	4
Rhode Island, - - -	2	1	Tennessee, - - - -	10	8
Connecticut, - - - -	4	4	Kentucky, - - - -	10	8
New York, - - - -	33	30	Ohio, - - - -	21	19
New Jersey, - - - -	5	5	Indiana, - - - -	11	11
Pennsylvania, - - - -	25	23	Illinois, - - - -	9	13
Delaware, - - - -	1	1	Missouri, - - - -	7	9
Maryland, - - - -	6	6	Michigan, - - - -	4	6
Virginia, - - - -	13	11	Wisconsin, - - - -	3	6
North Carolina, - - -	8	7	Iowa, - - - -	2	5
South Carolina, - - -	6	4	Minnesota, - - - -	2	1
Georgia, - - - -	8	7	Oregon, - - - -	1	1
Florida, - - - -	1	1	California, - - - -	2	3
Alabama, - - - -	7	6			
Total, - - - -			For 1850, 237.	For 1860, 233.	

The following tables show the increase of population in 1860, in the different States, over the population of 1850:

FREE STATES.		SLAVE STATES.	
	Increase.		Increase.
Maine, - - - -	36,780	Delaware, - - - -	20,821
New Hampshire, - - -	8,096	Maryland, - - - -	148,531
Vermont, - - - -	1,707	Virginia, - - - -	171,538
Massachusetts, - - -	236,980	North Carolina, - - -	139,303
Rhode Island, - - -	27,079	South Carolina, - - -	46,864
Connecticut, - - - -	89,098	Georgia, - - - -	176,642
New York, - - - -	754,169	Florida, - - - -	58,249
Pennsylvania, - - - -	604,232	Alabama, - - - -	184,294
New Jersey, - - - -	186,479	Mississippi, - - - -	280,132
Ohio, - - - -	397,588	Louisiana, - - - -	148,669
Indiana, - - - -	362,386	Arkansas, - - - -	230,878
Illinois, - - - -	839,768	Texas, - - - -	438,363
Michigan, - - - -	356,737	Tennessee, - - - -	133,973
Wisconsin, - - - -	458,094	Kentucky, - - - -	168,152
Iowa, - - - -	489,788	Missouri, - - - -	519,170
Minnesota, - - - -	166,719		
Oregon, - - - -	39,272	Total, - - - -	2,820,539
California, - - - -	292,173		
Total, - - - -	5,347,651		

The following tables show the Free and the Slave population at each decennial period since the first census was taken:

SLAVE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.			
		Increase.	
1790, - - - -	697,897	195,144, or 29	per cent.
1800, - - - -	893,041	298,323, or 33	"
1810, - - - -	1,191,364	347,700, or 30	"
1820, - - - -	1,538,064	470,967, or 30	"
1830, - - - -	2,009,031	478,324, or 24	"
1840, - - - -	2,487,355	716,958, or 29	"
1850, - - - -	3,204,313	795,040, or 25	"
1860, - - - -	3 999,353		

FREE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES

1790, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3,231,075	Increase.	
1800, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4,412,911	1,180,036, or 36 per cent.	
1810, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6,048,450	1,635,530, or 37	"
1820, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8,100,067	2,051,517, or 33	"
1830, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10,357,880	2,757,822, or 33	"
1840, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	14,575,998	3,718,109, or 33	"
1850, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	19,991,645	5,415,616, or 37	"
1860, -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	27,642,624	7,550,680, or 38	"

The following table shows the total population of the United States at each decennial period:

1790, -	-	-	-	-	3,929,827	1830, -	-	-	-	-	12,886,020
1800, -	-	-	-	-	5,305,925	1840, -	-	-	-	-	17,069,453
1810, -	-	-	-	-	7,239,814	1850, -	-	-	-	-	23,191,876
1820, -	-	-	-	-	9,638,131	1860, -	-	-	-	-	31,429,891

The increase of the free population of the United States has averaged, at each decade, for the last half century, about 35 per cent.; the increase of the slave population about 27 per cent. Estimating the increase of each kind of population at these figures for the half century to come, the results at each decade in round numbers, are as follows:

	Free.	Slave.	Total.
1870, -	-	-	-
1880, -	-	-	-
1890, -	-	-	-
1900, -	-	-	-
1910, -	-	-	-
	37,000,000	5,000,000	42,000,000
	50,000,000	6,500,000	56,500,000
	68,000,000	8,000,000	76,000,000
	92,000,000	10,000,000	102,000,000
	123,000,000	12,500,000	135,500,000





